

**From:** [David Kraemer](#)  
**To:** [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)  
**Subject:** FW: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 5.21.20  
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**From:** Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>  
**Sent:** Thursday, May 21, 2020 9:24 AM  
**To:** MOJO210AL <MOJO210AL@aol.com>  
**Subject:** One Person's Response to Communal Fear 5.21.20

WAGON WHEEL CENSUS 4 Cars 4 Runners 2 Trucks 2 Folks Fishing 1 walker 1 ISD#197 School Bus #1917 1 Bicyclist

Watching TV with one's older siblings, there were no more frightening scene than the one when Eddie Haskell would walk into the Cleaver home and say, "Hello Mrs. Cleaver, hello Mr. Cleaver is the Wallace at home?" And then hearing Mrs. Cleaver respond, "oh he is upstairs with Beaver." As he walked away, Mrs. Cleaver would often say to Ward, "he is such a polite young man." To which Ward would roll his eyes and continues to read the paper. The reason that scene always set every young child on edge was because as the camera captures Eddie walking into the boys' room, you see him messing up Beaver's hair, or punching him on the arm and while never shown, probably kneeling him in the groin. While Ward could have put an end to all of this, his complicity in maintaining Eddie's ruse—even while knowing it was a ruse—was and always will be a black mark on parenting.

We all know Eddie Haskell's in our lives. They type of person who ingratiates themselves with power but whose depth and abilities are most times lacking. In the 1960's when TV featured "typical" families that looked exactly like the fantasy world of "Mayfield" where the Cleavers lived—probably down the street from the Anderson's whose father knew best and not too far from Ozzie and Harriet and the Soda store, the emergence of a character like Eddie was all too predictable. The self-serving individual who knew the path to power but who, when he got there, floundered miserably. I thought of Eddie over the weekend when reading of his death. Ken Osmond, who portrayed Eddie on the show, could never escape that role. Indeed, his decision to become an LA cop was based on the fact that he couldn't get a serious acting gig because his face represented all that was wrong with America itself at that time. Polite veneer on the outside, and seething animus on the inside. Maybe it was a result of watching "Leave it to Beaver" one too many times that my mom made her famous comment— "don't worry Morris—if someone vomits all over you—they are the ones who need help." In a world that people became increasingly unable to trust one another, perhaps the script writers saw Eddie Haskell as the representation of that changing norm.

In the latter half of the 1960's the wheels really began coming off the bus as it related to the veneer of trust. The failed disclosures regarding the war in Viet Nam and the treacherous behavior of those connected to Watergate truly compromised all of our ability to trust leadership. Today, skepticism has replaced trust as the manner by which we function. Eddie Haskell has prevailed and the naivete of Beaver has been lost as a true art form. Well, maybe not completely. There is an interesting

statement regarding the biblical desert-made Altar of the Israelites. It stated that it was overlaid with gold both on the outside—where people would see it and, on the inside, —where it was not visible. In commenting on this text, the rabbis told us that it reflects a person—that what they are on the outside is what they need to be on the inside. I often think that those individuals who have been able to maintain a position in the clergy -perhaps elsewhere as well-are the ones who demonstrate living by this virtue. I know, for example, my colleagues like Harold Kravitz and Marci Zimmerman and Michael Siegel-to name a few are such people. I would like to believe that their tenure as congregational rabbis was also as a result of the fact that their word was their word. When I was interviewing for my position way back in 1986, Larry Savett asked me what the congregation could expect from me and what should I expect from the congregation? I replied, “honesty. I will tell you what I hold dear and believe and never say one thing to one person and the opposite to his disputant and expect in return that you will treat me the same.” I think part of the amazing run which I had was a result of having that bond of trust.

And while who I am is indeed a reflection from where I came from and the parents I had and the home I grew up in—it was also a result of many fine teachers and role models who provided me with the assurance that trusting another was something worthwhile and that the Eddie Haskells of the world are really an aberration. If one lives with that “as-if” perspective—even with the knowledge that there are more Eddie’s out there than you would like to believe—you will at least never lose the tarnish that defines your inside gold standard. I am sad about those who fail to live with both an inner core even as they present a strong picture of themselves in public. It is why I love working for who I am working for now, for while it is never easy to hold onto one’s core values in the political process—seeing a person do so is uplifting. I am sad that Ken Osmond was never able to really pursue acting after having become the face of the “double-faced man.” But you know something—he did have a leg up on some folks in public life today—where their insides are just as corrupt as their outside. In that case, Eddie was a glass half-full and that may be better than an empty one after all. Morris

PS. Refuah Shelama to Carolyn L and good luck with the return to elective procedures  
Sent by my iPad