

# **“Dr. Frankenstein, Meet Dr. Obama” and a bonus...**

A lot of people are saying that ObamaCare is dead, thanks to its disastrous rollout and the embarrassingly low number of enrollees. The line they're using is either comparing it to putting toothpaste back in the tube or getting the genie back in the bottle. But, frankly, when I look at it, the image that comes to mind has nothing to do with bottles or tubes, but, rather, involves a bodily orifice.

FDR gave us the New Deal, LBJ gave us the Great Society, and BHO gave us the Dirty Deal.

There have been times in our nation's history when people could look at the White House and feel some measure of pride in being an American. These days, you have to look to the Marines on the U.S.S. George Washington delivering food, water and meds, to the sick and dying in the Philippines. Semper fi.

It's been said that when Lyndon Johnson lost Walter Cronkite, he lost the Vietnam War and his chance of being re-elected. I would think that when Obama lost Dianne Feinstein and 39 Democrats in the House, he lost the Affordable Care Act.

Speaking of which, some wag observed that Barack Obama is what happens when Affirmative Action collides with the Peter Principle.

Sometimes, mere nomenclature can create unimaginable and totally unnecessary problems. For instance, Israel should never have referred to any communities within its borders as being “settlements.” The word conveys the impression that something is of a temporary nature, something easily traded away or ceded.

Another such term is “pre-existing conditions.” To my ear, it

sounds like a situation in which a person without health insurance becomes seriously ill and finds himself unable to then obtain a policy. That would be the equivalent of purchasing fire insurance after your house burns down. The real problem is that insurance companies simply drop paying customers once they develop cancer or heart disease, leaving them out in the cold. At which point, those people have an existing condition and find it impossible to sign up with another company.

That should have been an easy fix, whether it meant raising everyone's policy by a few cents a month to cover catastrophic illnesses or by forcing every insurance company to contribute to a common pool to cover such tragic eventualities.

What it didn't call for is a Marxist one-policy-fits-all approach that was solely intended to intrude the federal government even further into our lives and to simultaneously gobble up a huge percentage of the nation's economy.

One of the ironies of ObamaCare is that the man behind it, who had spent a good portion of the past five years apologizing for America, suddenly forgot how to say "I'm sorry" to the American people in general, and, specifically, the Republicans in Congress. After all, they did everything in their power to prevent him from becoming the poster boy for incompetence and deceit by unanimously voting against the Affordable Care Act. He owes a special shout-out to Ted Cruz and Mike Lee for doing everything in their power to help him avoid his Waterloo.

When you get right down to it, there has never been a medical product prior to ObamaCare that was ever sold without a single test having been conducted by the FDA, nor one peddled in the marketplace with nary a warning by the manufacturer of its toxic ingredients or its lethal side effects.

What has gone unnoticed outside of Israel is that John Kerry, on behalf of Obama, was prepared to not only unfreeze Iran's

bank accounts, but allow it to freely sell oil on the world market, thus nullifying sanctions on the rogue state and allowing the mullahs to more quickly produce a nuclear bomb. Four words I never imagined I would ever have reason to express are "Thank God for France," but thank God for France, and its refusal to condone the worst deal since the one Neville Chamberlain made 75 years ago in Munich.

The only people who still believe that Obama is a friend of Israel are the same ones who believe that a health insurance policy that offers mammograms to men, pre-natal care to elderly women and drug rehab to the Amish, is actually superior to the policies that people select for themselves. Anyone who has paid any attention at all to Obama would be aware that when it comes to death panels, he not only approves of them for Americans, but for Israelis.

Finally, let me say that I appreciate hearing from those of you who have asked for updates regarding my rheumatoid arthritis. It has gotten progressively worse, so I have finally opted to have surgery performed on my right wrist.

It is slated for Friday the 13th (of December). Fortunately, I am not the least bit superstitious. I'm just hoping that when Dr. Hanker shows up, he'll be wearing a standard surgical mask, and not the sort typically worn by hockey goalies.

### **"Boston Beards and Baking Bullies"**

Now that the World Series is behind us, would someone please explain why the Red Sox players decided to grow those silly-looking beards? While it's true that I have a beard, I grew mine because I hated shaving. But I have a feeling that's not why Dustin Pedroia, David Ortiz and the rest of those guys grew theirs. I suppose it's possible that someone thought it would be a great way to unify the team, but I thought that was the purpose of the uniform and the fact that the same guy was signing their checks.

I swear, I wasn't sure if I was watching a professional baseball team or the House of David.

It always seemed to me that nothing better showed the arrogance and stupidity of unions than the New York City newspaper strike of 1962. The union targeted seven dailies. When the strike ended, 114 days later, only three of them had managed to survive.

You would have thought the workers would have ridden the union leaders out of town on a rail, but that's not how such things work. Although they call each other brother and sister in labor circles, the fact that the survivors were getting a few bucks more was all that really mattered.

But I have now come across an even more suicidal example. As Kathy Jessup spells out in a Blaze article, even after the Teamsters decided to cut Interstate Bakeries Corp., better known as Hostess, manufacturers of the iconic Twinkies and Ho Hos, some slack, the Bakery, Confectionary, Tobacco and Grain Millers International – you know, the good old BCTGMI – decided to dig in. As a result, Hostess is now owned by Dean Metropoulos, who does not suffer fools or unions gladly, and bakers who were once earning \$16.53-an-hour are now starting out at \$11-an-hour. So who's ho-hoing now?

I realize there are people who like and respect Barack Obama. What I don't understand is why. I mean, he's a guy who started out, by his own admission, boozing and using drugs. Along the way, he became a compulsive liar, a racist and a class warfare-waging Marxist. Consider that at one of his 2008 fundraisers, he told a group of wealthy San Francisco pinheads that, just like them, he despised those Americans who clung to their guns and their religion. At one fell swoop, he demeaned decent, law-abiding Americans, for no other reason than that they took their 1st and 2nd Amendment rights seriously.

Speaking of Obama, it recently came to light why the rollout

of the Affordable Care Act was such a royal hash. It seems that Toni Townes-Whitley, the senior VP of CGI Federal, which got the no-bid contract to build the \$675 million enrollment website at Healthcare.gov, was a Princeton classmate of Michelle Obama's. I know it's embarrassing, but Barack is in no position to berate her. After all, he blew two or three times as many tax dollars underwriting those various solar panel and electric car companies for no other reason than that the company owners were major contributors to his presidential campaigns.

Someone recently sent me a list of single foreign words that manage to sum up things that would require an entire sentence in English. For instance, the German word, *waldeinsamkeit*, is defined as the feeling of being alone in the woods. (And I say that if you're the sort who goes around dropping words like *waldeinsamkeit*, you have nobody but yourself to blame if you're alone in the woods or anywhere else.)

In Russian, a *pochenuchka* is a person who asks too many questions. (In Russia, the other word to describe such a person is dead.)

In Hawaiian, *pana po'o* describes the action when you scratch your head because you've forgotten where you left your car keys. (I would think it would be easier to find one's keys than to know how to pronounce that darn apostrophe.)

In Indonesia, a *jayus* is someone who tells a joke so badly, you can't help laughing. (I happen to know several of those people, and I've always been able to control myself.)

And among the Eskimos, *iktsuarpok* is the feeling of anticipation that makes you go outside and check if anyone is coming. (It's the North Pole, guys...believe me, nobody's coming.)

Speaking of things foreign, Ann Coulter defines the Irish form of Alzheimer's as the inability to remember anything but your

grudges.

I must confess that struck a chord, making me wonder if I just might be Irish, and if at some time, the name may have been O'Prelutsky. That's because I'm convinced that on my death bed, my last words will be "Damn that Obama!"

©2013 Burt Prelutsky. Comments? Write [BurtPrelutsky@aol.com](mailto:BurtPrelutsky@aol.com).