

The Boston Herald
February 3, 2003

Crisis looming? Pols 'working' really hard on it

By Howie Carr

This is how serious the budget crisis has become. The Legislature actually convened in Boston . . . on Friday.

Oh, the horror, the shock. Working, sort of, on a Friday. This is why they all went into politics - so they could all pat one another on the back and say, "Have a nice weekend" on Wednesday.

But isn't it amusing to watch these red-faced, triple-chinned pols blubbing about budget cuts? Who do these tax-fattened hyenas - especially the mayors - think they're kidding? Listen to them spin, spin, spin.

Somerville Mayor Dorothy Kelly Gay says, "My core mission has been destroyed."

Her core mission is getting herself re-elected. She was quoted earlier as saying this whole budget thing sort of sneaked up on her, or words to that effect. The stock market started tanking in March 2000 and Mayor Dot just noticed.

They're wilting under the pressure. In Hopkinton, a town pol was charged with beating his wife. There was a major drug bust Friday night at an Everett alderman's barroom. In Springfield, a state rep has been accused of calling a public servant a "dumb Polack."

Do you know how many city and town halls aren't even open on Friday afternoons anymore? In Revere, City Hall closes at 12:15 Friday. They're running a sweatshop in Brookline - Town Hall stays open until 12:30 on Fridays.

You know what constitutes a crisis in some of these slothful closed-on-Fridays cities and towns? It's when the filing deadline for an election occurs on a Friday and the building is supposed to stay open until 5 or 6 p.m.

Talk about unfair labor practices - someone's going to file a grievance over this, pal. Can't they just drop their nomination papers off at the police station? The firehouse? The library?

Oh, the horror of these "blood and bone" budget cuts.

What's next? Soon they'll be firing the anti-tobacco coordinators, those sanctimonious pests who hire 15-year-old kids to go in and buy cigarettes at local bodegas and convenience stores so the struggling

owners can be lectured, fined and-or shut down, preferably all three.

The Legislature is reeling. Senate President Bob Travaglini used to look like Gus Serra's son. Now he looks like Gus' father. Nestled between the two flags on TV the other night, all he needed was a sash across his chest and he would have been a dead ringer for the president of any South American banana republic, which, come to think of it, is a pretty good description of East Boston. Trav's already talking about higher taxes, so start watching for the editorials about how much Trav has "grown," and they won't be referring to his waistline.

It's so sweet, though, for these leeches like Lynn Mayor Chip Clancy to get a small taste of what happens in the real world when the money runs out. It must be coming as quite a shock, because the vast majority of these payroll patriots have never had real jobs, and neither did their fathers or grandfathers before them. The Bulgers, the Flahertys, the Julians, the Timiltys, the Iannellas, the McGees, the Harringtons, the O'Briens - what exactly have any of them ever done?

Medford Mayor Michael "Boom Boom" McGlynn, he of the incessant whining - he was a state rep, and his dad, Jack, was a state rep before him. McGlynn says he's running out of money, to which I reply - paraphrasing Travis Tritt - here's 35 cents, Boom Boom, call someone who cares.

Their greed knows no bounds. I found yet another connected guy on the bloated UMass payroll - Paul Mahoney is paid \$ 39,999 by Billy Bulger as an "assistant business manager." Boy Mahoney's father, also named Paul Mahoney, was once the Corrupt Midget's top coatholder in the Senate, shoved into a judgeship over the objections of real lawyers, among them Alan Dershowitz and Harvey Silverglate.

All these generations of layabouts living high on the hog and contributing nothing to society - they're a lot like the lilies of the field in the New Testament.

"How they grow," marvelled Matthew. "They toil not, neither do they spin."

They still don't toil. That much hasn't changed. But, boy, do they spin. Too bad for them nobody's listening anymore.

Howie Carr's radio show can be heard every weekday afternoon on WRKO AM 680, WHYN AM 560, WGAN AM 560, WEIM AM 1280, WXTK 95.1 FM or online at howiecarr.org.