

“The Out-Box” and “Ah, Sweet Mysteries of Life”

Because simply keeping track of all the absurdities that make our lives so troubling makes my in-box expand to its breaking point, I occasionally have to clear it out. So consider this a spring cleaning.

For openers, I would suggest that in the wake of the spineless administrators at Rutgers uninviting Condoleezza Rice to deliver this year's commencement address, it's time for conservatives to quit behaving like Charlie Brown, who never seems to catch on that Lucy Van Pelt is going to snatch away the football just before he kicks it. In the future, conservatives should insist on a \$50,000 cashier's check when they agree to speak at a college. If they get to say their piece, the check is returned to the college. Otherwise, it gets cashed.

It's high time that the academic cowards face actual consequences when they cave in to the demands of CAIR, the NAACP or some campus group representing left-wing albinos, and pull the welcome mat out from under their guest speakers.

Moving on, too many people are dying because the FDA not only takes too many years to green light new drugs, but refuses to allow the terminally ill to at least try experimental cures. It seems to me that if you only have a few months to live, so long as you sign a release guaranteeing that no ambulance-chasing shyster is going to come after the manufacturer or the FDA if the drug fails to save you, a person should be free to try anything, however unlikely it is to prevent his demise.

Speaking of death, in 2009, Barack Obama swore to cut through the red tape and get our military veterans the health care they deserve. Considering his track record, it should come as

no surprise that the backlog at the V.A. hospitals has only gotten worse over the past five years. But, then, has the troll in the Oval Office ever delivered on a promise, aside from his vow to destroy the coal industry?

Whether it's involved lowering the cost of healthcare; capturing and punishing those who murdered four Americans in Benghazi; letting us keep our doctors and our health insurance; or removing Syria's vile despot if he crossed a red line; one must assume the schmuck goes through life with his fingers crossed.

Moreover, the Liar-in-Chief claims that the GOP's refusal to raise the hourly minimum wage from \$7.25 to \$10.10 is one more example of Republicans waging war on the middle class. This twerp has spent so much time in the company of millionaires and billionaires that he actually confuses the middle with the bottom. While it is true that, thanks to his economic policies, a lot of people have seen the American Dream morph into the American Nightmare, even Obama should understand that the middle is not defined by those making between \$15,000 and \$20,000-a- year.

As repulsive as Obama is, his acolytes are no better. When discussing the recent disclosures regarding Benghazi on the Fox panel show "The Five," Bob Beckel, channeling his inner Hillary Clinton, started hollering and banging his pudgy fists on the table, insisting that nobody cares what happened there.

Because it drew attention to the show, I assume Beckel's boss, Roger Ailes, immediately gave Beckel a raise and extended his contract. For my part, the embarrassing performance left me wondering if Beckel, the ex-alcoholic, had perhaps tripped over his tongue and fallen off the wagon.

Someone sent me a takeoff on an old advertising campaign, but instead of American Express, it was for something called the Race Card, and instead of Karl Malden, it was none other than

Barack Obama endorsing it: "I sure love my Race Card. It comes in handy whenever I find myself in a mess I've made. I just whip it out and, voila, the mess is ignored. Plus there's no limit on how many times I can use the Race Card. So don't leave home without it."

The campaign has been so successful that Al Sharpton, Jesse Jackson, Elijah Cummings and Eric Holder, would never dream of leaving home without theirs.

Speaking of which, Jeri Wright, daughter of Reverend Jeremiah Wright, was recently found guilty on 11 counts, including money laundering, embezzling from charities and lying to federal agents. I'd love it if someone asked Reverend Wright how it feels to have a few of his own damn chickens coming home to roost.

I would be remiss if I didn't thank the two men who have sponsored my weekly webcast for over a year. At a time when liberals can pressure colleges into uninviting anyone they disagree with; homosexuals can use the courts to put bakers, florists and photographers, out of business; and people like Jesse Jackson can extort money from companies by threatening them with boycotts; I think it behooves conservatives to reward those with the courage to sponsor a conservative loudmouth like myself.

Therefore, I would like to voice my appreciation to Mike Carmolinga, owner of Lulu's, a wonderful, moderately-priced, restaurant here in the San Fernando Valley, and 82 year old Tom Tinney, who specializes in buying and selling precious metals. He has three stores in Phoenix and two in Connecticut, but he also conducts business online at Goodoletom.com.

They're my sponsors, but they're also my friends, and I just happen to think that their loyalty and their good sense should be rewarded by like-minded people.

Finally, I saw a photo of Jay ("I'm not really Pinocchio, we

just talk alike”) Carney. He was standing in front of a sign that read “WHITE HOUSE” on the top line, with “WASHINGTON, D.C.” just below it. But because his head was blocking the right side of the sign, it read “WHITE” on top, “WASHING” below.

I contend that never before, at least under the current administration, has a job description been spelled out as clearly as that.

Ah, Sweet Mysteries Of Life

It’s a very weird world when the degenerates who populate the Muslim world can condemn our society as degenerate, and be right. After all, you don’t have to be a prude to consider our movies; our rap music; our insistence in turning teenage icons into false idols; our pretense that same-sex marriages are the same, if not better, than the traditional variety; our dependence on illegal, as well as prescription, drugs; our corrupt politicians; and our pathological fascination with pornography, to conclude that America is experiencing a moral decline that rivals that of ancient Rome.

It certainly helps explain why we elected Barack Obama and then, in spite of a stagnant economy, a decline in American power and prestige, an unrivaled series of scandals and a life style financed by our tax dollars that reminded some people of 18th century French royalty, we re-elected him.

As if all the changes wrought by the Affordable Care Act weren’t bad enough, I had already been aware of what I refer to as the Sleep Apnea Racket. It so happens that I suffered from the condition in which one stops breathing periodically during the night and begins kicking one’s feet. When my wife first called it to my attention, I found it hard to believe that I could carry on like a Radio City Rockette and not wake myself up. Still, I had noticed that I was getting very sleepy by mid-afternoon, so I decided to visit a doctor.

He sent me to be tested at a local sleep clinic, where I discovered that I was unable to fall asleep with all those electrodes attached to me. So I got off the cot at 4 a.m. and drove home. But not before the technician insisted that I had in fact fallen asleep and, sure enough, I had sleep apnea.

When I went back to see the doc, I gave him the full report, but added that I was willing to assume that my wife wasn't making it up, and therefore I wanted to know my options. He said that I had three choices. I could either have surgery performed on my nasal passage, making it easier for me to breathe; I could try sleeping with an oxygen mask on my face; or I could try losing some weight.

So I lost some weight and my wife assured me I was cured. There was no more kicking, no more struggling to breathe.

However, when it came time to buy a new life insurance policy, it seems I was expected to pay a premium because sleep apnea was on my medical record. But in order to prove I was cured, I had to be tested. So I went to a different sleep clinic, figuring that perhaps I would be able to fall asleep under different conditions.

Apparently, the conditions weren't different enough because once again I failed to sleep. This technician, however, also insisted that I had dropped off and, what's more, announced that I was still suffering from the dreaded apnea.

It is therefore my belief that no sleep clinic ever tells anyone the truth. And why would they? Without an endless supply of the walking dead, they'd be out of business. No vampires, no future in being vampire hunters. I mean, it's not as if the insurance companies, which make a bundle off sleep apnea, whether real or alleged, are going to blow the whistle on the con artists in white smocks.

You may have seen the female members of the Congressional Black Caucus calling for military action and even the use of

drones to kill the Muslim thugs who abducted the black school girls in Nigeria, something they've never done when the victims were merely Christians or Jews. By the way, it's worth noting that while she was still Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton refused to identify Boko Haram, the Islamic gang responsible for the crime, as a terrorist group. But, then, again, I'm sure her response today would be, "What difference, at this point, does it make?"

And considering that the overwhelming majority of America's 1.4 million gang members, who commit 50% of the violent crime in our country, reside in the districts the women of the Black Caucus and their male counterparts represent, you would think they'd at least call for appropriate federal action to wage war on those vermin who victimize the decent law-abiding, members of the black community.

The U.S. State Department, which rivals the IRS and the EPA when it comes to shaming itself, is listed as a "cultural partner" of the 24th Abu Dhabi International Book Fair. Among the best sellers on display, both in English and Arabic, are such page-turners as "Mein Kampf," "The International Jew" and the ever-popular favorite of anti-Semites everywhere, including, I'm sure, those entrenched at the State Department, "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion."

Finally, I have long pondered why American parents continue to believe that their children all belong in college. It was pathetic enough when there were actually jobs awaiting those who had majored in liberal arts. But today, when the likeliest doors such a degree is likely to open is the one leading to a career flipping burgers or the one to their parent's basement, you'd think everyone would acknowledge that it makes far more sense to learn a trade than to waste four years majoring in Black, Hispanic or Lesbian Studies, or listening to liberal professors prattle on about the evils of the free market, religion and America.

Along those lines, I'd like to share a joke that's gone viral on the Internet. It seems Bubba went to a state university on a football scholarship. He was a great running back, but a terrible student.

Come Graduation Day, Bubba didn't have enough credits to warrant a sheepskin, but his fellow students, who had no doubt recently staged a demonstration demanding that Condoleezza Rice, Ayaan Hirsi Ali or Clarence Thomas, be uninvited to give the commencement address, staged yet another, demanding that Bubba's gridiron exploits be rewarded with a diploma.

Predictably, the dean, who lacked the spine to stand up to an organized pout, announced that Bubba would first have to answer a single question.

Come Graduation Day, the auditorium was packed to the rafters when the dean called Bubba to the stage. "Answer this one question correctly," he said, "and you graduate. Are you ready?"

"Is that the question?"

"No, Bubba. The question is: How much is three times seven?"

Bubba gazed up at the ceiling, then down at his shoes. Finally, when the tension was as thick as Bubba's head, he said, "I think the answer is...twenty-one."

A hush fell upon the auditorium...and then, after emitting a collective groan, the students shouted: "Give him another chance."

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

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