

# The Final Days

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I won't beat around the bush. I watched all of the GOP debates, I watched the Biden-Ryan debate and I even sat through all three of the presidential debates, and I don't think it's fair that I only get one vote that can be canceled out by the vote of one of those louts who got a free cell phone, thanks to Obama, or one of the guttersnipes who befouled our streets as a member of the Occupy Wall Street movement.

In spite of that, I am feeling pretty confident about the upcoming election. It's not just that Romney buried Obama in the first debate and more than held his own in the final two, or that Joe Biden, when confronting Paul Ryan, came across like one of those bizarre-looking characters who were always menacing Batman and Dick Tracy. I just figure that when Big Bird tells Obama not to use his name in vain and even the AARP tells Team Obama: "While we respect the rights of each campaign to make its case to voters, AARP has never consented to the use of its name by any candidate or political campaign. AARP is a nonpartisan organization and we do not endorse candidates nor coordinate with any candidate or political party."

I know, I know. I, too, started chuckling when I got to the part where they claimed to be nonpartisan. You sure could have fooled me when they worked harder to push through ObamaCare than Harry Reid, Nancy Pelosi and Henry Waxman, put together. Still, if I were Obama, my blood would have run cold when I realized that even the AARP was deserting me.

Like a great many conservatives who were tuned in to the final debate, I kept waiting for Romney to nail Obama to the wall

over all the lies that he, Biden and Susan Rice, have told regarding the attack on the Libyan consulate. But I then realized that if the moderator, Bob Schieffer, wasn't going to bring it up, Romney was wise to leave it alone. For one thing, even the lap dogs in the mass media are finally pressing the issue, no longer leaving it to Fox News to demand answers. The bottom line is that the media simply won't allow left-wing politicians to treat them with the same contempt that both display towards the American public.

For another thing, if it had been Romney who brought up the White House cover-up, it would have wound up like the petty squabbling that broke out during the second debate, when Romney pushed Obama to come clean about there being a reduction in the number of oil leases that had been granted on federal land over the past few years. After all, when a guy is running for president, he doesn't want to come across like a seven year old yelling "You did so!" while the other brat is yelling "Did not!" in rebuttal.

The Democrats spent six months painting Romney as a wealthy robot who didn't concern himself with the plight of others, but all Romney had to do in the first debate was to speak honestly without having his words filtered through the liberal media. Once he did that, the voters got to see a man who was decent, compassionate and, best of all, ready and able to restore America's greatness.

On the other hand, the Obama they saw was the one that the rest of us had seen since Day One: an arrogant, lazy, narcissistic, incompetent, who wanted nothing less than to radically transform America in his own socialistic image.

Prior to the third debate, David Axelrod and the rest of Obama's handlers had attempted to win back the female vote by portraying Romney as a warmonger. Watching the propaganda roll out, I was reminded of 1964, when LBJ destroyed Barry Goldwater by pretending that the Arizona senator only wanted

to be the president because he yearned to get his finger on the nuclear trigger.

It took people a while to wake up to the fact that Goldwater had more character in his big toe than Lyndon Johnson had in his entire body. As for warmongering, it was sweet irony that Johnson met his own Waterloo over his mishandling of the Vietnam War. He went from garnering over 61% of the vote in 1964 to failing to get his party's nomination four years later.

Something that far too many Americans can't seem to grasp is that a robust American military doesn't cause wars, it helps prevent them. Still, when war is inevitable, winning is a far better option than losing.

One of the problems with Democrats is that they still believe, as they did during the frostiest days of the Cold War, that a unilaterally disarmed America sets an example that will be copied by our enemies. It was idiotic when our enemy was the Soviet Union, an evil empire that had already gobbled up all of Eastern Europe, and it is no less idiotic when we have to deal with enemies in North Korea, the Islamic world and a Russia governed by a neo-Stalinist like Vladimir Putin, who learned everything he knows about diplomacy while heading up the KGB.

The idea that, in spite of the fact that Obama's own Secretary of Defense, Leon Panetta, has stated that a cut in our defense budget would threaten our national security, Obama could only defend the cuts by telling Romney that we no longer need horses and bayonets. But, then, this is the same creep who pulled security out of the Benghazi consulate because the impression that things were stable in Libya was more important to his re-election campaign than the lives of Ambassador Stevens and his three colleagues.

As of the first of the year, thanks to sequestration, the

military budget will be automatically slashed by half a trillion dollars. And anyone who believes Obama when he says the Pentagon is just fine with those cuts shouldn't be allowed anywhere near sharp objects, heavy machinery or a voting booth. In the present circumstances, sequestration is a fancy term for castrating the U.S. military. During the debate, however, Obama, who did absolutely nothing to avert the lunacy in the first place, confidently announced that it would never take place.

For a brief moment, I was reassured. But then I remembered that in 2008, he vowed he would slash the national debt by five trillion dollars; that he would work to bring people together, including Democrats and Republicans in Congress; and that he would lower the unemployment rate to 5.6% by the end of his first term.

Fool Americans once, shame on you. Try to fool us twice, you better remind Michelle to start packing up Bo's chew toys along with the kids' video games and the White House silverware.

And don't forget to leave the key under the mat.

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## **Not Exactly the Fight of the Century**

*Burt hopes you'll enjoy his take on the first Presidential Debate, and he hopes you'll also enjoy [Hollywood & Politics](#).*

As you all know, I hate pointing out that I was right. I'm sure the cynics among you are saying to yourself, "I bet it pains him about as much as winning the state lottery." But what else can I say when I kept telling people to wait for the debate, and the smarty pants crowd, folks like Bill Kristol, Peggy Noonan and Charles Krauthammer, spent weeks harping on Romney to do this, that and the other thing. Through it all, I pointed out that if Romney shot his wad prior to October 3rd, he would, one, help Team Obama know how to prep their guy and, two, give the goons in the media a chance to spin everything he said and accuse him of making endless gaffes.

I was convinced that most viewers would have to acknowledge that one of the two debaters would be seen as a man born to be the president and the other guy would be seen for what he is, a pretender who was born to be the smarmy mouthpiece for a public sector union such as the SEIU, which is what Obama was referring to when he identified himself with the nebulous title of "ex-community organizer." The question nobody bothered asking in 2008 was which community was he referring to and what sort of mischief was he organizing them to do.

It's not that I'm so much smarter than the national pundits. Okay, it's not just that I'm so much smarter than the national pundits. I just knew that Romney's uncommon decency, good nature and command of the facts, would shine through once he didn't have to rely on the MSM to filter the message and the man. Think Ronald Reagan in 1980, I suggested.

The other main thing I knew was that Obama does not possess a superior intellect and that he is not a brilliant speaker. It isn't simply that he depends on his Teleprompters, either. Barely a day has gone by over the past five years when we have not seen and heard him on TV. By this time even if you were one of the left-wing bozos who agreed with his policies, you would have to admit, if you were the least bit honest, that you have gotten tired of his smug little smirks, the arrogant way he tilts his jaw – as if channeling his inner Mussolini –

and the very annoying way he has of breaking up every sentence into two or three separate parts.

I said that once people saw the two candidates sharing the same stage, the undecided few would instinctively recognize which one was the more capable and presidential. They would finally see what a con job the Democrats have carried off in attempting to portray a decent, patriotic American as a loathsome creature whose favorite pastimes are giving pink slips to hard-working members of the middle class, playing footsies with the idle rich and, of course, killing off innocent cancer victims.

One of the sweetest things about the debate was knowing that in 90 minutes, Romney had undone all the damage that the DNC had inflicted, wasting hundreds of millions of dollars in TV ads attempting to depict him as an ogre.

One of the most telling moments took place a day or so before the debate, when Obama showed up at a public event, telling his groupies that essentially he was playing hooky because his handlers were "trying to make me do my homework." That was the quintessential Obama, the laziest kid in the 11th grade, whining that grown-ups were demanding he do boring stuff like hitting the books and studying when all he really wanted to do was play video games.

From Day One, when he had Pelosi and Reid draw up the details of his trillion dollar stimulus bill and assigned the federal bureaucrats to churn out the 2,700-page tome we now know as ObamaCare, he has shown that the only things he really likes about being president is that it allows him to play a lot of golf and to address fawning crowds of union members, college students, welfare recipients and multi-million dollar donors.

Although I was not surprised that Romney won so decisively that if it had been a prize fight instead of a presidential debate, the referee would have stopped it after half an hour,

awarding it to Romney on a TKO, while a bloody Obama hung on the ropes, hoping that at least one witness to the accident had managed to jot down the license number of the truck that hit him.

But as is often the case, you can't really put the entire blame on Obama. All of his enablers played their role in the debacle. Consider how the two men prepared for Denver. On the one hand, Romney's steel had been tempered through endless debates with people such as Newt Gingrich and Rick Santorum. His skin had been thickened by the endless lies attacking him, his business background, his wife and even her horse.

On the other hand, Obama, who has been treated like the Dalai Lama for most of his life, has spent the past five or six years being coddled by the nannies in the media. He has become so accustomed to being treated like a living saint by the likes of Jay Leno, Oprah Winfrey, David Letterman and the kiss-ups on "The View," that even when Univision's Jorge Ramos and Maria Elena Salinas asked him a couple of reasonable questions regarding immigration reform and Operation Fast and Furious, all he could do was look shocked at their unmitigated gall and fall back, as usual, on David Axelrod's insipid talking points.

If I were Obama, I would be very worried. After all, the first debate was devoted to domestic issues, which Obama assumed would be more or less in his wheelhouse. He had, after all, managed to bribe millions of Americans with food stamps and free cell phones. What's he going to do when he has to explain how his foreign policies, which he had assured us time and again were working like clockwork in the Middle East, with the killing of Bin Laden and the decimation of al-Qaeda, suddenly blew up in his face with the assassination of Ambassador Stevens and the burning of our flag throughout most of the Arab and Muslim world.

What do you think he will say about all those al-Qaeda flags

flying over our various embassies? How will he explain the cover-up that his administration tried to pull off, pretending that these were all spontaneous demonstrations because of some dopey-sounding video nobody has ever seen? How will he defend sending out UN Ambassador Susan Rice as a sacrificial lamb on Sunday news shows to lie on his behalf, thus destroying her credibility in a single day as surely as Obama has destroyed Jay Carney's over the course of these past two years?

I know that prior to the debate, a lot of Washington pundits claimed that presidential debates rarely have a major impact. But when even left-wing loons like Chris Matthews, Bill Maher and Rachel Maddow, all agree that Romney won, I say there hasn't been a whopping of such magnitude since a smiling, confident Jack Kennedy trounced a sweaty, five o'clock shadowed Richard Nixon, who showed up looking like a fugitive from Devil's Island.

If Obama had been smart, he would have stayed home celebrating his wedding anniversary with Michelle and the kids, and sent Clint Eastwood's empty chair in his place.

Unlike that lazy 11th grader I alluded to earlier, Obama can't even whine that the family dog ate his homework.

It was in fact Mitt Romney who ate his lunch.

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# A Tale of Two Debates

Tonight, I watched the GOP Presidential debate from Mesa, Arizona. Last night, I attended a Congressional debate here in the San Fernando Valley. There was a world of difference between them. The biggest difference is that I got a big kick out of last night's event, even though the candidate I'll be voting for hasn't got the slightest chance of winning. His name is Mark Reed, and he's a bright, attractive, well-spoken fellow. In many parts of the country, even in many parts of California, he'd be a shoo-in. He suffers from only one drawback; Reed happens to be a Republican.

Last night, he had to enter the lion's den. Not only did he have to contend with two U.S. congressmen, Howard Berman and Brad Sherman, but the event took place in a synagogue, so nearly everyone in the overflowing audience was a Jewish liberal. To be fair, nobody booed Mr. Reed, but that was mainly because the rabbi reminded everyone to be on their good behavior, and because the audience knew that Reed was essentially irrelevant.

What made the evening so entertaining for me is that one liberal was, for the first time in his political life, being forced to tell the truth about another liberal. It was sheer heaven listening to these guys insult each other. There was none of that phony "With all due respect to my distinguished colleague" blather. These guys wanted to bludgeon each other to death with their microphones.

The reason behind this mortal combat was that California's congressional lines were redrawn after the last census and what had previously been safe liberal districts for Sherman and Berman had been turned into a single district that will be covered in blood before the primary vote in June determines which of them goes back to the House and which one goes back home.

Honesty compels me to confess that I have been friends with Howard since our days at UCLA. But as he knows, I will be voting for Mark Reed. At present, Brad Sherman is my congressman. If I had to choose between them, I would vote for Berman, not only because he's an old chum, but because so far as it is possible for a liberal to be a man of principle, I believe he is one. For one thing, he backed the invasion of Iraq. Whether you agree with that decision or not, a great many Democrats opposed it for no other reason than to make political hay at George Bush's expense.

For another thing, Brad Sherman joined the likes of Henry Waxman and Maxine Waters in voting to continue funding ACORN with taxpayer dollars. And that was even after we had all seen the videos of ACORN employees trying to help someone they believed was a pimp finance a proposed brothel to be filled with underage girls from Central America.

That brings us to tonight's GOP debate. As usual, I found Ron Paul alternately amusing and alarming. One minute, you find yourself being charmed by his apparent good nature; the next minute, you're asking yourself "Did he really say the world has nothing to fear from a nuclear Iran? Or did he mean that someone has invented a new, clear iron?"

Rick Santorum still strikes me as a guy born to be a college cheerleader, although it appears that this lengthy campaign has taken a toll on his hairline. It seems to be receding at the speed of light. I recall that during the 1961 baseball season, as he pursued Babe Ruth's home run record, the pressure became so great on Roger Maris that his hair began falling out in clumps. I fear that if the primary race lasts into June, Santorum could wind up as bald as I am.

As usual, I was impressed with Mitt Romney. I know that some people resent his looks, his height, his hair and his money. By "some people," I mean others besides myself. But just because someone looks and sounds presidential, I don't really

think that should be a liability for someone who deserves to be the President.

That brings us to Newt Gingrich. Although I have sat through all of the debates so far, which adds up to about 498 hours I'll never get back, I finally focused like a laser on what Gingrich was actually saying, as opposed to the glib way he has of saying things.

I don't know why after all this time it finally hit me. After all, it has been his constant mantra throughout the campaign that he's the guy who reformed welfare, balanced the federal budget and, through his Contract with America, gained control of the House for the GOP.

That being the case, it seems to me that the most sensible solution is for Romney to be the President and Gingrich to run for Congress and once again become the Speaker.

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