

Western Editor Analyzes Our Manners And Morals

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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This ladies and gentleman, is to be a jeremiad. I am about to inflict upon you an unrelieved, copper-bottomed, six-ply, all-wool, 25-minute howl of calamity about the present moral climate of America. And I am going to talk about our responsibilities therefore as the temporary custodians of America's press.

You may dismiss such fogyness with a tolerant laugh. But the pathway of history is littered with the bones of dead states and fallen empires. Most of them rotted out before they were overwhelmed, and they were not, in most cases, promptly replaced by something better.

Nearly 1,000 years between the fall of Western Rome and the rise of the Renaissance, and in between we had the Dark Ages in which nearly all of man's institutions were inferior to those which had gone before. I don't want my children's children to pass through a couple of centuries of dialectic materialism before the sun comes up again.

It is sad to watch the beginning of decay. It was sad to see an age of Pericles replaced by the drunken riots of Alcibiades. There was, indeed, just cause for gloom when the Roman mobs, flabby with free bread and bemused by free circuses, cheered for the unspeakable Nero and the crazy Caligula.

Beginning of Decay
Alaric's Goths finally flowed over the walls of Rome. But it was not that the walls were low. It was that Rome, itself, was low. The sensual life of Pompeii, the orgies on Lake Trasimene, the gradually weakening fibre of a once self-disciplined people—all these brought Rome down. She went down too early. She had much to teach the world.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, I look upon our own country and much that I see disturbs me. But we are a great people. We have a noble tradition. We have much to teach the world, and if America should go down soon it would be too early.

One thing is certain. We shall be given no centuries for a leisurely and comfortable decay. We have an enemy now—remorseless, crude, brutal and cocky. However much the leaders of the Communist conspiracy may lie to their subjects about our motives, about our conditions of property, our policies and aims, one thing they believe themselves implicitly—and that is that we are in an advanced state of moral decline.

It is a dogma of current Communist faith that America is Sodom and Gomorrah, ready for the kill. **Communists' Puritanism**
Do you know what scares me about the Communists? It's not their political system, which is primitive and savage. It's not their economic system which works so badly that progress in a few directions is purchased at the price of progress in all the rest. It is their puritanism.

It does no good to comfort ourselves with the reflection that these are the products of endless brain-washings, of incessant propaganda, of deprivation by censorship and jamming of counter-information and

contrary argument. The confidence that they are morally superior is there.

You can't get very far into Russia before the naive questions of your Intourist guide reveal that she thinks she is talking to a soft pop who is ripe for the tumbler and the guillotine. In the schoolyard the children rush up to show you, not their yo-yos, but their scholarship medals. And when you offer them new Lincoln pennies as souvenirs they rip off their little Young Pioneer buttons and hand them to you, proud that they are not taking gifts, but are making a fair exchange.

The Russian state is as austere as the Victorian state. Russian literature may be corny, but it's clean, and it glorifies the Russian people and exudes optimism and promise. Russian art is stiffly representational, but the paintings and the sculpture strive to depict beauty and heroism—Russian beauty, of course, and Russian heroism.

'Progressive Education'
And what of us? Well, ladies and gentlemen, let's take them one at a time.

We are now at the end of the third decade of the national insanity known as "progressive education." This is the education where everybody passes, where the report cards are non-committal lest the failure be faced with the fact of his failure, where all move at a snail pace like a trans-Atlantic convoy so that the slowest need not be left behind, and all proceed toward adulthood in the lockstep of "togetherness."

With what results? At an age when European kids are studying the human capillary system and discussing the binomial theorem our youngsters are raising pollywogs in the classroom windowsill and pretending to keep store. This is what is known as "learning by doing." We have produced tens of thousands of high school graduates who move their lips as they read and cannot write a coherent paragraph. While our Russian contemporaries, who were supposed to be dedicated to the mass man, have been busy constructing an elite we have been engaged in the wholesale production of mediocrity. What a switch!

Hard work and Integrity
I wish you could read all the letters I have received in the past few months from disgruntled teachers who have tried to reintroduce principles of hard work and integrity in their classrooms over the opposition of the school hierarchies. It is high time that these Ph. D. boob-bahs of John Deweyism stepped forward and permitted themselves to be graded. But no.

You recall that last fall the school board of the little township of Twin Lakes, Wisconsin, dissatisfied with modern primers, announced that it was introducing reprints of 80-year-old McGuffey Readers. Maybe it was making a bad mistake. Maybe the new books and new teaching methods are far superior. Here was a fine chance to find out.

But did the Wisconsin State Board of Education offer a sporting challenge—a one-year test for example to see which was the better approach, theirs or McGuffey's? Not a bit of it. The State Board

merely moved to deprive Twin Lakes of state aid to the thunderous applause, I'm sorry to say, of the so-called "liberals."

When was the last time you, as editors examined the curricula of your local schools? Are your students given the standardized Iowa and Stanford tests, and if so, how did your schools rank compared to the national average? Do your kids bring home meaningful report cards, or are parents just getting a lot of gobbledegook about adjustments and attitudes? When was the last time you asked to look at any senior English themes? When have you given a fine picture spread to your town's best scholars?

Non-Objective Paintings
Having generally neglected disciplines in education it was quite logical that we Americans should neglect disciplines in art. The great painters and sculptors of the past studied anatomy so diligently that many of them snatched bodies. And today, after many centuries, we stare at the Sistine Chapel or at the walls of the Reichsmuseum and marvel at their works.

But this self-discipline is of little concern to the modern non-objective painter. All he needs is pigment and press agent. He can stick bits of glass, old rags and quids of used chewing tobacco on a board and he is a social critic. He can drive a car back and forth in pools of paint and Life magazine will write him up.

Talent is for squares. What you need is vast effrontery. This is the kind of art that a painter with no ability can paint, and a teacher with no ability can teach. No wonder it's popular at the factory end. But the tiny minority of youngsters who might have the spark of a Titian or a Rembrandt within them stay unencouraged and unrecognized. And our museums are filled with splashes, cubes and blots being stared at by confused citizens who haven't the guts to admit they are confused.

Collapse of Morality
But fakery in art is a light cross we bear. Much more serious is our collapse of moral standards and the blunting of our capacity for righteous indignation.

Our Puritan ancestors were preoccupied with sin. They were too preoccupied with it. They were haggard and guilt-ridden and theirs was a repressed and neurotic society. But they had horsepower.

They wrested livings from the rocky land, built our earliest colleges, started our literature, caused our industrial revolution, and found time in between to fight the Indians, the French and the British, to bawl for abolition, woman suffrage and prison reform, and to experiment with graham crackers and bloomers. They were a tremendous people.

And for all their exaggerated attention to sin, their philosophy rested on a great granite rock. Man was the master of his soul. You didn't have to be bad. You could and should be better. And if you wanted to escape the eternal fires, you'd damned well better be.

Sin Is Bemusing
In recent years all this has changed in America. We have decided that sin is largely imaginary. We are bemused with behaviorist

psychology which holds that abstract things like insight, will and spirit are figments of the imagination. Man, says the behaviorist, is either a product of a happy combination of genes and chromosomes or an unhappy combination. He moves in an environment that will tend to make him good or that will tend to make him evil. He is just a chip tossed helplessly by forces beyond his control, and therefore not responsible.

Well, the theory that misbehavior can be cured by pulling down tenements and erecting in their places elaborate public housing is not holding water. The crime rates continue to rise along with our outlays for social services.

We are far gone in fancy euphemy. There are no lazy bums any more — only "deprived persons." It is impolite to speak of thugs. They are "underprivileged." Yet the swaggering, duck-tailed young men who boldly flaunt their gang symbols on their motorcycle jackets are far more blessed in creature comforts, opportunities for advancement, and freedom from drudgery than 90 percent of the world. We have sown the dragon's teeth of pseudo-scientific sentimentality, and out of the ground has sprung the legion bearing switch-blade knives and bicycle chains.

Clearly something is missing. Could it be the rest of the world's children have been given — the doctrine of individual responsibility?

Honorable Career on Relief
Relief is gradually becoming an honorable career in America. It is a pretty fair life, if you have neither conscience nor pride. An angry old judge in Muskogee County Oklahoma, upon his retirement last month, asserted that in his last docket 27 bastardy cases were filed for no other purpose than to qualify for the relief rolls, and that in most cases both the plaintiff and the defendant continued living together while awaiting the next arrival. Any effort to stop this racket brings an immediate threat that federal aid funds will be withdrawn.

The state will give a mother a bonus for her illegitimate children, and if she neglects them sufficiently she can save enough out of the ADC payments to keep herself and her boyfriends in wine and gin. Nothing is your fault. And when the city fathers of Newburgh suggested that able-bodied welfare clients might sweep the streets the "liberal" editorialists arise as one man and denounce them for their medieval cruelty.

I don't know how long America can stand this erosion of principle. But if we wish to survive maybe we had better do something about the elaborate pretense that there is no difference between the genuinely unfortunate and the mobs of ruffians who gather to throw bottles every time the cops try to make a legitimate arrest. The welfare state that taxes away the rewards for responsible behavior so that it can remove the age-old penalties for irresponsible behavior is building on a foundation of jelly.

Realism in Print
Finally, there is the status of our entertainment and our literature.

Can anyone deny that movies are dirtier than ever? But they don't call it dirt. They call it "realism." Why do we let them fool us? Why do we nod owlishly when they tell us that filth is merely a daring art form, that licentiousness is really social comment? Isn't it plain that the financially-harassed movie industry is putting gobs of sex in the darkened drive-ins in an effort to lure curious teen-agers away from their TV sets?

Three weeks ago Bill Diehl, the righteously-angry entertainment editor of the St. Paul Dispatch, ran down the list of present and coming attractions, as follows:
Walk on the Wild Side. Set in a brothel.

A View From the Bridge. Incest. The Mark. A strange young man trifles with little girls.

The Children's Hour. Two school teachers suspected of being Lesbians.

All Fall Down. A psychopathic attacker of females.

Cape Fear. A crazy rapist. Lolita. A middle-aged man's affair with a 12-year-old.

The Chapman Report. The adventures of a nymphomaniac.

They Apologize Too Much
In a speech a couple of months ago in Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, asked the plaintive question: "Why, despite our unceasing efforts, does the film industry fail at times to have public confidence?"

Then he suggested an answer. The movie people apologize too much, he said. They should take pride in the fact that they have amended their production code. (Mr. Johnston apparently uses the term "amended" when he means a general tooth extraction.)

"What art form," asked Mr. Johnston, "has not had to keep up with the times to reflect contemporary society?"

Well, hooray for Mr. Johnston's contemporary society. Incestuous Americans. Perverted Americans. Degenerate Americans. Murderous Americans.

How many of these contemporary Americans do you know? **Public Service Ads**

But perhaps the most intriguing part of Mr. Johnston's speech dealt with newspaper movie ads. It is

ridiculous, he said, for parents to complain about bad influence by movies upon their children when all parents have to do is look closely at the ads.

"I have yet to run across a movie ad so subtle," said Mr. Johnston, "that a concerned parent would not know whether the film was suitable for his child."

Well, here is a semantical pole-vault that ought to set a world's record. For the suggestive, half-dressed figures locked in passionate embrace that have been decorating the theatre ads in our great moral dailies are now revealed as a public service, generously paid for by the movie moguls so that parents can be warned!

Last year our advertising manager and I got so tired of Hollywood's horizontal art that we decided to throw out the worst and set up some standards. We thought that this belated ukase of ours might cause some interruption in advertising some shows. But no. Within a couple of hours the exhibitors were down with much milder ads. How was this miracle accomplished?

It seems that exhibitors are supplied with several different ads for each movie. If the publishers are dumb enough to accept the most suggestive ones those are what they get. But, if publishers squawk, the cleaner ads are sent down. Isn't it time we all squawked?

I think it's time we gentlemen of the press quit giving Page 1 play to Liz and Eddie. I think it's time we asked our Broadway and Hollywood columnists if they can't find something decent and inspiring going on along their beats.

Bawdiness in Dinner Jacket
And the stage: Bawdiness has put on a dinner jacket. The old burlesque skits, that you used to be able to see at the Old Howard and the Gayety for six bits are now on display in the most lavish Broadway revues at \$8.80 a seat.

But perhaps we should be glad to settle for good old heterosexual dirt. The April issue of *Show Business Illustrated*, quotes Dr. L. John Adkins, a New York psychotherapist, as saying that in his opinion at least 25 percent of the persons presently connected with the American theatre are confirmed homosexuals.

Even the normally strong-stomached drama critics are beginning to get mad.

Howard Taubman, in a lead article in the drama section of the *New York Times*, recently wrote as follows:

"It is time to speak openly and candidly of the increasing incidence of homosexuality on the New York stage. It is noticeable when a male designer dresses the girls in a

musical to make them unappealing and disorbes the boys so that more male skin is visible than art or illusion requires. It is apparent in a vagrant bit of nasty dialog thrown into a show, or in a redundant touch like two mannish females walking across a stage without a reason or a word of comment."

'Cultural Exchange'
What do you know about the "cultural exchange" program to which we are all involuntary contributors?

Last summer an American touring company, sponsored by the State Department and paid for by our tax dollars, presented one of Tennessee Williams' rip-off offerings to an audience in Rio de Janeiro. The audience hooted and walked out. And where did it walk to? Right across the street where a Russian ballet company was putting on a beautiful performance for the glory of Russia! How stupid can we get.

A couple of months ago in Phoenix I attended a tryout of a new play by William Inge. It takes place in the Chicago apartment of a never-married woman whose son by a bellhop has just been released from reform school, and whose current boyfriend is being seduced by the nymphomaniac across the hall whose husband is a drunk. I wonder if the State Department is considering putting this show on the road around the world.

We are drowning our youngsters in violence, cynicism and sadism piped into the living room and even the nursery. Every Saturday evening in the Gunsmoke program Miss Kitty presides over her combination saloon and dance hall. Even the five-year-olds are beginning to wonder what's going on upstairs. The grandchildren of the kids who used to weep because The Little Match Girl froze to death now feel cheated if she isn't slugged, raped and thrown into a Bessemer converter.

Now Comes 'Eros'
And there's our literature. I presume we all have our invitations to become charter subscribers of *Eros*, the new quarterly magazine of erotica at \$10 a copy. I got three invitations, so either the Addressograph was stuck or I'm considered a hot prospect.

Anyway, the publisher, Ralph Ginzburg, says this, and I quote:

"*Eros* has been born as a result of the recent series of court decisions that have realistically interpreted America's obscenity laws and that have given to this country a new breadth of freedom of expression."

And what are the dimensions of this "breadth of freedom"? Well,

we are assured that *Eros*' first issue will include an article on aphrodisiacs, a schematic drawing for a male chastity belt, a story about an old New York hawdy house where women copulated with beasts, the latest word on Havana's red light district, and the memoirs of a stripper which, it says here, "is astonishing for its matter-of-factness."

Isn't it splendid that Mr. Ginzburg stands with the frozen ghosts of Valley Forge as a fearless defender of his country's freedom? Ten dollars, please!

The Seine at Home

The fast buck boys have succeeded in convincing our bemused judges that there is no difference between a peep show and a moral lecture. The old eye-poppers which tourists used to smuggle back from Paris under their dirty shirts are now clothed in judicial blessing. A Chicago judge has recently issued a blanket injunction against any one who might try to prevent the sale of *Tropic of Cancer* to children, Lady Chatterley's Lover and Ulysses are on the paperback shelves right next to the comic books. They can close the bookstalls on the Seine. It's all over at your corner drugstore where the kids hang out.

Don Maxwell of the *Chicago Tribune* last year asked his book department to quit advertising scatological literature by including it in the list of best sellers. The critics and the book publishers have denounced him for tampering with the facts. I would like to raise a somewhat larger question:

The Soul of America

Who is tampering with the soul of America? For nations do have souls. They have collective personalities. People who think well of themselves collectively exhibit elan and enthusiasm and morale. Where they low-rate themselves as individuals they will not long remain the citizens of great nations.

Dr. Celia Deschin, specialist in medical sociology at Adelphi College, in a recent article in *This Week* magazine, says it's time for a new kind of Kinsey Report. She asserts that the late Doctor Kinsey produced a report that was heavily loaded by exhibitionists and that did immense damage to America by peddling the impression that sexual self-discipline neither exists in this country nor is it desirable.

Generally, she says, those parents who are afraid to lay down the law have the most miserable children. Children, she points out, want honest direction and a set of sensible rules to live by. Where these are denied them on the fantastic theory that its no longer

scientific to say No, the kids often develop subconscious anxiety. Much juvenile delinquency springs from a deep hunger for rules. It is a masochistic effort to seek punishment. The child, says Doctor Deschin, abhors a world where everything goes.

Or, as my tough-minded old grandmother put it, "The youngster who doesn't know that there's a Lord in Israel bounces around in a limbo where there is no force of gravity. If you think he's happy you're crazy."

Time to Get Mad

The time has come to dust off the rule book. The game is unplayable if you're allowed two strikes or six, if you can use a bat or a cannon, and if some days you can have three men on third and other days there isn't any third base at all. We have to stop trying to make up our own rules.

And that goes for all of us. It's time to quit seeking learning without effort and wages without work. It's time we got mad about payola. We should ask the Lord's forgiveness for our inflated expense accounts, and quit pretending that goonery is a human right.

Ladies and gentlemen: do not let me overdraw the picture. This is still a great, powerful, vibrant, able, optimistic nation. Americans—our readers—do believe in themselves and in their country.

But there is rot, and there is filth, and there is cutting out and billing, and there is doing it, as the leaders of free men, are to survive the hammer blows which quite plainly are in store for us all.

Hit the Sawdust Trail

We have reached the stomach-turning point. We have reached the point where we should re-examine the debilitating philosophy of permissiveness. Let this not be confused with the philosophy of liberty. The school system that permits our children to develop a quarter of their natural talents is not a champion of our liberties. The healthy man who chooses to loaf on unemployment compensation is not a defender of human freedom. The playwright who would degrade us, the author who would profit from pandering to the worst that's in us, are no friends of ours.

It's time we hit the sawdust trail. It's time we revived the idea that there is such a thing as sin—just plain old willful sin. It is time we brought self-discipline back into style. And who has a greater responsibility at this hour than we—the gentlemen of the press.

So I suggest:
Let's look at our educational institutions at the local level, and (Continued from Page 2 B)

DONKEY BASEBALL

SATURDAY - AUG. 11, 1962 4 P.M.

RAIN... or... SHINE

DALLAS LIONS vs DALLAS KIWANIS

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL FIELD
DALLAS, PA.

GENERAL ADMISSION
ADULTS - \$1.00 KIDS - 50c

The World's Craziest Sport

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT COMEDY SHOW!

*Wilder Than A Rodeo!
Funnier Than A Circus!*

POLLY'S SHOE STORE
36 MAIN STREET, DALLAS, PA.

OPEN DAILY 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. — FRIDAY NITE 'TIL 9

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS
EVERYTHING MUST GO!!

BUY WHOLESALE AND BELOW

<p style="text-align: center;">GENTS' and MISSES' SCHOOL SHOES</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Values to \$5.95 Sizes 8½ - 3</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$2.87 & \$3.87</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MEN'S DRESS SHOES</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Values to \$7.95 Sizes 6½ - 12</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$4.87</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">WOMEN'S FLATS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Values to \$5.95</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$2.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BOYS' DRESS SHOES</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Sizes 3 - 6</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$3.87</p>
<p style="font-size: 2em;">\$1.00 TABLE!</p> <p style="font-size: 1.5em;">SHOES AND BEDROOM SLIPPERS</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">NAME BRANDS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">RUBBER FOOTWEAR AMERICAN JUNIORS P. F. FLYERS WILLIAM'S SHOES</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DRASTIC REDUCTIONS!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MEN'S and BOYS' BASKETBALL SNEAKERS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Reg. \$4.98</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$3.47</p>

GOOD SELECTION OF SCHOOL SHOES