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Brothers and sisters, this is the main event.

And we've got a choice to make.

It looks like the other party has chosen its nominee. A war hero. A battle tested political infighter. A man with a lengthy record of getting major legislation passed.

Don't kid yourself – John McCain is no push over. He'll be hard to beat. In the South, in the border states, in the rock ribbed Republican states, he will lock up 249 electoral votes --- 21 shy of a victory. And then he'll head to Ohio and West Virginia, Iowa and New Hampshire, Nevada and Colorado – and he will take the fight to the Democrats. His surge won't be pretty; it will be violent, vicious and virulent.

So, now we have a decision to make. Will we rely on the Harvard Law Review Editor, the silver tongue orator from Kansas, Hawaii and Illinois, the man in love with the microphone?

Or will we go with a proven fighter, a woman who was hit with the lowest, the cruelest, the meanest attacks that vast right wing conspiracy could deliver, a woman who stood toe to toe with the mooks they sent after her, the woman who still is fighting OUR battles.

That's our choice: editor of the Harvard Law Review or a fighter for working families.

I have a confession to make.

Even though our union has endorsed Hillary Clinton and has given, and will continue to give her, our unwavering support, I have been moved by Barack Obama's words.

Hope!

Change!

Yes we can!

How can you NOT be moved by such wonderful, uplifting platitudes, so artfully delivered?

Watch the junior senator from Illinois carefully. As he delivers his best lines, he cocks his head back, lifts his nose up, and turns his ear --- so he can hear the roar of his adoring crowds. It is a trained thespian's move.

But unlike some, we in the Machinists Union have seen this act before.

State Senator Barack Obama came to Galesburg, Illinois over Labor Day Weekend in 2004. We were locked in battle with Maytag. It was about to close the plant and ship our jobs to Mexico.

Sixteen hundred workers and their families could have used a fighter that day. They could have used someone who was willing to stand up to Maytag. They could have used more than just a good speech.

And they barely got that.

Barack Obama stepped on to that stage knowing full well that his speech was simply a well-rehearsed act. He sang his song. He smiled and waved. And left those good people floating on air, filled with hope!

But if they knew then what he knew THEN, the workers in Galesburg would have booed and hissed. Before stepping onto that stage, Senate candidate Barack Obama had collected \$121,500 from the Crown family of Chicago --- the majority shareholders of Maytag, the same company that was sending their jobs to Reynosa, Mexico just to pump up their stock price.

And when the patriarch of the Crown family was asked a few weeks ago by the Chicago Tribune if Barack Obama had ever called him to ask about saving those jobs, Lester Crown said the subject never came up.

Brothers and Sisters, the Crown Family pocketed over \$150 million when Maytag was sold to Whirlpool about a year later. And Barack Obama walked away with another line to deliver.

Barack so loved his own performance that he made Galesburg part of his presidential stump speech.

That's right. He's damn proud of his performance.

Well, I'm not.

All he proved is that like Janus, the two-faced Roman god, he could ACT like a friend of the workin' man even as he danced to the tune dictated by billionaires.

Yes, we've seen that ACT before.

What is new and novel and unusual is Barack Obama's boxing show. He is not just a trained thespian. He's a terrific shadow boxer.

You know the type. Outside the ring, he pretends he can float like a butterfly and sting like a bee. Great moves. Great combinations. Great footwork.

But, Brothers and Sisters, we've seen Ali in action.

He could rope-a-dope with George Foreman, inside the ring.

He could go toe-to-toe with Sonny Liston, inside the ring.

He could get his jaw broken by Ken Norton and keep fighting, inside the ring.

But Barack Obama is no Muhammad Ali.

He took a walk every time there was a tough vote in the Illinois state senate.

Took a walk more than a hundred and thirty times!

That's what a shadow boxer does. All the right moves, all the right combinations, all the right footwork --- but he never steps INTO the ring.

He walks away from the fight.

That's what he did in Galesburg.

And that's what he did when our members at United Airlines needed his help.

Desperate to save their pensions, desperate to save their contracts, desperate to save their jobs, they sought Senator Barack Obama's assistance.

And his response --- well, they are still waiting for his response.

And those United Airlines workers were based in Chicago, worked at O'Hare and Midway. And the junior Senator from Illinois wouldn't lift a finger to help them.

Thousands, literally thousands saw their pensions decimated by the PBGC ... their contracts rewritten in Bankruptcy Court ... and their jobs destroyed.

AND HE WALKED AWAY FROM THAT FIGHT.

We were shocked!

We had hoped!

We had believed!

Now, brothers and sisters, there's an old saying and you know it well, it's something we're all very familiar with in the labor movement: "Fool me once, shame on you...fool me twice, shame on me."

We began to take a closer look at the wonderkind.

Know what we saw?

A guy with two basic positions – nose in the air pontificating when the coast is clear --- or, as soon as anyone throws a punch ---- he's in a bum's rush to get the hell away from the conflict.

Where was Barack Obama?

Not on the picket line.

Not with us in the state legislature.

Not in the United States Senate passing a bill to help us.

Not side by side with us at the negotiating table hammering out a deal.

No, Brothers and Sisters, he was off *by himself* polishing his wonderful speech about "hope," "change" and "yes we can," getting ready to take the show on the road and run for President.

Well, my friends, here we are today.

The Barack show is playing to rave reviews.

Sold out ... on college campus ... after college campus.

Standing room only crowds to hear his silver tongued orations.

Hope!

Change!

Yes we can!

Give me a break.

I've got news for all the latte drinking, Prius driving, Birkenstock wearing trust fund babies crowding in to hear him speak.

This guy won't last a round against the Republican attack machine.

He's a poet, not a fighter.

Look around you.

The mortgage crisis is affecting everyone. People are losing their homes and even the folks who make their payments faithfully are seeing their property values stolen right from under their noses.

Unemployment is skyrocketing. Jobs continue to leave our country. Good, solid jobs with the kind of paycheck that can support a family. Manufacturing jobs, here in Ohio.

Gas costs three bucks a gallon and you practically have to take out a home equity loan to fill your gas tank.

Our pensions are looking less robust as the stock market heads south.

This is no time for a poet.

For a guy who talks a good game but walks away when the going gets tough.

A guy who says he doesn't want to be a "hands-on" President.

Brothers and sisters, the times demand a real fighter!

Someone who isn't afraid.

Someone who's battle tested.

Someone who can take the fight to John McCain and win back the White House!

Hillary Clinton is a fighter.

She's our kind of fighter.

All her life she's fought our battles.

For our jobs.

For our healthcare.

For our kids.

For our country.

When the going gets tough Hillary stands her ground.

The Republican attack machine has taken its best shot at her time and time again,  
and she's still standing.

And she still is fighting for us.

She's got a manufacturing policy that will train our kids for the cutting edge jobs  
of the twenty-first century.

She's got a healthcare plan that covers everybody – no exceptions.

She's got a plan to stop foreclosures and freeze interest rates.

She's got a plan to restore America's standing in the rest of this big, bad world,  
and keep us safe from terrorist attacks.

She's never given up the fight for us no matter what the odds.

Now, it's time for us to fight for her.

Let's let her know that "We've got your back."

Let me hear you say it.

**HILLARY!** We've got your back!

HILLARY! We've got your back!

Yes, Senator Clinton, we've got your back!