

# I've Got Their Numbers

I began going to movies when I was about four years old. I still recall that two of the first ones I ever saw back in Chicago were an Abbott & Costello comedy and a pirate movie involving galley slaves. That was 70 years ago, and although my love affair with the movies didn't have a particularly auspicious beginning, it even managed to survive a 13 year period during which I reviewed them, first for the UCLA Daily Bruin and then for Los Angeles magazine.

To suggest, in the words of Cole Porter's "It Was Just One of Those Things," that the love affair was too hot not to cool down is putting it mildly. Over the past 25 years, I have rarely liked more than one or two movies a year. By this time, I would probably stop seeing new ones altogether except that, because of my membership and voting privileges in the Writers Guild, the studios continue to send me a batch of DVDs at year's end.

Alas, this year was no exception. They sent me 16, all of which, I assume, they believe are worthy of writing awards. I, on the other hand, think, judging by this assortment, 2014 may be the worst year in movie history. And that's no easy trick, as I assumed 2013 would retire the crown. It's a lot like assuming that Jimmy Carter would be our worst president ever, and then along comes Barack Obama to snatch away the title.

One failing that most of the 16 shared is that they were under-lit. In recent years, directors and cinematographers have come to believe that movies should resemble radio shows as much as possible. But assuming it isn't for demented aesthetic reasons, my only other conclusion is that after over-paying the actors, there's nothing left in the budget for light bulbs.

Another thing these movies have in common is that they're all

too long, considering their plots or what has come to pass for a plot. The shortest of the 16 is also probably the one that will get my vote, "Still Alice" (Julianne Moore and Alec Baldwin). I can't say I enjoyed it because it deals with the early onset of Alzheimer's. As soon as you know the subject matter, you know it's going to be a very sad movie with a tragic ending, but at least at 101 minutes, it didn't milk it for an additional hour, as the others did.

The other 15 were "Foxcatcher," "Into the Woods," "Unbroken," "A Most Violent Year," "Boyhood," "Love is Strange," "Whiplash," "The Judge," "Wild," "Nightcrawler," "American Sniper," "Inherent Vice," "Get On Up," "Chef" and "The Hobbit." I will first confess that in the case of "Boyhood," which was apparently 12 years in the making, I gave up after about 12 minutes because it already felt like 12 years. Also, I skipped "The Hobbit" because I already knew that I wouldn't care for it. "The Hobbit" and "The Lord of the Rings" belong to a genre that I refer to as pretentious fantasy, which I simply can't abide.

People who buy their books by the pound might appreciate the fact that the movies make up in length what they lack in quality, averaging 130 minutes. By comparison, during the same few weeks, thanks to Turner Classic Movies, I saw the following seven movies: "Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)," "The Shop Around the Corner (1940)," "The Bachelor & the Bobby-Soxer (1947)," "City Lights (1931)," "Hoosiers (1986)," "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946) and "Bachelor Mother (1939)." Not only did they star the likes of Judy Garland, Jimmy Stewart, Margaret Sullavan, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, Charlie Chaplin, Gene Hackman, Ginger Rogers, David Niven and Charles Coburn, but the seven classics, which included a musical and four comedies, genres that have pretty much disappeared over the past few decades, averaged a civilized 103 minutes.

While we're on the subject of numbers, I am getting sick and tired of hearing liberals dismissing the GOP as the party of

old white men. It is certainly the party of this old man, but the evidence, by and large, is that the Democrats are the party of old white men and elderly white women, although one of them advanced her academic and political career by pretending to be a Native American.

Consider that the three frontrunners for the Democrats in 2016 are Hillary Clinton, 67, Elizabeth ("Pocahontas") Warren, 65, and Joe Biden, 72. On the other hand, the leading Republican contenders include Jeb Bush, 61, Chris Christie, 52, Rand Paul, 51, Scott Walker, 47, Ted Cruz, 44, Paul Ryan, 44, and Mike Lee, 43.

These days, the GOP isn't even particularly WASPish. Unlike the Democrats, who have no minority senators or governors to point to, the GOP can boast of the aforementioned Ted Cruz, along with Senators Marco Rubio, 43, and Tim Scott, 49, and Governors Susana Martinez, 55, and Bobby Jindal, 43.

Even when it comes to party leadership, Harry Reid is 75 and Nancy Pelosi is 74, whereas Mitch McConnell is 72, and John Boehner, a sprightly 65, making the Democrats equally white, but 12 years older.

Finally, a friend of mine let me know that it annoys him when I refer to the Democratic Party when, as he insists, it should be the Democrat Party.

Assuming he's not alone in his objection, I will explain myself. It so happens that the Democrat Party sounds awful to my ear and looks like a misspelling to my eye. So while I acknowledge that my friend is correct, I'm not about to change. In time, I can only hope that my way prevails.

It's not that I'm a grammatical scofflaw. It irks me when people confuse "me" and "I" or write "there" for "their" or "their" for "they're," but it bothers me just as much or more when people ignore the music of words, treating them as mere utensils. For me, reading what passes for political

commentary, even when I agree with the perspective, is often as painful as listening to a tone-deaf singer who confuses sharps with flats.

Although I believe most of the rules governing grammar and syntax are sensible, I think the one that insists it's a sin to end a sentence with a preposition is the sort of thing only a terminally constipated pedant would impose on an unsuspecting world.

As far as I'm concerned, if the least convoluted way to end a sentence is to end it with, say, "with," one would be silly not to end it with with.

Which reminds me that when Richard Loeb, one half of the thrill-killing duo, Leopold and Loeb, supposedly made sexual advances on a fellow con at Statesville Penitentiary, and was killed for his troubles, a Chicago newspaper reported that the well-educated Loeb should have known better than to end his sentence with a proposition.

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## **“Our Constitutional Scowler” and “Kim Jong-Un, Movie Critic**

I think it's high time the media stopped referring to Barack Obama as a constitutional scholar. Judging by the contempt he

has displayed towards our most sacred document, he is better described as a constitutional scowler. I am probably being overly generous, but I think a case can be made that over the past six years, Obama has ignored or acted in violation of at least eight Amendments, the first, second, fourth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fourteenth and fifteenth.

The reason I spend so much time denigrating liberals isn't simply because it's so much fun, but because I sincerely believe they are working overtime to destroy America. To maintain a polite silence in the face of it is my idea of moral cowardice.

For instance, Obama and his hand maidens in Congress have long maintained that Gitmo must be shuttered because it is used as a recruiting tool by Islamic terrorists, although they themselves refrain from referring to our existential enemies in such clear terms. However, they didn't hesitate when it came to releasing a partisan report that tarred the CIA. One may agree or disagree with what the CIA did in defense of the country, but both sides acknowledge that the techniques ceased five years ago.

Therefore, the report will have little or no effect aside from leading to countless hours of handwringing by the self-righteous likes of John McCain, Juan Williams and George Will, and endangering the lives of those engaged in intelligence gathering on behalf of our nation.

It seems that Sen. Feinstein was deeply troubled that the CIA apparently spied on her Senate intelligence committee, and determined it was a violation of the separation of powers. Inasmuch as she and her liberal colleagues then went on to release a damning report on the Agency, one can see that the CIA had good reason to fear and distrust the committee. That was especially so when we learned that the senators never bothered interviewing anyone connected either in the past or currently to the Agency.

However, when, in clear violation of his enumerated powers, Obama legislates with his pen and his phone from the Oval Office, the sanctimonious Mrs. Feinstein doesn't utter a single word in defense of the Constitution she has sworn to defend and protect.

I keep hearing that America longs for a Congress that works in a bi-partisanship fashion, but I don't believe it. Liberals have no desire to see Democrats compromising with Republicans, and conservatives certainly have no wish to see Republicans compromising with Democrats. As I see it, the only people who call for bi-partisanship are the know-nothings who have so little understanding of the major issues that they think that it is only mulishness that keeps members of the two parties from joining hands and singing a few choruses of "Kumbaya."

When one party is convinced that the federal government should control everything from education and health care to the environment and the economy, and the other party thinks the single greatest threat to our freedom and liberty is that very same central government, which is basically that which existed with such disastrous results in the Soviet Union, bi-partisanship is merely another word for treason.

In other news, the liberal media is beside itself over an alleged epidemic of rape taking place on college campuses. They keep referring to a poll that suggested that one in five coeds is sexually assaulted. What they don't do is make it clear that the poll, which only had a 40% participation rate, was limited to two campuses and included such "assaults" as compliments, ogling and kissing.

I'm not going to suggest it's not possible that under certain circumstances, all of these things can be mildly distasteful – although I must confess I've never felt personally assaulted by a compliment – but they hardly constitute rape, and by including them, the feminists trivialize a despicable crime that, frankly, I would make a capital offense.

Far from supporting the poll that indicated 20% of coeds are being raped, government statistics claim the rate is about .6%, which translates to six coeds in a thousand being victimized by campus rapists, not 200!

In news from the Orient, I have heard that most of the prescription drugs we use in America are being produced in China. Keep in mind those clodhoppers can't even manufacture non-toxic dog food. Knowing they're probably responsible for my rheumatoid arthritis pills is enough to make my blood run cold. Still, I think I'd prefer to suffer from terminally chilly blood than have to trust a product made in China to warm it up.

On the other hand, I owe North Korea a shout-out for hacking the computers at Sony Pictures. Otherwise, I'd never know that in an ill-advised email, a well-known producer called Angelina Jolie not only a mediocre actress, which I already knew, but a spoiled brat, which I merely suspected.

I also found out that even those Hollywood elitists who line up to attend Obama's \$35,000 fund-raisers can't resist making racist jokes about him when they think nobody's around.

In exchange for my tax dollars, that's the sort of stuff I want to hear from the government snoops at the National Security Agency. I mean it's bad enough I have to depend on the damn Chinese to fill my prescriptions without also having to rely on that schmuck Kim Jong-un for my Hollywood gossip.

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## **Kim Jong-Un, Movie Critic**

I've had some bad months in my life, but none has been quite as gruesome as the one that Sony just endured. First, there was the leak of those embarrassing emails in which uber-

producer Scott Rudin trashed Angelina Jolie, and Sony head Amy Pascal made racist comments about Obama's taste in movies. Ms. Pascal made it even worse by then going to Al Sharpton, begging him for dispensation. Frankly, I'd fire her for that alone.

If Rudin and Pascal have one reason to envy me, it's that I can never be embarrassed by leaked emails. You see, whenever I have a politically incorrect thought to share, I don't waste it in an email; I work it into an article.

Anyway, as bad as the leaks were, the studio made things worse when it backed down in the face of North Korean threats. I guess Sony was afraid that Kim Jong-un was going to have his pal Dennis Rodman set off stink bombs if "The Interview" was released. Frankly, judging by earlier Seth Rogen comedies, I'm sure this one didn't need any help when it came to stinking up movie houses.

For weeks on end, every news report claimed that North Korea was allegedly behind the hacking. Allegedly? I kept wondering who the other suspects might be. Who else might object to the chubby guy with the bad haircut being humiliated on the world's movie screens? Luxembourg? Monaco? The Vatican? The word, itself, has become something of a joke. Simply because nobody has stood up, like on an old "Perry Mason" episode, and confessed in open court, doesn't automatically turn the perfectly obvious into the alleged.

Considering how little it took to make Sony chicken out, we shouldn't expect to see a comedy in which the Ayatollah Khomeini mistakenly eats a ham sandwich, thus damning his soul to the eternal flames any time soon.

Still, if I have to choose between an administration run by either Amy Pascal or Barack Obama, I'll take Amy. As dumb as she may be, I doubt if she would explain reopening diplomatic relations with Cuba by saying that "If you keep doing the same thing for 50 years and not getting anywhere, it's time to try

something new." After all, if Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Carter, Reagan and Bush, hadn't realized that there should never be a time table when it comes to doing the right thing, the Soviet Union might have won the Cold War.

When asked if this détente meant that Raul Castro might soon be visiting the Obamas, Liar-in-Chief Josh Earnest didn't say yes and he didn't say no. Instead, he said that Castro wouldn't be the first Communist leader who has ever set foot in the White House. And, so far as I know, he wasn't referring to Barack Obama.

In other Washington news, the Pentagon has decided that simply because someone is a member of the Taliban doesn't mean he's an enemy of ours. Heck, no. Not when the EU decides that Hamas isn't even a terrorist organization. And not when you have Obama rushing to the financial aid of a dictatorship in Cuba that is barely hanging on because its two major sponsors, Russia and Venezuela, are suffering the effects of freefalling oil prices.

Speaking of boneheads, the one person who agrees with the EU when it comes to Hamas is our own Jimmy Carter, who followed up four disastrous years in the White House by spending the next 34 years reminding us of the debt the nation owes Ronald Reagan for giving the sanctimonious creep his walking papers.

It seems that once, when asked why he believed Hamas was a group dedicated to peace even though its charter calls for wiping Israel off the face of the earth, Carter replied that when he met with its leaders, he gave them DVDs that featured pacifists like Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi, and they thanked him. I guess when you're an anti-Semite with the brains of a mashed potato, it doesn't take much to persuade you that the killers of babies and rabbis are the good guys.

It also doesn't hurt when most of the money donated to build your presidential library was contributed by Arabs and

Muslims, grateful that a former U.S. president would condemn Israel as an apartheid state, while turning a blind eye to those dedicated to murdering Christians as well as Jews.

As for Gandhi the pacifist, let the record show that he hated African blacks, was an anti-Semite and, for good measure, chose not to take sides when it came to World War II. Respect him if you like, but where I come from it takes more than wearing an adult diaper to prove you're one of God's nobler creatures.

Finally, I should let you know that I have received several emails from people affiliated with the Wounded Warrior Project. They claim that I slandered the enterprise when I shared a report that indicated that they misspent a sizable portion of the charitable contributions they receive on things other than wounded warriors.

If the report I quoted didn't have the numbers right, I sincerely apologize. But even the new set of numbers didn't really change my overall opinion. I should explain that, except for the Salvation Army, I don't entirely trust big name charities. I'm not saying they're dishonest. What I am suggesting is that once an organization is taking in well over a hundred million dollars a year, you'll inevitably find that it's spending a huge amount on inflated salaries, travel, promotion and general overhead. I'm not claiming that anyone is fiddling with the funds. It just strikes me that donating to major charities is a lot like sending tax dollars to the federal government and expecting the money to be spent prudently.

Perhaps I'm naïve, but it seems to me that, like the Salvation Army, which relies mainly on volunteers, the Wounded Warrior Project could call on millions of older Americans, especially patriotic veterans, to volunteer to do a lot of the heavy lifting. It seems to me that would save millions of dollars that could then be spent exactly the way the donors intended,

to serve the needs of those brave Americans who sacrificed so much on our behalf.

And now it's time for one last poll before the end of the year. I would like to know which Fox News personality, be it a host or a regular contributor, is your favorite and who is your least favorite. Please send the two names to me as soon as possible at [BurtPrelutsky@aol.com](mailto:BurtPrelutsky@aol.com).

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## **“The Nanny Media” and “Que Sera Sera”**

We all know that Obama's federal government wants to control us from the cradle to the early grave mandated by the Affordable Care Act, but they wouldn't have nearly so easy a time of it if it weren't for the complicit media. As I have said in the past, if I could control the media, I'd be willing to let the Democrats control the House.

I mean, look at the fawning way the media continues to treat Hillary Clinton even after she first boasted about how impoverished she and Bill were in 2001, at least for the first two seconds after leaving the White House before \$20 million in book advances took effect, and then stated that “companies and corporations don't create jobs.” If a potential Republican presidential candidate had tried to get away with such unmitigated nonsense, the media would turn him or her into a laughingstock. They managed to do it with Sarah Palin, even

though the line about being able to see Russia from her front porch was delivered by Tina Fey during a "Saturday Night Live" sketch and never by Mrs. Palin.

Speaking of Mrs. Clinton, someone sent me a cartoon depicting Hillary as the Wicked Witch of the West melting after Dorothy splashed her with a bucket of water. It could explain why the person often described as the Smartest Woman in the World has so far refrained from accepting the ice bucket challenge.

According to a recent study, the estimate of non-citizen votes in 2008 was 1.2 million, which was believed to represent 6.4% of illegal aliens. Having taken math when it was still taught in the public schools, I was able to determine that rather than the oft-repeated 11million "living in the shadows," the number would actually be 19 million. And, frankly, since the same 11 million figure has been kicking around for about 20 years by those looking to grant them amnesty, I expect the actual number is closer to 25 million.

Even though we know for a fact that a great many of those who have been released from Guantanamo by Bush and Obama returned to the war zone and have been killing Americans for the past several years, I have no idea why we ever bother capturing Islamic terrorists. It's not as if when they capture our soldiers, they place them in POW camps. They don't have POW camps. They only have mass graves. So I will support Obama's plan to close Gitmo, but only if its inmates are sent off to their perverted Paradise and not back to the war zone.

As my readers know, I am a proponent of capital punishment, not merely for murderers, but for rapists and child molesters. My reason in those cases is revenge for the victims. But I would also execute those who were guilty of perpetrating election fraud. One reason is that I think that anyone subverting the election process deserves to die because he is attempting to disenfranchise legitimate voters of their most precious constitutionally guaranteed right. My other reason is

because I believe such a punishment could actually deter those contemplating this form of villainy, whereas I'm not at all sure it works with those depraved enough to kill, rape or molest, the innocent.

I find it singularly bizarre, even for Obama, that the same Commander-in-chief who refuses to have boots on the ground in Iraq, Syria or Iran, in order to combat Islamic terrorism, has no problem sending 3,000 soldiers to Liberia, Guinea and Sierra Leone, to combat Ebola, although the former falls within their job description and the latter doesn't.

When you hear knucklehead Ben Affleck claim that only a few bad apples are guilty of Islamic terrorism, it's easier to take than when fellow knuckleheads like George Bush and Barack Obama spouted the same foolishness. But the irony is that super knucklehead Bill Maher got into trouble with his own demented base when he had the temerity to argue the point with Affleck.

So it was that after inviting fulltime Christian-basher Maher to be the commencement speaker at UC Berkeley, 3,000 students signed a petition uninviting him. I suppose this means that in the future, Maher will stick to insulting Christians and lay off those marvelous peace-loving Muslims.

How nutty is California? Well, Jerry Brown and his flying monkeys up in Sacramento recently set aside \$9.2 million so that state universities can subsidize illegal aliens, and another \$3 million with which illegal aliens can pay attorneys to assist them in fighting deportation.

Speaking of which, the Mexican who recently killed two sheriff deputies had been deported twice after being arrested on drug charges. The truth of the matter is that threatening to deport Hispanic criminals in lieu of jailing or shooting them is about as effective as threatening to throw Br'er Rabbit in the briar patch.

Apple's CEO Tim Cook has announced that he's not only a homosexual, but proud to be one. It's the pride that confuses me, even though his rationale is that being gay has taught him what it's like to be a member of a minority and has made him tougher. He even thanks God for making him a homosexual. Frankly, that strikes me as terribly naïve. As I see it, when you're as wealthy as Mr. Cook, you can easily afford to pay other people to be tough on your behalf. For another, I suppose being short and bald in a nation where most people are neither makes me a member of a minority. But it would never enter my mind to be particularly proud of it or to consider sending God a thank-you note.

Our little dog Angel hates the mailman with a vengeance and starts barking her head off every time he slips his daily offerings through the slot in our front door. It's as if she's convinced he's trying to contaminate our living space. And inasmuch as his delivery consists almost entirely of bills, flyers and letters pleading for donations to the likes of Ben Carson, Rick Santorum and Newt Gingrich, I share her displeasure.

But the other day, I found myself listening to her bark, which sounds as if it's being made by a dog three or four times her size, and wondering if it fools other dogs. I also wondered if dogs can tell each other's gender by their barks, the way we can usually determine gender by our voices. I realize that if I were a congressman, I could get a study funded for about \$750,000 in tax dollars to find out the answer, but I can't and, being a conservative, I wouldn't. But if anyone knows the answer, please send me an email.

Finally, whatever else you say about this administration, you can never accuse its members of lacking gall. Imagine someone in the inner circle of the White House actually having the chutzpah to call Bibi Netanyahu a big pile of chicken poop.

Nobody, and I mean nobody, has ever had a more intimate

relationship with the stuff than Barack Obama. And that definitely includes Colonel Sanders.

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## Que Sera Sera

In the words of an old tune introduced by Doris Day in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," what will be, will be. I am writing this three days before the mid-term elections. The polls suggest that the GOP will wrest control of the Senate from Harry Reid's sweaty grasp, but they also indicate that in several races, the Democrat is running 10-15% ahead of Obama's approval numbers. If you were ever in doubt, this alone should convince you that millions of our fellow citizens are fatheads.

I mean, when Obama's approval numbers range between 30 and 40%, when 60% of the nation believe America is going to hell in a hand basket, and, yet, those who have voted for Obama's policies 97% of the time still have a good chance of being re-elected, contagion by Ebola is the least of our problems.

In one of my recent polls, I asked if the GOP would gain control of the Senate, and, if so, would it make any difference. A number of the Tea Party faithful thought we'd recapture the Senate, but it would make no difference at all, and took offense when I referred to them as misguided. Even though I pointed out that at the very least, Obama would finally be compelled to veto House bills and could no longer pretend the House was filled with "obstructionists," and that he would be prevented from placing any more Kagans or Sotomayors on the Supreme Court, they still insisted it didn't matter.

Now as you all know, I'm a live-and-let-live sort of guy. But

when the Tea Party muddied the waters in Louisiana, where Bill Cassidy was trying to defeat three-term Sen. Mary Landrieu, by placing a second Republican candidate, Rob Maness, on the ballot, it merely ensured that Cassidy wouldn't be able to avoid a runoff by receiving the necessary 50% of the vote.

In spite of Sarah Palin's prediction that Maness would win the election, the reality is that Cassidy will be forced to run and win all over again in December. By that time, with control of the Senate possibly in the balance, the DNC will be able to flood the state with money and high-profile Democrats, including not only the Clintons and a gaggle of actors and rock stars, but will very likely manage to roll out the late Huey Long for a few meet-and-greet barbecues.

At times I've been asked if I'm not afraid of offending disenchanted Democrats and so-called Independents by never pulling my punches when it comes to ridiculing liberals, and even throwing the occasional jab at Tea Partiers. The answer is that I'm not even slightly fazed. I'm not a politician trolling for votes, so I can afford to be honest. I seek only to enlighten and amuse.

The reason I write so often is because I sincerely believe those on the Left are out to destroy America, to fundamentally change what, at most, required only a little tweaking. But even writing as often as I do, and covering a variety of items in each piece, I keep falling behind. What's more, I suspect that would be the case even if I concentrated all my efforts to exposing Eric Holder, the vilest and most dangerous racist in America, and the toxic dump he has made of the Justice Department.

As for my relationship to the Tea Party, I happen to share their beliefs, just not their stubborn agenda. I wish everyone agreed with my politics and theirs, but I know that's not the case. Therefore, I always say that philosophically, I'm a conservative. But, politically, I'm a Republican, which means

I will always vote for the Republican candidate in a general election. And when, as in Louisiana, there are two Republicans on the same ballot, I will vote for the one I'm convinced is able to defeat the Democrat.

I even vote early by mail because I realize that at some point everybody dies, and I wouldn't want to pass away just before Election Day and miss out on the chance to vote against the Democrats. In fact, the only drawback to being a Republican is that, unlike those on the Left, we don't get to keep on voting long after we've been buried.

The fact is I used to be a Democrat. Having been raised in the home of Russian-Jewish immigrants, how could it have been otherwise? But thanks to Jimmy Carter, I finally came to my senses just as the Party took leave of its own.

We've gone from being a nation of, by and for the people, to one that is of, by and for, the political hacks and their multitude of hand maidens contaminating the federal bureaucracy. In particular, the folks at the EPA and the IRS would have been right at home in the old Soviet Union, dancing to Stalin's tune.

If I had been running a GOP Senate race, I would have produced a TV ad in which the Democrat's face would have morphed into that of Harry Reid, and then into Obama's mug, before reverting to his own. For as Obama said on two separate occasions, no matter how much space Senate Democrats tried to put between themselves and the President, his policies were on every ballot.

Recently, Hillary Clinton told a cheering crowd of liberal dolts that "companies and corporations don't create jobs." And because her staff is apparently as dumb and as lazy as the slackers who comprise her base, it took them three days to get around to explaining she didn't really mean what she said.

It's bad enough that Mrs. Clinton made such an utterly stupid

remark, but it must have been particularly galling to the folks at NBC after they'd gone to the trouble of creating a \$600,000-a-year job specifically for Chelsea.

It is now three days later. It's Election Night and I can not only breathe more easily, but my unlikeliest fantasies have been exceeded. The GOP has gained control of the Senate, no matter what happens in Virginia and Alaska, and Harry Reid, like one of Cinderella's coachman as the clock struck midnight, has been transformed back into a mouse with a rotten personality.

The GOP has apparently picked up a dozen seats in the House and have even added to their governorships, not only defeating Charley Crist in Florida, but Jimmy Carter's grandson in Georgia.

But, perhaps most satisfying of all, they unseated the incumbent governor in Illinois, in spite of both Obamas campaigning for Pat Quinn, and the Republicans won in Arkansas, although both Clintons figured their charisma alone could carry Mike Beebe across the finish line.

As the Clintons and the Obamas have shown repeatedly in the past, their coattails are even shorter than those of Batman's arch nemesis, the umbrella-wielding Penguin.

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# “Jumping the Fence” and “Clarity About Charity”

Recently, Omar Gonzalez and Kevin Carr were arrested for hopping over the White House fence. Gonzalez made it all the way inside, proving that Ronald Kessler wasn't just whistling Dixie when he wrote in “The First Family Detail” about all the corners the Secret Service has been cutting over the past several years, just so that the directors can take bows for cutting costs.

On the other hand, when you realize how Obama and the Democrats have conspired to erase our borders, it seems hypocritical that they can encourage millions of aliens to trespass in America, but feel entitled to throw the book at a couple of guys for daring to trespass in Obama's temporary digs.

Some people have been astonished at the ease with which Gonzalez and Carr carried off their stunt. But that's nothing compared to the ease with which Barack Hussein Obama managed to sneak into the White House.

Recently, a city in Florida passed an ordinance that banned the wearing of low-riding trousers that exposed at least two inches of underwear or buttocks. But the NAACP got it rescinded, claiming it profiled black men. Being a fan of irony, I live for such moments, because I would say that the real profiling was done by the NAACP. After all, it wasn't the city fathers who said that only blacks would be precluded from making that stupid fashion statement. It was the NAACP that jumped to the conclusion that blacks would be the group the council specifically had in mind. The real question is why the NAACP would wish to embarrass itself by endorsing black brats flashing black butts in public.

Speaking of embarrassing, John Harding recently let me know that in 1830, there were 3,400 black slave owners in America. I have no idea how many descendants they had over the next 184 years, but it does raise the very real possibility that when a black thug mugs a white person in 2014, it could very easily mean that someone whose ancestor was a slave owner is beating up someone whose ancestor fought and possibly died to free the slaves.

But, then, Democrats don't really mind embarrassing themselves because they have no sense of shame. Otherwise the Chairwoman of the Democratic National Committee, Debbie Wasserman-Schultz, wouldn't have ever dreamed of describing conservatives as wife-beaters. For the life of me, I don't know how people like Wasserman-Schultz, Harry Reid and Nancy Pelosi, wind up being the public face of a major political party. With her out of control curls, Debbie resembles a Jewish Medusa. Come to think of it, she is every Jewish guy's nightmare, reminding him of the one and only blind date he ever let his beloved grandmother arrange.

Being Jewish myself, it's a constant source of shame that so many of my fellow Jews bring ridicule and scorn on their fellow religionists. I can't tell you how many times I've had gentiles ask me how it is that we seem to have an endless source of people like Ms. Wasserman-Schultz, Barney Frank, Henry Waxman, Chuck Schumer, Brad Sherman, Barbara Boxer, Al Franken, David Axelrod, Rahm Emanuel and Rahm's brother, Ezekiel.

In case Ezekiel Emanuel isn't as well known to you as the others, he is Obama's go-to guy when it comes to the Affordable Care Act. He helped create it and he has spent the past few years defending it. Without actually coming out and admitting that ObamaCare calls for death panels, he has said that it would shave medical costs and save health care for the young, if the elderly would make do with pain killers and refrain from having life-saving operations performed. Emanuel,

who is 57, claims he plans to die when he hits 75. But I don't believe him. After all, he also said ObamaCare would save people a ton of money and that, if they liked them, people would be able to keep their doctors and their insurance policies. (Where do you think Obama first heard it?)

It so happens I'll be turning 75 this January (the 5th, in case some of you like to get your gift -shopping done early), but even if I were turning 25, I'd find his remarks revolting. But what I'd really like to know is what his parents think about it. You see, Ben and Marsha are well up in their 80s. If their other sons ask them what they'd like for Chanukah, they might consider asking for a food-taster.

The thing that surprises me the most about liberals is how stupid they are. I don't just mean they're wrong on all the issues. That's a given. But they really are ignorant. For instance, they seem genuinely unaware that if you raise the minimum wage from \$7 to \$10 or even \$15, as the pinheads have done in Washington, most employers are going to fire a majority of their low-skilled workers rather than shell out \$20,000- \$30,000-a-year.

They also seem surprised to discover that if employers are going to be penalized under ObamaCare for having more than 50 employees working more than 30 hours-a-week, they will simply limit their employees to 49 and make certain that nobody works more than 29 hours-a-week.

But, then, their grasp of economics is so pathetic that they've never understood that if you raise the rate on corporate taxes, the corporations will merely pass the burden on to those paying for their products and services.

How stupid are liberals? Well, it seems that 2% of them believe Obama's been too tough on the Islamic State. Too tough? How can anyone be too tough when it comes to those beheading Americans and Brits on TV?

In one of his biggest lies, Obama announced that the Islamic State was neither Islamic nor a state. As proof, he provided the bromide that no religion condones the killing of innocent people. For good measure, we had the prominent theologian John Kerry parroting the refrain that Islam is a religion of peace.

Whether it's Muslims, Hispanic intruders or black race hustlers, our leaders are reluctant to ever speak truthfully about bad behavior when it involves people of color.

It led some wag to refer to the African-based Ebola epidemic as the disease of peace.

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## Clarity About Charity

I acknowledge that charity is one of the virtues, but I have a hard time accepting the way it works. For one thing, I don't know why people often insist that it be anonymous. To me, a critical part of accepting charity is to express gratitude to the giver. Otherwise, or so it seems to me, people will inevitably come to accept it as their due.

I also do not understand that which strikes me as charity in perpetuity. For instance, every time I turn on my radio I'm hearing commercials calling for donations to feed the poor in Haiti. I'm told how little it will cost me to feed x-number of Haitian kids for x-number of months for x-number of dollars. But inasmuch as I've been hearing these same commercials for years now, I keep wondering how it is that nobody has ever taught Haitians how to fish and how to grow their own crops. Is this an entire nation that relies entirely on the generosity of American radio listeners in the same way that generations of Americans have come to depend on the largesse of the American taxpayer?

When I heard that two people had actually breached security at the White House, my first thought was that my friend, Ronald Kessler, had bribed them in order to hype sales of his recent "The First Family Detail." I even sent him an email accusing him of coming up with a great marketing strategy. After all, if you take anything away from his terrific book, aside from confirmation that Jimmy Carter and the Clintons are as putrid a trio of human beings as you can imagine, it's that the most recent directors of the Secret Service will gladly take a cleaver to the department's budget in order to make themselves look good. In that respect, they are exactly like the administrators at the V.A., who didn't care how many military veterans died, so long as they could make themselves look efficient.

My idea of a great administrator was the late Admiral Chester Nimitz. Richard Ryan called him to my attention after reading a book he purchased at the shop connected to the USS Arizona Memorial in Hawaii. The book, Nimitz's "Reflections on Pearl Harbor," relates how Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington, D.C., on December 7th, 1941, when he received a phone call from FDR, telling him he was to assume command of the Pacific Fleet.

When Nimitz landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, he found such devastation that it would have been easy to imagine the Japanese had already won the war in the South Pacific. After touring the harbor and cataloging the sunken battleships and naval vessels cluttering the waters, a disheartened young helmsman asked Nimitz what he thought.

The Admiral said, "The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force has ever made. Mistake number one was that they attacked on a Sunday. As a result, ninety percent of the crewmen were ashore on leave. If the same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk, we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

“Mistake number two: When the Japanese saw all those ships lined up in a row, they got so carried away with sinking them, they never once bombed our dry docks. If they had destroyed the docks, we would have had to tow every one of those ships to America to be repaired. Instead, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised, and a tug can haul them over to the docks. They can be repaired and back at sea in the same time it would have taken us to haul them back to the States.

“Mistake number three: Every drop of fuel in the Pacific theater of war is in top of the ground storage tanks five miles away on the other side of that hill. One attack plane could have strafed those tanks and destroyed our entire fuel supply.

“I’d have to say God was looking out for America.”

One of the ironies of life is that we have a president who spends most of his time at fund-raisers, hitting up liberals at \$35,000-a-plate dinner at the same time that Democrats whine about people like the Koch brothers and Sheldon Adelson destroying the republic and the election process by doing what they can to level out the playing field. But the fact of the matter is that the Obama campaign out-spent John McCain by \$300 million in 2008 and out-spent Mitt Romney by \$150 million in 2012. The sad fact of the matter is that while the Democrats continue to claim theirs is the party of the poor and the middle class, the only time they care about anyone but themselves and their fat cat supporters is at election time. And don’t think for a minute that they don’t resent having to bow and scrape to those they regard as suckers and bumpkins in pursuit of their votes.

Speaking of liberals, back on September 11th, I wrote a letter to Governor Jerry Brown. After all this time, I have to assume he has chosen not to reply. If he changes his mind, I’ll let you know. In the meantime, this is what I wrote:

“Dear Governor Brown: You seem like a bright enough fellow, and yet in spite of polls showing that most people in the state now oppose the construction of a train running between San Francisco and L.A., you continue to push for it.

“Why on earth would you want to squander billions of dollars on a train that very few people will ever use because, one, the drive only takes about six hours and, two, once you reach your destination, you still need to rent a car.

“The train seems to be nothing more than a make-work project to keep the unions happy. But why waste the time and money on a project you must know will ultimately be referred to as ‘Jerry’s Folly’ when you could do something useful with all that money and still satisfy the unions by building a system of dams?

“After all, drought, as even you must be aware, is a recurring problem for everyone in California, except, perhaps, for the folks at Sparkletts.”

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## **“Pimping For The President” and “Lobbying For Islam”**

There are any number of jobs that I couldn’t handle physically, such as being a professional athlete or a bouncer at a nightclub; and some I wouldn’t consider because of moral objections, such as being a criminal defense attorney. But,

after reading Ron Kessler's latest book, "The First Family Detail," there's one I couldn't handle for any number of reasons, and that's being a Secret Service agent on a presidential detail.

I mean, imagine swearing to take a bullet or several bullets intended for Lyndon Johnson, Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton or Barack Obama. From having read Kessler's earlier "In the President's Secret Service," I already knew that being assigned to protect Jimmy Carter, John Kerry or Hillary Clinton was tantamount to a prison sentence because of their blatant contempt for those sworn to sacrifice their lives for them. But when it came to guys like Kennedy, Johnson and Clinton, the day-to-day job had less to do with protecting them against assassins than it did with making sure the First Ladies didn't trip over their various bimbos.

Speaking of which, I had a good laugh recently when a bevy of Hollywood bimbos whined that hackers had managed to upload their nude photos and send them out on the Internet. It seems to me that if you feel the need to take selfies of yourself in the buff, hackers are the least of your problems.

Frankly, I see little difference between all this and the nudity they often display in their professional lives on screen, aside from the fact that they aren't compelled to defend this form of exhibitionism as essential to the plot of some cinematic stinkeroo.

I'm reminded of a comic strip I saw a while back. Two guys are seated at the counter of a restaurant filled with people engrossed in photographing themselves and one another on their electronic devices. The first guy says, "I read that the government wants to install cameras everywhere to record our every move." His companion, the only person in the room not focused on one of those ubiquitous gizmos, skeptically replies, "Scary."

Something I have never understood is why whenever someone on TV, be it Dean Martin in the old days or Bill Maher today, indicates a great fondness for booze or marijuana, the audience feels called upon to laugh knowingly. Is it intended to show that they, too, like nothing better than killing off as many of their brain cells as is humanly possible? Or is it supposed to make them seem sophisticated in spite of the fact it only makes them seem like teenage bumpkins?

Speaking of bumpkins, in 2007, Sen. Barack Obama announced, "The world will have confidence in America when I'm the president." It's bad enough that events have proven him to be as wrong as a person could be, but imagine the gall, the hubris, the sheer loopiness, required to make such a grandiose pronouncement.

Clearly, we have a commander-in-chief who is every bit as delusional as John Hinckley, who not only believed that actress Jodie Foster would be smitten with him if he could somehow manage to assassinate Ronald Reagan, but never even considered just sending her flowers and a box of candy.

I suspect that even if you'd pointed out to Hinckley that Ms. Foster was a lesbian, he'd have dismissed that as a mere hiccup. Instead, like Joe E. Brown in "Some Like it Hot," when his beloved Daphne (Jack Lemmon) finally whips off his wig and confesses, "I'm not even a woman," Hinckley would have said, "Nobody's perfect."

But, clearly, every time Obama gazes into a mirror, he finds reason to disagree with Joe E. Brown, even if nobody else does. I mean, what can he possibly be thinking when an American journalist is beheaded in Iraq and he flies off to yet another fundraiser? And when a second journalist is beheaded a week later, he's the only person in America who not only isn't screaming for blood, but doesn't even take a moment to offer the man's family the nation's condolences.

Instead, when he went on TV to admit that even a year after ISIS turned up on our radar and quickly became our worst nightmare he didn't have a strategy to deal with the savages, the best he could come up with was the banal "We don't want to put the cart in front of the horse."

"Mr. President, forget about not having a strategy to annihilate these barbarians," I would have loved to have said to him, "you don't have a horse and your cart has a broken axle and four busted wheels."

In other news, it appears that O.J. Simpson has decided to become a Muslim. Some cynics claim this is the latest bit of evidence showing Simpson to be psychotic. However, I, who always like to think the best of people, have an alternate theory. I'm sure we all recall that, upon being acquitted in 1995 of murdering Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman, Simpson vowed to track down the real killers, and if he hadn't been distracted by golf, loose women and being arrested for robbery and kidnapping, he just might have done it.

By converting to Islam, I believe Simpson thinks it will make it easier for him, once he's released from jail in 2017, to resume his relentless pursuit of the villains if, perchance, they managed to elude him 19 years ago by scooting off to Yemen, Syria or Qatar.

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## **Lobbying For Islam**

As you may have heard, when Obama finally got around to announcing that he thought the Islamic State was almost as dangerous as John Kerry, Joe Biden, Chuck Hagel and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Martin Dempsey, had been insisting it was for several weeks, the first thing he did was tell us that the enemy was neither Islamic nor a

state.

One could argue whether the area the terrorist group controls, an area the size of Belgium, is really a state. But, then, one could argue whether Belgium, a place the rest of us have only heard of because it was the birthplace of Agatha Christie's fictional detective, Hercule Poirot, is a state.

What is not open to debate is whether an outfit that calls itself the Islamic State is or isn't Islamic. The argument Obama made was that "ISIS is not Islamic because no religion condones killing innocents." The problem is that Islam doesn't consider Christians or Jews as innocents; it regards them as infidels whose very existence is an affront to Allah, and killing them is therefore nothing less than a religious obligation.

Making matters worse, Obama seriously went on to describe Yemen and Somalia as proof that his foreign policy has been a rousing success. That would be like Ben Affleck bragging about "Gigli" or the French pointing to the Maginot Line as proof of their military prowess.

The question that occurs to me, as it has ever since 9/11, when George W. Bush decided his mission in life was to take the heat off Muslims by constantly insisting that "Islam is a religion of peace," is why our leaders feel compelled to lie about our enemies.

Even when Major Hasan murdered and maimed more than 30 people at Fort Hood, the current administration insisted that in spite of his being a self-proclaimed jihadist who screamed "Allah Akbar" as he slaughtered his victims, it was just another unfortunate example of workplace violence and had nothing to do with Islamic terrorism.

What is it about Islam, which can best be described as a wolf in wolf's clothing, that has our commanders-in-chief mincing words and pussyfooting around the truth? Just for the record,

Voodoo is practiced by about 60 million people worldwide. If it was practiced by a billion, would our presidents feel obliged to speak respectfully of a belief system that involves the sacrificing of goats, sheep and dogs, and the drinking of animal blood?

When you get right down to it, Voodoo has far more to recommend it than Islam. For one thing, they go in for a lot of dancing. For another, although I definitely disapprove of slitting the throats of dogs, it beats slitting the throats of women, children and American journalists, and personally, I'll take a good old-fashioned zombie over a jihadist any day of the week. For one thing, unlike the Islamic propagandists in CAIR, they don't get dressed up in Armani suits and go on TV, trying to fool people into thinking they're civilized human beings. For another thing, zombies always shuffle, making it easy to out-run them.

If there's one thing to be grateful for when it comes to the Islamic State, it's that it's run by dummies. I mean, they had a safe haven in Syria and they were marching through Iraq the way that Sherman zipped through Georgia, and not only was nobody in Europe or the Middle East raising a finger to stop them, but Obama was dismissing them as the junior varsity. It was nothing but clear sailing until the arrogant bastards decided to start videotaping their beheadings. Obviously, their intention was to terrify the world into a paralytic state, but, as they should have known, that is always the state of the world when it comes to confronting evil.

However, rather than leave bad enough alone, they did something so barbaric, so in keeping with the demented cult dreamed up by Muhammad 14 centuries ago, that once people quit vomiting, even Obama, who speaks softly and carries a limp wrist, figured he better do something.

But as usual, Obama, to whom a declaration of war in the Middle East would be absolute proof that his foreign policies

have all been a pile of mush, had no real idea what to do. After all, it doesn't look good when, on August 8th, you're telling everyone that arming the Free Syrian Army is a nutty notion because they're all just a bunch of "doctors, farmers and pharmacists," and, on September 10th, your big plan calls on them to do our fighting in Syria.

So far as I'm concerned, it is always a rotten idea to trust Muslims to fight on your side. We saw how well that worked in Afghanistan, where Afghan soldiers killed nearly as many American soldiers as the Taliban did; and again in Libya, where we trusted our so-called allies to provide security for our consulate in Benghazi.

Still, when one hears Obama pooh-pooh citizen soldiers, one has to wonder if he and his speechwriters are totally unaware of American history or if he's merely expressing his contempt for the rag tag group of doctors, farmers and pharmacists, who somehow managed to send the Redcoats back to England with their tails between their legs?

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