

# Trayvon Martin, Meet Michael Brown

All it took for Al Sharpton and the other race hustlers to rush off to Ferguson, Missouri, was for a 6'4," 250-pound gangbanger named Michael Brown to be shot while struggling for a cop's gun. That's also all it took for Eric Holder to decide to send the F.B.I. in to investigate what he decided within mere hours was a federal crime.

My question is why none of these actions are ever taken when, as is usually the case, it's some black thug who's killing other black people in Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta, Philadelphia and L.A. Perhaps it's because if they did, Mr. Sharpton wouldn't have the time left to host his MSNBC show and even Eric Holder would have to start skipping meals if he wanted to keep calling white people "racists" on what seems to be a daily basis.

As for Barack Obama, after finding a moral equivalence between Israel and Hamas, it wasn't too surprising that he did the same when it came to the rabble who were rioting and looting in Ferguson and the members of the Ferguson P.D. who were merely trying to protect the law-abiding citizens and the businesses that employ them and serve their community.

Clearly, the president is a hollow shell without a moral compass. In fact, if anyone ever decided to stage a production of "The Wizard of Oz," they could do it on the cheap by hiring Obama to play all three of Dorothy's traveling companions. Unlike Ray Bolger, Jack Haley and Bert Lahr, this fellow was born to portray a man without a brain, a man without a heart and a third who lacked courage.

Although I have seen a number of photos on the Internet showing young Mr. Brown flashing gang signs that suggest he

was an active member of the Bloods, the photos I haven't seen, I'm happy to say, are those showing him as a cherubic-looking 10-year-old, as was the case with the 6'2" Trayvon Martin.

As you may have noticed, Hillary Clinton has been trashing Barack Obama's foreign policy lately, hoping that we'll all forget that as his Secretary of State, she implemented most of it for four long years, and that as recently as a few months ago she doubled down on the reset with Russia, insisting, with a straight face, that it was brilliant statecraft.

In the Middle East, we have the clearest divide between good and evil that has existed since World War II. On one side, we have peace-loving Christians, Jews and Yazidis, while on the other we have blood-lusting Islamic butchers. Things are so apparent that even the Vatican, against its long-standing tradition, has called for military action. And, yet, Obama, playing to his left-wing base, keeps assuring our enemies that we will never have boots on the ground. My question is: why do we even have a military, aside from providing a backdrop on those rare occasions when Obama wants to appear patriotic?

I'm just asking, you understand, but when people join the Army these days, is it with Obama's personal guarantee that they'll never be expected to engage in warfare?

When I heard that the divorce rate was going down in America, I took that as a good sign until I discovered it was because the marriage rate has plummeted even faster. Like just about every other societal calamity, I assume the source of this decline can be traced to our colleges and universities. One would assume that curriculum devoted to feminist studies, achieving self-induced multiple orgasms, experimenting with homosexuality and the acceptance of transgenderism as an alternate life style, would culminate with a generation that is so self-absorbed that marriage licenses will at some future point only exist at the Smithsonian, along with Jefferson's writing desk, Franklin's walking stick and dinosaur bones.

Another contributing factor is the portrayal of marriage on TV and in the movies. It is usually depicted as armed warfare, with husbands depicted as stupid, boring, close-minded louts and wives pictured as potential high-flyers who would be soaring through the clouds were it not for having had their glorious wings clipped through the twin tragedies of marriage and children.

These days, when laughs are at a premium, I found myself chuckling while watching a documentary dealing with Charley Chaplin's depiction of Adolph Hitler in "The Great Dictator." One of the talking heads in the documentary was Reinhard Spitzzy, apparently a friend of Der Fuhrer. When asked if Hitler, apparently a great fan of American movies, had ever seen Chapin's satire, Spitzzy said he had, and not just once, but twice.

And when asked how Hitler would have reacted to it, Spitzzy, insisted "He would have laughed. Hitler wasn't dull. Hitler wasn't a killjoy, and within the inner circle, he could definitely laugh at jokes."

If Mel Brooks ever decides to make a sequel to "The Producers" with its "Springtime for Hitler" musical number, he could do a lot worse than "Hitler Wasn't a Killjoy."

Finally, someone let me know about a sign that was allegedly posted on the wall above the latrine at a country club. In my estimation, not since the great English humorist P.G. Wodehouse hung up his niblick, has anyone done a better job of summing up the world of golf: "Welcome to This Facility. It is the only place on the grounds where nobody will try to change your stance or adjust your grip."

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