

Caroline For Senator

I have nothing against Caroline Kennedy... well, actually, I do, but writers have to include a line like that in their columns before they are allowed to say why she shouldn't be given Hillary Clinton's Senate seat. (I don't recall the exact wording of the rule in the writers' union by-laws about criticizing a Kennedy, but the penalty has something to do with being banished to write cake recipe columns for *Woman's Day* magazine.)

So who exactly is this Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg who recently decided she suddenly needs to become a United States Senator? After some sleuthing, I learned that Mrs. Schlossberg is the daughter of a naval officer who won the Presidency because he couldn't steer a boat, the brother of a pilot who lost a chance at the Presidency because he couldn't fly a plane, and the niece of a man who lost the nomination for President because he couldn't drive a car over a bridge. (It is unclear if another famous uncle also had difficulties with powered vehicles.)

The Cuban missile crisis? Give me a break. JFK wimped out and removed our missiles from Turkey, giving Khrushchev the win in that cold war battle. Then, as compensation for the Bay of Pigs invasion (a total fiasco that even most Democrats will acknowledge), Mrs. Schlossberg's father, and a full-haired uncle of some fame, almost got the nation nuked with their obsession to overthrow Castro in a secret coup on December 1, 1963 - a plot which the mafia easily infiltrated and successfully used as a cover for its own assassination plot on November 22.

Granted, JFK gave feel-good speeches and cut taxes to stimulate the economy. Well, so did Ronald Reagan. And Reagan got the Berlin Wall torn down, while JFK could only watch it being strung with concertina wire while he sputtered, "Ich bin ein Berliner" (which actually means, "I am a jelly donut;" he should have said, "Ich bin Berliner").

I assume Sweet Caroline is not as stupid as her father, takes fewer pain-killers, and doesn't fool around with brainless Hollywood actresses. (I've heard, however, that she has been seen with Susan Sarandon a few times.) I may be proven wrong, and Kennedy-Schlossberg might actually give New York its first competent Senator since Daniel Patrick Moynahan. But she's probably just another naive leftist eager to assist the Obama-Pelosi-Reid triumvirate in destroying capitalism and ignoring the First, Second, and Tenth Amendments to the United States Constitution.

More than a few people do, of course, have reservations about having this woman in high public office. "But she's a woman! She has no lengthy political experience! She has no foreign policy experience! She hasn't even voted in some elections! How can she be qualified to serve in such a critical position?" *Oh, wait, those comments only pertain to female Republican governors of large states who are not named Kennedy.*

Expect no reporters feverishly digging through Ms. Schlossberg's trash or photo-shopping her face onto a bikini-clad militant. She certainly won't get any tough questions from Charlie Gibson or Katie Couric. (That's another media union rule.) She will be

called “stylish,” and the phrase, “return to Camelot” will be used so often it will be made a macro in the next release of Microsoft Word.

As long as the media is ignoring Schlossberg’s qualifications, or lack thereof, we have to have some reasonable criterion for selecting our political leaders. On that basis, Sarah Palin gets the hotness edge over Caroline Kennedy. But I guess we can’t fault the New York Governor for not noticing that.

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