

# **“Reid, Steyer & Other Leftist Thugs” and “America Is Barely Hanging On”**

I know that a lot of people continue to call for Obama's impeachment, but it's an exercise in futility. The Republicans can't, even though Obama has treated the Constitution as if it was an old rag, and the Democrats won't. We had a great opportunity to dump him in 2012 and replace him with Mitt Romney, and we blew it.

That doesn't mean that we have to sit back and patiently count off the hours until Harry Reid decides to retire. I have suggested that Nevadans recall him in the past and I continue to urge them to take action.

I have heard that Reid's entire career is based on the support of the unions and the owners of Vegas casinos, and, quite frankly, I don't get it. What is it that Nevada's unions like about Reid? Is it his to-die-for impression of a zombie? Do they find his charm and wit so beguiling that they are willing to overlook the highest rate of unemployment in the United States?

And just what is it that the casino operators find so compelling about him? He hasn't even been able to persuade the RNC to hold one of their presidential conventions in Las Vegas.

Now that he has shown his true colors by having his former aide, and currently the head of the Bureau of Land Management, sic the mad dogs of the BLM on cattle rancher Cliven Bundy, so that Reid can turn a personal profit off the acreage, what's keeping Nevada's Republicans from moving to have the old bastard recalled?

For that matter, why is it that Senate Democrats don't rise up and get themselves another majority leader? Reid has shown the same disinterest as Obama in saving his colleague's Senate seats in November. Frankly, their cavalier attitude even has me shaking my head, although I'd be fibbing if I said I didn't appreciate their bizarre behavior.

When every red state Democrat is running as fast as his or her little legs can carry them from ObamaCare; when every oil state Democrat is pleading with Reid to let them at least cast votes supporting the Keystone pipeline; and when every coal state Democrat is begging Obama and Reid to stop trying to put America's coal industry out of business, their rational pleas continue to fall on deaf ears.

Speaking of coal, leftwing environmental billionaire Tom Steyer, 57, recently awoke to find a massive lump of the stuff lying on a pillow by his head, reminding some people of the horse's head the studio boss found in his bed in "The Godfather." I could hardly be more delighted if he'd found that overnight his entire fortune had disappeared, all due to his failure to sign up with LifeLock.

As many of you are aware, Mr. Steyer has pledged \$100 million to helping elect senators who share his environmental concerns and to defeat those who have managed to retain the brains God gave them. One of his major pet peeves is the Keystone Pipeline, and is the reason that Obama has decided to put off making a final decision about it until after the midterm elections.

Now I would think that if I were about to hand over \$100 million to the Democrats, I'd expect Obama to stop it dead here and now, rather than risk that the day after the elections, Obama would call me and say, "Sorry, Tom, but I'm getting a ton of pressure from the damn unions, and I've got to green light the project." But, then, Steyer has probably limited his gambling to Wall Street and has never played poker.

It now turns out that Mr. Steyer, whose resume includes stints at Morgan Stanley and Goldman Sachs is a major investor in Kinder Morgan, which has an alternative plan to the Keystone in the works. As if that's not smarmy enough, Steyer made a large portion of his fortune in, of all things, coal! It seems that Farallon Capital Management, the firm he ran until recently, was heavily invested in foreign coal mining. So, apparently, it's only American coal miners and the American coal mining industry that he finds so repellent, in much the same way that Obama, who claims to hate oil the way I hate gefilte fish, provided Brazil with two billion of our tax dollars so they could develop their offshore oil resources.

Because it was kept out of the news in 2012, at the behest of the White House, I only recently discovered that during Spring break that year, Malia Obama, then 13, took off for Oaxaca, Mexico in two jets, with 12 friends and 25 Secret Service men in tow. Inasmuch as we all paid for it, you'd have thought Michelle would have had the kid send out 300 million thank-you notes once she got home. But, alas, like mother, like daughter.

To be fair to the ladies in the family, one could say that Barack is the one who sets the tone. As you may have heard, during his recent Asian tour, Obama dined with Japan's Prime Minister at a restaurant called the Sukiyabashi Jiro, where meals start at \$300, and where one of the chef's recommended courses involves an endangered species of blue fin tuna. So, although the Japanese are notorious for turning a blind eye, as well as a profit, on the slaughter of whales and rhinos, Obama is constantly trying to convince well-heeled pinheads like Tom Steyer that he can barely get to sleep at night from worrying about the plight of spotted owls and three-inch long delta smelts.

I can only imagine that when, upon his return, he's confronted by the loons from the Sierra Club bearing hot tar and feathers at one of his endless fund-raisers, he'll have no recourse but

to insist that diplomacy required that he chew, but he certainly never swallowed.

### **America Is Barely Hanging On**

I have heard for the longest time that ours is a nation of laws. So how is it that Barack Obama and Eric Holder haven't gotten the word? In 2014, it seems that they get to pick and choose which laws to enforce and which to ignore. And as if it's not bad enough that they turn a blind eye to laws dealing with illegal immigration, traditional marriage and drug traffickers, Obama gets to bypass Congress and revise his signature piece of legislation three dozen times. Then, for good measure, if anyone cries "Foul!," Holder and Obama pull out their matching His and Her crying towels and insist it's only because they're blacks.

For the longest time, I've said that political life should be a hardship, so that fewer lowlifes would be attracted to it. Maybe if we made members of Congress sit on rickety chairs or have offices the size of broom closets, we'd see a better sort of human being going to Washington, more Mr. Smiths and fewer Mr. Reids and Mr. Boehners.

For reasons I've never figured out, Presidents are expected to make an appearance at the site of natural disasters, be they floods, earthquakes or giant mudslides, such as the one that recently buried Oso, Washington. In the case of Barack Obama, I gather the purpose of his showing up is to remind people that there are far worse disasters than the one they just survived.

Speaking of survival, prior to the 2012 presidential election, I wrote that I believed that America could survive four more years of Obama, but I wasn't at all certain it could survive an electorate that would elect him to a second term after we'd seen what a wretched job he'd done during his first four years.

Nothing he's said or done since then has changed my mind or dispelled my fears. How can one not fear for the future of the Republic when so many people are oblivious to what Obama and his cronies have been up to when it comes to tapping the phones at the Associated Press, covering up the killing of four Americans in Benghazi and turning the IRS into an arm of the Democratic Party – with its power to punish, truly the strong arm of the Democratic Party.

But millions of Americans, including the liberals in Congress, don't seem to object to the fact that their President spent three years lying to them about the Affordable Care Act, insisting they would be able to keep their doctors and their health insurance when he not only knew those statements to be false, but that he'd have never gotten the bill passed in the first place if he hadn't lied, no matter how many members of Congress he, Harry Reid and Nancy Pelosi, bribed and bullied.

In Nevada, the Bureau of Land Management confronted a cattle rancher, Cliven Bundy. Apparently, the BLM (or BM, for short) had the law on its side, Bundy having had several judges rule against him, insisting that he pay the feds for grazing rights, in addition to the fees he's been paying to the county and the state.

One can safely assume he holds the courts in much the same contempt as the rest of us. And by us, I'm including Mr. Obama, Mr. Holder, Joe Biden, Elijah Cummings, Chuck Schumer and Lois Lerner.

Still, you would think the storm troopers who showed up to steal Mr. Bundy's cattle would be aware that optics matter. The big trucks and heavy artillery was bad enough, but it made me sick to my stomach seeing them bring in snarling German shepherds. Surely I wasn't the only one who flashed on Nazi death camps and Birmingham's Eugene ("Bull") Connors.

The three things I hadn't known about the State of Nevada v.

Cliven Bundy was, one, that the alleged crime he was committing was grazing cattle in a tortoise habitat; two, that the federal government owns 86% of the entire state; and, three, that Sen. Harry Reid wanted Bundy's spread in order that his friends could build solar panel power stations.

My take on it is that turtles aren't that fussy, and could be moved to Arizona to work on their tans. The federal government shouldn't own any land unless it's used as a military base or a national park. And it should be enough that Reid has so many generous friends in the unions and the casino business. After all, Nevada is a very small state, so it doesn't cost all that much to run and win an election.

In case you hadn't heard, the IRS is going to withhold tax refunds from about 400,000 people because they claim that 30 or 40 years ago, one of their relatives received a disability check or a Social Security payment to which they weren't entitled. All of these shenanigans by the feds make you wonder if Putin would consider invading the United States if we said, "Pretty please."

While John Kerry makes an ever-bigger fool of himself trying to promote a two-state solution in the Middle East, while ignoring the fact that the Palestinians refuse to even recognize Israel, I can't help thinking that he would be better served if he advanced a two-state solution here in America, so that liberals and conservatives could finally and peacefully go their equal, but separate ways.

While delivering a speech to a gathering of fawning females, Hillary Clinton had a shoe thrown at her. "Was that a bat? Was that a bat? Is that someone throwing something at me?" she yelped.

To which I would have responded, "At this point in time, Mrs. Clinton, what difference does it make?"

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