

The Stoned President

It wasn't that long ago that a prospective Supreme Court justice was blackballed because he had occasionally smoked marijuana while in college. Although it seems as if it happened a hundred years ago, it wasn't that long until we elected Bill Clinton, who admitted he had smoked pot, but lied about never having inhaled. That's like saying you ate a T-bone steak, but didn't swallow.

We then elected Barack Obama who not only smoked the shit on a regular basis, but bragged about it in his autobiography. All along, I had thought that all of his obvious problems were the result of his having been abandoned as a child by his mother, father and stepfather, and left to be raised by communist grandparents and a sexual pervert, Frank Marshall, who served as a mentor to young Barack.

However, now that medical research has linked marijuana not only to a diminished mental capacity, but to schizophrenia, I have had to revise my diagnosis. It's just possible that marijuana played an equally large role in the stoner's turning out to be such a lousy excuse for a president.

Considering the way he has constantly fed us one whopper after another, I find it surprising that we haven't begun to see those old posters of Richard Nixon captioned "Would You Buy a Used Car From This Man?" popping up bearing Obama's likeness.

What do you think the odds are that Ahmed Abu Khattallah, the captured Benghazi terrorist, will blame the deaths of Ambassador Chris Stevens and his three colleagues on a spontaneous uprising over a certain video when he finally testifies in a New York court? After which, Obama will grant him executive clemency and send him back to Libya when it's discovered that Khattallah is suffering from inoperable cancer.

If you're one of those parents who are mortgaging their home in order to subsidize your kid's college education, you might be interested to discover that UCLA coughed up \$300,000 and the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, ponied up \$225,000, in order to get Hillary Clinton to give one of her brain-numbing speeches on campus.

Thanks to Hillary Clinton using her book tour as the first step in her 2016 presidential campaign, things are heating up even earlier than usual. With an eye on the Republican ticket, I would say, based on my recent poll, that I have a better chance of winding up as the GOP nominee than either Jeb Bush or Chris Christie. Having said that, I still prefer to see a governor at the top of the ticket. That's because the office calls for someone with executive experience. And as much as we might like and admire certain senators, congressmen and even a retired surgeon, I don't believe that voting, giving speeches or removing a gallbladder provides the necessary prerequisites.

Of course, living in California as I do, I am merely judging governors on the basis of rumor. Out here, all that's required of our governors is that their last name be Brown and that they be ready to raise our taxes at a moment's notice in order to give public unions whatever they want and that they cave to the rich environmentalists, even if it means destroying what little remains of industry in California and turning the San Joaquin Valley, once the salad, fruit and rice bowl of America, into just another dust bowl.

Barack Obama was simply crazy about the Supreme Court when it ruled on June 28, 2012, that the Affordable Care Act was constitutional, but now, alas, we discover in the wake of the Hobby Lobby decision that it wasn't real love, after all, but merely a temporary infatuation. Well, I'm not too surprised. Those summer romances rarely last.

Speaking of Obama, the hubris that he expressed when, as a

candidate, he insisted that he would use his super human powers of persuasion to convince our mortal enemies to befriend us has, predictably, blown up in his face. In Syria, Iran, Egypt, Russia, Libya, Yemen, North Korea, Iraq and Gaza, the only change he's brought about is that they hate us more and fear us less.

He continues to appear befuddled when the likes of Maliki, Abbas, Putin, Assad and Kim Jong-un, quite blatantly display their contempt for him. They're so unlike the fawning college students who used to hang on his every word when he was a lecturer at the University of Chicago. The difference, of course, is that our archenemies don't have to kiss his butt to get a passing grade.

In the meantime, Hillary Clinton, yet another self-proclaimed constitutional authority, found it profoundly disturbing that the Supreme Court decided that a family-owned corporation had religious rights. Mrs. Clinton seemed to believe that the mere incorporation of a business should automatically deprive Americans of their First Amendment rights. I, on the other hand, believe a stronger case could be made that a civil servant such as Lois Lerner should not be allowed to hide behind the Fifth Amendment when called upon to answer questions related to the job for which she was receiving a government check and now receives a federal pension.

Furthermore, this administration seems to think that Islamic terrorists such as Ahmed Abu Khattallah have the same constitutional protections as an American citizen, and that among those protections are the right to be defended by a taxpayer-funded attorney and the right not to self-incriminate.

Finally, I watched Megyn Kelly's two-part interview with the unrepentant terrorist pal of Barack Obama, William Ayers. I thought that she did her usual fine job, but she neglected to ask the arrogant creep one obvious question. In response to

his insistence that the reason his group, the Weather Underground, was bombing police stations, the Capitol and the Pentagon, was in order to bring the Vietnam War to an end, I would have pointed out that the War continued unabated for several more years. In fact, it so happens that their criminal activities were prolonging the conflict because Americans in general and Richard Nixon in particular hated them even more than they did the North Vietnamese.

Therefore, I would have asked Ayers if it wasn't true that altruism had nothing to do with the reason they kept bombing buildings – and that the sad truth was that they simply liked busting up stuff because that's what little brats enjoy doing more than anything else.

Besides, behaving like bad boys is really the only way for geeky guys to attract girls.

Burt's Webcast is every Wednesday at Noon Pacific Time.

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