

Election, 2016

When it comes to the possible GOP presidential candidate three years hence, the names we hear most often are Rand Paul, Ted Cruz, Marco Rubio and Chris Christie. For some reason, possibly because he was part of a losing ticket in 2012, you don't hear much about my personal favorite, Paul Ryan. What I fear most is that whoever emerges victorious from the bloodbath known as Republican primaries will resemble the survivor of a train wreck after all the other contenders have had at him with brickbats, blackjacks and broken bottles.

In the meantime, unless some catastrophic medical issue, such as a burst appendix or an inflamed ego, sidelines her, the other side will try to finish off Obama's eight year attempt to radically transform America by lumbering us with eight years of Hillary Clinton. Although, based on her own words ("I'm not going to have some reporters pawing through our papers. We are the president.") I don't think she has the constitutional right to serve a third term, but, apparently, in light of Obama's election and re-election, the Constitution no longer applies when it comes to Democratic candidates.

In light of the fact that Mrs. Clinton stands an even better chance of being the candidate in 2016 than she had in 2008, it bears being reminded of who it really is that lurks behind the endless array of pantsuits and frozen smiles.

To me, she has always resembled a Gorgon. Those were the three sisters, Medusa, Stheno and Euryale, in Greek mythology who had snakes for hair, and if you looked into their eyes, you were turned to stone. And never has she been more Gorgon-like than when she appeared before the congressional committee earlier this year and, referencing the murders of Ambassador Chris Stevens and his three courageous associates, attempted to display moral outrage by growling: "At this late date, what difference does it really make who killed them?"

But that was merely the latest of her unfortunate, but revealing, remarks. She also said: "It is a violation of human rights when babies are denied food, or drowned, or suffocated, or had their spines broken, simply because they are born girls." How odd that in attacking China's despicable birth policy, she was unaware that by extension she was attacking Planned Parenthood's anti-birth policy.

Other reminders that she was an acolyte of Saul Alinsky can be found in the following Clintonisms: "We're going to take things away from you on behalf of the common good." "It's time for a new beginning, for an end to government of the few, by the few, and to replace it with shared responsibility for shared prosperity." "We can't just let business go on as usual, and that means something has to be taken away from some people." "We have to build a political consensus, and that requires people to give up a little bit of their own in order to create this common ground." "I certainly think the free market has failed."

But the arrogant disregard for the values that shaped America did not begin or end with her husband's election in 1992. As a 27-year-old, Hillary Rodman was fired from the Watergate investigation by Jerry Zeifman, a lifelong Democrat who supervised her work with the House Judiciary Committee. When asked why he gave her the boot, Zeifman said: "Because she's a liar. She's an unethical, dishonest lawyer. She conspired to violate the Constitution, the rules of the House, the rules of the committee and the rules of confidentiality."

In addition, Hillary wrote a brief "that was so fraudulent and ridiculous," Zeifman was convinced she would have been disbarred if she had submitted it to a judge. Imagine, Chelsea could have wound up with two disbarred lawyers sharing her Thanksgiving turkey.

It probably comes as no big surprise that a few years earlier, young Hillary Rodham decided to spend a summer interning for

the Oakland law firm known as Treuhaft, Walker & Bernstein, even though its offices were 2,500 miles from Yale. Do you think the attraction might have been the fact that two of the partners were or had been members of the Communist Party, and the client rolls included a number of their fellow party members, along with draft resisters and, naturally, this being Oakland in the 70s, the Black Panther Party?

One can only assume there hadn't been an opening that summer at Hillary's first choice: the law firm of Dewey, Cheatum & Howe.

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The 1960s Live Again

I have long insisted that the decline of America began roughly 50 years ago. That was the decade that saw the liberals take a hacksaw to the black family, as LBJ and thousands of social workers did everything they could to drive black husbands and fathers out of the household. It also saw the advent of the Free Speech movement that started out in Berkeley and culminated in Kent State.

Snapshots of the decade would include the Yippies rioting in the streets of Chicago, the Black Panthers murdering people in Oakland, suburban couples engaged in wife-swapping, and parents all over the country looking to swap places with their children, while extolling the hedonistic life style summed up by the odious phrase "sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll".

Had it all ended with January 1, 1970, it would have been bad enough. Unfortunately, far too many of the young folks grew up to become the judges, professors, journalists and politicians,

who are still causing immeasurable mischief. For good measure, their ignorant grandchildren helped elect Barack Obama in 2008 and will try to get him re-elected in 2012.

One of the most quoted lines from the 60s was uttered by lifelong political activist Jack Weinberg, who along with Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Tom Hayden, helped make it such an execrable period: "Don't trust anyone over 30." Thanks to those guys and their latter-day equivalents in the Occupy Wall Street movement, it's fair to suggest that a wiser course of action is to trust nobody under 30 unless they happen to be wearing an Army, Navy or Marine, uniform.

The pain of inflation, the sort brought about by the Federal Reserve running the printing presses 24/7 ever since Obama came along; was brought home to me after watching a couple of old movies recently. Both of which were scripted by Peter Stone. In the 1963 release, "Charade," four crooks devote nearly 20 years to trying to get their hands on \$250,000. Even if you forget about the dough they had to spend tracking their prize all over Europe, you can't help thinking that if they'd just opened up a garage or a coffee shop, the guys would have made a lot more money. Then, in the 1965 movie, "Mirage," Gregory Peck goes into an upscale bar in Manhattan and orders a Scotch. "That'll be 90 cents," the bartender reminds him when he shows signs of leaving without paying.

This being the holiday season, I found myself thinking about a few of those we annually celebrate. Thanksgiving is an oddity because we wind up eating a lot of stuff that we apparently have absolutely no interest in the other 364 days of the year.

For some stupid reason, we went from honoring our two greatest presidents on two separate days to celebrating President's Day, a generic term that suggests that along with Washington and Lincoln, we're also tipping our hat to the likes of Wilson, Carter, Clinton and Obama.

But perhaps the oddest of all is Labor Day, when we pretend to honor hard work by taking the day off to listen to long-winded speeches by the likes of Richard Trumka, Jimmy Hoffa, Jr., and Barack Obama, quite possibly the three laziest men in America.

Speaking of Obama, I realize that back in 2008 he was called The One. Now that we know him so much better, I'm having a hard time deciding on a more appropriate moniker. A few that I've considered are Nanny Barack, the Preacher, the Great Pretender, the Scolder-in-Chief and Chairman Obama.

But, here's hoping that after January, 2013, we'll be able to simply refer to him as the Dearly Departed.

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