

Movin' On Up To The White House

There used to be a TV sit com in the 80's called "The Jeffersons." The central characters were a married black couple, George and Louise. George had worked hard and parlayed one dry cleaning store into a successful chain, enabling them to move into an expensive apartment in a luxurious high-rise. Success quickly went to George's head, turning him into a blowhard and a bigot. Critics referred to him as the black Archie Bunker.

When I look at Barack Obama, aside from the hard work, I unfortunately see a lot of George Jefferson in him, when what the nation needs is a president more reminiscent of Thomas Jefferson.

Like George, there is nothing Obama finds more enchanting than the sound of his own pompositities. But whereas Mrs. Jefferson was a kind and sensible woman who did her best to keep her husband from floating off on his own hot air emissions, Obama's wife is not only an enabler, but is a royal pain in her own right.

For instance, in the tradition of people named Obama to trash America when they're in foreign lands, Michelle told the Chinese that it wasn't long ago that there were laws on the books that discriminated against people like her and her husband. It was bad enough that she didn't play up the fact that it was also thanks to America that she, as a beneficiary of Affirmative Action, went to an Ivy League school, and, oh, by the way, her husband has twice been elected President. But even worse is that she chose to whine in a country where couples are prohibited from having two children, regularly abort females, and where people are required to have internal passports before they can move from a rural area to a nearby

city.

However she feels about the past, it would only be good manners if just once she expressed a word of gratitude to the American people for picking up the tab so that she, the kids and her mother, could scratch so many items off their respective bucket lists.

One final thing she neglected to mention was that all of those vile discriminatory laws were written, enacted and enforced, by *Democrats* like Orval Faubus, George Wallace, Albert Gore, Robert Byrd and "Bull" Connor.

Speaking of Democrats, I began referring to Harry Reid as "The Undertaker" because he looks and sounds like the stereotype we all grew up with, but the other day it occurred to me that the moniker is even more appropriate because his chosen role as the Majority Leader of the U.S. Senate is to bury any piece of legislation passed by the House Republicans, while at the same time deriding them as do-nothing obstructionists.

Until she killed herself, I had never heard of fashion designer L'Wren Scott, 70 year old Mick Jagger's 49 year old lady friend. Not being religious, I don't have a basis upon which to condemn her act. Without knowing what led her to hang herself, I simply assumed she felt she had a good reason to commit what I have heard described as a permanent solution to a temporary problem.

But, being nosy, I decided to check her out. It seems her real name was Laura Bambrough, and that she invented that cockamamie name with the apostrophe all on her own. Perhaps the explanation is that having been 6'3", she had banged her head once too often on low-hanging branches.

However, what I found unpardonable was that a woman had reached middle age and was so unconcerned with other people or charitable causes that instead of leaving her \$9 million estate to friends, relatives, medical research, wounded

British soldiers or even an orphanage for cats and dogs, the dingbat left it to Mr. Jagger, who is already worth \$328 million!

As many of you already know, I despise college athletics because they are so rife with corruption. Now, the National Labor Relations Board, which never met a union it didn't adore, has decided that the football players at Northwestern are free to unionize. So it is no longer enough that the ability to play a game garners these guys free college tuition, food, health care and an unlimited number of cheerleaders; now the NLRB thinks they should also get a paycheck.

Back in the day, there was a joke going around that college all stars like Kyle Rote (SMU), Hugh McElhenny (U of Washington) and Charlie "Choo-Choo" Justice (U of North Carolina), all had to take pay cuts when they turned pro. Thanks to the chowderheads over at the NLRB, it could soon be reality.

Bruce Braley, who's running for the Senate in Iowa, dissed Sen. Chuck Grassley as a farmer who, unlike himself, never attended law school. Knocking farmers in Iowa strikes me as a very goofy campaign strategy. But even goofier, it would seem to me, is actually bragging about being a lawyer.

Finally, the world's diplomatic buffoons are running victory laps after signing yet another of those absurd nuclear non-proliferation pacts, even though among those not signing were Russia, China, India and Pakistan.

Still, I'm sure we'll all be sleeping better tonight knowing that Lichtenstein, Luxembourg and Papua, will not be nuking anyone in the near future.

**Burt's Webcast is every Wednesday at NOON Pacific Time.
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