

What's the Single Best Thing the GOP Has Going? Hint: Her Initials are HRC

I've been trying to figure out how a Republican can win the White House this time around and I'm having a tough time.

First, there's the well-documented problem of demographics. Since minorities tend to vote Democratic, and since there are more minorities in America today as a percentage of the population than in past elections, that means there are fewer white folks around who are unhappy with the way things are going. And since Republicans desperately need white folks who are unhappy about the way things are going in order to win ... you get the point.

Then there's the related issue of the Electoral College, which is stacked against the Republican Party. As long as big population states like California, New York, and Illinois remain unwaveringly in the Democratic camp – and as long as Massachusetts and Vermont and Rhode Island and Connecticut and Washington State and Oregon and Minnesota and a few others historically throw their support to the Dems – Hillary (or, who knows, maybe Bernie) are on their way to victory before the first vote is even cast.

And then there's that small matter of the civil war raging inside the Republican Party.

Donald Trump was right when he said he could shoot somebody on Fifth Avenue in New York and he wouldn't lose support among his many loyal followers. They love Mr. Trump, as they respectfully call him. They're not passionate about the Republican Party. They're not passionate about conservatism (how could they be if they're supporting Donald Trump). So if Trump doesn't get the nomination, there's a good chance his

devotees would claim the game was rigged and say something like "Drop Dead" to the GOP Party.

Cruz supporters are just as loyal – and doctrinaire, to boot. They comprise the hard right of the party – sometimes known as the suicide wing – that believes that anything less than ideological purity for the conservative cause is the same as selling out your principles. There was a time when they might have supported Trump if their guy didn't get the nomination, but with all that bad blood between Trump and Cruz, don't bet on it.

And if one of the more moderate conservatives somehow manages to win the nomination, he (or she, if the talented Ms. Fiorina pulls off the impossible) would have to be an incredibly masterful healer to unite the disparate factions of the party – and that won't be easy (which is a nice way of saying, given the passion of the Trump and Cruz acolytes, that would be almost impossible).

The wild card are Reagan Democrats, blue-collar voters who don't have much in common with country club Republicans but who see Donald Trump, a man right at home in the fancy clubs attached to his many golf courses, as their kind of guy – tough, anti PC, no nonsense. If enough of them turn out, anything is possible.

Republicans, of course, can hope the Democrats lose their minds and actually nominate the proud socialist Bernie Sanders whose politics make Nancy Pelosi look like Pat Buchanan. But that won't happen.

So that leaves Hillary Clinton, who is unlikeable, and lacks charisma, who is not seen as trustworthy and oh yeah, the FBI may recommend criminal charges against her.

I wonder what Joe Biden is thinking right about now.

Imagine if 'Frisky' Joe Biden Were a Republican



It's nothing new that Democratic politicians don't face the same level of media scrutiny as their Republican counterparts. There's been a clear double standard for decades when it comes to covering the actions and behaviors of the political right vs the political left.

Sometimes that double standard is fairly subtle, like when Republican candidates are relentlessly pressed on the specific details of their pro-life positions, while Democratic candidates are rarely asked about (and never pressed on) the issue of late-term abortion. Sometimes they're quite obvious, like with all of those Bush anti-terror measures that suddenly stopped being controversial once President Obama adopted them. Then there are those *really* over-the-top instances which I'll refer to as *special-case* double standards.

A special-case double standard is one that the media freely acknowledges, yet writes off as some kind of inside joke because a politically incorrect strain of cultural acceptance (the kind of thing liberals are usually against) allows them to do so.

Vice President Joe Biden is one of these special-case double standards. He's a man who *routinely* says and does highly inappropriate things. He engages in the kind of behavior that your typical Republican candidate would lose an election over, and an elected Republican would be asked to step down over. I'm talking about the kind of conduct that the average private sector worker would likely lose their job over.

Forget for a minute all of those harmless Biden gaffes like giving a shout out to his "butt buddy," talking about the president's "big stick," or calling on a wheelchair-bound supporter to rise to his feet. Those are embarrassing and force one to question why America was afraid to give his job to Sarah Palin, but they merely scratch the surface. Our vice president has spewed more fabricated information than Brian Williams on a date, and made more racially offensive remarks than *The Office's* Michael Scott on speed. Just yesterday as a matter of fact, Biden played to a racial stereotype of [Somali-Americans driving cabs](#).

The media lets Biden get away with it all for one simple reason: The things he does are reflexively funny to the casual observer. Thus *it's all good*.

Another example from yesterday illustrates my point perfectly...

One would think that our new defense secretary Ash Carter could bring his wife to his own swearing-in ceremony and not have her creepily groped by another man, but that's not our vice president's style. No, Mr. Biden, as he's shown us at other such events, believes it's his obligation to nestle up behind women, wrap his hands around them, hang his head over their shoulder, and whisper sweet nothings in their ear. He even does it with the [young daughters](#) of politicians, and as innocent as the motivations most certainly are, the pattern of behavior is *completely and totally* inappropriate.

The media would certainly recognize a problem if it were Dick

Cheney. They'd recognize a problem if it were John Boehner or Mitch McConnell. Any Republican doing this kind of thing would have their emotional stability questioned, and their actions portrayed as irrefutable proof of the GOP's "War on Women." But with Joe Biden, the media attitude has always been that it's just "Joe being Joe," and thus it's okay.

The same media that identified misogyny in Mitt Romney's use of the phrase "binders of women" doesn't see a problem with Joe. The same media that accused the owners of Hobby Lobby of *taking away women's rights*, because they objected to being forced to provide employees with abortifacients, doesn't see a problem with Joe. The same media that nodded its collective head when President Obama likened GOP positions to an episode of *Mad Men* doesn't see a problem with Joe.

They don't see a problem, and they don't *want* to see a problem. The sad, undeniable reality is that in the world of the liberal media, creepy, sexist behavior (that would typically elicit uproar from feminists and progressives alike) is *okay* when it comes from their side of the aisle... as long as it can be turned into an adolescent joke.

I hope you'll excuse me if I don't laugh.

New Year's Sale: If anyone is interested in a signed, personalized copy of my novel "From a Dead Sleep" for \$18, which includes domestic shipping, please email me at johndalybooks@hotmail.com. It also makes a great gift!

“Ice Buckets & Oracles” and “Christmas Might Come Early”

Let me confess that, aside from donating time or money, I rarely understand the odd things done on behalf of charities. For instance, even decades ago when I was an advertising copywriter, my fellow workers would often ask me to donate money based on how far they walked or ran on the weekend. I understood the part about donating, but I couldn't fathom why the distance they covered should have anything to do with the amount.

These days, a great many people are allowing themselves to be doused with a large bucket of ice water as a way to help finance one cause or another. Although I admit to experiencing a certain joie de vivre each and every time I see some left-wing show biz celebrity being given an ice bath, I fail to see the connection to charity.

Am I to assume that some people have added being assaulted with ice cubes to such bucket list items as enjoying the view from the top of the Eiffel Tower, wind-surfing in Hawaii and helping the Obamas pack up and move out of the White House?

That reminds me that I have some good news to pass along. It seems that two Hawaiian councilmen decided to name a local beach in Barack Obama's honor, but backed down in the face of public outrage. So it seems that contrary to the popular notion that everyone in Hawaii is a stoned, leftist, slacker, there are still some stoned slackers who haven't entirely lost their minds in the Aloha State.

One poor soul who must still be addicted to marijuana, even if he may have kicked the nicotine habit, is Obama. How else to explain that in an election year when every Democratic candidate is trying his or her best to distance themselves

from the White House, he decides to sabotage their campaigns by announcing, "I'm not on the ballot this time, but my policies are"? What's next? Will he begin funneling the loot he collects at his endless fund-raisers to the Republican National Committee?

Moving on, I have never understood the objection many people have to capital punishment. I mean, assuming that they themselves are not residing on Death Row, why would anyone object to justice being meted out to cold-blooded killers?

I know that some folks claim that the state should not be engaged in the taking of life. To me, that means they're so morally dysfunctional that they equate the taking of an innocent life with the taking of a guilty one.

In order to be consistent, would these self-righteous schmucks also object to executing the jihadists beheading Americans, Brits and Kurds, over in Iraq? If not, why not? And if so, what difference does it make to them where the butchery takes place, and what possible reason can they have for punishing murderers in the Middle East more harshly than murderers in, say, the Midwest?

Something else I can't figure out is why it's expected to take an entire year to train the Free Syrian Army so they can fight ISIL on our behalf. After all, these are the very same people who have been doing a decent job of fighting Assad's far more formidable army for the past three years!

Finally, when I ridicule Warren Buffet, it's not because I'm envious of his enormous wealth. The truth is I would like to be a little richer than I am, but not as rich as Buffet. For one thing, I would never want to devote that much of my life to the accumulation of money. For another thing, I would never want to be 84 years old and have to spend so much time keeping track of it and making sure nobody is stealing it while I'm distracted, busy sleeping or having a tuna fish sandwich.

But when the so-called "Oracle of Omaha" states that Hillary Clinton will win in 2016, I find myself wondering why anyone takes him seriously. I have no problem with his making a prediction, even one with which I happen to disagree. The problem is because he's very wealthy, a great many people actually think he knows what he's talking about. It even explains why he's called the Oracle of Omaha, instead of the Rich Old Coot from Nebraska.

It will obviously come as a thunder bolt to some, but being rich only means that some individuals have the knack for making money, just as some have an ear for music and others have a knack for wiggling their ears.

Bill Gates knows a lot about computers, Donald Trump knows a lot about real estate and Ted Turner knows a lot about sailboats and bourbon, but grown-ups are being childish when they take them seriously when they prattle on about matters outside their expertise. It's like those young dopes who take to heart every dire warning uttered by Matt Damon about global warming or accept as gospel the nonsense Sean Penn spews forth on the evils of capitalism.

In short, rich people know how to make money in the same way that beavers know how to build dams.

But only a schnook would ask a beaver to predict the outcome of a presidential election or refer to one as an oracle.

Christmas Might Come Early

I understand that many conservatives have come to believe that there is no difference between the two major parties. Some of them even stayed home on Election Day in 2012 and bragged about it to me, as if their refusal to vote for Mitt Romney,

thus making it easier for Obama to win a second term, somehow reflected well on them.

If the GOP wins back the Senate and banishes Harry Reid from his current position as the second most powerful politician in Washington, I swear I wouldn't ask Santa for anything more.

I believe that so many people have repeated the lie about Republican politicians being indistinguishable from Democrats that a lot of people who should know better have swallowed the bilge. One party voted 100% for the Affordable Care Act, the other party opposed it. One party has tried to sweep every scandal from Operation Fast & Furious to Benghazi and the IRS under the carpet, while the other party has tried to get to the bottom of them because, contrary to Hillary's self-serving lie, the truth always makes a difference. And a lie that is repeated a thousand times isn't magically transformed into the truth, even though demagogues and those involved in advertising might wish it were otherwise.

More than one person has written to me with the expectation that even if the GOP only gains five Senate seats in the midterm elections, there is a good chance that Joe Manchin (D) of West Virginia might agree to switch his party affiliation, especially if he were to be promised an important committee chairmanship.

My advice to Sen. Manchin is that he should make the switch before Nov. 4th. After all, the GOP stands a very good chance of winning the Senate without him. In which case, he loses his bargaining power and merely looks like the worst sort of political opportunist, sort of like that weasel Jim Jeffords, who switched in the other direction and was thereafter regarded with contempt by those on both sides of the aisle.

Speaking of weasels, no politician should ever have his name attached to anything – be it a bridge, a highway or a post office – unless he personally built it or paid for it. The

only exception is his tombstone.

In what has come to be known as American diplomacy, Joe Biden just announced that we are giving Gaza an additional \$212 million to help them rebuild everything the Israelis knocked down in retaliation for unending missile attacks. The truth is that most of the money will be spent, not on apartment houses, but to construct new tunnels and buy more Katyushas. So, once again, this administration tries, like so many past ones, to buy the friendship of terrorists. It's bad enough that it adds to our national debt, but the practice also adds to our national shame.

Interestingly enough, those who have campaigned to change Columbus Day to Indigenous People's Day believe that the white race has a great deal to be ashamed of when it comes to the way that Indigenous People, otherwise known as Indians, have been treated in this country.

According to the lunkheads, the natives were a kind and peaceful people who lived on loving terms with Mother Nature until Caucasians landed on Plymouth Rock. When you realize that all the tribes were basically Stone Age savages who would inevitably have been overtaken by the modern world, it makes you wonder if these dunces also believe that the blacks in Africa were residing in the Garden of Eden until the Europeans came along.

At least Columbus Day pays tribute to a superb seaman and reminds people to visit an Italian restaurant in the near future. What would a celebration of the Indigenous People look like? Inasmuch as they were notorious for scalping their enemies and devouring their internal organs, I'm sure the menu would leave something to be desired.

As for their creative heritage, when you get past blankets, trinkets, totem poles and wickiups, it hardly measures up to that of the European transplants whose heritage, even in the

1600s, already included Butler, Milton, Moliere, Vermeer, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Donne, Cervantes, Purcell, Bach and Shakespeare. Of course not everyone would agree with me. I'm sure that those whose religion is multiculturalism, and whose devotion to political correctness forever dooms them to be fatuous lunkheads, prefer cave paintings to Rembrandt.

Speak of the Devil, have you heard that in Nebraska, school kids are being told to call each other Purple Penguins because terms such as "boys" and "girls" might be offensive to transgendered eight year olds? It's all part of an agenda prepared by an organization calling itself Gender Spectrum, which seeks to make bathrooms accessible to one and all, no matter the nature of the individual's plumbing. Funny, one used to be able to assume a certain level of commonsense from Midwesterners, but that was before the Purple Penguin crowd moved in and took control of school boards and city councils, forcing normal people to park their brains at the curb.

But the lunacy unfortunately isn't limited to Nebraska, Iowa or any of those other flat rectangular states. In Washington, D.C., the resident space aliens refuse to stop incoming flights from West Africa, even though France and England have done so in an attempt to keep Ebola from taking root in their countries. The only reason we don't follow suit is because most of those flights are carrying black passengers, and no politician wants to risk being labeled racist, even though their cowardice might lead to an epidemic of terrifying proportions.

By deciding not to rule on the constitutionality of same-sex marriages, the Supreme Court allowed lower court rulings to stand, thus pretty much making it the law of the land.

In just about every state that has placed the issue on the ballot, the people have voted against it. Nevertheless, we're told that polls indicate that Americans have changed their minds. That may well be true. But I'd hate to think that most

Americans don't share my objection to unelected federal judges assuming the authority to override the laws of Congress and the stated will of the people, which in 1996 led the House and Senate to overwhelmingly enact the Defense of Marriage Act.

We appear to be trying very hard to turn ourselves into a Third World nation brimming over with indigenous knuckleheads of the sort who lack the most basic skills and have to import even our blankets and cheap trinkets from China.

I'm beginning to think I may have been a tad too hasty when I hopped off Santa's lap.

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Liberals: An Endless Source Of Amusement

Liberals, I hasten to add, are also an endless source of aggravation, terror and sheer nausea. But, really, if you can't laugh at them, you not only lack a sense of humor, but even the most basic of coping skills required to survive the current administration.

For instance, Joe Biden, who can nearly always be counted on to be unintentionally hilarious, recently told a crowd of sycophants in Joplin, MO, that we should never forget the 161,000 Missourians who lost their lives during the 2011 tornado that ravaged their town. Because everyone in the crowd and on the stage with him was a liberal, nobody pointed out to

the Vice President that the actual number was 161. Joplin's entire population is only 50,150 and, no, Mr. Biden, it wasn't 211,150 before the tornado hit.

Even when Biden tells the truth, as he recently did at Harvard, when he pointed out that our alleged allies, Saudi Arabia, Turkey and the United Arab Emirates, have spent years financing Islamic terrorism, he wound up having to apologize for his unseemly candor. I'm sure Biden has learned his lesson and will never again tell the truth about anything.

Even the FBI's chief honcho, James Comey, made me laugh when he said that the Americans who have been fighting alongside the butchers of ISIL will be "closely tracked" when they return. The FBI couldn't even keep track of the Tsarnaev brothers before they blew up the Boston marathoners, the agency's excuse being that someone had misspelled "Tsarnaev" on a terrorist list.

To tell the truth, I didn't start laughing immediately because I assumed I was going deaf. You see, I so much expected him to say the homegrown vermin would be indicted, tried and sent off to be gnawed on by rats in a dungeon as soon as they stepped onto the tarmac at Dulles or JFK, I was simply caught by surprise.

As you may have noticed, Obama had refused for the longest time to give a name to the bombing mission in Iraq and Syria. Looking to correct that oversight, Free Republic.com suggested its readers give it a try. Some of the submissions were "Operation Too Little, Too Late," "Operation Just for Show," "Operation Pussyfoot," and "Operation Rolling Blunder." I would have suggested "Operation Nothing Ventured, Nothing Ventured." Just recently, Obama finally came up with (a drum roll, please) "Operation Inherent Resolve," proving once again that we're all better off when this administration does nothing than when it does something.

When asked why Obama elects to call the Khorasan Group by that name instead of calling it Al Qaeda, which it is in spite of Obama's having campaigned as the dude who wiped it off the map, a spokesperson for the President said, with a straight face, it was because that's what they call themselves. However, when it came to the butchers affiliated with the Islamic State, Obama insisted that no matter what they call themselves, they are neither a state nor Islamic. This is clearly a man who regards consistency, along with honesty, to be cardinal sins.

That reminds me that while I hate tooting my own horn – always hoping that others will step forward and volunteer – I must point out that three years ago, when Obama announced that Assad's days were numbered, I pointed out that everyone's days are numbered, but I was giving odds that Syria's despot would remain in power longer than our own. Unfortunately, I didn't have any takers because even then most people recognized that Obama was just a big gasbag.

Another funny thing about liberals is that they always fear guns more than they do the various thugs who misuse them.

But nowhere, not even in Washington, D.C., are liberals as hilarious as they are in Hollywood. This is ground zero for more lunacy than even I can keep track of, but, then, I lack the resources of the F.B.I.

For openers, this is the one place in America where even conservatives often have to pretend to be liberals in order to be employable and be invited to parties. This is the bizarre world where actors are every bit as likely as actresses to have a plastic surgeon on speed dial, and where starlets are so pumped up with silicone that even their own dogs can no longer recognize them.

Oscar-winning actress Jennifer Lawrence explained the existence of her nude photos by stating that she had been in

“a loving, healthy, great relationship for four years, but it was a long distance relationship, and either your boyfriend is going to look at porn or he’s going to look at you.” She added that she was as angry with those who looked at her nude photos as she was with the hackers who downloaded them because even looking constituted a sex crime.

Well, even though I didn’t look at the photos, I think she was being unfair. I suspect that the various Peeping Toms imagined that they, too, were in a loving, healthy, great – albeit long distance –relationship with Jennie, if only for a few minutes.

Speaking of actors, one of my all-time favorites was the sardonic Englishman, Alastair Sim. Not only was he superb in “School for Scoundrels,” “The Green Man,” “An Inspector Calls” and “The Belles of Saint Trinian’s,” but he was responsible for yet another great comedic tour de force. It seems that Alec Guinness was so impressed by Sim’s performance in “Dulcimer Street” that he confessed using it as the basis for his own memorable turn in “The Ladykillers.”

Alastair George Bell Sim, as he was baptized, not only was a remarkable actor who had the distinction of having had four names, each of which was one or two letters shorter than the previous one, but he once said a very wise thing that, like Alec Guinness, I intend to adopt, perhaps as my own epitaph: “It was revealed to me many years ago with conclusive certainty that I was a fool. Since then, I have been as happy as any man has a right to be.”

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Biden, BaLoney & Beheadings

On the chance that for one reason or another Hillary Clinton decides not to run in 2016, Joe Biden wants us all to know that, after spending most of his adult life at the public trough, he is willing to sacrifice his golden years to being president. It's worth noting that he would be 72 years old when he'd move into the White House, meaning he would be 80 when he moved out. One look at Obama's white hair should remind everyone that even a president who's always taking off for Martha's Vineyard or Hawaii, seems to age at supernatural speed.

Inasmuch as I'm 74, I wouldn't want to hold his age against him, especially when there are so many other, even more compelling, reasons Biden shouldn't be allowed anywhere near the Oval Office, even as a member of a tour group.

For one thing, although he was sold to us in 2008 as a man with a great deal of experience when it came to foreign affairs, as a senator he was inevitably wrong. And for the past six years, his chief function was cheerleading for the worst president in U.S. history. Will any of us ever forget the moment when the biggest potty-mouth in Washington leaned in close to Obama's left ear and told him that the Affordable Care Act was "a big f—g deal!"

In "The First Family Detail," Ron Kessler's latest book about the Secret Service, Kessler reminds us that in 2011, Obama put Biden in charge of cutting government waste. As executive decisions go, that ranks right up there with putting a fox in charge of the White House chicken coop. At least a fox wouldn't cost taxpayers a quarter of a million dollars a year flying between the coop in Washington, D.C., and his den in Wilmington, Delaware. Furthermore, I very much doubt that — unlike Biden — any self-respecting fox would charge the Secret Service \$2,200-a-month for the cottage that the agents

assigned to protect him are forced to rent.

This is the same vice-president who spent Labor Day telling UAW members in Detroit: "It's time to take back America." His rallying cry drew predictable cheers from the assembled louts. But how is it possible that not even one person in the crowd raised his hand and asked, "Do you mean take it back from you and Obama?"

A Missouri state senator, Jamilah Nasheed, has been all over TV, insisting that Robert McCulloch can't be trusted to prosecute the Michael Brown case for the novel reason that he didn't win a majority of the black vote. I found that fascinating because Barack Obama didn't win the majority of the white vote in 2008 or 2012. In fact, no Democratic presidential candidate has done so since LBJ back in 1964, which explains the Democrats' endless pandering to black voters during the half century since then.

One of my readers, Penny Alfonso, has suggested that one of the most over-used expressions in America is the one that goes "We need to have a national conversation about (race) (guns) (police violence)," pointing out that, in spite of what Eric Holder claims to the contrary, we already have these conversations. They take place all the time at dinner tables, in the workplace, in taverns, ballparks and churches.

The fact is I hear from more people than most congressmen. What's more, they hear back from me. In my experience, writing to one's representative is a waste of a postage stamp. You either get a canned one-size-fits-all-occasions note or nothing at all.

Generally, when people call for a national conversation, they, like Attorney General Holder mean, shut up, listen to my litany of grievances, apologize for being (a racist), (a misogynist), (a homophobe), (a patriotic gun owner) or (a Christian) and admit the error of your ways.

Equally annoying is the statement to which so many members of this sleazy administration are addicted: "I can't possibly comment in the midst of an ongoing investigation."

Frankly, I don't know why people decide to run off and be war correspondents, but I would suggest that anyone who decides that his destiny demands that he venture into Middle East conflicts pack a poison pill along with his toilet paper and bottled water. It would sure beat getting beheaded by some Muslim creep. And it certainly makes for a better obituary than one that happens to mention that your last words were propaganda statements attacking America.

Speaking of the Middle East, the king of Saudi Arabia recently said that people shouldn't support terrorists. I'm not sure if you file that one under Irony or Hypocrisy. After all, the Saudi royal family has been paying off Muslim extortionists for decades in the hope that the Islamic alligators will eat them last.

Between Russia, China, North Korea, Iran and Syria, the world has become a very wicked place. But the truth is that since 1988, we've elected two Bushes, one Clinton and an Obama. So not only haven't we been part of the solution, we've been a major part of the problem. I would suggest that you'd do better than that quartet by randomly picking four names out of the phonebook.

And as much joy as I get from kicking Obama in the shins every chance I get, and ridiculing his constant need to be playing golf and attending fundraisers, the only people I know who think they're entitled to take five week summer vacations are the French and the members of Congress.

But at least the French know how to speak French, whereas most members of Congress can barely ask for directions to the bathroom in English.

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