

Dick Morris and Other Questionable Characters

It's bad enough having those well-spoken, snazzy-dressed, spokesmen for the Council on American-Islamic Relations (CAIR), getting all huffy over opposition to the Ground Zero Mosque, but what makes them particularly unbearable is the silence they maintain over the way their brethren burn churches, bibles and Christians, in the Middle East. In a way, it reminds me of the way that Barack Obama chastises Republicans for being uncivil, but never utters a word when his various stooges refer to Republicans as hostage-taking terrorists and when Rep. Andre Carson calls the Tea Party a lynch mob.

I know that Dick Morris is treated very respectfully by the hosts at Fox, but I can't figure out why. For one thing, this is the same yutz who helped Bill Clinton win elections for about 20 years. Just when did he experience an epiphany and come over from the dark side?

His political morals, or lack of same, aside, he's a joke as a prognosticator. Months before last November's elections, he told Bill O'Reilly that Carly Fiorina and Meg Whitman would be slam-dunk winners in their elections against Barbara Boxer and Jerry Brown. I recall sitting in front of my TV set here in California and trying to figure out how to reach him so I could bet my life savings.

Naturally, when months later both Fiorina and Whitman bit the dust, Morris didn't explain how he had so badly misread the tea leaves, and O'Reilly, who has the attention span of a gnat when it comes to anything unrelated to himself and his ratings, never brought it up.

Morris reminds me of a spit-curled Hollywood character who

used to be a mainstay in the early days of TV. He called himself Criswell. His shtick was to stare into the camera lens and make goofy predictions, which often involved Martian invasions and the end of planet Earth. But unlike Morris, nobody pretended to take him seriously, except for Mae West, who was a bit of a goofball herself.

One of the more interesting conflicts that has recently developed pits animal activists against environmentalists. It seems that windmills kill thousands of birds every month. But you never hear the greenies, the very same knuckleheads who are always sobbing crocodile tears over an oil pipeline in ANWR possibly separating members of a caribou family, carrying on about the ongoing carnage. The fact is that the windmills have even slaughtered golden eagles and nobody has been held accountable. However, if a hunter shot one, he'd be fined and he'd get jail time. Perhaps would-be murderers should take heed. Don't use a gun, a knife or a hammer; just use a windmill.

Rick Perry got a lot of static for suggesting that Ben Bernanke was guilty of treason. Even I wouldn't go that far. Still, I did find myself trying to figure out the difference between being the chairman of the Federal Reserve and a garden-variety counterfeiter. The best I could come up with is that each man prints basically worthless money, and both men get to serve lengthy terms, but only one of them serves his in prison.

Finally, I find it amusing that the Democrats automatically think Republicans – especially those who seek or win the presidency – are morons. It's not a recent development, either. Although Palin, Bachmann and Perry, are all being dismissed by the DNC and the MSM as blithering idiots, as was George W. Bush, it goes back at least as far as 1952. Back then, it was Dwight D. Eisenhower, a graduate of West Point and a five-star general who commanded the D-Day invasion who was ridiculed as a simpleton. His opponent, Adlai Stevenson,

had been a one-term governor of Illinois, thanks to the machinations of Jake Arvey's old fashioned political machine. Further proof of Stevenson's superior character and intellect is that he went before HUAC and testified to the loyalty and patriotism of Alger Hiss, the pride of FDR's State Department, later proven to have been a Soviet spy. Predictably, Stevenson, was served up as a combination of Albert Einstein, Mark Twain and Thomas Jefferson, when, in fact, he had all the decisiveness of Hamlet, the warmth of a frozen turkey and the moxie of Franklin Pangborn.

Actually, I've found that once you get past the propaganda spouted by the left-wing media, the only difference between a really dumb liberal and a well-educated one comes down to the number of syllables in their drivel.

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