
VIEWS LETTER

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History is a vast early warning system.

-Norman Cousins,

I Still Hate You, Sarah Palin

The Republicans bring a knife to a gunfight, and lose again.

By David Kabane

One of the most terrifying moments of my political life came last summer at the Republican convention in St. Paul. No, I don't mean seeing John McCain careering around the Xcel Energy Center like Eyegore in Young Frankenstein, his face frozen in a Lon Chaney Sr. rictus grin as he reached across the aisle to his erstwhile friends in the media and got his hand bitten off. Rather, I'm referring to the aftermath of Sarah Palin's out-rageous acceptance speech, which whipped up the Rotary Club delegates into a frenzy of white-boy fury that not even heckling by a brave Code Pink embed could deter. Truly a fascist classic and one that sent shivers down our collectivist spines.

Even worse was the glaze of horror on the phizzes (*faces*) of the assembled heroes of the Mainstream Media. Andrea Mitchell — yes, the very same Andrea Mitchell, NBC News, Washington, whose employer saw no conflict of interest at all when she married then Fed pooh-bah Alan Greenspan — stood there gaping like a frog while the rest of the assembled Finemans and Matthewses and Olbermanns scurried around like roaches when the light gets turned on: What the hell just hit us? For one horrible moment, it looked as if the carefully crafted plans of David Axelrod, Rahm Emanuel, George Soros, and the Second Chief Directorate, first department, of the old KGB were about to gang agley.

Not only were we offended at the sheer effrontery of McCain's pick: How dare the Republicans proffer this déclassée piece of Wasilla trailer trash whose only claim to fame was that she didn't exercise her right to choose? Where were her degrees from Smith or Barnard, her internships at PETA, the Brookings Institution or the Young Pioneers? We were also outraged that the Stupid Party had just nominated a completely unqualified candidate nobody had ever heard of, a first-term governor of Alaska whose previous experience consisted of a small-town mayoralty. As opposed to our guy, Barry Soetoro of Mombasa, Djakarta, and Honolulu, a first-term senator nobody had ever heard of, whose previous experience had been as a state senator (D., Daley Machine) in Illinois. After eight long, illegitimate, lawless years of &*^%BUSH\$#@! tyranny, how dare you contest this election?

And so the word went out, from that time and place: Eviscerate Sarah Palin like one of her field-dressed moose. Turn her life upside down. Attack her politics, her background, and her educational history. Attack her family. Make fun of her husband, her children. Unleash the noted gynecologist, Andrew Sullivan, to prove that Palin's fifth child was really her grandchild. Hit her with everything we have: Maureen Dowd of the New York Times, taking a beer-run break from her quixotic search for Mr. Right to drip venom on Sister Sarah; post-funny comic David Letterman, to joke about her and her

daughters on national television; Katie Couric, the anchor nobody watches, to give this Alaskan interloper a taste of life in the big leagues; former New York Times hack Todd “Mr. Dee Dee Myers” Purdum, to act as an instrument of Graydon Carter’s wrath at Vanity Fair. Heck, we even burned her church down. Even after the teleological triumph of *The One*, the assault had to continue, each blow delivered with our Lefty Sneer™ (viz.: Donny Deutsch yesterday on Morning Joe), until Sarah was finished.

You know what? It worked! McCain finally succumbed to his long-standing case of Stockholm Syndrome (“My friends, you have nothing to fear from an Obama presidency”), Tina Fey turned Palin into a see-Russia-from-my-house joke, “conservative” useful idiots like Peggy Noonan and Kathleen Parker hatched her, and finally Sarah cried *No más* and walked away. If we could, we’d cut off her head and mount it on a wall at Tammany Hall except there is no more Tammany Hall unless you count Obama’s Tony Rezko–financed home in Chicago. And it took only eight months — heck, Sarah couldn’t even have another kid in the time it took us to destroy her. That’s the Chicago way!

Yes, my friends, it’s once again time to quote Sean Connery’s famous speech from *The Untouchables*, written by David Mamet — the lecture the veteran Chicago cop gives a wet-behind-the-ears Eliot Ness (Kevin Costner, back when he was a movie star) while they sit in a church pew. “You want to get Capone? Here’s how you get him: he pulls a knife, you pull a gun, he sends one of yours to the hospital, you send one of his to the morgue. That’s the Chicago way!” If you just think of us — liberal Democrats — as Capone you’ll begin to understand what we’re up to. And we just put one of yours in the morgue.

I don’t know why I’m telling you this, but maybe now you’re beginning to understand the high-stakes game we’re playing here. This ain’t John McCain’s logrolling senatorial club any more. This is a deadly, serious attempt to realize the vision of the 1960s and to fundamentally transform the United States of America. This is the fusion of Communist dogma, high ideals, gangster tactics, and a stunning amount of self-loathing. For the first time in history, the patrician class is deliberately selling its own country down the river just to prove a point: that, yes, we can! This country stinks and we won’t be happy until we’ve forced you to admit it.

In other words, stop thinking of the Democratic Party as merely a political party because it’s much more than that. We’re not just the party of slavery, segregation, secularism, and sedition. Not just the party of Aaron Burr, Boss Tweed, Richard J. Croker, Bull Connor, Chris Dodd, Richard Daley, Bill Ayers, the Reverend Jeremiah Wright, and Emperor Barack Hussein Obama II. Not just the party of Kendall “Agent 202” Myers, the State Department official recruited as a Cuban spy along with his wife during the Carter administration. Rather, think of the Democratic Party as what it really is: a criminal organization masquerading as a political party.

If you had any sense, you would start using our tactics against us. After all, you have a few lawyers on your side. Sue us. File frivolous ethics complaints against all our elected officials until, like Sarah, they go broke from defending themselves. (David Paterson would be a good place to start.) Challenge the constitutionality of BO2’s legion of fill-in-the-blank czars — none of whom have to be confirmed or even pass a security check. (Come to think of it, neither did Barry.) Let slip your own journalistic dogs of war, assuming you have any, to find Barry’s birth certificate, his college transcripts, whether he applied to Occidental as a foreign student, and on which passport he traveled in 1981 to Pakistan with his friend Wahid Hamid, for starters.

You might also want to think about interviewing New York literary agent Jane Dystel, who (a) contacted the totally unknown Obama in the wake of an adulatory New York Times piece in 1990 and (b) got him a \$125,000 advance for a memoir that (c) he couldn’t write, even after a long sojourn in Bali, which (d) got the contract canceled, whereupon (e) Dystel got him \$40,000 from another publisher,

following which (f) the book finally came out to glowing reviews and (g) Obama fired her. Wouldn't she have an interesting story to tell?

Of course, you won't. You're too nice, too enamored of history and tradition to realize that the rules have changed. Remember, I live and work in a town where, "Hello, he lied," isn't a joke; we men of the Left are perfectly comfortable lying, cheating and stealing — hello, Senator Franken! — in order to attain and keep political power. Not for nothing is one of our mottos, "By Any Means Necessary." You see, we're the good guys, and for us the ends always justify the means. We are, literally shameless which is why Bill Clinton is now a multi-millionaire and Eliot Spitzer is already on the comeback trail

In Saul Alinsky's Rules for Radicals, "the fourth rule is: Make the enemy live up to their own book of rules." This is the book that "Reset" Rodham (what ever happened to her?) and BHO II grew up reading and continues to live by. If you don't understand that that's the way we see you — as the enemy — then you're too dumb to survive. Remember that for us politics is not just an avocation, or even just a job, but our life. We literally stay awake nights thinking up ways to screw you. And one of the ways we do that is by religiously observing Alinsky's Rule No. 4.

Did Sarah stand for "family values?" Flay her unwed-mother daughter. Did she represent probity in a notoriously corrupt, one-family state? Spread rumors about FBI investigations. Did she speak with an upper-Midwest twang? Mock it relentlessly on Saturday Night Live. Above all, don't let her motivate the half of the country that doesn't want His Serene Highness to bankrupt the nation, align with banana-republic Communist dictators, unilaterally dismantle our missile defenses, and set foot in more mosques than churches since he has become president. We've got a suicide cult to run here.

And that's why Sarah had to go. Whether she understood it or not, she threatened us right down to our most fundamental, meretricious, elitist, sneering, snobbish, insecure, Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders bones. She was, after all, a "normal" American, the kind of person (or so I'm told) you meet in flyover country. The kind that worries first about home and hearth and believes in things like motherhood and love of country the way it is, not the way she wants to remake it.

What you clowns need, in other words, is a Rules for Radical Conservatives to explain what you're up against and teach you how to compete before it's too late. Luckily, since I care about money even more than I care about politics, I have just such a book in the proposal stage, currently making the rounds of various publishers, assuming any of them are wise enough to take me up on it. And, yes, this time it really is personal.

— *David Kabane is pushing for a new national holiday to commemorate the destruction of Sarah Palin, and is hopeful that his senators, Barbara Boxer and Dianne Feinstein, will co-sponsor it, along with Henry Waxman in the House. You can second the motion at kabanenro@gmail.com or on Facebook.*

Sometimes we need to see things as they really are in order to understand how things are really not.

Personally I love Sarah Palin, she is the kind of woman America needs to lead the nation back to morality and civility.

However, we are growing a huge numbers of IGMOS in America. (The term IGMO is an abbreviation for an ignorant moron.) IGMOS tend to be as simple as the matter that they claim to have evolved from.

*The above article is a challenging read meant to awaken all of us IGMOS.
Comment by Adverse Yaw.*

For death is no more than a turning of us over from time to eternity.

William Penn

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.

~Edward Everett

A Country is Only as Great as its People

And, people are only as great as their faith in the one and only Almighty God. Is there any doubt in the minds of Americans that we have been blessed as a nation because of the One whom we believe in and not our own arrogant achievements? It is of my opinion that the foundation of our Christian Heritage is not what we have done or what we have not done, but it is whom we believe in, whom we trust, whom we pray to and whom we know.

I'm aware that there are hundreds of "successful" people who claim atheism. The USSR is no longer around but it was considered to be a great Super Power at one time, and it was one of the most anti-god, pro-atheist countries in history.

Since the fall of the USSR, and before we have learned just how anti-god and anti-Jesus that they really were. Still today, throughout the world there are laws against believing that a creator created us. There are other beliefs that regard Christianity as a Cult and worse. There are those who believe that we Christians and we Americans are Infidels because we don't believe in Mohammad and follow his teaching.

It is not what we do or do not do, but it is who we know and trust that makes us who we are. Without Him we would not be, and because of Him we are who we are—and we can live without fear.

~Adverse Yaw

**Eminent posts make great men greater,
and little men less.**

-Jean de la Bruyere, essayist and moralist (1645-1696)

Washington's 1789 Thanksgiving Day Proclamation:

WHEREAS it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favour; and Whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their joint committee, requested me "to recommend to the people of the United States a DAY OF PUBLICK THANKSGIVING and PRAYER, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favours of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness:"

NOW THEREFORE, I do recommend and assign THURSDAY, the TWENTY-SIXTH DAY of NOVEMBER next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed;-- for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted;—for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge;-- and, in general, for all the great and various favours which He has been pleased to confer upon us.

And also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions;-- to enable us all, whether in publick or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our National Government a blessing to all the people by constantly being a Government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shōwn kindness unto us); and to bless them with good governments, peace, and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and, generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

GIVEN under my hand, at the city of New-York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

(signed) G. Washington

Above is George Washington's 1789 Thanksgiving Day Proclamation. The next time someone tells you that politicians shouldn't talk about religion, or the "Almighty God," just show them this:

**I contend that for a nation to try to tax itself into prosperity
is like a man standing in a bucket
and trying to lift himself up by the handle.**

~Sir Winston Churchill

Jesus, the Savior

An exert from The First Mortgage, by E. U. Cook

And when Jerusalem they'd passed,
They came to Bethlehem at last,
A little, unknown mountain town,
Without a thing to give renown.

Without a thing make it known,
Except the birth of Christ alone;
No thing that man could e'er create,
Would make a place one-half so great.

No gilded halls of marble brown,
No tombs of men of great renown,
No monuments of piles of stone
Were there to make his birth-place known,

It was not in a mansion grand,
Which architects before had planned;
'Twas not amongst the rich of earth
That Jesus Christ was given birth,

It was not in a gilded room,
All fragrant with the orange bloom;
It was not in stately hall,
But in a manger — in a stall!

From Bethlehem, among the hills —
The source of many rippling rills —
The news, no doubt, would soon be her'ald,
A King was born to save the world.

'Twas thus began a grand career —
A life to every Christian dear —
A life made sweet with tender love,
From heaven's store-house, up above.

And now, the debt that Eve once made,
The serpent knew would soon be paid;
No luster in his eyes did gleam,
For he no longer reigned supreme.

And from the mortgage Adam gave,
By which mankind became a slave,
Poor, fallen man would be relieved,
When he had on this child believed.

The book was entered into the Library of Congress in the year 1891.

Diapers and Politicians Must be Changed Often-- And For the Same Reason

The Importance of Our United States Constitution

Thomas Jefferson, one of our founding fathers, a President of the United States, a judge, a patriot, a devout Christian, and the author of our Declaration of Independence confirmed that we should be jealous of our liberties and watchful of our government for encroachment upon them when he [said](#):

"It would be a dangerous delusion were a confidence in the men of our choice to silence our fears for the safety of our rights... Confidence is everywhere the parent of despotism. Free government is founded in jealousy, and not in confidence. It is jealousy and not confidence which prescribes limited constitutions, to bind down those whom we are obliged to trust with power... Our Constitution has accordingly fixed the limits to which, and no further, our confidence may go... In questions of power, then, let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution."

[Thomas Jefferson: Draft Kentucky Resolutions, 1798. ME 17:388]

"Leave no authority existing not responsible to the people."

[Thomas Jefferson to Isaac H. Tiffany, 1816. ME 15:66]

"Unless the mass retains sufficient control over those entrusted with the powers of their government, these will be perverted to their own oppression, and to the perpetuation of wealth and power in the individuals and their families selected for the trust. Whether our Constitution has hit on the exact degree of control necessary, is yet under experiment."

[Thomas Jefferson to M. van der Kemp, 1812. ME 13:136]

The powers of our government have been being perverted for almost 100 years!

In my many years I have come to a conclusion that one
useless man is a shame, two is a law firm
and three or more is a congress.

~ John Adams

My son Andrew and my
granddaughter
Cayeden



Happy Thanksgiving, Merry Christmas & Happy New Year

Around the House

By *Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

Well, the Boss has assigned me the project of updating all the happenings around the house and other places that effect the Doudney clan. It is the first part of September that I am putting paw to pen and pen to paper so by the time you read this it will be history—but somewhat interesting just the same.

The big trip & the little trips are primary in this story. There is always the little trips. One of the little trips is one that the Boss makes each Tuesday morning to the Farm and returns each Saturday. I don't see much of him because he is here only on weekends. Another little trip is the one Linda took to Red River, New Mexico during the middle of July, 2009.

The trip to Red River, New Mexico was just the beginning of what must have been a horrible experience for Linda. The trip was with Pat Coutts and other friends to Pat's Cabin which is located high in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. She was trying to haul luggage and other paraphernalia upstairs to the upper part of the cabin which lays by a mountain stream above 9,000' sea level. The temperature was nearing 90 deg F. which meant the density altitude was somewhere between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet above sea level. In other words, it would be like hiking around on the top of Pikes Peak on a "standard day." Not very comfortable hiking unless you're a young dog like me or you live at these altitudes, and your body has acclimated. Well, to make a long story shorter; Linda came to a point where she could not breath. She became very frightened, and luckily, one of the group had an inhaler which she used and was able to breath enough to get her to the emergency room in Taos which is about 40 miles away. She was uncomfortable then and is still somewhat uncomfortable to this day. She continued to cough and went to a pulmonologist who turned out to be a Quack. He was 180 deg. out on his diagnosis. We did not know this for sure until later, however, Linda claims she knew this all along.

Two days before the big trip which was on the big boat up the Canadian and Alaskan west shoreline, the Boss tried to ride a wild horse which was a fool hearted thing for him to do—but, you know how he is—before he had his right foot in the stirrup, the horse reared up and over on his back. Luckily the Boss had not gotten completely aboard and the saddle must have protected his left leg. He had a sore back and a very swollen left leg which is still slightly swollen today.

All the arrangements were made for the Alaskan cruise in February, 2009 and they were both determined to go no matter what. Neither of them would let a little thing like a sore back and leg or the inability to breathe properly stop them! Pretty dumb, huh?

Shortly after they boarded the big boat, they received the news that one of the twins, Emerson, had tried to do a back flip off her High chair. Well, she managed to crack her little skull and has since made a full recovery. News like this is most disturbing to grandparents. The mom and dad spent a good while in the emergency room on that one.

At about the same time, we received the news that Ashley was flat on her back with a catch in her back. It is still not known how she will do. She finally got a MRI done, but the doctor hasn't looked at it yet.

Both Linda and the Boss thought that getting on a boat would be good for her, fresh air, no pollen or pollutants, boy were they wrong. She spent almost 20 hours in the hospital ward of the big boat. Here she had a great, young doctor from Ecuador who they both loved. This young doctor did a great job, and she made a recovery to where she could enjoy the remainder of the trip without coughing so much.

The Boss and Linda hadn't been home a full week when they received the sad news of a dear little child in the family that had passed away. The Boss will attend the Funeral tomorrow.

Then, Andrew had an emergency appendectomy yesterday, and he is in the Hospital at this time.

I have run out of room, and I can't think of much more to say. Keep your nose into the wind and enjoy the blessing of each precious minute .

~*Barkley*

That's All Folks!