

“They Protesteth Too Much” and “Walker & Martinez, 2016”

As I have written on other similar occasions, it's a protest when you toss the tea into the harbor; when you grab the tea or, rather, the TV sets, liquor and sports equipment and take it home, it's a riot and those who take part are not patriots, they're thugs.

As I watched what was taking place in Ferguson after the Grand Jury returned its rational verdict, the thing that surprised me was that after Gov. Nixon had announced he was calling in the Missouri National Guard as a backup to the St. Louis and Ferguson police departments, the only people I saw on the streets were black punks smashing windows, burning down businesses and carting off stolen loot.

In the bad old days, cops down South would turn dogs and fire hoses on black people who were protesting peacefully and it spoke to the consciences of white Americans. But over the past 40 years or so, it seems the order of the day is that every time black hooligans take to the streets, the cops are told to stand around and watch, only stopping short of passing out matches, gasoline and baseball bats.

So far as I can tell, St. Louis County Prosecutor Robert McCulloch and the nine members of the Grand Jury took their responsibilities seriously and did an admirable job. However, after reading his detailed statement to the press, one of the reporters asked if witnesses who had done so much to inflame the situation on Day One by claiming that Officer Wilson had shot Michael Brown in the back or had shot him when he was standing still with his hands raised above his head would face perjury charges. To my astonishment, McCulloch basically blew off the reporter's question.

Even though McCulloch said that most of those “eye witnesses” finally got around to admitting that they hadn’t even seen the shooting and were only passing on rumors as fact, he was obviously willing to give them the benefit of the doubt. What doubt that would be, he failed to explain. For my part, I have no doubt at all that they not only committed perjury, but were the major reason that Ferguson became a war zone in the first place.

In fact, I read the next day that Chief of the St. Louis County Police Jon Belman initially ordered his officers “to back off” and to treat the mob as they would the crowd at “a festival or a ballgame.”

Even at festivals and ballgames, I’ve seen barricades. But in Ferguson, they didn’t even block off the main drag, which had been the flash point of the riots back in August.

Clearly, the protests had nothing to do with the Grand Jury verdict. As it was with the Rodney King riots here in L.A., the verdict merely served as an excuse for black teenagers and young toughs to run wild because they know that the same shit that would get them a stiff prison sentence if they did it alone or with a buddy will be essentially ignored when done as a mob.

I did not have a business burn down and I was about 1,500 miles west of Ferguson, so for me, the worst part of the evening was listening to commentators, including Barack Obama, attempt to be balanced, talking about the racism that is still part of our culture and especially the culture of the police. It reminded me of the moral equivalence he always seems to find when comparing Israel to its vile Middle East neighbors.

What Obama and the media pundits should have been talking about was the culture of black communities that accepts record numbers of illegitimate births, black crime and welfare as a generational tradition, as the norm.

We've had half a century of black kids being raised by young black females, of black men who have unburdened themselves of familial responsibilities and of racists like Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson stoking the embers of racial animosity by scapegoating white society.

The mere fact that a creep like Sharpton is still allowed to host his own show on MSNBC and be welcomed like a long-lost brother to Obama's White House should tell you all you need to know about what the once honorable Civil Rights movement has come to in America.

If I owned a store in Ferguson that was burned or vandalized by the mob, I should be allowed to sue not only Gov. Nixon and the various police chiefs who basically gave the thugs carte blanche, but Sharpton and the various black politicians who all played an essential role in allowing it to happen. I would also be allowed to target Barack Obama and Eric Holder, who inflated the regrettable, but defensible, shooting of a thug into not only a national spectacle, but, if you recall Obama's reference to it during his U.N. address, an international incident.

One element of the case left me scratching my head. As we heard in the aftermath, Officer Darren Wilson had been alerted by a police call that Michael Brown and his buddy were wanted for swiping cigars from a local convenience store and roughing up the store's clerk. But the description apparently only mentioned that one of the two thugs – Michael Brown, as we came to learn – was wearing a red baseball cap and yellow socks.

What if he had tossed the cap and changed his socks? Would he still be running loose? In Ferguson, is it against police policy to mention that a perp happens to be black or that he tips the scales at 320 pounds?

Understand, I've never worked in law enforcement, but I can

only imagine that it would make it a lot easier to find a needle in the haystack if you knew the needle was as big as a Volkswagen.

Walker & Martinez, 2016

Recently I announced that my dream ticket for the 2016 presidential election would be the governors of Wisconsin and New Mexico. I explained that Scott Walker and Susana Martinez represented a nice geographical balance, representing the upper Midwest and the Southwest.

In addition, both are proven winners. In Walker's case, in spite of the unions squandering millions of dollars of their members' dues to defeat him in two regular elections and a recall, he has won three times in four years. For her part, Governor Martinez is both Hispanic and female, and could be counted on to draw a great deal of support from both voting blocs.

But being a fair-minded fellow, I invited all of you to come up with your own dream ticket. In all, 57 readers took me up on my offer. Over half of them, 31, seconded my nominees. The other 26 named 20 different potential candidates in addition to Walker and Martinez, whom they saw fit to split up to form other combinations.

In one case, I was Gov. Walker's running mate. The voter spelled it out in no uncertain words that it would be my job to insult our opponents. It's a role I would cherish, but I'd also want to have a say in laying out our foreign policy, which, basically, would consist of being a loyal ally to our friends and a resolute foe of our enemies. In case of war, the Prelutsky policy would be the same as that laid out by Ronald Reagan: We win, they lose. No playing for ties.

Most of those mentioned only received one or two votes,

sometimes offered as president, sometimes as vice-president. The second most popular duo was Ted Cruz and Trey Gowdy. That combination received four votes.

I know that there are those who don't believe that Gov. Walker scores high enough on the charisma meter to be a viable presidential candidate. It so happens that I agree that Walker doesn't set hearts aflutter, but I regard that as a plus. Charisma is what Democrats offer, as exemplified by rock stars and divas like Obama and the Clintons. That's because Democrats have nothing but bells and whistles to offer the uninformed and idiotic. Their policies don't work because, essentially, they consist of taxing those in society who are productive in order to subsidize their base; namely those who tend to be ignorant, shiftless and ungrateful.

Judging by the recent midterms, I believe that Americans are fed up with a massive federal government controlling their lives. They have seen for themselves that liberals depend on lying and cheating in order to get around commonsense and the Constitution. I believe they are hungry for leaders who offer competence and character. Leaders, I suggest, like Walker and Martinez.

In the old Soviet Union, every May Day, Joseph Stalin and those in his inner circle would pose on a balcony as the Soviet's military might was paraded past the grandstand. And because Stalin was a paranoid butcher, every year a few of those who had been there the previous year would be gone. And to be gone in the Soviet Union meant being gone from the face of the earth. It also meant being removed from the official photos of previous years. One year, whoever was in charge removed a certain person from the previous year's photo, but he neglected to remove the guy's shoes. It was pretty funny, unless, of course, you were that guy.

What brings it to mind is the rate at which Democrats have been losing elections ever since the passage of the Affordable

Care Act. It makes me wonder if that famous photo of Obama signing his favorite piece of legislation in the Oval Office will soon face the same fate, so that all we'll see one day are Obama, the little black kid and Henry Waxman's tiny shoes.

For some time now, I've been receiving a cockeyed message that has gone viral on the Internet for reasons I can't imagine. It goes this way: "Barack Obama, not feeling well and concerned about his mortality, goes to consult a psychic about the date of his death.

"The psychic closes her eyes and, after a few seconds, says, 'You will die on a Jewish holiday.'

Shaken by her response, Obama nervously asks, "Which one?"

"It doesn't matter," replies the psychic. "Whenever you die, it'll be a Jewish holiday."

I can't imagine who thought that made any sense at all. I mean, perhaps it would play in Israel, but here in America, 70% of my fellow Jews still support the man and his destructive agenda. So for them it would, alas, be a day of mourning.

In closing, I'll share a joke I just heard. A panhandler stops a passerby and says he needs money for food. The guy shakes his head and says, "I know you'll only spend it on drugs."

"Not so," says the bum. "I already have money for drugs; it's money for food I need."

I can't think of anything that sums up the welfare state that Obama's America has become better than that.

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

Tune in at K4HD.com His Call-in Number is: (818) 570-5443

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