

Regarding Obama & Other Turkeys” and “A Reality Check”

Shortly before Thanksgiving, Obama, having heard that there were still a few extra bucks lying around waiting for him to vacuum up, jetted out here to California. While standing next to Dream Works studio boss/Obama hand maiden Jeffrey Katzenberg, Obama gazed out at the studio employees and, proving that his magical powers are more than a rumor dreamed up by Jay Carney, said: “I can see by looking at you that some of you weren’t born here.”

Assuming that by “here,” he meant the United States, and not the studio, just exactly how did he come by that conclusion? And if he has that capability, isn’t it just possible that when other people look at him and decide he wasn’t born in Hawaii, they might be right?

He followed up that performance by suggesting that we should all sit around the Thanksgiving table and talk up the glory of the Affordable Care Act. What’s more, he was serious. I confess that our little group is occasionally at a loss for conversational fodder once we’re past the mashed potatoes, but I can’t imagine that things would ever run so dry that anyone is likely to say, “How about that ObamaCare! Is it great or is it great? Pass the stuffing, please.”

When Obama went back to the White House and granted the Thanksgiving turkey an executive pardon, it wasn’t, as some people assumed, a matter of tradition, it was professional courtesy.

Speaking of Thanksgiving, isn’t it time we at least considered changing its date from the fourth Thursday in November to, say, the fourth Thursday in May? After all, it’s an arbitrary

date, unlike Christmas, which at least conservatives will agree celebrates a birth, and isn't really a tribute to winter and lousy weather, as atheists and other assorted pinheads seem to believe.

Why should we be giving thanks at a time of year when Christmas, Chanukah, New Year's and my birthday, all converge – especially when there's barely time to get home from one family reunion before it's time to pack up for another? Besides, I think more people are thankful in May than they are in November – and one of the things they're most thankful for is good weather, which makes travel easier because there are no snowstorms turning airports into barracks.

In Canada, Thanksgiving is celebrated on the second Monday in October. Okay, that's Canada, a place where ice hockey is a national sport. But even here, it has only been a national holiday since the end of Reconstruction in the mid 1870s.

In 1939, FDR, caving to retailers who feared that because the fourth Thursday didn't fall until very late in the month, Christmas sales would suffer, decided to move it up a week. That year, there were actually two Thanksgiving Days, with his critics mockingly referring to the early one as Franksgiving Day. In 1940, 16 states decided to ignore FDR's wishes and celebrated the occasion on the traditional date. The pushback was so great that in 1941, Congress capitulated, and passed a law ensuring that the fourth Thursday would be the one and only Thanksgiving.

But, if they could change it once, they can do it again. I'm only suggesting they not change it by a piddling week, but by six months.

One of the things I was thankful for this year was that even Al Sharpton – yes, that Al Sharpton! – acknowledged that the Knockout Game, the vile competition in which black teenagers sucker punch white people – apparently garnering additional

points if their victims are elderly or Jewish – isn't a myth concocted by white conservatives in order to portray young blacks as human scum, but is a disgusting reality.

Inasmuch as Sharpton even went so far as to refer to them as thugs, you might think that white liberals in the media would finally find within themselves the courage to acknowledge that when you've had generations of black kids being raised without fathers, widespread black hooliganism isn't an anomaly or a giant lie perpetrated by white racists, but is the inevitable result of a 70% rate of illegitimacy. How on earth can that not translate to a lack of discipline, which, in turn, guarantees a vicious cycle of crime, drugs and violence?

If Reverend Al can finally be honest about the fact that young black villains are not the result of white hostility, but of black irresponsibility, and that they are the victimizers far more often than they're the victims, you would think that Barack Obama, the members of the Congressional Black Caucus and the liberal media, might follow suit.

I realize that I am only dreaming, but this is, after all, the season of miracles.

A REALITY CHECK

It's mainly because we get to see senators on TV all the time, making pronouncements from on high that when it comes to handicapping presidential runs, senators get most of the attention. However, all that being a senator prepares you for is voting. That's because the Senate is part of the legislative branch of government, whereas being president puts you atop the executive branch.

Being a governor, however, is similar to being a president. He has to know how to work with legislative bodies in which most of its members might belong to a different party. He has to know how to delegate responsibility. In short, he has to be an executive smart enough to surround himself with competent

staffers, and not merely possess a voice box and a compulsion to see himself on the evening news. That is why I hope to see someone like Scott Walker, Mike Pence or Bobby Jindal, heading up the GOP ticket in 2016.

I wouldn't object to someone like Ted Cruz, Rand Paul or Marco Rubio, being a running mate, if it's necessary to provide geographical balance to the ticket or to help carry an important state.

Unlike others, I look back longingly on the days when a few savvy party bosses picked the candidates, and didn't leave it up to primaries and state caucuses to thin the herd. All those do is waste a ton of money and leave the eventual candidate bloody, while bestowing the Democrats with a multitude of sound bites with which they can then pummel their opponent in the general election.

In New York City, mayoral candidate Bill De Blasio, who brags about having worked for ACORN, vows to take the city in a new leftist direction. His first step in that direction will be to eliminate the NYPD's "Stop and Frisk" program that has lowered New York's murder rate under both Rudy Giuliani and Michael Bloomberg. In most municipalities, that, alone, would cost De Blasio the election. But because most New Yorkers use their brains as seat cushions, he is the prohibitive favorite to wind up with the keys to Gracie Mansion.

Meanwhile, in D.C., 61 senators chose to allow the Employment Non-Discrimination Act (ENDA) come to a vote, although the seven Republicans – Ayotte, Portman, Toomey, Heller, Collins, Hatch and Kirk – were holding out for amendments that would permit religious employers some leeway when it came to hiring homosexuals, bisexuals and members of the transgender crowd. Maybe it's just me, but even if my religion was okay with it, if I were an employer, I really wouldn't want to have to hire someone I didn't want to hire. It seems to me that if it's okay to deprive service to people who aren't wearing shoes and

shirts, it should be an employer's right not to hire people who feel the need to act out their sexual freakiness on his premises.

The so-called architect of ENDA, Chai Feldman, a member of Obama's Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, was recently quoted saying that in a conflict between those in her protected classes and those who feel their religious rights are being trampled, "I can't even imagine a situation in which I'd come down on the side of the religious." Very odd, you'd think, coming from the daughter of a rabbi. But these days, most rabbis, being to the left of Nancy Pelosi, would probably applaud her.

I confess I can't come to grips with those who think that Republicans should be more willing to compromise with the Democrats. For one thing, as we saw during the passage of the Affordable Care Act, the Democrats wouldn't even pretend to consider one of the 85 amendments offered by House Republicans; and, for another, at the so-called bi-partisan meeting hosted by the newly-elected president in 2009, as soon as John McCain opened his mouth to make a suggestion, Obama quickly shut him down, reminding him who had won the election.

But, really, how does anyone expect those who view George Washington, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, as their spiritual fathers to reach accord with those who see Karl Marx, Fidel Castro and Saul Alinsky, in that light?

Speaking of which, can you imagine a worse Thanksgiving than one at which the Emanuel brothers, Rahm and Ezekial, are seated at the table? Rahm, Chicago's mayor, is a notorious potty mouth, while Ezekial, who is referred to as the Architect of ObamaCare – and actually takes pride in that designation – is a rude and obnoxious motor-mouth who, if you've caught his act with Chris Wallace or Megyn Kelly, refuses to let anyone else utter a word in his presence.

While catching hell for repeatedly lying about people being able to hang on to their health insurance and their doctors, Obama predictably accused others of “spreading misinformation, fear and cynicism.” One can only wonder if his Teleprompter has a reflective screen that doubles as a mirror.

Based on the fact that even some of Obama’s lap dogs in the media have joined the chorus calling him a liar, and that about a dozen Democratic senators appear ready to jump ship before the mid-term elections, it appears that hunting season for lame ducks is opening even earlier than usual.

Finally, when I recently saw a headline announcing that actress Michelle Pfeiffer admitted to having once belonged to a cult, I wondered at first why that was newsworthy. Then, reading on, I discovered that in her youth, she had joined a group of fanatical vegans, and not, as I had naturally assumed, the Democratic Party.

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