from other pens...

Bush main target of Dem candidates

Amazingly, with President Bush out of the 2008 election picture, he, nonetheless remains the target of the Democratic Party hopefuls.

You would think the donkey riders would put their sights on the Republican Party's front-runners. But no, their battle cry at this time is simply, "Beat up on the president."

The party handed the keys to Congress by the voters in the November 2006 election certainly hasn't done anything to enhance its presence on Capitol Hill. If anything, the Democratic Party is pretty much looked upon as nothing more than an extension of the unrest and distrust that drove the elephant trainers out of the command post.

Too, the D-bunch needs to do a little revamping within. Not the least would be replacing the Senate Majority Leader, Sen. Harry Reid. Comments coming from his undisciplined mouth do nothing but stir the pot. When he said, in effect, a while back that "we lost in Iraq," taht should have been his last comment as majority leader. How did that set with the troops?

But trash-talking — and that's all this is — seems to be his battle cry, much to the disgust of many people within his partynot just in Washington, but across the country.

The Democratic front-runners surely know the negative attitudes of Reid and House Speaker Nancy Pelosi aren't helping their cause, either. All they need to do is look at what happened to the GOP last fall. It just wasn't President Bush, it was also the Republican leadership that helped bring down their tent.

It is not too early to begin taking issue with the other party's presidental wannabes. The way everything is going right now, however, all the candidates sound like they are stuck in the mud.

But then maybe, as long as they are stuck in it, they can't be throwing it. - Tom Dreiling/The Norton Telegram

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sto P-news -



Seeing the cradle of civilization

Dawn starts as a small band of color on the eastern horizon, seen from 39,000 feet against the dark blue night sky.

The band expands and separates into primary colors, sort of a muted rainbow in the eastern sky. The bands grade from light yellow through orange and blood red to powder blue and deepest midnight.

Call it dawn over the birthplace of civilization

Iraq is down there on the left, and we are flying safely into Saudi airspace. Between the Tigris and the Euphrates lie not only war-torn Baghdad, but the ancient cradle of Western Civilization.

Here, legend tells us, was the Garden of Eden. Here civilization grew and prospered centuries before the time of Jesus and Mohammed.

lived their lives.

The Mideast is today, as always, a study in contrast. We're flying past war and strife to Abu Dhabi in the tiny nation known as the United of oil, maybe a quarter of all the oil on the Ara-Arab Emirates, or U.A.E., where oil has turned bian peninsula. a barren desert into a garden spot.

In Abu Dhabi and Dubai, the two largest and ing together as a nation, and the founding best-known emirates, sparkling cities stand leader, Sheikh Zayed bin Sultan Al Nahyan of against the desert haze, one part humidity, the Abu Dhabi, projected a vision of sharing this locals say, one part dust. Officials proclaim that new-found wealth with his countrymen and his nearly 345 high-rise buildings are under con- neigh



struction in the two cities. It's said that 15 percent of the world's population of single-leg cranes dwells here.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. We land in Abu Dhabi as guests of the federal government, itself barely 35 years old, a dozen American editors and professors. The rulers of the seven sheikdoms - absolute monarchs descended from tribal chiefs of yore — want us to see what they are doing with three decades of oil money.

Forty years ago, officials proudly note, the Wars were fought, cities built, generations seven tiny principalities along the Arabian Sea (or Persian Gulf to most of us) were dusty British protectorates preparing for independence.

Then, as the saying goes, they found oil. Lots

That came just as the Emirates were band-

Today the Emirates' citizens are provided their education through college, health care, government, family support and even a house from oil money. There are no taxes. Everyone has a job; in fact, as the desert blossomed, the emirates had to import workers. Today these guests make up nearly 80 percent of the roughly 4.1 million population.

While wealthy and influential, the tiny states are not powerful in the sense the United States is. They live in perilous times, on the edge of war and under the threat of far larger, sometimes unfriendly, always ambitious, Iran.

All that oil has to be shipped out through the Strait of Hormuz, right under the guns and missiles of the Iranian military.

The Emirates depend on diplomacy and friendly powers to shield them from harm. The nation has money to invest, but relations with the U.S. can be rocky; remember the storm over the Dubai contract to run American ports last year?

We have a lot to learn as we step out into the heat of the day, and it's summer, nearly 50 degrees (around 118 degrees Fahrenheit), with humidity that makes Kansas look dry.

Everywhere, palm trees and buildings sprout from the sand. Whole islands sprout from the sea. You almost have to see it to believe it. And over the next six days, we will.

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Hillary campaign theme songs

We, members of the CCJU, the Comics, Clowns and Jesters Union, can currently be found moping around, wearing an excess of black, plunged into a state of funk that can only be called "pre-mourning" as we anticipate the end of what will surely be known as the Golden Era of political humor.

The reign of George W. Bush is nearing an end. Destined to go down in history as the worst president ever, and that includes William Henry Harrison, the guy who gave a three-hour Inaugural Speech in the rain, caught pneumonia and served 30 days supine in a sick bed until becoming the first president to die in office.

The Bush administration would give its eyeteeth to be looked upon as possessing that kind of successful legacy. He was, is and shall be for 20 more months, the Full Employment Act for Political Comedy. Like if Reagan and Quayle had a kid. He's Quagan, and sharing the first four letters with quagmire only adds to the fun.

So the end is near and woe is we, and in three or four years our careers will mostly consist of inquiring, "You want lids on these?"

But wait. There's a glimmer of hope flashing on the hill. And yes, I am talking about The hill: Hillary Rodham Clinton. Who just offered up the choice of her official presidential campaign song into the hands of we, the great unwashed. And if you don't think that's the comedic equivalent of a batting practice fastball lobbed right into our wheelhouse, you wouldn't know a comedy premise from roasted sesame paste.

Of course, the Hillster has attempted to limit

Letter Policy

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raging moderate

our selections to certain pre screened songs. "Beautiful Day," by U2. "Get Ready," by The Places," or "It's Too Late Baby." But no, bet-Temptations. "I'll Take You There," by The Staple Singers. Smash Mouth's remake of "I'm a Believer." Five others. Bunch of typical, lame-ass options, if you ask me. Little creativity and not much of a window for laughs. But that's why we get paid the big bucks. To open that window wide enough for all of our fat, lazy humor butts to squeeze through. Brace yourself. Open wide. Here goes.

A few optional tunes that might goose the Junior Senator of New York's campaign not to mention help with the whole perception that she has a rod up her butt the size of the John Hancock Building

ALTERNATIVE OFFICIAL HILLARY CLINTON PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN SONGS:

Why does Justin Timberlake have to be the only who's bringing "SexyBack"? Hunh? Go for it, Hill.

Or how bout "You Can't Always Get What You Want," by the Stones? Let your contributors down gently. Want to rekindle the past while still grasping for the future? Alter Bill's old song into "Don't Stop Thinking About Yesterday." Need an anthem? What better anthem is there than Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive"?

For some comic relief: "IGot Friends in Low ter save that last one in case Al Gore decides to jump in. I got it: "The Theme from Shaft." Maybe too candid, as might be Elton John's "The Bitch is Back."

But if Senator Clinton wants a little payback with her pomp and circumstance, imagine the look on Bill's face every time he's stuck on stage while the orchestra introduces her, the candidate, by kicking out Mitch Ryder's "Devil with a Blue Dress." Heh heh heh. Thanks, Hillary. This looks to be the start of a beautiful relationship.

Comic, writer, actor, former radio talk show host and audience wrangler, Will Durst, thinks Ms. Clinton could also acknowledge the obvious; "Fat Bottomed Girls," by Queen. After all, they make the rocking world go round.

Will Durst is a political comedian who has performed around the world. E-mail Will at durst@caglecartoons.com.



