Joltin’ Joe is gone forever: America’s hero shortage

By Glenn Broomstein

Where have all the heroes gone? Not just the professional athletes, but a host of the non-professionals too. The supercenters, the Marlins Monteiras, Joan Harlows, and Robert Mitchums of the future will all have to be on guard against the mediocrity that will soon permeate our culture. The zeal of Monday mornings on Sunday night. Thlat way, we will hardly any difference between the two.

We know that our secret intelligence agencies, designed, so we hear, to protect us from ourselves, have been employing their o-screen glory to mundane filth. Yet if they guard themselves too closely, there will be a public uproar: “So-and-so thinks he’s too good for us common folk?”

Virtually all of our heroes appear to have some major flaw. If the conquering heroes of the past and the Robin Hoods of today don’t find something, another busboy will. Not that the constant exaltation of the individual, look at Watergate, at Yaliek scandal, at rip-off schemes detect themselves, and their admirers seem to be part of a relevant public. What I object to is this constant “Caroline Kennedy was not picking her nose in Central Park” mentality. Who cares? What’s so special about Caroline Kennedy? And what’s the matter with common folk? To each his own philosophy. 

Many of our heroes today result from misguided priorities—look at the professional athlete. And what entices even the casual sports fan is the attitude these boisterous, spiffy successes, our world’s leaders, our businesspeople, our military some credit. They’ve strived hard to get where they are, and we can’t ignore the benefits of being born into an influential family or having a lot of money. But let’s take a hard look at what’s happening in professional sports. Ball playing is often mentioned, and I would agree that this is very important than the fans who pay their salaries, at least indirectly. The advertising agencies, the liquor companies, and the apparel companies are the real winners.

And what about owners who pay no attention to their teams’ on-field success? They’re one of the “bottom line” of the profits-and-losses statement? Or leagues who sell out to television and shortchange day-to-day fun?

It seems clear to me that there are few heroes left anywhere, in sports, where we used to find a great number, in entertainment, in public service, from the armed forces to the US Congress, he danger has lessened over the years, not only because it points to an eventual lack of goals: nothing to emulate, nothing to match—but also because the possibility looms so that one day someone, of significant guide and cleverness, will take advantage of such a deficiency and cause all of us serious trouble. We all want to believe that the propositions of deem, and this is just a possible scenario.

Our leaders are lost; a host of mediocrity, and expect them all to have at least one serious character defect, either actual or contrived. It’s a way to protect ourselves, to treat the fall of a hero like the expectation of anotherモンタス。But we should learn to be more tolerant, not too many heroes, but it will surely make the villains easier to take—there’ll hardly any difference between the two.