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HONOR IS LIKE A HAWK: IF YOU LOVE IT, SET IT FREE

BY: HECTOR GODFREY, EDITOR

Just when it couldn't get any worse. Just when this illegitimate extremist regime couldn't push us any further to the lunatic fringe. Just when we thought the colors of our country couldn't run any more Russian red... the Sundancer-in-Chief finds a new way to make America more satanically socialist.

But this time he has taken us across a bridge too far.

I speak of his latest Supreme Court nominee, a most in-Firm left-winger who will surely be confirmed since our Congress is stocked with like-minded vodka-swilling Kremlin stooges. When they do, our grotesque Gatsby will hammer one last sickle into our well-punctured hearts. By choosing to fill the seat of John McLaughlin, that late, great, holy priest of born again Conservatism ("Bye-bye," dear friend), with one more rabid liberal lapdog, the downhill racer (because it's always about race) finally brings us to rock bottom by pulling off the ultimate sting: The high court is now completely

packed with snowflakes. I will not stain my illustrious pages by listing their names; I will not give posterity to all the president's un-natural men and women, and least of all this utterly unqualified newcomer, a so-called "activist attorney" and hack writer of legal thrillers. The author of *The Pelican Deposition?* Sitting on the same bench once blessed by such right-minded saints as G. Gordo Liddy and Bill Buckley?! Are you *serious*?!? Has there ever been a more glib flex of power and irreverent disdain for sacred institutions? *THE PELICAN DEPOSITION.*

Just two days ago, this publication celebrated the Eclectic Horseman's decision to not seek re-election (FINALLY!) with an epic and quite costly special edition that dared to dream of liberation. *Free at last, free at last, if we can get a McConnell or a Keene or a Limbaugh elected in 2020, we'll be free at last!* And then, yesterday, barefoot on a lark, wacky Waldo completes his Constitutional coup by taking his "legally wedded" executive and legislative branches and

inviting the judicial into the Lincoln Bedroom to make his Menage-a-Treason complete!

There will be those well-meaning friends who will say I am being hysterical, that I am surrendering too easily to despair.

These consolors will tell me to have faith in some second coming of Nixon, a reborn Chosen One who will use executive orders to subvert his predecessor's laws, who will use his power of veto to protect us from another commie congress.

These consolors will tell me to hold out hope for a new congress, regenerated with Conservative ideals, that will somehow, someway roll-back all the liberal overreach — a next-gen justice league of Republican sentinels like the 1992-1991 Senate that kept the Blue Wave in check, or the 2002-2006 House that blunted many of the president's "Great Society" (HA!) reforms.

These consolors will tell me to remember that we have the moxie to slay monstrous ideas, no matter the odds, because we have done it before. They will remind me of 2008, when a rag-tag band of senators and representatives worked in collaboration with so many state governors and legislatures to save the country from Johnnie Cochran's Great Reparations Swindle. They will repeat the story as if it was some great mythic battle from an American *Iliad*: how the Supreme Court was poised to grant extraordinary damages in a truly regrettable case from our past that would have set a catastrophic precedent and given ANY aggrieved American with some petty grievance the ability to sue the government; and how our clever conservative crusaders hustled the sun-bleached bloneness of white guilt that is our president into a "compromise" that effectively stopped the Cochran lawsuit by agreeing to support Redfordations — sorry, the *Victims of Racial Violence Act*, an outlay of generous tax relief for survivors (and their descendants!?) of just 50 incidents of "certifiable atrocity perpetrated by structures or agents of white supremacy," whatever that means.

My consolors will tell me all these things, because they think each represents a viable model

for moving forward in a country adjudicated by the magistrates-for-life of our retiring oppressor. And I will not listen to them. I can't, because we are beaten, my friends. Beaten. We must concede that our foes have won more than they have lost; their incremental march of "progressivism" carries on. All that was gained from our futile resistance efforts was the radicalization of well-meaning patriots who think terrorist violence will bully the liberal establishment into surrender. I salute you, good soldiers. You honor the black and white mask you wear. But I stand with Senator Keene here: I cannot condone your methods. Even if I approved of fighting the authority that enforces an unjust law, remember that some who wear the badge may very well share your values.

Still, war is not the answer and if it were, it is one you are likely to lose. Like many of us who have spent the last decade maligned for daring to recall America's former greatness, just know you are outgunned, outmanned, outnumbered and out-masked.

So do not go to war. Go to the polls and cast your vote for Senator Keene, or whoever the Republican nominee will be, if only to show the enemy that we still believe in the rites and processes of democracy, even if we don't believe it'll do us any good. I've been standing on the wall of freedom for eight decades now, and I've never seen the amber waves of grain more distressingly blue.

But speaking of blue, perhaps there is someone who can help us remain one nation, under God, if only God hadn't forsaken us to build sandcastles on the fourth rock from the sun. And so I say, if we can't beat them, we join him. That's right. *Him*. Nixon's super-powered super-man; our exiled deity. If our land is being stripped from us, let us claim a new world for ourselves, where we can live separate and free, where we can rebuild the one true America. The planet's surface is red. Doctor Manhattan is blue. There's only one color missing up there to make our flag complete, my fellow Americans. Let's get our asses to Mars!