



The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley

University of California

The Bancroft Library/Berkeley

Regional Oral History Office

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT

by

Kenyon J. Scudder

This manuscript is made available by an agreement between Kenyon J. Scudder and The Bancroft Library, dated June 4, 1972.

All literary rights in this manuscript, including the right to publish, are reserved to Kenyon J. Scudder, until June 1, 1982. No part of the manuscript may be quoted for publication without the written permission of the author or the Director of The Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley.

Requests for permission to quote for publication should be addressed to Kenyon J. Scudder, 2295Q Via Puerta, Laguna Hills, California, 92653, or the Regional Oral History Office, 486 Library, and should include identification of the specific passages to be quoted, anticipated use of the passages, and identification of the user.

Mr. Kenyon J. Scudder
2295 Q Via Puerta
Laguna Hills, California

Bancroft Library
University of California

Sirs:

Through the courtesy of the Regional Oral History Office of the Bancroft Library, University of California, it is possible to make available to both faculty and students interested in the Humanities, copies of my manuscript,

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT

with the hope that some may consider a career in the challenging field of Corrections where the need is great.


Kenyon J. Scudder

CONTENTS -- KENYON J. SCUDDER: *Between the Dark and the Daylight*

EDITOR'S NOTE	1
AUTHOR'S SUMMARY	11
KENYON SCUDDER, Outstanding Criminologist. Lecture flyer, 1971.	111
I Early humanitarian concerns: Understanding Becky; assistant vocational director of Washington State Reformatory; harshness toward the inmates; work is not training; a harrowing escape attempt.	1
II Prisons in 1914: Guards are hard on new inmates; hopes for vocational training and guidance; the machines that never came; a first look at intelligence and aptitude tests.	32
III Preston School of Industry: Daily routines; escape worries; theories of discipline; report on effects of punishment; end of the lash; drafted.	50
IV World War I and return to Preston: Testing riflemen; postwar uncertainties; politics at Preston; feeble-minded inmates; inmate bosses; influenza strikes.	81
V Restless staff and inmates: Conflict between acting superintendent and trustees; Scudder takes charge of Preston when acting superintendent leaves.	113
VI Acting superintendent of Preston: Chairman of trustees imposes on Preston; parole system; Fourth of July field day with Whittier State School; Fred C. Nelles' influence; first superintendent reappointed.	131
VII The trustee chairman's bathtub: Robbery for an ailing wife; return to physical punishment; Scudder departs.	151

VIII	U.S. vocational adviser in San Francisco: Disabled veterans' training and placement; Los Angeles Bureau in 1921; C. C. Young becomes governor; Scudder appointed superintendent of Whittier State School; better food and surroundings for the boys; younger boys' needs; Dr. Norman Fenton's Bureau of Juvenile Research and child guidance clinic; Committee for the Study of Problem Children.	172
IX	Whittier State School: Staff and inmate relations improve; new ideas in vocational training; academic education; self-discipline.	207
X	Whittier State School, continued: Boys' views of management and staff; visit from a child movie star; remodeled reception services.	232
XI	New ideas at Whittier: Dramatics and music become important school activities; Boy Scout Cottage; Rotary Club support.	253
XII	Whittier inmates learn to play: Camping; scouting; the U.S. Navy and other friends; a 1928 election parade; pets.	276
XIII	Whittier, the best boys' institution in the nation: U.S. Children's Bureau findings; 1930 politics cloud the scene; Dr. Toner becomes director of state institutions; a struggle for the superintendent's position ensues.	298
XIV	Support from Whittier trustees: Scudder's forced dismissal; furor over appointment of Claude Smith as director; Scudder becomes first fulltime probation officer of Los Angeles County; case-loads mount; power of the courts.	320
XV	Whittier School falls on bad days: Spoils system succumbs to civil service legislation; investigation of brutality; runaways increase; Governor Olson appoints special commission; Franklin Potter's Assembly Committee reports; troubles of juveniles in other states.	340
XVI	Youth Authority law ushers in new era in 1941: New buildings and new programs for early adjustment and release; rising costs of custodial correctional care; improvement of community conditions needed.	365

XVII	Imperatives for change in the 1960s: Community treatment projects develop; insights into social maturity of state wards; society's longterm responsibility.	376
XVIII	Probation subsidies introduced: Performance principle encourages new types of local services for delinquency prevention; moves to limit use of detention; tax payers' savings; toward community help and understanding.	394
INDEX		412

EDITOR'S NOTE

The manuscript of Between the Dark and the Daylight came to The Bancroft Library in the course of the Earl Warren Oral History Project. While preparing for interviews on the development of the California Youth Authority under Warren, Kenyon Scudder's name was repeatedly mentioned as a significant source of inspiration and accomplishment for both the Youth Authority and the Department of Corrections.

A brief interview with Scudder was recorded in April, 1971, focussing on his view of Warren's influence on state correctional services, which saw major changes toward humanitarian conditions under Warren's leadership. During this conversation, Scudder several times referred to the typescript of his book. Upon further discussion, it was agreed that the manuscript should be deposited in The Bancroft Library and other selected archives with a particular interest in criminology. Arrangements were also made for the Regional Oral History Office to index the manuscript. This is the final draft of the manuscript, rather than printer's copy, so the reader will find a moderate number of typographical errors, which in no way affect the readability of the work.

For the potential or practising professional, this is a vivid reporting of the dire conditions that prevailed in reformatories and prisons not too long ago, as well as a useful guidebook to the attitudes and policies that have worked in helping confined individuals develop their self-sufficiency and abilities. For the layman, it is a poignant and painful reminder of the continuum between delinquents and other young people. The boys described in specific events differ only in degree, not in kind, from their socially successful brothers.

Researchers may wish to consult the two-volume oral history of Scudder's life done by the University of California, Los Angeles in 1967, and "Beginnings of Therapeutic Correctional Facilities" in "Earl Warren and the Youth Authority," Regional Oral History Office, 1972. Scudder has also published Prisoners Are People (Doubleday, 1952) and The Twenty Billion Dollar Challenge (Putnam, 1961).

Gabrielle Morris
Index Editor

29 November 1972
Regional Oral History Office
486 The Bancroft Library
University of California at Berkeley

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT

Kenyon J. Scudder

For two-hundred years America has struggled with her number one social problem, delinquency and crime, but with meager success.

In spite of our best efforts, America is still known as the greatest crime-ridden nation on earth and it's high time we changed our methods. We wait until the crime has been committed and then in fear, spend billions of dollars to protect ourselves against a repetition of offenses by building prisons, reformatories and detention facilities, only to fill them up and keep them filled - an expensive and stupid policy that does not work. And yet all of the time we knew, at an early age, these boys and girls were headed for trouble, but failed to reach them.

This book, a semi-autobiographical account of three institutions for boys and young men, two of which I administered, is written for average citizens who know very little of what goes on in these institutions and care less until perhaps it effects their own. We take them in to see for themselves the enormous problems faced by those engaged in the challenging field of corrections and their courageous attempts to adjust young people when it is often too late.

This is a shocking book in parts, but a warm and true one, further dealing with administrative problems caused by politics; including especially the disastrous effects of political patronage across the Nation, which should have no place in a humanitarian program effecting children in trouble.

The latter part of the book deals with the more promising "Community Treatment" program in place of detention and the "State Probation Subsidy" program which ploughs back into the local communities adequate funds to reduce commitments and encourage adjustments in the local community at a fraction of the costs.

America today stands at the crossroads. We can continue as we are and spend ourselves into bankruptcy building institutions for the many non-violent cases who do not need confinement, or we can change our methods now and begin to close down our institutions by adjusting these unfortunate people in the local community under close supervision. The tools are in our hands. Let it not be too late.



KENYON J. SCUDDER

Outstanding Criminologist

NATIONAL DIRECTOR OF
FIELD SERVICES, OSBORNE ASSOCIATION

Former Superintendent of the
California Institution for Men at Chino

Past President of the
American Correctional Association

Author of "PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE"

"THE TWENTY BILLION DOLLAR CHALLENGE"

"BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT" (soon to be released)

KENYON J. SCUDDER'S work and travels as National Director of Field Services of the Osborne Association, a prisoners' aid organization interested in correctional standards for the different states, gives this outstanding criminologist a unique opportunity to spread the minimum-security prison program for which he has become nationally famous.

He was a Delegate to the Third United Nations Congress, Delinquency and Crime Prevention, Treatment of Offenders — Stockholm, Sweden. Mr. Scudder is now making a Study of Youth Problems in Australia and the Orient.

It was this noted humanitarian, long recognized as one of America's leading penologists, who pioneered a radical departure from traditional penal institutions when he became Superintendent of the California Institution for Men at Chino. In the fifteen years under his leadership, Chino became the kind of prison where men are not locked behind bars, guards carry neither guns nor clubs, families are permitted to picnic with inmates on Sundays and where each prisoner must make his own decision whether to escape or not to escape.

Kenyon Scudder's experience in the correctional field has been long and varied. A graduate of the University of California—he holds a master's degree from the University of Southern California and was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities by the University of Redlands—he worked at prisons and reformatories in the Northwest before becoming Probation Officer of Los Angeles County. In the nine years in this post, he established the Los Angeles County Coordinating Councils out of a conviction that delinquency and crime can never be controlled until the local community is alerted. Today, after twenty-five years, there are several hundred of these councils, functioning with great success in California and throughout the United States. It is noteworthy to add that a camp for Los Angeles children was recently dedicated to this outstanding advocate of humane treatment for delinquents.

Mr. Scudder's well-received book, "Prisoners Are People," formed the basis of the motion picture, "Unchained," the first true prison film to come out of Hollywood.

MANAGEMENT

GERTRUDE PURPLE GORHAM Artists' Manager

GERTRUDE PURPLE GORHAM — MARGO GORHAM SHEARER — EDWARD DORING

291 So. La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, California 90211 — Phone OLeander 5-8678 • Licensed Agency

"In Durance Vile, here
must I wake and weep
And all my frowsy couch
in sorrow steep"

Ibid-Epistle from Esopus
to Maria.

CHAPTER I

My first look into the grim, resentful world of our American prisons took place on New Year's Eve 1913, when I entered the gate through the high wall surrounding Washington State Reformatory at Monroe, carrying my violin.

Another young man and I had come up from Seattle at the invitation of the Chaplain, to give a holiday entertainment for the prisoners. We looked upon the journey as a mild adventure, a casual sampling of a strange unknown life, and an opportunity to do a favor for Chaplain Withington. He and his wife had left a thriving pastorate to come to the reformatory because of their interest in wayward youth, and in less than six months had worked their way deep into the hearts of the young prisoners.

How could I possibly have guessed that this short interlude, as an amateur entertainer, would start me on a career of half a century in prison work, and would introduce me to the girl I was to marry as well?

It was at the Chaplain's house on the prison grounds that I met Becky. She came downstairs just as dinner was announced and as we arose Mrs. Withington, the Chaplain's wife, said, "This is my sister, Rebekah Jewett, from California, who knew your sisters at Mills College."

Our eyes met for a moment as she extended her hand, and we walked together into the dining room. By the end of dinner formalities had vanished and we were calling one another by our first names.

The entertainment for the men was to be given the next evening. After dinner we returned to the living room to practice our trio: violin, flute and piano. The fir logs in the fireplace crackled and snapped, sending a warm glow throughout the room. Becky was a good accompanist. She also had a lovely voice and in soft, smooth soprano sang old songs of the south, and we joined in on those we knew. She agreed to help us on our program and to sing for the men. It was a happy evening of music, laughter and fun, and passed all too quickly.

The following day we practiced our dramatic skits with some of the inmates taking minor parts. They seemed to enjoy it as much as we did and we soon forgot they were prisoners.

That night the assembly hall was packed with men as Howard and I faced our critical audience. We gave a concert of semi-classical music and were encouraged by their rapt attention and generous applause. They called for many encores and Howard scored a special hit with his flute solo, "Home To Our Mountain."

Now it was Becky's turn. She stepped to the piano and her fingers moved lightly over the keys. A deep silence descended upon that crowded assembly as she sang in a soft, sympathetic voice, "I Hear You Calling Me." For some, the song meant wife, for some sweetheart, sister, or mother. For others, it meant utter desolation.

For a moment the silence deepened as the song ended. Then with a rush the applause came. It continued until she sang again. This time it was a rollicking negro melody. Chuckles came from the men as they listened to the lines:

"Went dis mo'nin', hyeah it's night,

Dah's de cabin dah in sight.

Who's dat standin' in de do'?

Dat must be Mirandy, sho',

Get up, Suke, go long!

- - - - -

"Got de brookstick in her han'

Dat look funny, goodness lan',

Get up, Suke, go long!"

When the music stopped, Becky turned toward the audience and quickly rattled off the old negro's alibi, as he heaped the

blame upon his mule:

"Ef't hadn't a be'n fur you, you slow
ole fool, I'd be'n home long fo' now."

The applause was deafening as they clapped, whistled and stamped their feet. A demonstration like this at Monroe was unusual. There was consternation among the guards along the walls, as they slipped off their high stools and moved to the ends of the aisles. Were the men getting out of control? I glanced at the Chaplain, the smile on his face reassured me, as Becky rose from the piano and took a seat on the front row among the men. As the applause continued, she arose and bowed several times. When she resumed her seat the din quickly subsided.

An inmate accompanied me as I played familiar tunes on my violin. When we reached "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," the whole assembly took up the song. How those men could sing! Yes, even some of the guards were singing.

As we left the assembly hall, at the close of the performance, the whole group again broke into applause. It had been a great evening for us all. With reluctance I left on the morning train.

For days after I had returned to Seattle I couldn't get those men out of my mind. As the Chaplain told us about them and of the challenge which they presented, it had opened for me a strange vista.

As a boy I was a prodigious reader: Waverly Novels, The Melting Pot, New York Ghettos, Oliver Twist and his bowl of thin porridge, the storm that descended upon the hungry lad when he asked for "just a little more."

Then at Oberlin College, I had been stirred by Dr. Kuhm, the only living white man who had then crossed the great African Sudan, where hundreds of cannibal tribes had never seen a white man. Would I join a Mission Team as a Vocational Teacher and help bring to this area the first semblance of civilization? My father was born in India and the Scudder family since 1819, had given more than a thousand years of service in the mission fields. Perhaps it was in my blood, for in a moment of emotion I had signed on as a "Student Volunteer" to go to Africa.

Later it was Charles Reade who had stirred me the most. I had just read his book "Never Too Late to Mend," a story of a prison in England in the last century and the terrible treatment given the prisoners by a stupid sadistic Governor who was never so happy as when he was savagely torturing or punishing his 180 helpless inmates. With the arrival of a new Chaplain, who was horrified by what he saw, a desperate struggle ensued between these two, each with a different philosophy of treatment. Here in this jail there flourished the "Separate and silent system." Each prisoner was required to wear a cap of coarse material with a visor which concealed the features except for their eyes which, glittering like cat's, peeped out through two holes cut for the purpose. In

this way no prisoner could converse with or recognize another. There was none but useless "made work," shoveling a hole, only to fill it up, or turning a friction crank so many thousands of revolutions during an eight-hour stint. If he did not make the required number of revolutions, he was denied his food and returned to the crank until he did, or was whipped until he passed out.

For the slightest violation of the rules, the dark hole was used to break the spirit, or the vicious jacket in which the man was tightly trussed, so that he could scarcely breathe, and hung upon a hook, there to dangle in agony and excruciating pain, until he swooned or was taken down. In many cases this resulted in death or insanity.

As the noble Chaplain witnessed these terrible methods of revengeful punishment, he finally broke under the strain, but in a period of delirium dreamed of a different kind of prison. "One with intelligent labor for every creature in the place. Later, occupation provided outside the prison gates on parole, and return to the prison at night. Since good or ill depends upon men, not machinery or system, our officers will be picked men out of all England for intelligence and humanity. They will cooperate with me. Our new jail is one of the nation's eyes. It is a school, thank Heaven, not a dungeon."

With these last words, he had come to himself. What a contrast! "Butcherly blockheads in these high places, and himself lying sick and powerless, unable to lift a hand for the cause he loved.

But right prevailed. The Governor was dismissed and charged with manslaughter of a seventeen-year-old lad, whom he drove to suicide in his cell.

The Chaplain found himself in charge. He brought in teachers and skilled artisans, who prepared these prisoners for honest toil when released.

I was especially intrigued with a professional thief who all his life had lived in and out of prison by his wits. An artisan instructor interested him in the graining of wood for doors, which looked like beautiful mahogany or walnut. The thief became so skilled in this trade that when he was released, found himself accepted and sought after by his neighbors, not as a reformed thief, but as a man with a skill they were willing to pay for. A different prison indeed.

There must be a lot of young men in prison, I thought, who could be helped to stay out of trouble, if they were carefully trained in some vocation so that they could secure and hold a job.

A few weeks later I received a letter from the Superintendent of the Washington State Reformatory at Monroe, offering me the position of Assistant Vocational Director. For the past thirty months I had been teaching manual training in the Seattle public schools, trying to save enough money to return to college. Why give this up now to go to a reformatory?

But the letter had mentioned elaborate plans for vocational training for these men, each to be given an

would be a wonderful experience and had great appeal for me. Why not try it out?

Then, too, I couldn't get Becky out of my thoughts. She grew on me from the first, not because she had known my sisters at Mills College, but because of her own charming self: the joyous, happy way she spoke, the sweetness of her smile, and the cordial, courageous loyalty which seemed to radiate from her whole body. Then there was a roguish humor about the corners of her mouth that was reflected in her soft gray eyes when she laughed.

I think it was the cordial note from Becky that really decided me. In it she enclosed a clipping from the institution paper telling about our entertainment. I still remembered her song that night and would certainly enjoy seeing her again. At any rate I resigned my position and headed for Monroe.

The bloodhounds were baying in the enclosure, the institution was dark, and over it hung that deathly pall which settles down over a reformatory at night after the lockup. Ominous and foreboding, the great wall loomed before me. The wooden gate was open and there was no light in the gun tower.

Mounting the steps of the Administration Building, I turned to get my bearings. Off to the left was the little town of Monroe with its church spires and twinkling lights. It had paid scant heed to me as I trudged through its deserted streets and struck out along the county road. Carrying my grip and violin, I had walked the two miles from the station, a new worker headed for a strange job.

The good people of Monroe cared little about the great reformatory on the hill. They were not interested in what went on there, except to pass from mouth to mouth the wild stories told by the guards. Mothers used them sometimes to frighten their recalcitrant children into obedience, but few gave any thought to the young men confined there. Why should they? They were not their sons.

On my right, beyond the dark wall, I could see the lights of the Superintendent's residence. Heavy timber rose behind it, towering into the sky. The moon had risen, and its soft light filtered through the great cedars, their branches standing out in silhouette-like sentinels silently watching the scene below. Further on I could faintly hear the roar of the river.

Suddenly, out of the night came the sharp crack of rifles. A strange feeling gripped me, and turning quickly, I entered the building.

In 1912, the Washington State Reformatory was new. The contractor who built the institution, received his political appointment as Superintendent before the completion of the project. He was an able builder and had put his best into the structures. He could tell you the number of square feet in each room of his magnificent fifty-thousand-dollar residence, the cost of its imported mahogany doors, the number of screws in the hinges and the mix of paint to bring out the best color, but he had no training in penology and no interest or understand-

ing in the readjustment of men in trouble.

Each morning at eight this contractor-superintendent made the rounds of the great wall to see that the men were at work. He wore a Van Dyke beard and carried a gold-headed cane. That first day I was allowed to go with him, for it offered me an opportunity to see them, too. Quietly I followed him from tower to tower. A catwalk on the outside of the wall connected the towers, and a quick word of greeting came from each guard as we passed along.

Down in the big yard were the men we had come to see. They were pulling stumps, clearing and grading acres and acres of this logged-off land within the wall. What was this inspection, a parade of one wooden soldier? A murmur to that effect seemed to come up from the men below, for even if he did not glance at them, they did not hesitate to glance at him - glowering, shifting glances, stolen pauses in work to watch us pass.

This would be my first experience in a prison and below were the men I was to work with. Perhaps it was their shabby clothes and duckbill caps that now made them look tough and hard, or was it the wall and the confined area in which they were trapped? Suddenly I felt sick, or was it a wave of fear? They looked so rebellious down there. How could any one ever reach them? For a brief moment I was sorry I had accepted the job.

Few free people ever have an opportunity to see the inside of a maximum security prison with its walls, towers and bristling guns. Those who do, have the same initial reaction

that I had as they look upon offenders for the first time. They too find it hard to take, and quickly breathe a sigh of relief once they are again outside. They leave with the feeling that these are hopeless people, hard, tough people who do not care.

But the night Becky sang in the assembly, I had seen another side. Could these men in the big yard, with their shifting stolen glances, be the same men we had entertained that evening? Yes, they were the same, only that night they were relaxed and we had seen them not as prisoners, but as normal human beings who had made mistakes and now found themselves in trouble.

Now we were approaching the kennels, for I could again hear the baying of the dogs. Six of them were down there, milling around in their enclosures: six restless, sniffing, baying bloodhounds. They were fed raw meat as we looked on. What were bloodhounds doing in an institution for first offenders, built by a noble state to guide back to citizenship young men and boys from sixteen to thirty?

"The runner takes them out in pairs twice a week," the Superintendent explained. "That keeps them in good trim." Later I learned that a "trusty" would be turned loose and the dogs, in leash, would pick up his scent and make the circle through the timber, back to the institution.

As we arrived at the guards' quarters, where I had spent the night before, I was shown the adjoining armory with its

guns and ammunition.

"When an escape occurs, each man arms himself and stands in readiness for assignment," the Superintendent said. "No one leaves the reservation until the dogs go out. In that way we are sure the first trail off the place is our man. These men must not escape."

I had come to Monroe as assistant to the Vocational Director. Vocational guidance was a new term, but it sounded promising, especially for the men at Monroe. If we could only place "square pegs in square holes," all might be well. But as I made the rounds that day with the Superintendent, the important things seemed to be strong buildings, gun guards, the great wall, an arsenal, no escapes.

But were they really so important? What of the men themselves? Suddenly I felt better. Now I was doubly sure there were more important things at Monroe than gun guards, bloodhounds, an arsenal and the great wall.

Now after fifty years working with men and boys in trouble, that trip around the wall is as vivid as it was then, for it opened up a new world to me - a dark, neglected, misunderstood world where in those early days, brutal force was in power to shade out any semblance of treatment and understanding. These were the condemned, the dangerous, the convicted, and society meant to deal with them severely, and it did.

I had been at Monroe only a few weeks when I met Fui. Former track captain at the University of California in 1913, a quarter-miler and fleet as a deer, they called him "Fui" in the ^Kfirst house because it suited him, and it stuck. His real name was Dwight Wood, and we became roommates in the Guards' Quarters, and close friends. Dwight was assigned to the farm as assistant to the head supervisor, and I entered the classrooms and shops. We were both filled with enthusiasm for the job, and wanted to know more about the inmates with whom we were working.

The first inmate I interviewed was Lawrence. He was only twenty-one, a scrawny, hatchet-faced lad, and they called him "Rat." He looked the part and was not much brighter. He had been in the "hole" on bread and water for smoking. Most of the inmates had used tobacco in some form or other for years, but at the reformatory it was taboo. The authorities were very careful in this process of reformation; the inmates could not have tobacco in any form, but the guards could chew and spit. That was different. Most of the program at Monroe was about as logical.

And so, for this infraction of the smoking rule, "Rat" was sent to the "hole." This resembled a huge, wooden packing box, built into the hallway on the second floor of the main building, ~~which~~^h was but one aperture through which light could filter: a small, barred transom over the heavy door. The only thing inside the room was a night bucket. The prisoner was allowed one blanket at night and had to sleep on the floor.

As superintendent, one had to be careful about the welfare of these inmates. It would not do to leave "Rat" too long without an inspection, so on the fourteenth day, the superintendent and head turnkey stood before the "hole." A rattle of the lock and the wooden door swung open. They stood in silence looking at the slight form clad in a dirty nightshirt, which reached only to his knees, and then, with great dignity, the superintendent addressed the boy.

"Well, Lawrence, do you still wish to continue smoking?"

We might suppose that one has a right in such circumstances, with the law at one's back, to expect a quick and courteous reply. Instead, no answer came. The figure in the soiled gown blinked out at the two men in silence.

"Come, come, young man, we're not here to be trifled with. Once more, now, have you had enough and are you willing to behave?"

In his eagerness to impress the lad, the superintendent had moved into the opening. His well-groomed beard was thrust forward into the cell. Quick as a flash, the boy's arm shot out, his fingers grabbed that heavy beard and, giving it a vigorous yank, he bleated like a goat. The superintendent jumped back. Hurriedly, the turnkey slammed the door, the lock clicked, and covered with confusion, he turned to soothe the ruffled dignitary. From within the "hole" came a muffled shout, "Go to hell, you old bastard"! This was "reformation." The word quickly spread and from then on the superintendent was known as "Whiskers."

For some reason, I liked the "Rat" after I heard about that episode. He now worked on the new cell-block and rode the hook. Standing with one foot in the chain, the great arm of the crane would slowly lift him far above the structure and lower him gradually to the ground for another load of steel. Then up again it soared, the "Rat" still holding on with one hand, waving the other to his comrades below. They called him "nuts," but he was merely bidding for attention and praise.

School was closed and all inmates were at work, many on the cell-block, others on the farm and a large crew was cutting the winter supply of wood. My job was to handle the concrete mixer on the new cell-block. Three wheelbarrows of gravel, three of sand, one sack of cement and enough water. Hour after hour the long chain of wheelbarrows came constantly up the plank runway. It was fascinating to watch the men work, with the roar of the mixer almost deafening and cement dust filling the air. Three wheelbarrows of gravel, three of sand, one sack of cement and enough water! The monotony of counting caused my thoughts to wander, but a roar from the foreman above would rudely yank me back to my place in the scheme of things.

"What the divil's the matter with ye down there? Sure, and ye left out the cement in this mixture!"

Grins from the inmates, glances in my direction, and then from above came the final thrust, "Oi told the boss yez college guys was no good; ye can't even count!"

And through it all "Rat" rode the hook and seemed to be really trying to make good as he was the only one in the lot willing to take such chances.

A month later school was out again. It was always out when there was any work to be done. School was a farce, as was most everything else about the institution, and the men would rather be out than in school, even in the rain. And how it rained! Days and nights, weeks on end, rain, rain, rain! Then just when it seemed to be through, it would start all over again.

"Whiskers" had lost out a few weeks after my arrival because of a change in the state administration, and now another politically appointed superintendent was learning the ropes. He was a good-hearted coal dealer from Seattle who had scarcely heard of the institution before he was appointed. We dubbed him "ole," but because of his experience in Alaska as an officer in the National Guard, he was more generally known as "Sour Dough."

One day Fui and I were working on the farm, each with a crew of fifteen "trusties." My group was spraying the lower orchard far from the main building, and Fui and his crew were working near the cow barns. To save our good clothes, while assigned to the farm, Fui and I dressed in blue denim, like the inmates. The wood crew was between us and the institution, pulling stumps and cutting logs. A heavy fog had settled. The oft-repeated shriek of the whistle as the signal-boy pulled the cord, told us the donkey engine was

working full blast. We could hear the cables slap together as the rattling drums took up the slack and the great fir logs moved slowly over the skids. It was weird hearing those sounds coming out of the dense fog and to know that men were working just a hundred yards away and yet we could not see them.

Ten o'clock. In another hour the crews would start back to the big stockade for lunch. They were always going out to work or coming in...marching men, going back and forth in order to meet the schedule.

Without warning the big whistle blew. I had never heard it before. Low and grumbling at first, it rapidly rose to a great shriek of protest and there held its terrifying note. The men stopped working, silence fell. Furtive glances exchanged between the crew, with some shot in my direction.

"What's that?" I asked.

The answer came in a low chorus. "Man gone."

My first thought was to count my men. Yes, there were still fifteen. We stood waiting, I didn't know what to do next, as the minutes dragged. A dim figure loomed through the fog, it was the new superintendent. This was his first escape, and he was excited and out of breath as he shouted to me.

"Hurry! There's a man gone! Give me your crew, I'll turn them in. I think he headed for the timber and the river bottom. You and Wood try to head him off!"

Just then Fui came up and away we went through the dense fog. Who were we after? What did he look like? Where was he going? Why did he run away? These thoughts raced through my mind as Fui and I tore through the woods following an old skidroad long since abandoned by the loggers.

This was easy for Fui, he thought he was back at Berkeley sprinting for dear old Cal, but not so for me, my flat feet were hitting the skids as rapidly as I could make them go, but in spite of my best effort, Fui was drawing away.

"Drop down that ravine, Ken. It comes out on the river bottom. I'll stay on this ridge until I hit the county road. We'll meet below and head him off." With that, Fui disappeared around the bend.

I gazed down the ravine before me. What a tangled mass to go through - underbrush, great ferns, devil's club -- but I plunged in. It was a long way down, but finally opened on to a large meadow. The fog had lifted here and the sun shone: one of those rare treats in April. A mile away across that open space I could see the willows, where the river swept in a great curve and was swallowed up by virgin timber. I left the underbrush and stepped out into the meadow.

Suddenly, I heard the dogs baying on the ridge I had just crossed. Why were they up there, I hadn't seen any trace of the man, was I on the right trail? As I paused,

the baying drew nearer. I stepped farther out into the meadow, but no one was in sight. Fui should be waiting down by the big bend in the river and I headed in that direction.

I could hear the dogs clearly now. Were there two, or was it just one? How did these dogs work? Oh yes, "Whiskers" had told me the first day when we looked down at them from the wall. What was it he had said? Something about officers not going out until after the dogs: "Then we know the first trail off the reservation is our man." That was good procedure, but "Whiskers" was no longer superintendent and "ole" never mentioned the dogs when he sent us out, neither did he give us guns. Yes, that was the other thing "Whiskers" had said when we were in the arsenal. "When an escape occurs, each man arms himself and stands in readiness for assignment." What was I doing out here unarmed and ahead of the dogs?

Then it suddenly dawned upon my thick head that perhaps I was in a spot. What was to prevent the dogs from picking up my trail instead of the man who was trying to escape? But that couldn't be! Perhaps I was on the right trail and the dogs had picked it up too. At any rate, I was unarmed. Suppose the dogs were on my trail? What was to be done?

I looked around for a weapon - a club, rock, anything, but there was nothing to be found. The farmer must have dragged that meadow with a hay rake. I was well out in the open now, not a tree in sight, except the willows, still almost a mile away. The dogs were closer now as I stood still in a

panic and listened to the baying. The sound started way down in the chest and reaching the throat, broke into that blood-curdling, indescribable howl that a bloodhound gives when he is on the scent. Fear gripped me.

The dogs were crashing through the underbrush as they tore down the ravine. The runner was with them, I could hear him floundering around, cursing as the devil's club struck him across the hands and face.

With a sharp yelp, the dogs struck the opening, and I saw, coming toward me over the rise in the meadow, one dog, his head low, tongue extended, flapping ears close to the ground. I shall never forget that sight nor the horror that raced through me as on he came. He had not seen me, nose still to the scent, he followed my zigzag attempt to find a weapon. Yes, there was no doubt now that he was on my trail.

Fear froze me in my tracks. The hound was almost upon me before he saw me. He jumped up on me and placing his paws upon my chest, sniffed at my blue denim. He seemed confused and turning, picked up again my zigzag trail, which led him back to me.

I must do something. Didn't bloodhounds tear people to pieces? Should I turn towards the runner who was just entering the clearing? If I moved, the dog might attack me. I hesitated.

We had raised dogs at home, lots of them. I liked dogs and no dog had ever bitten or attacked me. I knew "Bud" was the

name of one of the hounds. Was this Bud? If so, he was savage and I must do something.

I called, "Bud! Here Bud!" The dog paused, maybe it was Bud! "Here, Bud. Come here, boy!"

Still confused, the dog came toward me. I held out my hand as he came slowly on. Cautiously, I reached for his collar and said, "Good Bud, here, Bud!" His tail moved slightly. This was a new one. Why didn't the man run? He wasn't supposed to call his name. This was a queer prisoner to run down. Oh, well. Here was the runner and he'd know what to do.

Red Hamilton came up, his hand on his gun, ready to take me in. When he saw who it was, he stopped short and stared in amazement. I was still trembling and was I glad to see him.

"What the hell are ya doin' out ahead of the dogs?" he snarled. "If the bitch had been runnin' with Bud, she'd have torn ya to pieces. Where's ya gun. Git yourself a club and don't take no more chances. I don't suppose ya even know who you're chasin', do ya?"

I shook my head.

"Well, it's Rat Lawrence," he added. "And he's a mean one. Don't let him get close or he'll tie into ya. Come on, Bud. Now God damn it, we gotta go clear back to the ridge and start again."

Old Red had muttered something else as he headed toward

the ridge. "Rat says he'll never be brought back unless it's with guns." When I reached the river, I found a club. I was still shaking from my experience and I was taking no further chances. Now I knew how a prisoner felt when the dogs ran him down.

Fifteen minutes later I heard the dog baying again on the ridge. Perhaps this time he was following Rat.

I looked for Fui, he was nowhere in sight.

Whenever the whistle blew, the surrounding ranchers knew that a man was gone. Women shuddered, girls were called inside the house, windows were locked. The man in the field hurried to the house to get his gun. Everyone had guns. That was part of the ranch equipment. Washington, in those days, had abundant game. On our little ranch in West Seattle, we were pestered with cougar, bear and wildcat. Many times the coyotes came clear up to the windmill, within thirty feet of the house, and we often shot them from the back porch in the early morning. Almost everyone knew how to shoot.

And so the ranchers nearby knew these men only as dangerous criminals. How else could it be, when every one within miles of the place had been informed of the generosity of his State? "FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD FOR THE RETURN OF ANY PRISONER DEAD OR ALIVE."

Fifty dollars to ranchers on logged-off land in 1914 was a lot of money. Many never saw that much cash in a single year. Most of the ranchers had never visited the institution. As

they drove to town they saw it spreading out on the hill and wondered what went on behind that wooden fence. "There must be desperate men within that great stockade."

Stories drifted between the cracks and were passed about the countryside - stories of attempted riots, shootings by the guards, men killed as they tried to escape. True stories, too, only greatly embellished with each repetition.

And didn't the State verify all this? Why, it paid fifty dollars if you caught an escapee. Fifty dollars, dead or alive. One must be careful; these were desperate men, so they said, more so than at Walla Walla, where they were locked up and couldn't get away. Now these young fellows - that was different. It was only a step to the timber and they took their chances. They talked also about the hounds. The stories they told about those dogs! Another thing, you didn't have to wait for your money because they gave you a check as soon as you delivered your man.

After Fui had left me, he soon came out on the new county road where the going was much better. The Wilson ranch bordered the new road. Before it was cut through, Wilson was back in the timber, but now his clearing could be seen long before you reached his crude gate. That morning, when the whistle blew, he dropped his axe and headed for the house, and came out with a shotgun and placed it against a tree. From the knoll where his house stood he could see quite a distance down the road in each direction. He waited - minutes passed. The whistle, after its long blast, had given one short

toot. That meant that only one man was gone. This new road opened up the country, and escaping prisoners had already tried it, as it was a quick way out. The last fifty dollars reward had pulled Wilson out of an awful hole. Of course, there was only a chance that this man might come his way, but the other time it had paid to be ready.

Fui had just gotten his second wind as he tore down the county road toward the Wilson ranch. Wilson, waiting by the tree, suddenly became alert as he saw the running figure coming his way, bareheaded, coatless, yes, and in blue denim. This surely was his man and he reached for his shotgun.

Wilson said later that he had called to the man to halt, but his call may have been drowned by the roar of both barrels fired in rapid succession. Fui was stopped in his tracks. Buckshot peppered the road and trees all around him. By some miracle he was unhurt.

The rancher hurried toward the gate trying to reload his gun, but the shell stuck. Fui rushed him, grabbed the gun and shouted - "Put that gun up, you fool. You might have kille me! I'm no inmate, I'm an officer from the institution, trying to head off an escapee!"

Fui had dark skin, but it had suddenly paled. Wilson was even whiter. He had almost killed a man and it was the wrong one! Handing the gun back to the frightened rancher, Fui

vaulted the fence and continued down the road, but with more caution, wondering how many more ranchers were on the lookout.

He was rapidly approaching the river and knew I was back there somewhere. It was best to keep out of sight so, leaving the road, he entered the woods. The country was more open now and cow trails through the spruce and young fir made it easy to reach the river.

Fui didn't know who he was looking for, either. He just knew a man was gone and we were to "head him off." His path came out on a little rise where he could see the sweep of the river on his left, and back of that was the big meadow and the willows. No one was in sight. Keeping within a clump of young fir, he waited to get his bearings. The fog had cleared here too, and it was beginning to warm up.

Presently he saw the brush move on the river-bank below him. Someone was trying to cross that swift current, but he couldn't make it. He was swept farther downstream where he tried again. Now he was out of sight beyond the knoll. Fui felt sure this was his man. He must head him off. Ken would be coming along the river-bottom and he must place the inmate between them. Cautiously he ducked back up the cow-path and worked his way around the next rise. Here the timber came down to the river and he slipped behind the big cedar and waited. It was unlikely the fellow could cross the river there, he should have tried by the willows at the

big bend where the water was deep and the current not so swift.

As Fui waited, suddenly he too realized he had no gun. Who was this man he was after? What sort of fellow was he? Could he handle him alone? He probably was desperate after coming this far, and almost making his getaway.

He saw him again, closer now, working his way along the bank toward him, and as he turned Fui recognized "Rat". Placing his hand on his hip pocket, Fui stepped out from behind the cedar.

"Stand where you are, Lawrence, or I'll let you have it," he called.

With a startled cry, the haggard boy looked up, and realizing he was caught, dropped exhausted to the ground. Fui stood over him. Why, the lad was crying! Great sobs shook his slight frame and his breath came in short gasps. He was supposed to be dangerous. Was he really dangerous, or was it because he had shown the temerity to tweak the Super's beard and call him a bastard?

Soon the desperate desire for freedom got the better of his emotions. He stopped sobbing and lay still. Slowly he raised his head and with that quick furtive glance, which gave him his nickname, he searched the face above him for signs of sympathy.

Fui knew his man. He had worked him in his farm crew for a short time and had turned him in as unreliable.

Now the boy began to plead. "Lemme go! Don't take me back! They'll put me in the hole again! God! I couldn't stand that! Ya just didn't find me - see?"

A lump rose in Fui's throat. It was tough. He knew the boy had been sent up for stealing a couple of blankets from a cabin. A generous judge thought it would be well to give this lad a chance in a reformatory where he could learn a trade. A trade at Monroe! Laughter! And in that same court the week before Lawrence was sentenced, a banker with a clever lawyer had gone free on a technicality. Two blankets as against the banker's thousands!

But after all, Fui was an officer of the State, he had taken an oath to uphold the law and he must deliver this crumpled, fawning youth back into the hands of that law.

Still holding his hand on his right hip, he spoke sharply to the wet figure on the ground. "Get up, Lawrence! We're going back, so let's get started."

The boy saw no sign of relentment in the silent figure waiting for him to rise. Slowly he stood up.

"Listen, Mr. Wood," he pleaded. "Won't you let me go? I know I didn't make it on your crew, but I'm fed up on that damn place. I can't go back!"

Fui stood, waiting. The boy was hysterical from fear and exhaustion.

"Sit down, son," he said, "and rest up a bit. You're all in. How many times did you try to swim the river?"

There was no answer. The lad sank down on a log and held his face in his hands. He must be made to talk, perhaps that would calm him.

Fui repeated his question. "How many times did you try to cross the river?"

Slowly came the muffled response. "Six. But I got scared. The water was so swift and cold, it tried to drag me under. I couldn't make it."

They talked together until he had calmed down and felt warmer in the sun. Then they started along the bank, "Rat" in the lead and Fui following five feet behind him.

It was hard for Lawrence to give up. For weeks he had waited for that fog. But he hadn't figured on that swift current. Even then he might have made it if the fog hadn't lifted. But was it still hopeless? They were miles from the institution. He would give the officer the slip! The old, furtive look returned and he began to loiter. Fui spoke sharply to him.

They had left the river behind and were working back toward the county road. Suddenly "Rat" spied the barbed wire fence. Here was his chance! But Fui had seen it, too. He stalled for time. They couldn't go under that wire together!

"Let's rest a moment, son," he said, and sat down on a log. "Rat" leaned against the fence toying with the wire. The three strands were taut, but there was space below to

crawl under. He could hold the bottom wire and let the officer go first. That would be his chance! He waited.

What was the officer saying?

"I hate to carry a gun on these hunts. I'd hate more to have to use it. Another officer is coming along the road just ahead, so you can't make it. We're going through that fence one at a time, but you're going first. When you get through, continue on five paces and stop. Stand there and don't look back. Understand what I mean?" His hand still on his hip, he ordered the boy to proceed.

Slowly "Rat" bent down to crawl under the bottom strand. A look of mingled hate and fear came into his face. He'd have to act quickly if he was going to do anything. If he could just get that rock! A sharp command caused him to withdraw his hand, as it came away empty. He cleared the wire and waited five paces from the fence. Fui went under like a rabbit and they moved on.

It was "Rat" who saw me first. I was trailing Fui's footsteps and making a pretty poor job of it as suddenly they appeared through the trees. Very little was said as we trudged up the road, the boy between us. We were all in and were tempted to call the surrey, but that would mean entering a ranch house and there were few phones. It also would take a long time to harness the horses, and we really didn't want help. We would show them we could bring him back alone, and without guns.

Fui deserves full credit for that capture, but he

generously insisted on sharing it with me. Afterward, he said, "Ken, if you hadn't come along just then, I don't know what I'd have done!" But I knew better. He would have brought him in alone. He was like that.

As we drew near the institution, I imagine we were quite pleased with ourselves, probably because of the tremendous razzing we had experienced as a couple of college kids trying to break in on a bunch of hardboiled guards who kept saying they knew "just how to handle these young bastards," at any rate, we did bring him back and without guns.

When the story leaked out, the inmates thought it a great joke. Not so "Rat" Lawrence! He had boasted he could not be brought back without guns, and his pride was hurt. As they continued to guy him about it, his resentment grew until he swore he would get us both if it was the last thing he did.

When I returned to visit the institution eighteen months later, "Rat" was still there. I saw him on the same wood crew from which he had tried to escape. He recognized me before I saw him, and when I extended my hand, he grasped it eagerly and we talked and laughed about the time I had helped bring him back without guns. He had settled down now. After doing his second spell in the "hole," he had determined to make good and was now a trusty again on the old job. Not a word about "getting" me. He was like all

the rest of his type ... hungry for friendship and recognition.

Even in those early days, delinquency was already becoming a serious social problem. Society felt forced to detain and hold, for possible rehabilitation and adjustment of anti-social attitudes, those young people whose behavior having reached the danger point, called for at least temporary control of their lives and actions. With the proper amount of discipline and redirection and the awakening of their better instincts, their lives might be so changed that they could later be returned to a free community better prepared for a useful life than when they entered detention.

But was this possible without trained personnel and proper equipment? What had Monroe done for "Rat" Lawrence? For stealing two dirty blankets the State had taken his freedom and given him in return an institutional record he could never erase. Under such a system would he not someday come out worse off than when he entered?

"Necessity can set me
helpless on my back, but
she cannot keep me there;
nor can four walls limit
my vision."

Michael Fairless

CHAPTER II

"Old John" had been at the reformatory from the beginning, even before the main building was erected. In those days the men slept in the bunk house on the farm and a long, narrow tunnel of barbed wire extended for a quarter of a mile to where the new buildings now stood. It was impossible to escape from that narrow tunnel without wire cutters. Each day the crew went through it to work, the gun-guards following on the outside.

Returning one night at dusk, the crew had almost reached the bunkhouse. Suddenly a slight figure left the group and started running wildly back up the wire tunnel. The rear guard shouted once for the boy to halt, but he gave no heed. Orders were to shoot to kill if he did not stop. He was

running swiftly now, soon he would be swallowed up in the gathering gloom. He was one hundred yards away when "Old John" shot him in his tracks and he fell like a crumpled sack and never moved. There was trouble in the bunkhouse that night.

After this happened, John was under orders never to enter the stockade for fear of his life and was assigned to the wall, as it was not considered safe for him to come in contact with the men. The feeling against him never died, as word was passed on to each arrival that "Old John" had killed a boy. His post now was on the tower gate opening on the inner stockade, a high wooden fence completely surrounding the main building where the men lived.

"Old John" was on the tower the first time I had entered the inner stockade. When I neared the gate, a sharp challenge came from above: "Stop ten feet away!" This was followed by a muttered count, "Three in the party, no inmates."

With a great clatter of bolts and wooden crossbars, which he worked with a lever from above, the crude mechanism was thrown back, the door swung slowly open and we were allowed to enter. We found ourselves in a bare room about eight feet square with no roof, and could see the guard above throwing the wooden lever back in place as the door slowly closed and locked behind us.

Now "Old John" was stepping around to the other side of

his tower still looking down at us. We could see his rifle in the corner and his six-shooter hanging from his heavy cartridge belt. He had plenty of ammunition - enough, it seemed, to hold a fort and yet, in all the years since he had killed the boy, it had not been necessary for him to fire a shot. Not until he had thrown the lever on the other side of the tower and opened a second door, were we able to enter the inner stockade. I was a free man, but as I entered that stockade I felt like a convict. If it affected me that way, how did the inmates feel?

The new arrivals were called "fresh fish" and the traveling guard brought them in from the courts on a "dog chain" - a long chain running the length of the group and hooking the men together at the wrists. It was humiliating, to say the least. When they stood in the administration building and the shackles were removed, most of them were really determined to make good. But when they entered the inner stockade and gazed up at the armed guard, many of their good intentions vanished. This was going to be rough, was it? Well, if they thought he was so hard, he would show them. That was one thing that had set off "Rat" Lawrence. Clyde talked about it, too.

Clyde had driven the stage near Walla Walla and had been to the penitentiary many times, but not as a convict. He was twenty-eight and played violin in the institution orchestra. He read music rapidly and loved it, but had

little talent. We practiced many hours together and I soon knew him well. He was up for murder. They found the victim's body slumped over in the stage and Clyde had some of the man's effects on him when the police pulled him out of bed. Clyde claimed he didn't remember anything about it because he was too drunk. It was all circumstantial evidence, but the court had little doubt of his guilt and he had considered himself lucky to be sent to Monroe and escape the noose.

Clyde worried me. What would he do when he was released? In school he was a complete failure. Reading was difficult; arithmetic seemed impossible. The simplest figures baffled him completely. He kept saying, "It's the alcohol. I used to be drunk for days and I guess it burned me out upstairs."

But there were other things wrong. While he was friendly and responded to decent treatment, he showed no remorse for the murder he had committed. Oh, yes, he was sorry for the man's family, but what could a guy do if he was drunk? And as the months passed, he seemed to feel he never should have been convicted of murder because he couldn't remember anything except that he was drunk.

Clyde was only one of dozens who puzzled us. We just couldn't seem to break through on these fellows. Clyde too was in and out of "the hole" for smoking. He wouldn't let it alone. Few of the men were hard to handle, but they would do anything for tobacco and took long chances. Smoking was no crime, why didn't they let the men smoke?

Why didn't they do a lot of things?

America was becoming greatly distressed about her crime problem. Reformatories and penitentiaries were full and the courts continued to jam them in. The more progressive Wardens were complaining about housing old and young together. The young men sat in idleness at the feet of hardened, experienced offenders. That they learned rapidly was evidenced by the high percentage of failure on parole. And so the State was now completing this new institution for the young men, the first offenders, who were to remain but a few months. Should we expect them all to respond to the same treatment? Were they all alike?

We studied many of these problems during my brief six months at Monroe. Outside, there was much talk about industrial efficiency, employment management, mental capacity, intelligence tests, vocational aptitudes, the right man for the right job. Did you treat a person for these things or could he be trained for them? What of his employment two or three years later when he returned to society.

It was the Chaplain who first called these problems to our attention. We discussed them around the fire at his home in the evenings. I slipped into the library in Seattle and began to dig around. The universities were interested, too, but very few seemed to really know how to apply these new ideas.

The big obstacle was selection. How could we know,

without a long tryout period, that a man might soon become proficient in the thing he wanted to do? If we could accurately select and classify, then the training process would be quite simple.

Only one-third of the men were in the school and most of them were the "fresh fish." Academically, we were trying to pour gallons into quart jugs. They often ran over and we spent much of our time trying to make adjustments.

The administration at Olympia was full of grand plans. The paper carried articles of a great industrial shop program for this new reformatory for first offenders. Buildings were being erected for that purpose and soon "Monroe would be one of the finest trade schools in America." Two shop buildings were about completed and now we were waiting for the machinery and equipment.

Teaching manual training in Seattle had aroused my interest in vocational guidance. The institution at Monroe should afford an opportunity to experiment in this new field of vocational education. If we could select and train men for specific jobs, and later return them to society and the job they were best fitted for, that might be a partial solution of the crime problem.

We made plans, and we marked on the shop floor the places where the machines were to be set up and then waited for the machines to arrive. We waited and waited, but they never came. They just never came. I visited Monroe in 1931, seventeen years later. The machines had not yet arrived.

Most of the shop building were then devoted to storage space and commissary supplies. There was little evidence of trade instruction. Great piles of wood, hundreds of cords discolored with age, were stacked in the big yard where we had carefully constructed a fine ball diamond. There was scarcely room left for a soft-ball field.

"What is the wood piled here for?" I asked the intelligent young guard who was showing me through.

"That's the emergency supply for the powerhouse in case we run out of coal," he answered.

"How long has it been piled up here on the ball field?"

"It was here before I came," he said.

"Have you ever run out of coal?"

"No," he replied, smiling, "not during the ten years I've been here."

I made no comment.

Our big problem in 1914 was selection. Were we to accept a man's statement that he wanted to be a machinist? What about the future of the automobile industry. They had just bought two for the institution. The "Super" had one for his personal use. It was a grand-looking monster with brass headlights and big rubber tires. They said the "Super" wouldn't let his wife learn to drive it, and he was right. Women should never be allowed to handle those things. We noticed that when the Board arrived for a parole meeting,

the carriage met them at the station. The guards at mess joked about it. "Guess the Old Man ain't takin' chances on not gettin' 'em here."

In spite of these uncertainties, most of the inmates wanted to study auto mechanics. I was interested, too, although I never dreamed that some day I would own a car.

Clyde said he didn't think the livery stable would want him back again because he had heard their business was falling off. No, it wasn't because he had killed a man; they all understood he was just drunk. It really was due to the horseless carriage.

Then there was another field opening up called Bookkeeping and Accounting, which required clever, intelligent men. But some were coming into the reformatory for manipulating the books. A few had embezzled thousands of dollars. Others were crude and the shortage had been quickly discovered.

Washington was a pioneer country and these were pioneer days in the field of vocational selection. What kind of men should we select to train as bookkeepers? Did they differ in any way from men who wanted to become auto mechanics? Certainly it took brains to be a bookkeeper, but it also took brains to get one of these "horseless carriages" started once it stalled on the road. Did the mechanic need heavy hands for the wrench, and the bookkeeper slim fingers for the pen? But these same slim fingers had gotten some

men into Monroe. These men also clamored for training, but who would employ them after their incarceration?

In spite of an age range from sixteen to thirty, the men at the reformatory were all herded together with no attempt at classification. Trade placements were based not on any special ability or aptitude for the job, but on the shortage in the work crews, as the men did most of the maintenance work in the institution. Little thought was given to what these men would do when released. The main concern was to keep the institution running. That still is true of too many institutions in America today.

There were, of course, the usual so-called vocational jobs in which a man could gain some experience - for example, cooking, baking, laundry work, tailoring, dairying and general farming. But either the men just happened to be selected for such assignments or were clever enough to manipulate themselves into a soft job. If they worked hard and caused no trouble, the instructors urged them to remain because it was easier than breaking in new men. But few desired to follow this employment on the outside.

The school was merely a place of detention within the stockade. We were to have the inmates only a few months until they could be trusted to go beyond the enclosure. No one seemed to take these men seriously but the Chaplain. He worked night and day trying to help them adjust their individual problems, and was the only person there who would listen to whatever the men wanted to say.

Very little was known about general intelligence or aptitude tests and we had to try each person out in different trades until we had a measure of his ability. Some men had more ability and personality than others, but usually we thought a man could make a success if he had the drive.

The Vocational Director came back from the east with a strange story of tests which would tell something about general intelligence and mental age. A Frenchman by the name of Binet had developed a set of tests after years of experimenting with school children. A professor at Stanford by the name of Terman was bringing out a new series based on this amazing experiment from France to be called the Stanford Binet.

The German psychologist at Elmyra-Reformatory in New York had given our Vocational Director a copy of his own crude translation of Binet from the French and a book of instructions. We seized upon it eagerly. Some of the questions were very funny.

The article, translated, appeared in the Bulletin de la Society Libre pour l'Etude Psychologique de l'Enfant, April 1911. It was the Binet-Simons "Method of measuring the Development of the Intelligence of Young Children." These were called "tests."

Great things were predicted for this method. It was claimed one could tell whether a person had the mentality of a child or an adult. If a man had the mentality of an

adult, he was considered normal. If he had the mentality of a child, that was something else. We believed we had several of the latter in the institution, but we had not been sure. Why shouldn't this new test help us in our attempt to classify the men? It certainly ought to help us in placing them in school. Did anyone know how much intelligence it required to become a bookkeeper or an auto mechanic?

I took the translation, a little goldmine, and sat up with Binet far into the night. Psychologists may scoff, but a week later I attempted to test Clyde!

Orchestra practice was over early and I told Clyde I had something I wanted to show him in the school office. He came eagerly, because it meant a little change from the deadly routine. It was necessary, of course, to secure his complete cooperation before giving him the mental test. He must not feel he was selected because he was goofy or dumb. And then, I didn't know whether he was or not. He had a fair vocabulary, at least he carried on a limited conversation. True, one had to drag it out, but he could talk. He still blamed Old Man Barleycorn for his sluggish reactions, although he had not had a drink in ten months.

Everything was in readiness as he faced me across the desk. I opened up cautiously.

"Clyde, you have been dissatisfied with your assignment in the kitchen. Washing dishes softens your hands and you said it interferes with playing your violin. You don't

know what you want to do around here besides your music. All the fellows have to work, so why not pick out something that you can do outside? You may not be able to get a job in a dance orchestra, and you can't go back to driving a stage."

The boy looked at me with his sluggish gaze.

"Some fellows," I continued, "like certain jobs and others do not. I want you to do me a favor. I'm trying to find out what you can do best. I may fail, but I'd like to try. I want to give you a little test to see just what you can do with it. We can have a lot of fun doing this together if you are willing to help me. I'm going to ask some of the other fellows to do it too."

Clyde was a willing follower until I mentioned the word "test." Then he had a strange reaction. He shot me a look I had not seen before - a look of mixed inquiry and suspicion. His face flushed, and I thought there was a flash of dislike, even hatred. It stumped me. Something was wrong with my procedure. Well, we would go on anyway.

The boy was more alert now than I had ever seen him. He watched my every move as though I was trying to trap him. I could read in his expression: "I thought you were my friend. So you're like all the rest around here, all against me!" I talked on and soon his emotion seemed to subside and he listened, with added interest.

As I look back at my fumbling attempt, I wonder that we ever got through. But the test was really interesting and

he soon seemed willing to follow instructions. We started at the eight-year level by asking him to compare two remembered objects.

"You have seen butterflies. You know what they are."

"Yes."

"Are they alike, a fly and a butterfly?"

"No."

"In what way are they not alike?"

Similar questions were asked about wood and glass, paper and cardboard. Clyde got through this test and it seemed to give him confidence. In counting back from twenty to zero he encountered trouble; did fairly well on omissions in pictures; repeated five digits, but was lost when asked to give the day and date. I didn't think the latter was significant for it was easy to lose track of time in the institution. I even had trouble that way, myself.

Clyde stumbled through the tests in age nine. He had settled down and was really trying. Beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. He kept moving his fingers and hands. It was difficult for him to sit still. Through it all I smilingly encouraged him.

According to the manuscript, I must show satisfaction with the answers whatever they were. Above all, I was not "to aid the child" by supplemental explanation which might put him on the right track. But I just couldn't help it! He was having a terrible time and I was really somewhat alarmed. Why did he act this way over a few

It was in the ten-year group that the explosion occurred. We had reached the third test in this group and he was expected to criticize absurd phrases.

"Clyde, I am going to read you some sentences, each of which contains something foolish. Listen attentively and tell me each time what it is that is foolish."

I was counting on this one because the manuscript had stated, "This test generally proves interesting on account of its novelty." It certainly did. There were five sentences in the group and I had saved the third for the last. Clyde had been floundering around but now was greatly agitated. I should have stopped right there, but instead I continued.

"The body of an unfortunate young girl cut into eighteen pieces, was found yesterday on the fortifications. It is thought that she killed herself."

The lad stiffened. He glowered at me with a mixture of distress and fear. His red hands became suddenly white as he clutched the table.

What had I touched? Why this emotion? Suddenly, he began to tremble. It was pitiful to watch. I became alarmed. Suppose he should become violent. We were alone on the third floor and it was almost time for the lockup. Soon the silent "lines" in stocking feet would be ascending the stairs to the dormitories. Never mind the test now. I had better get him back where he belonged, and before something happened.

Attempting to speak calmly, I said, "Clyde, you are too tired tonight to do any more."

I gathered the papers together as he stood up, still leaning on the table.

What was that? Two shots rang out in rapid succession. A shout from the gun-tower, running feet, a crash of splintering wood.

The tension between us snapped. We rushed to the window and gazed out through the heavy wire screen. The fog had come in. About twenty feet below we could see the guard on the inner stockade fence. He was yelling and waving his gun. We glanced in the other direction. What were those figures doing down there in the stockade? All inmates were supposed to be in the assembly.

It's a break! There's a hole in the great fence! There - that fellow is pushing through! Why doesn't he go on? The guard will kill him there! Wait! He can't get through - the hole is too small! He's stuck! Now the other fellow is pushing him! No, it's no use! Now he's pulling him back! The guard is yelling like mad! Why doesn't he shoot? There, the man is free but still on the inside. The figures turn quickly and run back toward the front of the building and are gone.

Clyde looked at me and we started to laugh.

"The crazy nut should have sawed two boards instead of one," he said.

I looked at him in astonishment. Not so dumb!

The guard was still yelling, trying to attract the attention of the man on the front tower, who could not see him on account of the building.

"Who are they?" I asked.

Clyde looked at me and did not reply. It was plain that he knew. Then I realized that in the eyes of the men, I too was considered a guard. The two boys slipped back into the assembly hall and the officers never found out who they were.

I turned Clyde in at the dormitory and the night captain gave me the signal that he would be included in the count. I then went back to the office and spent another hour pouring over Clyde's test sheet, but couldn't make anything out of it. It was beyond me. How was I to interpret these replies? Why did he become so emotionally upset when we reached the ten-year group? Was it because four of the five foolish questions dealt with death in some form? Perhaps he was extremely sensitive over the fact that he had killed a man. This talk about just being drunk might be a front to cover his inner feelings. He certainly was upset over something and I had tried to be so careful.

Again I turned to the manuscript. "Sometimes, after an examination," it said, "one hesitates on a diagnosis."

That was just the way I felt about it now.

"Use an isolated, quiet room."

It was certainly quiet on that floor until the guard started shooting and yelling. The test was over by then.

I couldn't get around the next one. "A child has the intelligence of that age all the tests of which he succeeds in passing."

Clyde had passed all the eight-year tests, but stumbled along through nine and went to pieces in the ten-year group. The translation said another year was to be added for every five tests passed above the age group in which all tests were passed. This would make him about nine years mentally.

He had passed one in the ten-year group. But couldn't he have passed all of them if he hadn't been so upset? Then there were other tests in the adult group, which were not even tried.

As I poured over his test sheet and referred to the manual, I became more and more confused. It was apparent I was over my depth. Binet said, "if a child was to be examined a second time, we should wait a period of at least six months." I couldn't wait that long. Certainly Clyde wouldn't willingly consent to go through this again, and yet I was convinced that the test measured something. Something was wrong!

I found it in the final paragraph of the manuscript.

"A last word for these persons who desire to employ the method. Anyone can use it for his own personal satisfaction or to obtain an approximate evaluation of a child's intelligence; but for the results of this method to have a scientific value, it is absolutely necessary that the individual who uses it should have served an apprenticeship in a laboratory of

pedagogy or possess a thorough, practical knowledge of psychological examination," - another man-hunt for which I was unprepared!

I had been at the reformatory six months when I tried to test Clyde. The institution seemed to be bogged down in the political mire. The Vocational Director was planning to leave and I was offered his job. One hundred and fifty dollars was big money in 1914 for a kid halfway through college, ~~why~~ not take it for a couple of years and save up?

But that experience with Clyde kept returning again and again. I had failed in that test because I was not prepared. I left the reformatory to enter the University of California. A few weeks earlier Becky had gone south.

"Blindness we may forgive,
but baseness we will smite."

William Vaughn Moody

CHAPTER III

America was in the war and men were enlisting right and left. For weeks the Berkeley campus had been seething with excitement - Seniors and grads were leaving to enter the Ambulance Service overseas. We could no longer stand for this slaughter of American citizens and destruction of our property. Our ships had a right to be at sea. There were those who thought we also had a right to ship large quantities of arms and ammunition to the Allies and still be considered a neutral power.

With many others in 1917, I endeavored to enlist but was rejected because of "defective vision." Wasn't America troubled with the same defect? "A war to end wars," "Safe for Democracy," - They sounded well and stirred a populous, but proved to be empty platitudes.

I had just graduated from the University of California with a major in Psychology and Vocational Guidance. During one Easter vacation, I had visited the Preston School of Industry at Ione, California, on invitation of the Superintendent, Calvin Derrich. He was quite famous in the field of corrections, having spent many years before coming to Preston, at the George Junior Republic, and was a great booster of "Daddy George" who had founded the school in New Jersey, and who had done so much pioneering in that field.

Derrich was convinced that the same plan would work with the boys at Preston, ages 16 to 21, and had installed there an elaborate system of self-government, which was at its height when I visited the school in 1915.

I was allowed to sit in with "Monte," the assistant superintendent, as he administered the Stanford Binet Psychological tests to the boys. This was the first time I had seen it done since my crude attempt to test Clyde at Monroe. I told Monte about that experience, and we had a good laugh together.

During two years of undergraduate field work, under the direction of Dr. Olga Bridgeman, Professor of Psychology and Psychiatry at Berkeley, I was allowed to give psychological tests to prospective adult probation cases in the Superior Courts of San Francisco, and to place the findings before the court to determine whether the man was a good or a poor risk for probation. This testing was done two days a week, and the sheriff gave me a little room under the stairs

in the jail in which to work. The jailers knew I was a student, but insisted on dubbing me the "Nut Doctor," and looked with skepticism upon my efforts.

My findings showed the great variety of cases passing through the courts: psychotics, neurotics, homosexuals, feebleminded and alcoholics. Many cases were pathetic with little chance of success. Several cases showed up from Monroe, men I had known there, but now in further trouble. Coffman was one, a simple stupid person, good-natured and easy-going, but with limited ability and almost entirely lacking in ambition.

I had once asked Coffman in an interview, what he intended to do when released from the reformatory. He looked at me with a puzzled expression. It had never occurred to him that he would be expected to support himself outside. Then he said, "When I get out of here, the first thing I'll do with my \$5.00 gate money is to buy a dollar's worth of tobacco and a teabone steak as big around as a chair." The work of the courts had been a wonderful training experience for me.

The sister of the Chaplain's wife was now my bride. One month earlier I had been appointed as Psychological Examiner and Vocational Director for the Preston School of Industry at Ione, California, and we were returning from Washington, D.C. to report for duty.

We got off the train at Galt at five-thirty in the morning and we were hungry. Galt was just a railroad junction; a few stores and a handful of people and as the train pulled out for Sacramento we stood on the station platform with our luggage and looked around. There was fog here too, just as at Monroe.

We had plenty of time - the train for Ione did not leave until eight o'clock. Beyond the main street we found breakfast at a boarding house, a typical farm-hands meal: hot mush, ham and eggs, hot cakes and coffee - all this for twenty-five cents.

On our return to the station we inquired when the train would be through and the agent pointed to a string of freight cars on a siding and said, "The engineer is making her up now."

"But we are not freight; we're passengers," I laughed. The agent smiled as he informed us that a day coach would be added to the end of the freight and we would be properly cared for.

Taking my bride to my first job and a new home in a freight train was something. I glanced at Becky to see how she was taking it, but she gamely smiled encouragement.

Finally with much screeching and groaning the freight with its one coach, pulled off the siding and we entered the last lap toward a new adventure. Back in '89, that might have been a good passenger coach. Now its red plush seats were faded and worn smooth. The back half of the car was for passengers, the front half for baggage.

Slowly we rolled and rocked out of the station and headed for the old gold fields of California, Sutter Creek, Jackson, Bunker Hill, the Mother Lode; what history was buried in those rolling hills. We crossed the Placer Mine country, miles of it, washed away by the steady sluicing of miners panning for gold. After these many years we could still make out some of their well-built irrigation ditches which brought water to the "diggings."

There were three other passengers on our train and the nosey old conductor, who soon knew all about us, for he had a way with him one could not resist, and he in turn gave the impression that his was the best and most important run in California. After collecting tickets and gathering our life history, there wasn't much else to do.

We were climbing now and through the doorway we could see the faded red freight car ahead, swaying back and forth, as we slowly rounded the curves. As we approached the little junction known as Clay, the conductor came through the train with a rifle and entered the baggage compartment, closing the door. Was he expecting a hold-up? Bandits used to ride these hills - mining camps, trains and stage coaches had all been raided at times.

A shot rang out followed by two more in rapid succession. We looked at each other in amazement and filled with curiosity, we rushed to the baggage compartment.

The side door was open and the sun was streaming in, but seated on the floor, his hat pushed back on his head, feet dangling over the side of the car, sat our nosey conductor, who fired another shot as we entered.

"Got him!" he said. "That's two of 'em. One better than last trip." Our gaze followed his aim. A big jackrabbit leaped into the air and lay still. We could laugh now since the train was not being robbed. He seemed surprised at our amazement, evidently shooting jackrabbits from the baggage compartment was just one of his daily-dozen. Several times his rifle was heard before we neared our destination.

The train was passing through the scrub oak country now and the hills added their beauty to that of the day.

We watched for a first glimpse of the institution. There it was about four miles away on the hill. It would take this old freight another twenty minutes to make the station.

I asked Becky later what she had thought of it as she had remained silent at the time. "When we got our first glimpse of those antiquated red buildings," she said, "it made me feel depressed and disappointed."

Our conductor became very busy as we neared the station. He was everywhere at once and as solicitous of our welfare as a colored porter looking for tips. Evidently he had cleaned up on all the rabbits, for the gun had disappeared. We saw him grooming himself before a little cracked mirror in the baggage compartment as we rounded the curve and headed for the station.

Now he was ready for the last act. The train was slowing down as this was the end of the line. Flecking off the last particle of dust from his faded blue sleeve, he squared himself, adjusted his cap and started through the short passenger coach calling in a loud voice, "IONE, CALIFORNIA."

Becky glanced at me and said, "No doubt he would like to."

No one met us at the station, as they didn't know just when we would arrive, but we both had a strange feeling as we climbed into the bus and jiggled toward the little village.

Ione with its interesting history, nestled in the fertile little valley now bearing its name. William Hicks, a prospector, had come into the valley in 1848 and entranced by its beauty he built his house of poles, covered it with hides and set himself up in the cattle business.

That first trip from Sacramento forty miles away, was made by cart. It was rough going. He had to make his own road and the rickety old wheels groaned and complained under a heavy load of trinkets and supplies for the Indians. Beads, jewsharps, calicoes and whiskey brought much gold dust in return. Always the whiskey.

Long before the town was started, they had a row over its name. Thomas Brown was at the bottom of it. He was a prodigious reader, books were scarce and he had to scurry the countryside to satisfy his appetite. Someone

had loaned him a copy of Buliver's "Last Days of Pompeii." The beautiful "Ione" intrigued him. He couldn't get her out of his mind. That would make a good name for the town forming around Hicks' hide-covered poles. "Ione," - yes, that was beautiful. But the other settlers couldn't read. They had never heard of the beautiful "Ione." When Tom Brown tried to sell them on the idea, they laughed him down.

"Freezeout" was proposed.

"Whiskey," shouted another, as both were greeted with roars of laughter. There was a he-man's name for a mining town - "Whiskey." It almost stuck.

There were other names proposed. Why not "Wooster?" Hadn't he come in there and later discovered the Big Trees? But Brown wouldn't give in. A meeting was called to name the town. Maybe he had it stacked as hot words passed, but the beautiful "Ione" won.

We left the little town and rattled across the old bridge over Sutter Creek. The water looked like a stream of blue clay, it was so heavily loaded with silt from the mines at Jackson, the county seat, twelve miles above.

The Preston School of Industry, like Monroe, was also built upon a hill. In the early days an Indian camp had covered its slopes. Heavily wooded with digger pine, scrub oak and manzanita, it made a fine retreat for the red man. There he looked down upon the coming of the whites with mixed feelings of distrust and fear. And why not?

They heard about a man named Sutter, who had white skin and was building a fort. When the curious Indians went to see, they were corralled and forced to work. Later their land was seized and they retired to higher ground around Ione. After such treatment they often retaliated by raiding the cattle and destroying the ranches.

The Indian camp had a real history, too. The first stage road passed over the ground on the north side. Here the Ione stage had been robbed by bandits in one of the boldest holdups ever enacted in the whole area. Now on these same slopes, where the driver of the stage had been killed, stood a school of correction.

The bus slowly climbed the big curve as we entered the grounds. It was a barren looking place, the old brick buildings had long been in need of repair. Built in 1893, they represented a type of architecture long discarded. Institutions, in those days, were built on the theory that all should be housed in one building. That was safer. If you had only one building to lock, there was less danger of escape and should a disturbance occur in the boys' quarters, the guards were near at hand.

The institution had long outgrown the main building and now spread itself over the hill and down the surrounding slopes, but the old building still housed two companies of cadets, and most of the personnel.

Old John met us at the window, a combination of post-office and waiting-room adjoining. John was a fixture. He had been at the institution a quarter of a century and acted as chief clerk, postmaster and generalissimo in times of escape. Six feet two, he towered above as he greeted us across the counter. His gray moustache partially covered the bulge in his right cheek, as frequently he disappeared behind the postal boxes and we could hear the squirt of brown juice as it struck the cuspador. In some way this too reminded me of Monroe and another "Old John."

John was gruff, and just couldn't be hurried. For years he had followed his own routine pace and we had to wait until our presence fully dawned upon his consciousness. He could be very genial and an occasional smile showed the real spirit back of that gruff exterior. We came to know him well and he proved to be an honest, faithful employee.

We had expected to be assigned to quarters with house-keeping accommodations, and were greatly disappointed when it became apparent that all such plans had been forgotten. To John we were just new arrivals and were assigned a room for the present.

It was almost an hour before we followed him down the hall where he stopped and placed a key in the door. It was only twenty feet from the office and across the hall

from the Personnel washroom. This was to be our room. He hoped we would find it comfortable - he had lived here too when he first came to the school twenty-five years before. With that he was gone.

As the door closed behind us we looked over our new home. The old-fashioned high ceiling made the first impression. Those architects certainly believed in air space. A double bed by the window, a dresser, washstand, table and two chairs, and you had it all.

It was my turn to feel disappointed. For the present we were to have our meals in the officer's dining room. Certainly this was not what we had expected.

I assured Becky that the Superintendent would fix things for us later, and we settled down to make the best of what appeared to be a bad bargain.

My office, with psychological laboratory, was located on the second floor of the detail office, just a few steps from the main building. The first floor was given over to the Detail Officer, who was really the chief supervisor. He was responsible for the custody and assignment of all boys in the institution and also handled disciplinary cases as well.

Any boy assigned to school kitchen, shop or farm must first clear with the detail officer. No shifts in the crews could be made without his approval. He must know where each boy was at all times and was a very important

individual in the management of the institution. At Monroe, the age range had been sixteen to thirty. Here it was sixteen to twenty-one, and should have been a more promising group to work with.

Discipline was strict. Military drill played an important part. A self-government plan by Calvin Derrich, the former superintendent, was on the wane. Derrich was now warden of Sing Sing Prison in New York. A few months earlier he had wired me at the University to join him as Director of Trades at the penitentiary, but later, I was glad that I had not accepted. His personality had held the staff together and made Ione a great school for its day. Now that he was gone, it was beginning to crumble - the boys were restless and disturbed and there was a depressing atmosphere about the place.

"Monte," the acting superintendent, was well liked. He had stepped in when the other man had left, and was trying desperately to bring back the old spirit, but it was a hard pull.

War was in the air here also. Boys wanted to join the services, so why couldn't they be released? Wasn't Washington calling for men? Why, they were even going to draft an army. When would they reach their names? All of this added to the unrest and made it difficult to hold the boys in the institution. Here again the old fear of escapes. These boys must be held and the worst offense a boy could commit was to run away.

The officers were jittery, too, What was going to happen to them? How many would be called in the draft? Wasn't it better to enlist now rather than be forced to join? You could select your own outfit if you volunteered, but the draft would just assign you and that was that.

From the beginning of its establishment, the problem of escapes had been a serious one at Ione. The founders tried to take a "liberal view" of the situation but often resorted to drastic measures. The records of 1898 read: "When low or base things are practiced it becomes necessary to resort to vigorous punishment, which however, is inflicted with discretion."

Company F housed the "bad guys" of the institution. Twenty individual cells on two floors. Most of the boys incarcerated here had attempted to run away and a few others were involved in stealing or fighting. The group worked in the brick plant and also built roads. It was a hard grind. The guards, on this company, were mounted and carried guns. They were called supervisors.

Another unit of eight cells was located in the basement of the main building. Runaway boys and disciplinary cases were placed in this smaller cell unit on bread and water until their spirit was broken. Sometimes it took a week, sometimes much longer. They were visited irregularly by the detail officer and occasionally by the acting superintendent.

Returning to the room one evening, about three days after our arrival, I found Becky crying. I asked her what had

happened. She wanted to know what was under our room. Then it dawned upon me that we were directly over the small cell unit in the basement.

The detail officer had just whipped two boys and as their screams of pain came up from below and she felt sick with horror and fright. She could hear them begging him not to strike again. It had been terrible.

This was even worse than the hounds at Monroe. At least there had been no whippings there. We were so upset, dinner was forgotten and we went for a walk and entered the sleepy town.

What a time to call on the undertaker, but he was building a little house on the one hill above the town. He had shown me through the place a few months before and solemnly assured me there would be no fleas, flies or bed bugs. Perhaps that was why I had engaged it before it was completed. Could we speed him up now? Tonight more than ever, we wanted our own home away from the depressing atmosphere of the school.

He said it would be another month before it would be ready for occupancy, so we strolled up the hill to look over our first home.

Knowing that we were newlyweds, he had selected a glass for the front door. It carried an etching of a large buck looking out of the willows by the river. We called the place "Deer Lodge." The whipping was forgotten and we had a good laugh and could hardly wait to move in.

A few weeks later two boys ran away from the tailor shop and were caught just after they crossed the road. They were headed for the Sutter Creek and the wild country beyond the town of Ione.

I met the acting superintendent as he came from his office in the main building. He was just rounding the curve in the direction of the detail office.

"You wanted to witness a whipping, Ken," he said, "and here is a good chance. We are going to whip two in the detail office. Come along." I followed reluctantly. True, I had asked for this, but now that the time had arrived I wasn't so sure.

The scene comes back to me after fifty-three years as vividly as though it were yesterday.

A straight-back chair stood in the middle of the cement floor with all other furniture pushed back against the wall. Over in the corner the superintendent seated himself at a desk with pencil and pad, as the Board of Trustees required him to be present and keep the tally. I stood to one side, my back to the window, the chair in front of me.

The detail officer removed his coat and rolled back his sleeves. He was a tall thin wiry fellow, nervous and quick. I didn't know him very well then, but he gave one the impression of being constantly on the alert as though he trusted no one. Formerly a clerk, he had gradually worked his way up to one of the key positions in the institution.

If any boy ran away, he considered it a reflection on his good judgment in making the original assignment.

Now he was to administer the punishment. Was there an element of satisfaction in this set-up? His face was white and drawn with anger.

The two boys were brought in - they looked shaken and pale. They were both about eighteen - one was large and heavy, evidently the aggressor; the other was a mere slip of a lad and it would be his first experience with the lash.

Things moved quickly as everyone seemed to know what to do. The boys stood facing the desk, their backs to the chair. They had glanced at it as they entered - now it remained waiting behind them. The Superintendent was speaking.

"You boys know the penalty for running away - fifteen lashes apiece. I'll count aloud so you'll know when it is over." That was all.

I studied their faces. The heavy lad was surley and hard and I imagined he was saying to himself "The hell with you, lay it on and see if I give a damn." This was his third attempt to get away - he knew what was coming but it hadn't deterred him.

Not so the other. His white features were stamped with terror. He trembled and tried to control his knees, then he glanced quickly about like a hunted thing looking for some way of escape.

Why had they run away? Were they homesick? Had someone in the company made it so unbearable that they couldn't stand it any longer? No questions were asked, there was no need, they had run away, they knew the penalty, therefore there was nothing to be said.

The detail officer was just coming out of the closet. He carried something black in his hand and for the first time I saw the lash. The boys called it "the sap," that described it better. It was made of two strips of black leather sewed together to give it body - four feet long, three inches wide, and a quarter of an inch in thickness. A black handle with a leather wrist thong completed the whip, so it could be swung with both arms with terrific force.

The heavy lad was first. Someone "frisked" him, his back pockets must not contain any articles that might be driven into his flesh. The detail officer was all business now as he bruskiy took the boy by the arm and shoved him toward the chair.

"Lean over and grasp the seat," he said. "Stay there and don't move or I'll tie you down."

The big boy glanced around. That hard look was still there. He didn't need to be told. Had they forgotten that he had been through this ordeal twice before? With a shrug he slowly bent forward and grasped the chair seat. He did not have long to wait for the detail officer was as quick as a snake. The heavy lash descended upon the buttocks of

the boy, with a crack like a pistol shot. The boy's hands reached back, he straightened up as a groan escaped those hard lips.

"Get back there," the officer shouted, and he again bent over the chair.

The Superintendent was droning the count - four, five, six...but I scarcely heard; I was watching the boy. He had settled down now and barely moved as the lash descended with regular strokes, the crack of leather filling that little office. His face was ashen pale, the cords in the neck distended and his body trembling with pain from the force of the blows. It was terrible. After that first groan, not a sound passed his lips, he could certainly take it.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen" - the lash stopped. Silence fell. The boy did not rise but still grasped the chair. Had he lost count or was he showing them he could take it? A sharp word from the officer and he stepped aside. So this was "discipline."

Now it was the other boy's turn. He had been standing motionless with his back to the chair, his head in his hands. A touch on the shoulder and he sprang to life, as with a sudden cry he turned toward the Acting Superintendent and began to beg for mercy.

"Oh, sir, don't let them whip me...I'll never do it again. I was homesick. I guess I lost my head. Oh, please, give me another chance."

The Superintendent motioned the detail officer to begin, but the lad was terrified and was not going to give up so easily. Quickly he glanced at each face in that room - no one moved. He must have read sympathy or horror in my expression for he came toward me with hands extended.

"Oh, Mr. Scudder, won't you do something for me? Don't let them whip me, I can't take it, see? I'll never do this again." I shook my head. Sinking to the floor he grasped me about the knees, sobbing and pleading for help. I did not move.

The detail officer jumped into action. Grasping the boy by the shoulders he half dragged, half lifted him across the chair. The lad slid off onto the floor. His sobs now rose to screams of terror that could be heard all over the institution. It seemed as though the windows would blow out of that little brick building. Suddenly this same terror seemed to give him courage as he became defiant and threatening. "Go on and beat me, then, if you want to," he sobbed. "You're all a bunch of dogs! I'll run away again, I will...and you can't stop me!"

His cries were rudely checked. An officer seizing him by the seat of his pants forcibly placed him across the chair and held him down. There was a slight struggle, - legs kicking wildly in midair.

The detail officer stepped back for the swing. The lash descended with a crack. The boy seemed stunned. He did not move. The second crack brought him to life. A

crash, the splintering of wood as the chair collapsed, officer and boy struggling on the floor, - muffled sobs, confusion, chairlegs and rungs spread in all directions. Four men trying to whip one boy.

At last it was over. Somehow, fifteen strokes had been administered - the rule had been observed and the lad was quietly crying with pain. Both boys were locked in the cell unit under our room and placed on bread and water.

As we walked back to the office the Superintendent said, "Well, Ken, what do you think of it?"

"It's revolting and ineffectual," I replied.

"I don't like it either," he said, "but I don't dare knock it out. The whole school might run away."

"I wonder," I replied.

That night, as I recounted my experience to Becky, I added, "If it's the last thing I do, I'll smash this thing and abolish the lash for all time."

I reported this event to Dr. Warner Brown of the University of California, who was consulting Psychologist at Preston and had been responsible for my appointment. Together we began to make a thorough study of the claimed deterrent effect of corporal punishment. Those who believed in this form of discipline claimed it accomplished four things:* "It made the guilty suffer for his sins. It aroused dread in the hearts of those who heard about it and so acted as a potent deterrent. A lasting impression was left upon the mind and so served to prevent a repetition of the same offense. And

*The Thirteenth Biennial Report of the Preston School of Industry Sixty Eighth and Sixty Ninth Fiscal Years. July 1, 1916 to June 30, '98

last, it resulted in a mental and physical surrender to a force which was both beneficial and lasting." In short, the lash was supposed to break the lad's spirit.

Were we to blindly accept this theory just because it had been in practice for sixty-nine years? Perhaps we could concede the first claim, but did the others hold? Was there really a "potent deterrent" or was this wishful thinking?

We had been at Ione three months and how the time flew! The season was well along into August and the temperature mounted to a new high. The grass under the scrub oak on the surrounding hills had turned yellow and brown, as the heat seemed to scorch everything.

For several weeks we had been in our new home on the little hill overlooking the town. Becky had gone to Vacaville for furniture from the Jewett Ranch and had ridden the seventy miles back on the front seat of the truck.

The forty miles from Ione to Sacramento was a trip to be avoided. The road wound across barren wastes of red soil left in mounds by the Placer miners of long ago. There were miles and miles of these rolling hills of washed-out land. A few scrub oaks clung with dogged perseverance to the soil. Everyone dreaded that drive. In good weather it was bad enough, but when it rained it was next to impossible, as the water tore in torrents along the washes and one had to find a new way to cross the gullies and ravines.

Many stories were told at the institution about those trips to Sacramento or Stockton; the classic one coming from the business manager. He made frequent trips to Sacramento to confer with the State Board of Control. On one he was accompanied by the school nurse. Without a doubt she was the largest woman I have ever seen. Some said she weighed three hundred and forty pounds. I thought they were just trying to be kind. She completely filled the front seat of the old Model T and the little business manager was crowded into a corner behind the wheel. He held to his own theory about driving rough roads. When approaching a bad stretch ahead he would open her up and try to hop across the rough spots. Twenty-five miles an hour in those days was really traveling.

Rain fell heavily the night before, but by morning most of the water had run off. The sun was shining as the two sped along until they struck the Placer country. Here the road was difficult to drive, even in dry weather, with its rolling hills, deep gullies, up one side and down the other. The little car panted along under its heavy load as they came up over a rise and descended quickly into the next dip.

He knew the road and was watching for the bad spots. So far his puddle-jumping technique had worked, but the rain had tricked him at last, for this gully was really washed out. He didn't see the danger until it was too late. About a foot of soil and rock had been carried off the night before.

The little car tore down the slope and fairly leaped into the middle of the wash. Fortunately it landed on four wheels. With a tremendous bump, up went the nurse, back flew the top, as they collided in mid-air. Down came the nurse with full force, bending the gas tank under the front seat. Behind the wheel sat the little business manager, himself stunned by the force of the impact.

If he had been crowded for space before, now he was really in a vice, with the head and shoulders of the unconscious woman jammed between the wheel and his chest. One soft arm encircled his neck. He couldn't move.

Somehow he managed to wriggle out from behind the wheel. He tried in vain to move or revive the nurse. Could she be dead? Grabbing his new hat, he rushed up the wash and dipped from a puddle, then dashing the cold muddy water in her face, brought her to with a start. Fortunately both survived the ordeal.

Becky had made this same perilous journey home in the truck because the driver had never been over the road, and she was afraid he would get lost. She arrived without mishap in spite of the heat, and I found her in the town's ice cream parlor, as I returned from work.

We were just settling down to a happy married life. Things were going much better at the institution, and I was enjoying my work and feeling there was really a chance to do something constructive. Many things had happened in the field of psy-

chology and vocational guidance since the time I had attempted to test Clyde. Now we were testing all boys who entered the school and interviewing them at length regarding a vocational choice.

The Acting Superintendent was interested, and even the detail officer began to seek information about the boys before making his assignments. A trades' council was formed and we met each week with the Superintendent, the school Principal and the detail officer. This was quite different from Monroe. If only they would give up the lash! But the whippings continued and there was little we could do about it. Most of the personnel firmly believed it would be disastrous to abolish corporal punishment. Why, that was the only hold they had on the boys. Of course they wouldn't stay if the school did away with the lash. You couldn't use guns, there was no wall about the place, things were wide open... whoever heard of such stupid talk as not being able to whip a boy? These were just reformers. They just didn't understand.

Somehow we got along together in spite of the whippings, but these things were discussed in the dark, as we waited at the Sleugh House or under a bridge, looking for some boy who had escaped. I must admit that after being up for two or three nights, hungry, cold and weary, waiting and looking for boys, it did seem quite different as we became irritated and sullen.

Old John was merciless on us when a boy was gone. We all

went out, all those who could be spared, and we remained out until the boy was picked up. John would call us once a day by phone - the message often relayed by some farmer. When a call came we hoped it would be to come on in, or that John was sending dinner out. It became quite a joke. More often it was a message to move further out and make a larger circle about the institution. If we found food, all right, but it was up to us. These boys ought not to run away; it was ^ttoo upsetting. It caused irritation and great inconvenience to the personnel. I could see their point of view, and began to realize why they believed in the lash. It wasn't because they were brutal, but just to avoid more work and inconvenience.

Institution people love routine, they thrive on it. Things must always click to a schedule, everyone must have definite duties assigned and there must not be any interference with the schedule.

And some of these boys could become very exasperating. They came from broken homes, poverty and distress and many had been reared by their parents to steal and lie, "because you had to if you were going to get along in the world." Why should we expect them to suddenly settle down and reform?

But an escape threw all this into a cocked hat. Then came resentment, even a desire for revenge upon this offender who caused all this trouble.

One day Dr. Warner Brown submitted our study of the effects of corporal punishment. It was thorough and had a far-reaching

effect. In brief, it said: "One of the most vexing disciplinary problems met by all institutions for delinquents, is that of custody. Whenever the freedom of a group of boys is restricted and exact rules of conduct are prescribed, there is bound to follow a certain amount of discontent. The desire to escape is the natural feeling, which results from confinement. Experience has indicated that when a boy has really decided to run away, he gives little thought to the consequences of the act. Attention is focused upon the getting away, and even though they all see boy after boy returned after being out one or two days, each one has confidence that HE possesses the ability to elude the authorities where others have failed. A large proportion of the escapes take place from those company quarters and work squads which are supposed to be under close surveillance. These cases involve a matching of wits, the boy against the officer. The fact that a boy runs away is no indication that the hope for reformation in such a case is lost."

The study covered the period from January 1, 1916 to February 28, 1917. In one hundred and twenty-five instances of escapes the lash had been applied to one hundred and one boys. Thirty-one had been previously whipped in the institution before these dates, while fifteen had tried to escape again and again. Ten of the boys had been lashed three or more times during their sojourn in the school. Eighty percent of the second whippings occurred within six months.

"This evidence indicates that in a large proportion of the cases, the administration of this form of discipline does not succeed in altering the boys' attitude enough to prevent them from committing a very serious offense again. The boys in the school share the opinion which is prevalent in the public mind, that corporal punishment is out of date and brutal."

What could the school do about the situation? Was it safe to abolish this old custom with one quick stroke? It would take courage.

Another year passed and in spite of the lash escapes continued at the same rate.

One morning in 1918, there was an air of tenseness and expectancy as the boys assembled on the detail grounds to be assigned to their trades. In spite of avowed secrecy the grapevine had been working. No one can account for the way rumors spread through an institution. As the companies arrived and took their places, silence fell row on row over the assembled group. The acting superintendent mounted the box and waited. They sensed something was going to happen.

"Boys, I have an important announcement to make," he said. "For several years we have been studying the various types of discipline administered in this institution. You young men have been involved in serious trouble. The law requires that you remain here until you are officially released. Most of you recognize that fact. Your conduct is good and you cooperate with the management.

"A small percentage, however, do not. They take advantage of every opportunity to run away. We could build a wall around this place, but that would be unfair to you. Those who have attempted to escape have been whipped. Sometimes that just makes a boy worse.

"We should like to try an experiment. If you will do your part in helping to maintain discipline and reduce the number of escapes, we will abolish once and for all the use of the lash."

Pandemonium followed. Without orders, they broke ranks, shouting and surging toward the box. Caps were thrown into the air. They crowded around, a chattering mob, trying to express its feelings. The lash had been thrown out.

What happened in the next few months? Dr. Brown's follow-up report stated:

"There is no doubt that their respect for the school and willingness to cooperate with the authorities has been increased. This refers to the attitude of the cadet body at large.

"No change in the attitude of the boys has been observed since corporal punishment was abolished. There has been no wave of crime. It is the opinion of all who have been in close touch with the disciplinary situation, including a number of officers who are firm believers in the efficacy of the strap, that serious infractions of discipline are not more frequent than before.

"In general it may be said that the greater the boy's self-respect is, the more he will be humiliated by this form of punishment and the deeper will be his resentment."*

The lash was out and it worked.

Several of the personnel coming off shift, were gathered in the outer office. John seemed unusually slow in distributing the mail. There was much kidding, but he couldn't be hurried.

Into my box was shoved a long official-looking envelope. Opening it, I stood for a moment stunned. It was my summons from Washington. In a corner was the figure 1.

An officer close to me said, "What's the matter, Ken, has the sheriff caught up with you?"

I handed him the official-looking document and said: "I'm the last to come and the first in Amador County to be called in the draft."

Silence fell for a moment. Then they crowded around. Most of them were over the age of the first call, but they were curious to see the notice. The men thought it was a good joke on me. The women were more serious. I heard one say in an undertone, "Too bad. I wonder what his wife will do."

I left the building and headed for the open field below the institution. Tonight I would take the short cut to the old Chinese swinging bridge across Sutter Creek. It was a narrow rickety thing, suspended from old rusty cables. Only the Chinamen used it now. It led into the little Chinatown

*Thirteenth Biennial Report. Dr. Warner Brown. Preston School of Industry.

of Ione, a few shacks and an old ornate temple were all that remained of the mining-town boom of long ago. A few old Chinamen still hung on, eeking out a bare existence by working over the old diggings, rarely panning more than a dollar or two of gold a day. I always waved to them as I crossed the bridge, but tonight no one was in sight.

As I climbed the last hill toward our little retreat, my pace became slower and slower. We were so happy. How would I break the news that after all I was going to war? If I whistled now, she would come down the hill to meet me. Should I tell her before we reached the house? Her aunt and cousing were there from Oakland. It would be better to tell her first.

She met me below the gate and we stood there for a moment looking down at the town. I drew in my breath and forced a smile. "Becky, I have some good news." She sensed something was wrong - I could see it in her face as I added, "I'm the first to be drafted in Amador County."

Silence fell between us. She tried to smile through the tears that would not be forced back, as she said slowly,

"And do you really call that good news?"

My arm tightened around her as we slowly started up the path. "It will be hard," I said.

"I'm glad you really want to go, Ken, but I don't see how I....." She stopped. "They wouldn't take you in Berkeley," she continued, "why should they pass you now?"

We were a long time reaching the gate. Becky quickened her step as we approached the house and called to the two women on the porch in a voice full of enthusiasm and apparent joy.

"Aunt Jennie! Elizabeth! Ken has been called in the draft. Isn't that great?" They were good sports too - they came from the same noble stock.

America has never fully appreciated the loyalty of her women during the war - it was profound. Now they joked at table about my first being rejected, and then called. What a strange government this was. Would I enter the Navy? Remember the time we went to Seattle and Ken was sea sick? Oh yes, and there was the "Scud," that thirty-foot cruiser we had on Puget Sound. The smell of the motor always drove us on the deck when it was a bit rough. We were grand sailors! And then the time we were up in North Bay and crossed the field where the big bull was loose! Elizabeth was carrying a loaf of bread, and Ken, who was behind her, roared like a bull. The fresh loaf was flung high in the air, as Elizabeth started on a wild scramble for the fence. The rest of us had roared with laughter because the bull was so old he wouldn't even look in our direction. It was a grand evening of fun and I began to feel better about the draft.

Toward morning I was awakened. The bed was shaking. I turned and found Becky trying to drown her sobs in her pillow. Noble little Trojan, it had all been a grand front. Of course she didn't want me to go.

"With doubt and dismay
You are smitten,
You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why, the best books haven't been written
The best race hasn't been run."

Berton Braley

CHAPTER IV

It was December, 1918, when we arrived in Berkeley, California. The war was over and I was on the hunt for a job, along with thousands of other ex-servicemen. I was still in the uniform of a buck private, which would make it more difficult to crash past office secretaries than if I had received the promised commission as a first lieutenant.

Becky was ill with the flu, our baby was about due, and we were scared. To top it all, Dr. Warner Brown of the University of California Department of Psychology, who had placed me at Preston, wrote that Monte, the Acting Superintendent, didn't want me back. He had given the excuse that his budget was short and now he had no position as psychologist.

Dr. and Mrs. Brown invited us for Christmas dinner. We were so low in spirits we hesitated to accept, but when we arrived, their gracious reception quickly put us at ease. The table was beautifully set with decorations, place-cards, a large harvest home fruit dish in the center, fall-colored leaves on the gleaming white cloth, and Christmas candles, which gave a glow to the warm family welcome. Mrs. Brown might well have been entertaining the President of the University, and what a dinner!

As our spirits rose, I began to tell about our funny experiences during my eighteen months at Camp Lewis, while Becky chimed in with her own charming self. One hour in that quiet home atmosphere, and we were made over. Now we felt there was hope ahead for us too, that we might again find our place in this old war-torn world.

Dr. Brown was especially interested in the rifle tests for poor shots Walter Heller and I had developed for the Army, as he had loaned us a great deal of scientific equipment from the Psychology Laboratory at the University. We also had a good laugh about my educational survey of the Development Battalion School, the indignant major, and the arrest and threatened court martial of one Buck Private Scudder "for daring to criticize a superior officer" in my survey report on the Development Battalion. Also the later row with our own officers when Heller and I insisted on our right to sign the report to the Commanding General of our own research findings in testing poor shots, later adopted

by the United States Army.

Finally we got around to Monte and his reasons for not wanting me back at Preston.

"It isn't that he doesn't like you personally, Ken," Dr. Brown stated. "He is in serious trouble with his Board of Trustees, who for the last two years have withheld his appointment as Superintendent and have kept him in an 'acting' capacity. That's a hard situation to meet. Monte is now desperately trying to cut down his budget and make a showing with the hope this will bring him his appointment. I have been going to Preston weekends during your absence, Ken," Dr. Brown added, "but I can't do it much longer because of the pressure of University duties. Why not go up and see Monte and look the situation over yourself?" He didn't really think there was much chance, but all our things were in the Ione house, and we would have to get them out if we were to move away to another job.

On the trip back to Ione, the only person we knew was the nosey conductor who wanted to know all about our experiences at Camp Lewis. No one knew we were coming, so we took a taxi to our little home on the hill. It was so good to get back, if even for a short time, that Becky insisted we take two weeks vacation before we decided on anything.

"This has been an ordeal, Ken, and we may face others very soon. We are both tired and need to relax."

That was a wise move. Word slowly got around that we were back, and friends began to drop in.

One day during the first week of the new year, I strolled over to the institution to say hello to my friends. It seems strange now, but it never occurred to me to demand my job back. If ^MMonte didn't want me, well that was enough.

My civilian clothes felt uncomfortable. They were slightly out of style, but we couldn't afford new ones just now.

The officers greeted me cordially, and it seemed good to be back. Monte sent word that he was too busy to see me, and although I had just come back from the war, I understood.

A few days later we were at dinner when a message arrived. Monte wanted me to have breakfast with him at six-thirty next morning, and go with him to Sacramento. Why this sudden change of front? I wanted to go to Sacramento anyway. There might be an opening in the State Department of Education.

Monte was very cordial when he greeted me, and we talked together as we covered the forty miles to the State Capitol.

I called on Dr. Snyder, Commissioner of Education. He had taught manual training in the schools of Alameda, California, when I was a small boy. My older brother was in the eighth grade when he was accidentally struck

on the head with a baseball bat and suffered a severe concussion which kept him out of school for a year. Dr. Snyder had taken the boy under his care and called him his assistant in his manual-training shops just to have him occupied and to keep up his courage and morale. It was a generous, thoughtful act, and contributed greatly to the boy's complete recovery.

I hadn't seen Dr. Snyder for eighteen years, but he remembered all about our family, especially my brother Joy, and he made me feel at ease. He told me of vacancies in Los Angeles and gave me a letter of introduction to Arthur Gould, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, who might help me.

On the way back to Ione, I told Monte I had a good lead on a job in Los Angeles and would go down there soon and look around. As we drove along he began to thaw out. He talked a lot about his troubles with his Board of Trustees, and why his appointment as Superintendent had been delayed so long. He seemed very discouraged and needed encouragement. I listened without comment. Suddenly he stopped talking, and we drove on in silence. Then turning to me he said -

"I'm sorry, Ken, I didn't mean to unload all this on you. Tell me about your stretch in the Army."

I told him of my first eight months in Company M of the 363rd Infantry of the Ninety-First Division at Camp

Lewis, and of my first experience with army discipline. The first two weeks we were learning to drill, when one day the Sergeant said, "Scudder, the Lieutenant wants to see you." The company had been allowed to "fall out" for rest, and I walked over to where the officers were gathered.

Saluting awkwardly, I stood at attention.

"I understand you've had some experience in cooking," the Lieutenant said.

"Yes, Sir, a little while going to college," I replied.

"Well, report to the kitchen at once. You are the Mess Sergeant," he said.

I was stunned. I didn't know enough about cooking to take over the mess for 250 men. As I stood there, not knowing what to do, the Lieutenant said, "Is there something wrong?"

"I should have said, "Yes, Sir. God have mercy on you. You don't know what you're in for." Instead I mumbled something about coming into this army to fight, not to cook.

"Well, I don't care what you came into the army for. You are expected to obey orders without comment," he said.

"Report to the kitchen at once."

As I saluted and turned to go, the Lieutenant called me back.

"Just a minute. Didn't you tell me you were a psychologist?"

"Yes Sir," I replied.

"Well," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "if there's any place in this God damn army we need psychology, it's in that kitchen."

I got eight months.

Monte laughed heartily. "How did it turn out?" he inquired.

"Oh, we got along. Fortunately I had some fine cooks. I told them frankly I didn't know much about running a mess. They laughed and we became a fine team, but I still occasionally slipped out after breakfast to drill and later became a Platoon Sergeant.

After eight months my feet gave out and I was recommended for "limited service" or a discharge. I didn't want the latter and asked for a transfer to the Psychological Examining Board at the same camp, which was more in line with my training. and interests. I was now a private again.

Monte began to forget his troubles. The laugh had seemed to help him and now he wanted to hear more. "What happened then?" he asked.

I told him briefly of the exciting events of my last eight months at Camp Lewis - how Walter Heller and I had been assigned full time by our commanding officer, to develop psychological tests for riflemen. It came about in this way.

There were too many poor shots in the draft who failed to grasp the importance of the "trigger squeeze" in firing the Enfield rifle, which had just been adopted by the Army because

it lacked the vicious recoil of the Springfield, had a peep-sight and was easier to shoot. The drill sergeants spent hours in training recruits, only to find a large number spraying the targets when they got on the range for practice - resulting in a great waste of ammunition.

Our assignment was to develop tests which would demonstrate accurately, just how to squeeze the trigger.

It's too long a story, Monte, but the results were very exciting and rewarding, especially when eight months later the tests proved so successful that they were recommended by the Division Commander for "general use throughout the Army."

"By the way, Monte, while giving those tests I came upon an old friend of yours. Do you remember Harold.....?"

"Do I remember Harold!" he said.

"Good Lord, was he in the Army?"

"Yes," I replied. "He came over one day with a group of poor shots from the 44th Regiment. As soon as he left Preston he was drafted and the Army, who up to that time had resisted the use of psychological tests until it was forced upon them, couldn't understand why he couldn't shoot."

"Why he had the intelligence of a nine-year-old kid. I tested him myself" he added.

"Yes, I remember," I said. "When he got out on the range he had a wonderful time spraying shots everywhere except at the target until a Sergeant, in desperation, crept up behind him and took away his gun. They still wondered why he couldn't

shoot. We transferred him to the development battalion, where he would be safe for democracy."

When I had informed Monte about the good job I had a line on in Los Angeles, he began to really thaw out. He had told me a great deal about his troubles with his politically appointed Board of Trustees. How they had tied his hands, withheld his appointment, held him responsible for everything that went on at Preston, and yet gave their own orders to the personnel over his head without consulting him in advance. As a result, no one knew who to obey and the school was in a constant uproar. Such uncertainties infected the boys and personnel, and the kids were running wild. Runaways were so numerous that escape crews were out most of the time. He really unloaded on me, and it seemed to relieve his tension to be able to talk to someone about his troubles.

As we approached the school property, he turned to me and said, "Ken, I've been checking my budget. I can finance your old position until July 1st, and I'd like to have you come back now. If you want to look for another job, then, let's talk about it later."

Did he have money in his budget all the time and could have put me to work if he had wanted to? Now he couldn't wait, and wanted me to start the next day. It was the end of our two-weeks vacation and I was glad of the chance.

When I got home that night I told Becky to hang on to her hat, I had my job back. Tears of relief and gratitude filled her eyes. She had been so brave and had kept saying, "Don't worry, Ken, we will get something, for things usually turn out all right." All this with nothing in view and the baby soon to arrive.

The rest on the hill had worked wonders for us both.

Monte had other troubles. He had been away from the school a good deal the past six months and had exercised very little leadership. The self-government system at Preston installed by Calvin Derrick, the former Superintendent, with its two houses of parliament, President (Congress), Chief Justice, and various other elective positions, had also been neglected and was rapidly slipping on to the rocks. Abuses of the system were many, for it is a dangerous procedure, in my opinion, to allow adolescent delinquents to govern themselves in an institution setting, when they could not control their own conduct in their communities.

In one Boys' Republic in California, the self-government got so far out of hand, on one occasion, that the boys tried the Superintendent, found him guilty, and locked him in their "jail cage" for three days and wouldn't let him out. In some miraculous manner they kept the secret from his staff, who thought he was away on a trip. By chance, a member of his Trustees happened to drop in, and suspecting something amiss finally located the ruffled gentleman and insisted upon his release.

Monte still clung to the self-government idea, however, and wanted to try out a revised version in which the boys would share in an advisory capacity but without authority. We worked hours together trying to devise such a plan, but threw it all overboard when we found the President of the Republic, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Chief of Police and the Prosecuting Attorney secretly congregated in the tower of the Administration Building where they had cached away six slabs of cut plug chewing tobacco, twenty sacks of Bull Durham and twelve cartons of tailor-made cigarettes as a shakedown payoff from weaker boys. It was a terrible scandal, which not only marked the fall of their administration, but put an end to self-government at Preston for all time.

For months there had been no whippings since Monte had announced the lash was out. Now old timers were calling for its return.

"We ought to beat hell out of 'em for that tobacco deal," they said. The younger officers thought it was a good joke. "Not very different from politics outside," they said. While the amount found seemed small, yet in a tobacco-forbidden institution it was worth its weight in gold.

A new Chairman of the Board, a prominent attorney, had been appointed by the Governor. He and his wife spent a great deal of time at the institution and their constant criticism and complaining made Monte even more nervous and insecure.

I was now doing routine testing and vocational counselling. It was pretty discouraging because there was scarcely any vocational training available except maintenance jobs to help run the institution. In fact this deplorable condition existed at Preston for the next thirty-five years with less than a third of the boys able to get into vocational classes. As a result, most of them left the school unprepared to hold a skilled job in any field. The parole violations were exceedingly high.

The courts were also sending many feeble-minded boys to Preston because it was so difficult to get them into the Sonoma State Home For The Feeble Minded. The waiting list for the latter ran into the hundreds and the Home did not like to take delinquent boys. So many were coming to Preston they created a serious problem. Other boys, recognizing their mental deficiency, played tricks or plagued them continuously and as a result they were in constant trouble.

In desperation we formed these defective lads into a separate company for their own protection and to keep them away from their tormentors. For about two months they seemed quite happy and contented. Fights ceased and it was much easier to handle the group. However, the experiment was soon abandoned when the normal boys referred to the group as the "Mutt" Company or "Goofie Gang" and this so upset the lads they all clamoured to get out.

The only way we could transfer the more serious cases to the State Home was to return them to the Juvenile Court for commitment. This was difficult to do and often misfired.

One exceptionally disturbed lad needed to be transferred and I was assigned to carry it through. He had been sent to Preston for arson, having attempted to burn several buildings in Fresno. After working the case up I took him on the afternoon train for Fresno. There was a freight wreck ahead and we were delayed on a siding for hours and did not arrive at our destination until the next morning. All through the night the boy kept up a constant jabber, wanting to race through the train, probably with the intention of giving me the slip. It was a rugged night but we managed to get through without further mishap and appeared in court at ten o'clock.

The judge briefly glanced over my report with its recommendation for commitment to Sonoma, questioned the boy briefly, and to my amazement and dismay turned him loose to return to a broken home with little or no supervision. Three weeks later the boy burned down a warehouse at a loss of \$100,000. After that the same judge committed him to Sonoma.

The same morning the judge turned the boy loose, I received a wire from Preston to proceed on to Los Angeles. An Indian and a white boy had escaped ten days before and the Sheriff's office in Los Angeles had the Indian in custody in the County Jail. I was instructed to assist the police in apprehending the white boy and bring both back to Preston.

I knew these two boys, the Indian a large burly youngster, close to six feet tall and a good athlete. The white boy was a thin blond with a pinched face, which reminded me of "Rat" Lawrence of Monroe. I had never transported prisoners, nor had I any idea where to look for the white boy. The two had separated before the Indian was picked up, and I thought I might get some information by interviewing him in the County Jail.

I first called on Eugene Biscauliz, who was then Chief Deputy to Sheriff Traeger in Los Angeles. He was most helpful and gave me a lot of good advice how to proceed.

I didn't get much out of the Indian boy except that he had decided to part from the white boy for fear they would be picked up together. He did say they had both spent several nights at Solomon's Dance Hall, and that gave me my first lead.

Two officers from the Los Angeles police department were assigned to help me stake out at the dance hall and I arrived there about eight that evening.

Solomon's Dance Hall in 1919 was a penny dance and a very popular and well-attended place of amusement. From the outside it looked like a big barn, but inside the place was really beautiful. Great colored streamers in varying shades were gracefully festooned from the ceiling, giving a rainbow effect against soft lighting. The floor was as

smooth as glass and around the sides of the hall behind a low railing were the boxes or booths for spectators and dancers to sit in during frequent intermissions between dances. Several ticket takers were stationed at intervals around the hall adjacent to openings in the railing. At the end of each dance the floor was cleared and almost immediately the orchestra would strike up the next dance and the penny-a-dance tickets were dropped into glass boxes as the dancers streamed onto the floor from all sides.

By eight thirty the place was crowded. Young girls with their escorts, single girls looking for a partner, middle-aged couples and many single men jammed the boxes and lounge waiting their opportunity to dance.

The two officers had pictures of the boy we were looking for and we showed them also to the chief "Bouncer" who promised to help us.

I moved slowly about the hall behind the railing trying to locate the lad. It was almost a hopeless situation with the dull lights, which cast a shadow on all faces, and the crowded area behind the railing which became jammed whenever the music stopped and the floor was cleared. It was hard to distinguish features, but as the evening progressed the newness began to wear off, my eyes became adjusted to the low lights, and I felt more encouraged to continue the search.

Many people had criticized Solomon's Dance Hall as a tough place and hangout for underworld characters. I had the same impression until I got there and watched the people as they danced. There was good order and everyone seemed to be having a good time. While some women were dressed in tight-fitting gowns, which showed off their figures to best advantage, they were in the minority and I had the feeling that the rest were there because they enjoyed the dance. Several women approached me with the request that I dance, but I declined and kept slowly moving about all evening. At twelve the dance closed and we had not located our boy.

For three nights we kept up the vigil and then word reached me at the hotel that the boy was in custody. He told me later he was at Solomon's the second night I was there and had spotted me and left the hall. The police picked him up in the act of stealing a car. Since he was already a ward of the Juvenile Court, and an escapee from Preston, further prosecution was waved and he was held in the County Jail for transfer back to the school.

I was in a hurry to get back to Ione, but Gene Biscuiluiz persuaded me to wait another day and go with his deputy, Frank Cochran, who was to deliver a prisoner to Folsom Prison and was an experienced officer.

"The last trip Frank made," Gene added, "he was almost killed by a prisoner who struck him over the head with a

glass tumbler in a sock and a battle royal ensued. They made so much noise thrashing around in the drawing-room of the pullman that the porter opened the door just as Frank was about to faint from loss of blood." Gene added, " The room looked like a slaughter-house, but Frank and the porter subdued the man and put him back in irons."

I thought of the six-foot Indian and the rat-faced white boy and quickly accepted Gene's offer to travel with an experienced deputy...and I was ready to take advice.

Frank was very friendly. He was a heavy-set man with a determined jaw and he said he was glad to have me along. This was his one-thousand-and-first man to deliver to Folsom Prison, and he apparently had not forgotten his last trip.

There were five of us in the drawing-room as the train pulled out for Sacramento. My party was to get off at Galt early in the morning and take the slow passenger freight to Ione. When we were ready to turn in, Frank took all our clothes and locked them in the toilet room. We were pretty crowded. My two boys were handcuffed together and placed in the upper berth. Frank took the lower with his prisoner, placing him in leg irons next to the window and taking the added precaution of placing one handcuff on the prisoner's right wrist and the other on his own left wrist. I slept on the narrow couch seat opposite the lower berth.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by the boys whispering together in the upper berth. They were restless and moved about in bed. Frank called out for them to quiet down and the white boy complained that the handcuffs were too tight. I offered to loosen them, but Frank looked at them himself. Instead of being too tight, they were too loose, so Frank tightened them up. Later we found out the white boy had a flat watch spring and had nearly sprung the cuffs. He told me afterwards it was their plan to get the cuffs off, drop down on me from the upper berth, smash me with the handcuffs and then knock Frank out, release his prisoner and all three escape at the next station. They nearly made it.

At dawn we stopped at Galt and the three of us got off. We had breakfast at a little cafe a few yards from the station and I removed the handcuffs before we went in. After breakfast I asked the boys if it was going to be necessary for me to put the cuffs back on again and they both assured me there would be no more attempts to escape. We strolled back to the station and sat on a baggage truck waiting for the Ione train to be made up. The boys had little to say, but looked with longing eyes at the open grain fields ahead. I kept an alert watch while carrying on a conversation and was greatly relieved when we were finally aboard. The two boys kept their promise and we were met at the station by the institution bus and arrived at Preston without mishap.

I learned a lot on that trip. Inexperienced officers can be seriously injured if they don't know their business. We knew little about these prisoners and two of them were determined they would not return to Preston. Frank's precautions paid off. I don't think his own prisoner would have joined the boys, as he was a check writer and these men seldom resort to violence.

On the other hand, my trusting the two boys at Galt by taking off the handcuffs in spite of their intended escape seemed to completely disarm their resentment. They told me later they didn't think I meant it, and were so amazed when the cuffs were removed, they decided not to let me down. In all the years since that date I have never found it necessary to place handcuffs on any prisoner and I have consistently discouraged their use by others working with me.

I asked the boys why they ran away. "There's nothing at that dump but rough stuff," the Indian replied. "But I knew I was wrong to go as soon as I crossed the road," he added. "I'm willing now to go back and make it out the right way."

The white boy said, "I couldn't get along with the cadet captain. He was always riding me or trying to beat me up. I guess you know, Mr. Scudder, it's not the supervisors who run the companies, it's those tough thugs they select as Captain or Lieutenant - any kid who can lick every other

boy in the company. I took all I could, and blew my top. That's why I don't want to go back. I know they are laying for me and I'm afraid it only means more trouble."

I could sympathize with his position for I too had witnessed the results of the vicious monitor system at Preston and Monroe. It is my strong conviction that no inmate in any institution, either for juveniles or adults, should ever be given power or authority over any other inmate. To allow this is to court abuse.

The late Albert Deutsch,* in his book OUR REJECTED CHILDREN, had this to say about such a system:

"Whenever the monitor system prevails there inevitably arise "leaders" who use their power - some are authorized to beat up or otherwise discipline their fellow inmates - to make flunkies of the weaker boys, to extort bribes, to inflict sadistic punishments and even to force homosexual relationships."

While true, it is an understatement of the real abuse allowed by the monitor system once it is approved by the administration. It had been in existence at Preston for fifty-five years.

*Our Rejected Children, Albert Deutsch
Little Brown and Company - Boston 1950

Thirty-five years later, when Superintendent of the California Institution for Men at Chino from 1940 to 1955, I received many graduates from the Preston School of Industry who had been released on parole and who had then committed serious offenses, which sent them to prison. I interviewed many of these young men and they invariably told the same story about the terrible abuses they had experienced from the monitor system at Preston when they were there.

Here is a typical example of several unrehearsed tape recordings of such interviews, which I took myself at the Chino Reception Guidance Center in 1954:

"How did you get along at Preston when you were there?"

"Not too good at first until I became a Cadet Captain."

"How did you get the job?"

"Well, we had a Cadet Captain named Johnson who nobody liked. He was a big bully and pushed us around. One night the supervisor in charge of the company said to me, 'Jack, how would you like to be Cadet Captain?'

"What's in it for me?' I says.

"I'll recommend you for extra credits and that will get you out of here six months to a year earlier."

"What do I have to do to get the job?"

"Lick Johnson," he says.

"I'd already sized Johnson up and thought I could do it. The supervisor said he'd go into the toilet and stay there. I walked over to Johnson and said,

'Look, punk, I've taken all I'm goin' to off you. I'm takin' over the company right now.' He was bigger'n me, but I knew I could lick him. We squared off and had a hell of a fight. The other kids just sat silent at their benches and watched. I was doin' okay and nearly had him when suddenly from behind someone slipped a towel around my neck, crossed it at the back and two guys began pulling on each end while Johnson pummeled me from the front. They choked my wind off and I went out like a light. When I come to, my eyes were black and my face a pulp where Johnson had continued beating me while his two lieutenants held onto the towel.

"The supervisor came out of the toilet and gave me hell for starting a fight, and I landed in the jug. When I got out of that discipline company I was returned to the same company where Johnson was still Cadet Captain and things weren't any better. That night the supervisor called me up to his desk and said, 'If you want to be Captain, you still have to lick Johnson, but wait until he's alone before you try it again.'

"That six to twelve months off my time looked too good for me to pass up. I waited a few nights and when the right time came I jumped him again and this time I won. The supervisor transferred Johnson to another company as a trouble maker and I took over as Captain."

"How many fights did you have to hold your job?"

"I averaged five a week, held the job ten months and earned an eight-months-early release."

"Did that mean you had to lick every kid in the company to hold your job?"

"Yes and no. You see, I didn't do it alone. I remembered that towel and when some new kid in the company would get smart and I thought he might be after my job, I'd wait 'till the supervisor went to the toilet (he always did when I asked him to, 'cause he knew what was cooking), then my two lieutenants would step up behind the kid, flip the towel around his throat and hold him while I beat him up. If

he tried to get rough, they cinched up on the towel and he passed out the way I did. It didn't take long that way and the other kids didn't want that kind of treatment. That's the only way they could do it."

"What do you think of such a system?"

"I think it's lousy and should be stopped before some kid gets killed, but you see, I wanted to get out of that hell-hole and was ready to do anything."

This same interview was repeated periodically over a year, with former Preston inmates who were former Cadet Captains. All told the same story but none had any respect for the system and condemned it without reservations.

When I visited Preston in 1956 and sat briefly with the classification committee, a lad about seventeen appeared, insisting on a transfer to another company because he feared for his life. Now he was afraid to talk and said he had changed his mind and thought he should remain in the company. After much questioning by the committee as to why he had changed his mind, he finally broke down and sobbed out his story. He had asked for the transfer because he was afraid of the homosexual Cadet Officer who had tried to trap him in the toilet and had later threatened him with a knife and would use it on him if he asked for a transfer from the company. He was assured he would be protected and the transfer was put through although the boy was still in a state of fright. The Assistant Superintendent said he would investigate the Cadet Officer and the case was closed. No one at the meeting suggested the cadet system be thrown out.

There had been no whippings at Preston since the announcement by Monte that they were out, but with the Board of Trustees dabbling in the administration, giving orders without first clearing with the Acting Superintendent, interviewing any boy who sent in a complaint and accepting as truth the boy's statement, things were in an uproar. With the place about to blow up, any disciplinary action became a real problem. Some of these boys had real cause for complaint, but others were quick to take advantage of the unsettled conditions and stirred up trouble.

Since the whippings were out, the only punishment left seemed to be solitary confinement, and the discipline cells were full to overflowing.

Part of the fault lay with Monte. Instead of standing up to his board members and calling for a showdown, he tried to smooth things over by endeavoring to please everyone. He was in a tough spot because he was still the Acting Superintendent and that limited his authority. There is no group in the world who will take advantage of such a situation as quickly as inmates or prisoners.

Then too Monte was away from the institution a great deal. He had just secured a divorce from his wife, and that had stirred up hard feelings on both sides. This happened while I was in the service, so I knew none of the details and felt it was not any of my business.

The flu epidemic of 1919 was a killer and thousands of people had died before it was checked. We had been very lucky at Preston without a single case and had all worn flu masks for weeks. One Sunday night, "Daddy Man," the laundry supervisor, came back from a weekend in San Francisco and brought with him the flu bug. He was the first to topple over and they carried him to the hospital where he nearly died. Soon the hospital was full of boys and officers as the epidemic spread rapidly through the school. One of the boys' cottages was taken over as an emergency hospital, and soon more than half the officers and a third of the boys were seriously ill.

When the head cook went down, Monte sent for me. Hadn't I been a mess sergeant in the army, and handled the mess for two-hundred and fifty men? Why couldn't I take over both kitchens at once?

For the next three weeks I was in the kitchen from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. The boys in the kitchens were fine and worked like beavers. They knew we were all on the spot and seemed to rise to the emergency. The cook had done a good job of training and they knew what to do and did it without a murmur. In fact they really enjoyed the responsibility which I had to give them. Not one got out of order, and not a boy left his post. Several went down with the flu as the epidemic spread, and we had to break in new boys to take their places.

Becky was in Berkeley, as the baby was soon to arrive,

and I was glad to get her away from danger. Monte gave me a room in his quarters so I could stay on the grounds and not have to go back and forth to the town of Ione where the epidemic was also at its height.

By night I was fagged out and usually took a hot bath as I came off duty. One evening I found myself locked in the bathroom and couldn't make the key turn the lock. After calling at intervals for an hour, Monte came in downstairs and heard me. He rushed upstairs to see what was wrong and couldn't find me. The bathroom was located halfway between floors and he had passed right by the door. When I called again he came back. I explained my predicament as I passed the key over the high transom, and could hear him chuckling as he tried to unlock the door from his side. When I appeared with only a towel, he roared with laughter. By that time I thought it was funny too.

I was still uncertain about my job after July 1st, and was studying to take the U.S. Civil Service Examination for Vocational Advisor with the Federal Board for Vocational Education, who were now retraining veterans of the late war who had a service-connected disability. The examination required a statement of qualifications and experience and the writing of a thesis on vocational training.

I had received the necessary blanks and was now working on the thesis, which had to be in Washington within the next thirty days. I was only halfway through when I had landed

in the kitchen, so each night after the hot bath, I worked until midnight and frequently fell asleep over my writing.

There was great rejoicing when we finally got through the flu epidemic without the loss of a single boy or officer. There had been no runaways during that period, and the whole school seemed to have risen to the emergency, a remarkable record because within a mile people were dying like flies in the little town. I was pretty proud of our lads in the school.

Word reached me that the 91st Division was returning from France and that the 363rd Infantry would be demobilized in San Francisco. Monte was going down to the city and I begged a ride. I could also visit Becky over the weekend.

Next morning I stood in front of the Palace Hotel as the Division marched up Market Street and my thoughts went back to our Captain.

There had been quite a stir in Company M when Captain Abercrombie arrived. He was a big fellow with a firm jaw that meant business and we thought he was going to be a tough one. His commands were given in a stern voice and he put us through drill with an ease that was astonishing. Under that rough exterior we found an officer with a real heart and within a week every man in the company was for the new Captain.

A veteran of the Spanish war, he had left his wife and six children and a good law practice in Portland, Oregon,

to "help make the world safe for democracy."

Often at five-thirty in the morning the Captain was in the kitchen inquiring about the food. "How's the coffee, Sergeant? Remember the men like it heavy," he would say. Quietly he gave orders and they were willingly obeyed. If any discipline was administered it was done quietly and with no one looking on. He was a prince of a fellow and without question every man in the outfit would follow him through hell.

For ten weeks we had been quarantined with the measles and couldn't have any visitors in camp. It was almost time for M Company to go overseas. The Captain sent for me and his eyes shone as he said, "Sergeant, the men need those musical instruments for a jazz band. Go into Tacoma and see what you can pick up." As I started for the door, he called out, "If you should see your wife while there, I suppose you will remember we are in quarantine?" He grinned as I saluted...and I spent the weekend with Becky.

The crowds were still gathering on Market Street as the parade started, yet my thoughts wandered back to the Captain.

As we pulled into Portland, Oregon, after my discharge, I had made for a phone booth. We could scarcely wait to hear word from the outfit, so I called the Captain's house. His sister answered the phone. No, Mrs. Abercrombie was not there.

In answer to my eager inquiry, a long pause followed:

then slowly the voice came. "Then you have not heard?
The Captain was killed in the Argonne."

Dazed and shaken, I stood in the tiny telephone booth, staring vacuously at the silent mouthpiece. Our Captain was dead? It just couldn't be true. The voice continued: "Both legs blown off...died in a hospital...exposure and loss of blood."

It all came back with a rush - those first months after America had entered the war, Company M, the mess hall, the tall fine-looking Captain, his interest in the men, the early morning calls to the kitchen, the grin on his face when he let me break quarantine. With kaleidoscopic rapidity a hundred other things passed before my unseeing eyes. And now he was gone. What about his wife and family? How happy they had been whenever they visited camp!

Slowly I became aware of something heavy in my hand. It was the telephone receiver...dead, too. The party had hung up long ago.

Butchered, his body shot to pieces, because he had dared to go "over the top" with his men. That was all. There was no other reason why they should kill him.

It seemed to me I couldn't leave that telephone booth. He was alive to me when I entered. Now, when I went out, he would be dead. It couldn't be!

Then I remembered that Becky was on the train, alone, waiting for me. Perhaps I had missed it! I must hurry.

The air in the booth was fould and close as I placed the useless receiver on the hook. Suddenly a white-hot wave of anger and grief pounded my veins. My eyes were blinded with tears, my head splitting. Flinging back the door, I pushed into the station....the Captain was dead!

As I stumbled along toward the train, I found myself repeating aloud what I had heard so often from the lips of enlisted men: "I'd like to kill the god-damn bastards who got us into this war!"

Now the parade was underway, the bands playing, colors flying, men, thousands of them, in full battle array, marching in close order. It was a thrilling sight for the thousands lining the sidewalks and leaning from the windows above. What a reception the city was giving them! Then someone shouted, "Here they come, the 363rd! San Francisco's own!"

The crowd went wild as people broke the lines and rushed toward loved ones in the line of march. The parade was blocked but no one seemed to mind.

Suddenly I spotted Company M and looked eagerly for my friends, when someone shouted: "Hey gang - there's old Sarge Macaroni, the belly robber. Let's kill the son of a bitch."

With that I was quickly surrounded by a dozen men I could scarcely recognize in their tin hats and full regalia. It was a happy back-slapping hand-shaking hugging melee. It was good to see them again, and safe home.

The marching had stopped and the crowds seemed to break into bunches around each squad and their loved ones. There were so many strange faces, and so many familiar faces missing. I looked about for more of the old bunch.

"Where is Top Sergeant Hoffie?" I said, "and Tommy.... and Mike?"

Silence fell on that excited group for just a moment. Then someone said, "Didn't you know Sarg?" The first time over the top Tommy got it between the eyes. Hoffie was killed in the Argonne. He was a brave one. You knew about the Captain, didn't you? He was a swell guy."

Hoffie, Tommy and I had been in Officers' Training Camp before my feet gave out and we had all three been "benzined" back to the Company because they said we lacked "physical ascendancy."

"Tell me about Hoffie," I said.

"Well, when we were in the Argonne, after the Captain was killed, we were ordered to advance in columns of squads against machine-gun fire, and we were mowed down like wheat, while air raids raked our line of march. It was terrible. Some damn fool had blundered, and our Company was almost wiped out. All the officers were killed and Hoffie took command. He kept yelling, 'Stay with me, you guys, and I'll get you out of this'...and by God he did. Two weeks later he got his."

Out of our two-hundred and fifty men only a handful had returned.

I'd heard enough. Much of the joy of this meeting went out of me. I couldn't bring myself to attend the 363rd celebration that night. Instead, I spent the evening with Becky, and we talked about the Captain and the others. But for the grace of God, I too would have been missing.

At midnight I quickly called a taxi and took Becky to the hospital, and at 3:30 a.m. Franklin Fairbanks was born, a fine boy weighing nine pounds six ounces. Two days later I returned to Ione.

"Courage brother, do not stumble,
Though the path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble
Trust in God and do the right."

Norman Macleod

CHAPTER V

Three Mexican boys had taken off the morning I returned, followed by two white boys that afternoon. Crews were dispatched to various points to try and round them up.

Mexican or Negro boys rarely ran away, it was more often the white boys who tried it, as they were in the majority and were the closest watched. They ran for various reasons: rebellion against incarceration, which of course is natural to anyone; homesickness in strange surroundings, regardless of the squalid conditions and family turmoil back home; a sense of insecurity and too often the result of rough treatment by personnel or other boys at the school.

Two of us were dispatched the forty miles to Stockton to check with the police departments enroute and shake down the freights which passed slowly through Stockton on the hour. It was a long two days and three nights. Checking the flat cars was no problem, but to also watch the rods under the trains on which tramps often rode was more difficult.

On the third night I was squatted on the ground checking the rods as a big freight pulled slowly past the station. I was so absorbed that I failed to notice a second freight bearing down from the opposite direction on the track behind until it was upon me, traveling faster than the other one and the suction from the two frightened me, so I threw myself flat on my face until they passed.

We finally picked up the three Mexican boys as they attempted to enter a box car in the freight yards, and returned them to Preston. The two white boys had headed for Silver Lake "to hunt, fish, and hide out until the heat was off." They had neither supplies nor guns, just a wild kid scheme. When found near Jackson, the county seat, they were ragged, scared, half-starved, and glad to be back.

Those were rough days at the school with boys running right and left, and a feeling of uncertainty and turmoil that infected the whole staff. F Company was filled, as were the bear-like cages under the administration building.

The officers on F Company were mounted and carried guns. The discipline was strict and the boys were on silence, with no privileges and their attitudes were sullen, dangerous and repressive. They worked as a discipline squad in the old brick plant, in spite of the fact there was no market for the bricks, however they continued to make them, with great stacks of finished products filling the yard.

One officer who supervised the work was on foot, while those mounted formed a large circle in the background. The boys showed little fear of the guns or guards because in spite of escapes no boy had ever been shot. The supervisor on foot wore a big six shooter on each hip. He was a large man with sharp beady eyes and when giving instructions would glare at the boys trying to stare them down. Some called him "Snake Eyes," others "Demon Bile."

The first time I had noticed Bile was in the officers' dining-room. He and his wife had just finished their meal. Carefully he folded his napkin into a square, then placing it in front of his mouth, took his fork and slipping it behind the folded napkin, sat there picking his teeth. The napkin was apparently his idea of good table manners.

One day he had an argument with a large boy on F Company who refused to work in the hot sun. He tried to stare the boy down. For a while they stood there with

necks extended like a couple of roosters about to clash. All work suddenly stopped on the crew as the boy dove at the officer's legs and together they rolled on the ground. When they got up, the boy had the two guns and "Snake Eye" was as white as a sheet, certain he was going to be killed. Instead the lad stepped toward him with a sarcastic grin and extending both hands said, "Here are your guns, Mr. Bile, you may need them." It is to the officer's credit that he decided his guns were useless and he never wore them again.

The Board continued to interfere with the management by issuing orders and counter orders, with the personnel wondering who was in charge. Monte had remarried and brought his new bride to the school. For some reason this infuriated the members of the Board, although they said nothing to him about their displeasure, they continued making things unbearable for him.

Two weeks passed. Monte sent word he and his wife were driving to San Francisco and asked me to join them. It was a beautiful April day with green hills and vineyards through Lodi and Stockton, but the roads were narrow and poorly paved and we were tired when we arrived in San Francisco, and put up at the Stewart Hotel. As we were getting ready to go down for dinner the phone rang. It was long distance from Ione. Monte took it and there was a long pause of silence. He glanced at his wife and

then turned his eyes to me, his face was drawn and white.

"How did it happen?" he said into the phone. Another long pause and then, "We will be back late tonight. Yes, phone the Board before this hits the papers." With that he hung up and sat staring into space.

"What's happened?" his wife asked.

"A boy has been shot trying to escape from F Company and is not expected to live," he replied. "You stay here a few days until I get this straightened out. Ken, you better come back with me. We will leave at once."

I went back to my room and in fifteen minutes we were on our way. As we drove, Monte told me how it had happened. A boy had hurled a rock at a mounted guard and knocked him off his horse, and then three others made a break for freedom. Two stopped with the first shot in the air, but a third kept running toward the hills. When he came to the barbed-wire fence he placed his hands on a post and leaped over. He was still in the air when he was shot through the lung, and collapsed on the ground, the guard claiming he had stumbled as he shot and never intended to hit him. "It looks to me like a pretty accurate shot for a stumble," Monte said - "Of all times for this to happen."

At 9:30 we stopped at a night cafe in Fairfield, tired and hungry. Monte couldn't eat much, he was too nervous and unstrung. I don't think he was afraid for his job,

but was genuinely concerned about the boy. While waiting for his meal he went to the phone and called the school. The detail officer answered and said the boy was still alive, but very weak. Monte scarcely touched his food and I seemed to have lost my appetite also.

As we approached the outskirts of Vacaville, a car shot past us in the fog, traveling close to forty miles an hour, more than cars could take in those days.

"What a fool to drive that fast in this pea soup," I said.

About three miles down the road we came upon the wreck. It was the reckless driver who had struck a horse crossing the road and had caught him amidships, tossing him over the car, striking the windshield and tearing off the canvas top. His wife was cut in the face with splintered glass and the man was badly hurt. A baby in the woman's arms had been covered with a blanket and escaped injury.

We stopped to give first aid and asked a passing motorist to get help from Vacaville. The horse was not in sight, apparently it had not been seriously hurt, and had disappeared in the fog. As soon as the ambulance arrived we hurried on toward Ione.

When we arrived, Monte rushed up to the hospital on the top floor of the administration building, but the boy had died one hour before. Next day there was a coroner's inquest regarding the death and it was declared "accidental."

That afternoon the Board arrived and held it's own investigation. They declared the affair was inexcusable and a reflection on the true conditions of the school. Monte was sick about it, and frightened, but I felt he was more genuinely upset over the boy.

I was called before the Board, as were several others and encouraged to give damaging statements regarding the treatment of the boys and the general conditions at the school. I refused to enter the controversy as so many of the things referred to had taken place while I was in the army. Monte had always treated me well and I knew nothing that went on during my absence. I could be loyal at least to that extent even if I did not approve of some of his policies and methods. I reminded them that it was Monte who had shown the courage to act upon Dr. Brown's recommendation to abolish the lash. When I made that statement I saw the chairman sit up with alert, but he made no comment.

There was great secrecy about board action. Rumors flew that "Monte was to go...no, he was to stay and fight... a new board was to be appointed by the Governor and the old one thrown out." The boys heard these rumors also and became more restless.

On top of all this the State Board of Charities and Corrections came swooping down from Sacramento for a hearing. These were politically appointed lay people who had an over-all responsibility to the Governor for the administration

of child welfare in the state. They had been shocked to learn that F Company guards carried guns and that any boy could be shot.

These were five well-intentioned people who had been to the school on many occasions and should have been aware of conditions. They had apparently never visited the discipline quarters, and as in the case with most such boards, knew little about the school except what they were told and shown during those visits. Such visits usually were limited to a report from the Superintendent, a hasty tour of the institution, followed by a fine dinner, after which they would leave.

Now they were greatly concerned with what had happened and held an investigation of their own. Their excitement mounted as they interviewed many boys and members of the personnel, for the stories were conflicting and it was difficult for them to get a true picture of what was going on.

The secretary was a tall thin spinster, a trained social worker who took shorthand notes of everything that was said. She sat in on all interviews and followed members around as they toured the grounds. She wore her glasses well down on her nose and gave the impression she was smelling out anything she could find.

It was soon apparent these people knew little about running an institution for delinquent boys between 16 and 21 years of age.

One morning at eight they appeared on the detail grounds where the boys were to be dispatched to the different shops and crews. As the companies arrived and stood in silent formation rank upon rank, three of the women began interviewing boys and calling them out of the lines in little groups. The detail officer was becoming impatient. He had 500 boys and many personnel to release to their assignments for the day, and had not been informed of the Board's intention to hold these interviews, of all places, on the detail grounds. Such a procedure could only result in confusion, as the boys craned their necks in the direction of the women, while some of them left their places in the ranks in order to see better.

The detail officer blew his whistle for silence and the group started to quiet down, when around the corner of the administration building rushed the secretary. She was late and her glasses had slipped again as she held her notebook extended in one hand and in the other a long yellow pencil. As she ran up to the nearest group of boys being interviewed, I heard one older boy in the ranks remark, "Hey gang, here comes 'Anything-dirty-tell-me'." Even some of the personnel had to laugh. Such procedure only made matters worse and after several days they returned to Sacramento to prepare a report to the Governor and Board of Trustees.

As escapes continued and the cells remained full, it became increasingly difficult to maintain discipline, and old-timers again clamored for a return of the lash. They longed for the good old days when discipline ruled with an iron hand. "What's this place coming to? It used to be we got some respect from these bastards, but now...one boy calls me a rubber-necked son-of-a-bitch, and I can't do nothing to him."

Another officer said, "Look at the way these kids are running. Why? 'Cause we can't use the lash. A couple of good 'sappings' would slow 'em up. If someone don't stop it, there won't be no boys left and we'll all lose our jobs."

Monte had been working on his budget for the next year. One day, shortly after the investigation, he asked me to have lunch and accompany him to Sacramento. I gathered it had something to do with the State Board of Control. He was to be gone one night and I was to drive the car back.

I had never driven a Buick, in fact the only car I had ever driven was our little Saxon roadster. Becky had named it "Tiddle de Winks" and that described it perfectly. The first time I had driven it I landed on the sidewalk in Tacoma. Monte said not to worry, he would show me how to handle the Buick.

On the way I studied the chuck holes and rough roads as he drove, and thought of the return trip alone over these old gold fields. Fortunately it had not rained for

some time. We carefully crossed the ditch where the business manager had tried to jump the car across, only to knock out the nurse instead and when we hit the paved road north of Galt, I took over.

We arrived in Sacramento about three o'clock and Monte asked me to drive to the Sacramento river boat to place his wife aboard, as she was going to San Francisco. He carried her baggage up the gang plank and soon returned to the car. I was about to open the door for him when he stopped and extended his hand.

"Ken," he said, "I'm through. I can't take it any more. Here are the keys to the institution, go on back. You are in charge." Then still holding my hand in a firm grasp, he added, "The Board told me of your loyalty to me. Thanks," - and with that he returned up the gang plank and disappeared in the cabin. The whistle blew as the lines were cast off and the big stern-wheeler moved slowly downstream and disappeared around the bend.

I stood there stunned and speechless. Then it dawned on me what had happened. They were gone - Monte had skipped. What was I to do? Twenty-eight years old, inexperienced, handed a sack of cats on a clothes line and expected to tame them.

I thought of the Chairman of the Board whose constant complaining had made it impossible for Monte and tried to get him on the phone, but his secretary said he was out and would not be back that afternoon. When I came out of

the phone booth I felt my knees were about to buckle as I got back in the car and headed slowly for Ione.

At seven-thirty, as I drove up to our little house on the hill, Becky greeted me, her eyes wide open when she saw the car. When I kissed her, she said, "What happened?"

"Get the baby and a few night things," I said. "Monte has skipped and I'm in charge. We are spending the night at the school until I can get hold of someone to find out what to do." As we drove along I filled her in on the details. "It will only be a day or two, I'm sure," I said. "The Board will meet and we can then be back in town."

Late that evening I finally reached the Chairman at his home in Sacramento, and told him what had happened. Instead of being concerned, his voice sounded elated.

When I asked for instructions he said, "Stay where you are, it's all right."

"Will you be up in the morning?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "We can't have a Board Meeting for two weeks," and he hung up.

There were five board members: an attorney, the Chairman; a tailor; and a minister; - the other two rarely attended board meetings and I had never met them.

Next morning I placed an announcement on the bulletin board that Monte had left and I was in charge. Word had already spread so I guess they knew all about it.

Most of the officers were as surprised as I was, and sensing my predicament, jumped in to help. The detail

officer expressed his desire to follow any policy I might suggest. I had none so far except fair play and elimination of brutality.

My first day in charge started with a bang. The head cook got drunk on vanilla extract and bay rum and fell down a flight of stairs. When I arrived the officers and boys were carrying him up the stairs to take him to the hospital. He had a bad scalp wound and was bleeding profusely, but still conscious.

"Sorry, Mr. Scuter - my foot mus a slip. Hones' I nev' ha' a drop...I..." but before he could finish he was out like a light.

In spite of the fact that he was a good cook, this was the third time he had been drunk on the job and as soon as he was properly cared for, I had to let him go.

Breakfast that morning was late and poorly prepared, but the boy cooks had done their best and again rose to the emergency until the new cook arrived.

We had moved into Monte's apartment in the administration building, very spacious and comfortable quarters. Full maintenance was allowed for the Superintendent and family and we had a housekeeper who was the sister-in-law of the former Superintendent, a fine woman and an excellent cook.

Self-government had ended with the tobacco episode in the tower, but the vicious monitor system still prevailed

with cadet officers exercising power over weaker boys and the company officer standing back, allowing the monitor to administer discipline he himself would not dare to give. It was difficult to discover this and to be able to take action against it.

Whenever I entered a company quarters the officer would receive me with the assurance everything was under control. The boys were on silence most of the time, as their noisy conversation would disturb the officer who was required to put in a twelve-hour day with meager pay and a heavy strain on nerves. The boys just looked at me. They appeared a beaten lot. What could we do about it?

Then there was the "credit" system, one of the most senseless systems ever devised and open to frightful abuse. The credit system naively assumed that all boys at Preston were alike and therefore should be treated in the same way. Each boy was informed on arrival that he would be required to earn 5,000 credits for good behavior and strict application to work before he could be released on parole or returned to his home. He could earn these credits at the rate of 180 each month, if his conduct was considered satisfactory, and thus would be released in twenty-seven months. As far as I could determine its only use was to place in the hands of the officers a power-

ful whip over each boy, which tended to make of him a conforming or fawning individual, afraid to move for fear he would lose some credits and extend his stay.

At the close of each month the Company Officer submitted his report on each boy, recommending either for or against the granting of 180 credits. If the boy had violated any of the rules or had given the officer any trouble during the month, the credits in part or in whole could be disallowed. With the type of officers employed and the small wage paid, this was a terrifying weapon to place in their hands. It was as though each boy was required to swallow each month 180 little white pills in order to bring about his rehabilitation at the end of twenty-seven months.

My arguments against the credit system were met by staunch support for the system. "It gives the boys an incentive. They liked it because they were always eager to discover each month how many they had gained or lost." It was also a great convenience to the personnel. Whenever a boy approached one of the administration officials with the question, "Mr. Jackson, when am I going home?" he always had an answer for the lad.

"How many credits have you earned, my boy?"

"Three thousand, sir."

"Well then, you know the system; as soon as you have earned 5000 you can go home."

Some of these people fairly worshipped this system. "It is unique - nothing like it anywhere." At least that part was true. Many times I heard officers roar at a boy for some minor offense, "That will cost you 180 credits," when he could have said 10 with greater results, but under the system, the officer was always right and in fact must be backed up, right or wrong. This is one of the curses of institutional life where ignorant untrained officers, who have never before experienced the exercising of power over others, suddenly find almost unlimited power placed in their hands. It is not surprising that it was so often abused.

These officers could also place a boy in the cells on restricted diet by reporting his case to the detail officer who also felt he must back up his men regardless of the offense charge.

When the offender stood in front of the detail officer he was sharply questioned. If he denied the charge or tried to explain, he was usually cut short with, "Well, here is the written report from the officer. It must be true or he would not have sent it in." Then, "Eight to twelve days in the cells." There was no appeal and as a result the cells were always full.

The two weeks passed and there was no board meeting, nor had I heard any word from the Chairman.

Up at 5:30 I checked into the kitchen to see about the mess. Detail at 8:00 with assignment of boys to the shops,

school and maintenance work. This was followed by the necessary office routine of the day and after dinner a tour through the dormitories with the night watch. At nine I was back in our apartment. I couldn't keep this pace up indefinitely, but it seemed necessary for a time to get hold of the situation, at least I knew what was going on, and found so many places that needed patching.

I interviewed boys in the cells, as some had been there a long time without a visit from the administration and released several to return to their companies. Most of them were there for smoking. The trouble was not so much with the boys; they didn't want trouble, they wanted to get out and go home. It was more often a personality clash with the officers whose nerves were on edge most of the time. Some were afraid of the boys, and a few had good reasons to be.

There were other stupid forms of discipline. Standing on "guard line" required the offender to remain rigidly at attention on a line marked on the floor or in the dirt on the play field. He looked straight ahead and could neither speak nor move until told to by the officer. This lasted from thirty minutes to several hours, depending on the officer and the offense.

The "silence bench" was another favorite method of disciplining a boy. He was required to sit on a bench in silence and observe the games in which he could not partici-

pate. This could go on for days, as no one even questioned the officer or gave him instruction regarding limits and abuse.

There were many fine officers at Preston who understood boys, enjoyed their work and really tried to help these lads. The poor officers, however, made it very difficult for the conscientious officers to secure the desired results, and many of them became discouraged and left.

Another problem was a shortage of water. This was really serious for we never knew when it would be shut off. The water for cooking and drinking was filtered, but the rest was copper-colored with a reddish silt. When one took a bath one came out of the tub with a Hollywood tan, which immediately wiped off on the towel. The swimming pool for the boys was a dirty mud-hole and a wonder someone didn't come down with polio.

Three weeks after Monte left, the Board held a meeting and I was officially appointed Acting Superintendent at \$300 a month, plus maintenance for self and family until a permanent Superintendent could be secured. Quite a jump in those days from \$125 a month, and I could surely use it to help pay our debts acquired during the war.

"Seal up a small tea kettle,
place it over a flame
and it will wreck a house.
But let the powerful vapor
escape and the kettle sings.

Anon.

CHAPTER VI

Things started out well, the three active board members were cordial and cooperative and expressed satisfaction over the change. The Chairman and his wife spent a great deal of time at the institution. I'm sure his intentions were sincere and that he wanted to know at first-hand more about the school. Gradually, however, I began to receive the impression that since he had suggested my temporary appointment to the board, that he now looked upon me as his fair-haired boy who would without question carry out his every suggestion. Within two weeks he began issuing orders not cleared with me, which soon resulted in confusion. Perhaps this assumed authority went to his head. At any rate, I began to realize some of the problems Monte had been up against.

It was a relief to me when the Board decided to meet each week for a time "to help with the re-organization." They would arrive in the early afternoon, but instead of getting down to business they fooled around for hours, joking and visiting and it was usually nine o'clock in the evening before they convened their meeting. The sessions would run until one in the morning, after which they expected a midnight supper and it had to be good. We didn't feel right to arouse the housekeeper at that hour, so Becky stayed up and took charge. It was two o'clock before they broke up and then expected a late breakfast at ten.

Soon I realized that whenever the Board was present, the place was in a turmoil. In the evenings before the Board meeting, the Chairman and his wife, who had no children of their own, liked to visit the dormitories for the younger boys sixteen and seventeen. Some were large lads who knew their way around. Before they reached the dorms, the boys were in bed and the night Supervisor in charge. To have a woman enter at that time in itself caused a stir.

Here they seemed to seek out complaints and accepted the most outlandish stories told by some of these wise kids who looked at them with wide open innocent eyes "that just couldn't lie....it must be true, what he told me." And when some attractive little fellow made a real impression, the woman with the best of intentions

impulsively kissed him goodnight and tucked him in. This gave the night Supervisor concern because of the wise cracks made by other boys behind her back. These became quite general when the couple left with boys calling out "Harry got kissed, Harry got kissed! Moms tucked the little angel in bed for the night. Good night, Harry darling!" It was sometime before order was restored.

Then we began to have complaints about the food served at our table. The Chairman's wife was quite dissatisfied and outspoken. If she didn't like what was served, no matter who was present, she would say, "Chicken again? Why can't we have turkey?" It became quite embarrassing to all present, but she didn't seem to notice.

Our waiter was paroled and a colored boy was assigned to take his place. The lad was nervous; this was his first day and he tried so hard to please.

The Chairman ordered fried eggs and bacon for breakfast. In taking the other orders, the boy became confused and brought him two beautifully poached eggs on toast with bacon.

"I ordered fried egg," he said. The boy was shaking in his shoes. I smiled at him and shook my head and he left the room, as I didn't think it mattered. But the Chairman was angry and although he didn't ask for a change, he wouldn't eat the eggs and sulked through breakfast. Guess I muffed that time.

That Sunday evening the first explosion occurred. They didn't show up for dinner that night. When they came in at nine o'clock, the Chairman said, "We had dinner at L. Cottage tonight with the house parents and the boys. The food was better than at your table. I believe we will eat there after this." I looked him in the eye and said, "I think that would be a splendid idea." I could have bitten my tongue off, but it was too late. His face turned white as we stood there glaring at each other. Gradually the color returned to his face and I saw a friendly glint in his eye as suddenly he laughed and slapping me on the back saying, "Ken, that was a good comeback. I guess I had it coming." Placing his arm around my shoulders, we turned and entered the apartment. Two men who had begun to understand each other a little better.

Another board member sent his whole family up for a free two-weeks vacation on the state. Apparently we were expected to run a resort hotel. They too became quite choosy about food and service, but they were nice about it. During the four months I was in charge, Becky and I had not more than six meals alone, there was always someone present.

The first month we approved thirty boys for parole. I had often wondered how these young men felt when they were about to be released. Why not ask them to express

their feelings about the treatment they had received and what suggestions they might make to improve conditions at the school. The parole officer had suggested a parole dinner in the officers' dining room. Instead, we decided to hold it in our apartment, perhaps the boys would be more apt to talk.

We invited the parole officer and his wife, as well as the board members, but the latter declined because of other plans. The long table was beautiful with flowers and one of the early phonographs played soft dinner music in the background. The boys were in civilian clothes and looked quite handsome but ill at ease. The parole officer and his wife were at one end of the table and Becky and I at the other. As soon as the meal was under way, the boys relaxed and began to laugh and converse with each other. Toward the close of the meal the Chairman of the Board arrived with his wife and we made room for them at the table. I was glad they had come. The parole officer said a few words of encouragement and then asked me to speak.

I told the boys why we had called them together. First, we wanted to commend them for their good efforts while at the school and to wish them well. "The real purpose, however, was to give you a chance to discuss your treatment while here and to suggest ways we might improve conditions at the school for those boys who will take your places." Then I added, "You have been approved for release, and I

can assure you that nothing you say here tonight will in any way affect that release, so let's be frank with each other."

This was met with silence on the part of the group as they glanced at each other across the table and then dropped their eyes. Finally one boy spoke up.

"Well, there's one guy I liked in this place, Mr. Scudder, and that's old Cap. Harris. He was the first officer I met and I'll never forget his kindness. He dressed us in and gave us our outfits and some good advice." There was a pause but I spotted general agreement up and down the table as heads nodded approval.

"He said to me," the boy continued, "'Look, son, I know you didn't want to come here and part of this is going to be rough. We didn't have anything to do with you're being sent to Preston. You got yourself into this trouble. Take a little tip from a friend. Don't figure on leaving because then you'll really mess things up. I've been here since this institution opened twenty-five years ago and that's a long time. I have known a lot of boys. Most of them get through here without trouble. You can be one of them. There are others who get tough and then it really becomes tough for them.'"

The boy stopped for a moment and then added, "He said something else, Mr. Scudder, I never forgot. 'Son,' he said, 'If the going gets rough, you look me up.' And I often did. He'd always listen, and then cracked a little

joke or told a funny story, and I always felt better. He never preached, he just told ya. I wish there was more guys like Cap around this place."

As he took his seat the boys gave him a big hand and that seemed to set them off. Many good suggestions were made that night. They were both pertinent and constructive. Finally, as they left to return to quarters there was a warm return grip to the handshakes.

The Chairman of the Board said, "I'm sure glad we came. That was a fine meeting. What that boy said about Cap Harris really touched me." "Yes," I replied, "we should spend more time with these boys when they first arrive, but it takes the right kind of people to do it."

Summers at Ione are very warm, but in spite of the heat we decided to speed up the recreation activities and keep the boys busy during their leisure hours. Monte had hired a young man as athletic director just before he left and the new man had organized many new activities.

Instead of the useless military drill in hot uniforms, the boys were now issued track suits and tennis shoes for field events. We also started classes in boxing, wrestling, and weight lifting for some of the rougher boys who seemed to need that type of activity to hold their interests.

Many so-called delinquents have never learned how to play. Once their interest is aroused and they find that they too can perform with credit, they become good athletes

and also acquire habits of good sportsmanship and fair play. A well-organized recreational program plays an important part in the process of rehabilitation. Now in place of the guard line and the silent bench, these same boys who were formerly always in trouble were enjoying the fruits of good conduct and an inner sense of belonging and of acceptance by the group. There was definitely a decline of petty disciplinary cases in the school and for the first time since I had been at Preston we sensed the beginnings of an encouraging group spirit, due in large measure to the efforts of the director of recreation.

Company teams were organized and as the intramural competition increased, even the officers became infected and found it was much easier to handle their groups than before. We also noticed less tension in the dormitories at night. The fourth of July was to be our first big field meet, to be topped off in the afternoon with a baseball game between Preston and the boys from the Whittier State School in Southern California.

There was great excitement in the air, for the Whittier team enjoyed a great reputation and had not been defeated. Superintendent Fred C. Nellis was bringing his team by motor caravan the 500 miles to Preston and would arrive the morning of the Fourth. Preston's first team had practiced for weeks and felt they were red hot for the game.

The weather had been scorching for days, but the Fourth of July dawned cool and clear, a perfect setup for a field meet, and the whole school was in attendance. The detail officer had nearly blown his top when I suggested he release the boys from F Company to see the fun. "You mean, turn these escapees and discipline cases loose to mingle with the boys?" he asked. "No, let them sit off in a separate group," I replied. "Don't you think the officers would like to see the meet too?" That seemed to soften it, and he reluctantly nodded approval.

Several larger boys had been selected to help run off the events. The games were well organized and more than a hundred contestants had signed up. After the races, boxing and tug-of-war, came the greased pig. Thirty boys entered this event and they looked like a small army compared to the young pig who was to be their victim. He was in a crate and had been thoroughly smeared with axle grease used for the farm wagons. They let him out in the center of the field and removed the crate to the side lines. When the starter gave the signal, the pig didn't like the looks of that hord descending upon him and started for parts unknown. One boy shot out ahead and with a flying tackle had the pig in his arms, but as they rolled over the pig popped out like a cork and started running agin. Soon he was overtaken and eight kids piled on him, each struggling to be the victor.

When the heap was unscrambled one boy had him securely in his arms and was declared winner. As he turned to the bleachers he was greeted with a roar of laughter. That boy was smeared with black axle grease from head to toe. Even his face was black.

But the event that caused the greatest sensation was the greased horizontal pole on legs. This was a smooth highly polished log, about six feet in length and eight inches in diameter. It too was heavily greased and placed in the center of the field. There had been a lot of questions about this event because no one had ever seen it.

In spite of the mystery, twenty boys had signed up. The coach picked up his megaphone and in a loud voice that reached the bleachers described the rules for the event.

Two contestants were to mount the log and face each other, about two feet apart. Each would be given a pillow and at the signal would knock his opponent off the log. The one who could knock over five opponents was champion. A murmur of disappointment went through the crowd. Was that all? Why, anyone could do that. Now the first two boys were climbing cautiously aboard. As each reached for a pillow they teetered precariously on the greasy pole. At the signal each struck the other on the right side of the head and like a couple of spent pinwheels they spun in opposite directions and landed on the ground. A roar went up from the bleachers. Say, this was going to be good!

One boy knocked two off, but the third contestant got him in return. Now there were many of the best athletes who wanted to take a try. Someone in the bleachers shouted, "Let the 'Chief' try it." This was immediately taken up in a chant of "Chief! Chief! Chief!"

"Chief" was a full-blooded Klamath Indian from the reservation. He was twenty years old and was committed for assault when drunk. He had never been in trouble before and this was his first taste of loss of freedom and he didn't like it. He was a well-built boy, but sullen and uncooperative and had been in and out of F Company for fighting. On the Klamath River he had been a trapper and guide. At Preston he was a lost soul thrown into a strange environment he couldn't understand and he rebelled. So far no one had been able to reach him.

As the cry "Chief" continued he shook his head. Didn't they know he was in F Company and could not compete? I nodded to the detail officer to release him. Slowly the boy arose, and as he reluctantly entered the field, a shout went up from the crowd. Several boys, as big as the Chief, were standing in line for a chance for the five-dollar prize to be placed on the books for the champion.

The Chief was not to be hurried. He walked all around this strange horse, then placed his hand on the greasy log and with a quick leap landed astride. Another boy of equal size and strength soon faced him. It was apparent that both boys were right handed as they accepted the

pillows. The Chief quickly shifted his to his left hand. The wily Indian had figured out a plan. When the signal was given the white boy struck with all his strength, but the Chief leaned back so the blow lost most of its force, at the same time striking the white boy on the right side of his head and spun him to the ground.

The next boy up was left-handed, so the Chief shifted his pillow to his right hand and the same thing happened. When he had unseated his five victims he calmly slipped off the pole. But the bleacher crowd cried for more. "How many can you take?" they shouted. When he had taken care of eleven boys the coach declared him "Special Champion" and raised the prize to six dollars.

Just then the Whittier baseball caravan drove onto the grounds and the Preston boys gave them a great welcome. That afternoon the game was a close one, six to six in the eighth inning with both teams playing beautiful ball. Preston struck out in the first half of the ninth and a Whittier boy batted out a home run to win the game.

That evening both teams enjoyed a fried rabbit dinner in the personnel dining-room, as well as the boys who helped put on the field-day program.

That night I had a long talk with Nellis, as we walked about the grounds. He was a tall well-built handsome man with a warm personality and a friendly smile. He had been a member of the State Board of Control, an engineer by profession, and had been sent to Whittier following a

riot to find out what was wrong with the school. He found a terrible condition. Boys of eight, nine and ten were mixed with those of eighteen, nineteen and twenty, as the age range was 8 to 21; and impossible mixture of population.

Untrained, underpaid politically appointed guards, brutal inhumane treatment, the cat-o-nine tails and the cruel Oregon Boat weighing ten pounds welded to the boy's ankle to keep him from running away. Girls were also at Whittier, and were kept in a separate place on the far end of the grounds.

Nellis told me of the things he had found, unspeakable conditions that made him ill. His report to the Governor and to the Board of Control was a sensation and was received by the public as a scandal. The Governor agreed with the Board that Nellis was the only person who could straighten the place out, and after many trying years he had succeeded in making an outstanding school for boys out of a disgraceful reformatory. I told him of conditions at Preston. He knew more about the place than I had realized.

"It's going to be tough," he said. Then turning to me, he asked straight out, "What are your plans? Do you expect to be appointed Superintendent?"

"No," I replied. "Not because its going to be rough, but I really don't feel I'm ready for this, and I'm hop-

ing they soon get someone to take charge." Later I discovered the Board has asked Nellis to recommend someone and apparently that walk around the grounds that night had given him a chance to sound me out.

Mr. Nellis invited the Board to a conference at the Whittier State School. They would take their wives and I was to go too. Rich, the mechanic, drove the Velie with the attorney and the tailor and their wives. I drove the Buick and had the rector and his family and the Business Manager who was also Secretary of the Board. The four hundred and eight miles to Whittier can now be made on our present highways in about nine hours. It took us three days and two nights over terrible roads with frequent blow-outs to make the trip - a tedious, dirty, uncomfortable ride. In both cars there was much crabbing during the trip.

Rich was a good mechanic, but an irratic driver and when we passed cars on the narrow road he failed to slow down and his rear wheels would often swerve violently onto the road shoulders, tossing the occupants about. This always evoked screams of fright from the Chairman's wife in the back seat, followed by a general calling down each time it occurred. Poor Rich was exhausted before we arrived.

In my car the rector had brought their little daughter. About every ten minutes the girl became restless, as she sat between her parents on the back seat, and would slide

off and jump about, with the mother calling out, "Margaret Ruth, get off my feet." I'm sure I heard that pitiful cry at least 576 times before we arrived. It later became a by-word in our family for years. Whenever Becky or I became disturbed about something, we would call out, "Margaret Ruth, get off my feet." It always made us feel better.

It was a relief when we hit the road sign Los Angeles city limits. But we were still far from civilization as we drove through miles and miles of hills and oaks to the outskirts of Hollywood, on through the budding City of the Angels and another twenty miles to Whittier.

The next two days were extremely interesting as we discussed problems of administration and observed an institution in action. Here was a fine school. Beautiful grounds, many old antiquated buildings, some new ones, but a splendid spirit permeated the place. This was due to the presence of a fine relationship and understanding between the boys and the Superintendent. Yes, he really had made a fine school out of a hard-boiled reformatory of many dark yesterdays.

The tedious trip back was uneventful except that on the last evening enroute the Chairman of the Board asked me if I would accept the appointment of Superintendent if it was offered. I thought a moment.

"I have enjoyed these four months, even though they have been rough," I said. "The job has a great challenge and appeals to me, but I honestly feel I am not ready for

it, and would prefer that you find someone else."

"Would you carry on for another six months?" he asked.

"No, I think not. It would be better for you to find a suitable Superintendent as soon as possible so the staff and boys can settle down. I'll stay until you get someone."

When we returned, the school was quiet on the surface, but was still seething underneath. Becky handed me a letter from the Federal Board for Vocational Education, notifying me that I had passed the Civil Service examination and my name was on the eligible list for appointment as Vocational Advisor, and asked when I could report for duty. Now I had "an anchor to windward."

The State Board of Charities and Corrections had completed their report and met with the trustees to discuss it at the school. The report was a rough inditement and contained many recommendations. Most of them were sound.

They wanted a permanent Superintendent appointed immediately and were sure they had found the man. He was then a successful probation officer in San Francisco and was interested in the job. I thought he would make a good Superintendent. The Board was not to be rushed, however, but agreed to give it careful consideration. It was near midnight when they adjourned.

Later I learned that the tailor was opposed to the appointment of the probation officer and wanted to bring

back the first Superintendent who had opened the school twenty-five years before and who had "never experienced any trouble in handling the boys." The attorney and the rector were skeptical, but the tailor insisted that they at least call him for an interview, and they agreed.

He arrived a week later, although I had not been told of his coming. He was closeted with the Board for two hours and when they adjourned for dinner I met him for the first time. To my surprise Becky knew him. He had been Superintendent of their Sunday School and his youngest daughter was in her class.

He was a short stocky man, with curly hair and wore a pair of pinch-nez glasses with a black ribbon that went back of one ear and fastened in his vest. He greeted her with his effervescent nature and held out a friendly hand to me. I liked the man.

Nothing was said about the interview and as soon as dinner was over he requested that someone drive him to Stockton so he could take the train to the city. I agreed to take him in the old model T Ford, the only car then available.

He was quite talkative as we rode along, and sounded me out about the self-government. I told him its history and was relieved when he said he didn't believe in it either; it was too open to abuse. He was very cordial and said he hoped I'd stay on as Psychologist and Vocational Director.

He didn't mention his appointment; perhaps he thought I knew. At any rate he chuckled over the prospect as he said, "This is going to be the easiest job I ever tackled. You see, I'll just take up where I left off twenty-five years ago."

He told me how he had opened the school in the early nineties by taking seven younger boys out of San Quentin. "It was just like a family and we all ate at the same table." Later, as commitments came from the courts, the little group of seven was expanded to fifty. The fact that there were now five hundred boys didn't seem to present any difficulties to him. "It will be a cinch," he said.

The next morning the Board had another closed meeting. While still in session the Chairman came into my office and informed me they had decided to dismiss the detail officer because they thought he locked up too many boys and still wanted a return of the lash. He implied that the new Superintendent was in accord, but wanted me to do the dismissing. I asked him if they had talked with the officer and he said, "No. We want you to dismiss him." I said, "Won't you give him a chance to defend himself? He's been here a long time." "That is not necessary," he replied.

As he turned to go, I said - "Wait a moment. You are giving me an order to dismiss a man without a hearing. I don't like it. I will only tell the man that your Board

has instructed me to notify him of his dismissal, but that I had not been consulted and it was not my action." Without further comment he turned and left the room. What a yellow-bellied way to do business, I thought.

When I called in the detail officer he turned white with the news. It was sometime before he spoke.

"What are the charges?" he said. When I told him of my conversation with the Chairman his face flushed with justifiable anger.

"If I were you, Frank," I said, "I'd cross the hall and knock hard on that door, open it and demand a hearing. I think you'll get one."

"Thanks," he said, and did so. The Board was so startled when he entered they asked him to sit down and heard his statement. But it was no use for they remained adamant and he left the next day. They did tell him the new Superintendent didn't want him.

I had felt he was temperamentally unsuited for the job, as he was extremely nervous and quick to anger and seemed to feel that whenever a boy broke the rules or ran away it was a reflection on himself, and he had become punishment-happy. He was not entirely to blame; it was the system. At least he had remained loyal to whoever was in charge and had tried his best to cooperate with me even though it had gone against the grain on many occasions.

He came in to say goodbye before he left and thanked me for my efforts in his behalf. "By the way," he said, as he started out the door, "I was pretty hot that day you let the "Chief" out of F Company to enter that contest. But something's happened to that kid. He's back in his company, has enrolled in school, so he can learn to read and write, and is out for athletics, and he hasn't had a fight." He grinned and was gone. He had a lot of good traits and with some in-service training and help, could have overcome much of his difficulty.

"Here is another bead on
the string of confusions."

William E. Woodward

CHAPTER VII

For the next three weeks I was still in charge but had very little authority, and no one knew the exact date the new Superintendent would arrive. It was to be sometime in September. The personnel bitterly resented the abrupt dismissal of the detail officer, and began to speculate among themselves who would be next.

I appointed the blacksmith as acting detail officer until the new man could take over. He was a large, quiet, powerful person, very popular with the boys and staff. He handled his crew in the shop with a firm hand, but had their respect because he was fair.

Rarely did he find it necessary to report a boy for disciplinary action. Then too he was one of the few old-timers who had despised the lash. We had discussed it one morning when I had stopped in his shop as I made the rounds.

"I've been here over twenty years," he said, "and it's just no good. Instead, it makes a boy worse."

He quietly took over his new duties and things began to clear. Several more boys were removed from F Company and returned to their groups, and to the disappointment of some of the staff, the place did not blow up.

The Board Chairman expressed dissatisfaction with his apartment in the administration building, and ordered a complete renovation. He complained especially about the tub in his bathroom. It was no different from all the other tubs in the building and yet it wasn't big enough. The night I had locked myself in the bath and had called Monte to get me out, I had been able to lie full length and with room to spare. I am five feet nine, and the Chairman of the Board was shorter. True, these tubs had been in use since 1893, but they were all still in good condition.

At any rate he demanded a new tub and had instructed the Business Manager to get one. They finally decided it was necessary to have one made to order. When the tub

arrived it was sent out in front of the building. It was eight feet long and staff members passing muttered, "He must be planning to wash a baby elephant." Ten husky boys carried it to the second floor and found they couldn't get it through the door. The engineer was called and declared the door opening could not be enlarged, so they carried it down again.

After consultation it was decided to tear out a window frame and part of the outside brick wall, then haul the tub up with a derrick. When the tub finally reached the apartment they couldn't get it into the bathroom, so had to tear out another wall. There was much joking about the Chairman's tub, but he never waivered. When the apartment was redecorated, and a new rug, beds, dresser and chairs installed, it was really beautiful, but at an unwarranted expense of several thousand dollars to the State.

Nick, the Russian boy, was twenty when he got into trouble for the first time. He had married a nice girl and just when they were expecting a baby he lost his job. For days he haunted the employment offices and pounded the streets, but all work seemed to elude him. The larder was empty and he couldn't feed his wife. In desperation he lost his head and rolled a drunk one night

in a dark alley off Mission Street in San Francisco. The victim carried a big roll, but Nick took two twenty dollar bills and slipped the rest back in the man's pocket. Rushing to the store he purchased a large bag of groceries, milk, eggs, and staples for his ailing wife. Next day he was picked up, charged with assault and robbery, and committed to Preston.

He was a bitter, disturbed boy when he arrived, but it soon became apparent he didn't intend to stay. In fact he was frank about it, and informed us he would run away at the first opportunity. The Salvation Army had agreed to look after his wife, but that made no difference in his attitude. He kept brooding over her and was convinced she would die if he wasn't there to look after her.

One night he started to run, but was picked up before he left the grounds and landed in F Company. There he became defiant and went to pieces. I visited him often in his cell and it seemed to relieve him to talk things out. He felt he had been dealt with unjustly by the court and kept saying, "I only did it 'cause my wife was pregnant and hungry and I couldn't get work."

A few weeks later he had settled down, was made a trustee and helped with the food cart sent down to F Company from the main kitchen. One evening, at dusk, he accompanied the officer to the door to receive the food

and when it opened he dashed through and disappeared around the building. The officer was alone and could not leave the company. Hastily he locked the door and rushed for the local inside phone. Another fifteen minutes elapsed before any of the officers could be released and by then Nick had left the grounds. For three days they searched the surrounding country, but could find no trace of the boy. He seemed to have vanished into thin air. We called the search off and brought the men in.

At ten o'clock the third night I received a call from the sheriff at Sutter Creek about twenty miles back in the hills. "Your man broke into a settler's cabin and stole an old blunderbus, balls and a pouch of powder. You better come up and get him."

"Is he in custody?" I asked.

"Hell, no, he ain't in custody. He's armed, I tell ya, and I ain't sending my deputies out to pick up no armed criminal. That guy's tough and means business."

"Well, where is he now?" I inquired.

"I don't know, he's somewheres between here and Amador."

"We'll be right up," I said. I thought, what a brave sheriff, and called the new detail officer. "I'll go along," I said.

It was ten thirty when the car pulled up with two extra officers in the back seat. The detail officer handed me a

revolver and holster. I said I didn't need it, but he quietly slipped the belt around my waist and snapped the buckle. "Perhaps not," he said, "but we can't take chances. You know how determined that boy has been, and how upset he is about his wife."

It was a long, narrow, curving road to Sutter's Creek. As we climbed through the hills the night was dark, and the car lights were not bright.

When we arrived at Sutter the sheriff was out. No further word had been received, so we started for Amador. A car was coming toward us and we flagged it to a stop on the narrow road. The two occupants were "winos" and very happy.

"Did you see a man on the road carrying a gun?" we asked.

"I'll say we seen 'im, buddy. He's got a regular machine gun on his back." With a "whoopee" they drove off.

As we approached Amador, we slowed down as it was an almost deserted mining town. "Let's drive slowly through as though we are going on, then turn around and park the car in the dark," I said. No one was on the single narrow street. While they parked the car, I walked back toward the only light in the silent town. Several men were sitting around a pot-belly stove in the little store and I asked if anyone had passed in the street in the last half hour. They glanced up and one man shook his head

without comment.

Crossing the porch outside I stepped into the street. The officers were coming from the parked car. As I glanced in the direction we had come, a dim figure appeared. Stepping behind a post, I waited - sure it was the Russian. He came slowly down the road carrying a long gun on one shoulder and a bag slung over the other. Suddenly he spotted the figure behind the post and grabbed for his gun. I stepped into the light and called sharply, "Nick! Don't move. You are fully covered." The gun was halfway down before he froze in his steps. He saw the others closing in and offered no resistance. When the detail officer stepped up and took the gun away, it was rammed full of powder and shot and would probably have blown his own head off if he had shot it. The sheriff was right, it was an old rusty blunderbus.

I was not aware that I had drawn my gun and still had him covered. It must have been a reflex action in a tight spot and now it frightened me. If his gun had come down just a little further, I might have pulled the trigger. Never again did I take a gun on an escape.

The boy was exhausted, hungry and badly frightened. He had been without food for two days and had no idea where he was or where he was headed. It had been much rougher than he had thought, but never uttered a word as he sat between the two officers on the back seat.

When we reached Preston, I phoned the sheriff at Sutter Creek. His deputy answered. "Tell the sheriff we picked up our boy," I said.

"You did? Any trouble?"

"None at all," I replied.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said.

"You might thank the sheriff for his help," I added, and hung up. I just couldn't resist it.

Two days later the faithful Salvation Army phoned from San Francisco - "Tell Nick he's the father of a fine eight-pound boy and his wife is doing well. Tell him not to worry."

"God bless them," Nick said, and settled down.

Two weeks later the new Superintendent arrived with his wife and married daughter, and took charge. The daughter became his secretary. His wife was appointed head matron, and his son-in-law soon arrived to become superintendent of the farm. A family affair from the start, and each snugly settled on the state payroll. I wondered if that was what he had in mind when he said to me in Stockton, "This job is going to be a cinch."

That night I felt like a new man and wanted to jump and shout. It was as though a great burden had rolled off my shoulders and now I was free again. Becky wrote in her five-year diary: "Ken's duties as Acting Superintendent

ended at midnight tonight. We both feel ten years younger." Now we could at least have a few meals alone, as we moved back to our little house on the hill overlooking Ione.

The following day I was back in my laboratory over the detail office, and took up where I had left off four months before as no one had been testing and I was way behind.

Soon it became apparent there was a deep undercurrent of unrest on the part of the boys and staff. The escapes had been less frequent during the last two months, but now they were running again and several of the staff had quit. It was rough on the new man. Why didn't they give him a chance? Some said, "He acts like a good-natured Daddy." Soon boys began taking advantage of what they misunderstood as a weak hand at the helm. He wasn't weak. He was just taking up where he had left off twenty-five years before.

In September the State Fair opened in Sacramento and each year the Preston band was invited to attend. They usually stayed several days and were always well received. We had worked up a little strolling group of minstrels and had played for the boys on the grounds; two Mexicans, two white boys, with guitars and mandolins, and my violin. Someone had heard of it; at any rate we were invited to play at the Fair for one day.

I took the group in a car and we strolled about the Fair Grounds that morning. The boys made quite a hit. We were all dressed in white duck, and some of the crowd followed us about from building to building. When an unexpected invitation came to play at the Governor's luncheon, the kids were scared and so was I. We knew we were not that good, but when the party insisted, we agreed to give it a try.

We were announced as "The Preston Boys Strolling Minstrels," and that really gave us a jolt. Apparently it went well because the guests kept clapping for more.

When we got outside the guitar player, Sanchez, said, "Mr. Scudder, did you hear what the dame said who had her glasses on a stick?"

"You mean a lorgnette?" I smiled.

"I don't know what she called it. I never seen one before, but when she looked at you she said to the other lady, "Who's the big fellow? Sad, isn't it? Wonder what he's in for."

We all doubled up over that one.

We arrived back at Preston at midnight and the boys said, "Thanks a lot, Mr. Scudder; we sure had a bust." Then they started to laugh again. It was still one on me.

Four days later, for the first time in years, seven band boys ran away from the fair. We were out three days and nights rounding them up. It was very discouraging.

Thirteen years later, when I was Probation Officer of Los Angeles County, my secretary announced that a man wanted to see me and said it was urgent. It was Sanchez, the guitar player. He just wanted to say hello. He had once violated his parole and gone back to Preston. After that he settled down. "I have a lovely wife and two fine children," he said with pride. "And do you still play the guitar?" I asked. "Oh yes, and my children play too. I heard you were here and had to come and tell you I never forgot that day at the Fair when you treated us guys like other people."

As we shook hands, a smile crossed his face. "Remember what the old dame said about you that day?"

"Never mind dragging in any dead cats," I said, and he left with a laugh. God bless him and his little family. The trip to the Fair had finally paid off.

Now there was a new detail officer and the blacksmith, who had done an excellent job, was returned to his shop. In his place was the supervisor of the cottage where the Chairman of the Board had found better food than that served at our table. He had been with the new Superintendent when he opened the school, and the latter had great confidence in him.

Two more busy months rolled by and I was catching up on the testing. There was trouble in F Company and the Superintendent was often there to try and quiet the boys down.

One afternoon he asked me to accompany him. He carried a wrapped package in his hand. "There's a boy I want you to see," he said. As we approached we could hear several boys yelling back and forth between cells. Most of the others were at work in the brick plant, but these had been left in isolation. The boy in cell eleven had run away twice and now was making a disturbance.

The Superintendent talked to him in a fatherly tone and tried to reason with him. The boy listened a moment and then said, "Aw, go to hell." The Super recoiled as though he had been slapped in the face. His glasses dropped from his nose and dangled on the black ribbon tucked behind his ear, as he stood in shocked amazement looking at the boy.

"Very well," he said in a voice trying to restrain his anger, "If you don't appreciate decent treatment, we have something else." Slowly he unwrapped the package he had brought and took out a thick leather paddle with a wooden handle. The boy's face blanched, but he said nothing. Turning, the Superintendent held out the paddle to me. "Spank him," he said. I did not take the paddle, but felt the hot blood surging through my brain.

"Let's step outside a moment," I said.

"No. If you have anything to say, do so here."

After a pause I replied, "Very well, you asked for it. You know that eighteen months ago the lash was outlawed."

Before I could finish he broke in with, "This is not the lash. It's just a good old-fashioned spanking."

"Lash or spanking - call them what you will - they mean the same to me. I can't obey that order. If there is any whipping, you will have to call on someone else, or do it yourself," I concluded.

"Very well, my boy," he said. "I'll do it and you can be a witness."

I started for the door. Then turning, I said, "To be a silent witness is for me to consent to what you are about to do." With that I stepped out and closed the door.

As I walked down the long corridor I could hear the crack of the paddle striking the boy's buttocks with a sharp slap, but not a whimper came from within.

The next day the Superintendent said, "I know how you feel, Ken, about yesterday, but I'm sure you'll find out that some of these cases call for more drastic action."

A month later, the boy ran away for the third time. This time he made it because we couldn't find him.

Old-timers welcomed, with acclaim, what they considered a return of the lash, as several more boys were "spanked".

Twenty-six years later, as the first Superintendent of the Minimum Security Prison at Chino, California, I was interviewing a man at San Quentin who wanted to come to Chino. "You don't remember me, Mr. Scudder, but I'm the boy you refused to whip at Preston in 1920. Remember?"

Evidently, the whipping by the new Superintendent had not worked. I approved his transfer to Chino where he made a successful adjustment.

The Superintendent went to San Francisco for three days and left the detail officer in charge. He was known as "Cap" and was elated to be given this responsibility. He was also still in charge of a company of boys, and relied a good deal on the monitor system with its cadet officer keeping the boys in line. It was difficult to know what really went on in these cottages during the long evenings when boys sat on benches in the basements and at the slightest disturbance or horse-play were quickly placed on silence or roughed up by the monitors. A twelve-hour day is rough on any officer no matter how conscientious he might be. Nerves were on edge and tempers flared over little things.

The State had no right to expect so much from any human being. Then the pay was so meager it was hard to maintain a happy family at home. I was on an eight-hour shift, but the job in an institution is never done and I usually put in ten.

The first two days, while the Superintendent was away, were eventful except that F Company was filled again and one disturbed boy was shouting and cursing those who came near him.

On the third evening I was at the Officers' Club House

in the little ravine below F Company. It was a gathering place for parties and for those who lived on the grounds. At nine o'clock I stepped out on the porch, hoping it would be cooler in the night air, when I spotted two figures sneaking around toward F Company. Not knowing who was there I stepped over to investigate. It was "Cap," the detail officer, and the institution painter. They looked rather surprised and sheepish and I felt for some reason I was the last person they had wanted to see. We were right below F Company and the disturbed boy was yelling at the top of his hoarse voice, "I hate every son-of-a-bitch in this cockeyed place" and then added a few more choice invectives of his own invention.

Cap looked at me and said, "That does it. I'm going to shut him up for good. Come along if you must," and headed for the far end of the building, followed by the painter. Not knowing what they had in mind, I went along. When we entered, the boy's screaming was met with shouts from other cells of "Shut up, you lousy bastard, we want to sleep." This was reinforced with loud bangings by others on the cell doors. We looked for the night officer. Apparently no one was on duty. The narrow corridor, like a "cat-walk", on the second floor led us to the boy's cell. Cap undid the padlock and as he opened the door he handed something to the painter and the two rushed in.

The boy was quiet now, lying on his back on the bunk. Cap threw himself on the prostrate form and held him down while the painter uncoiled a cat-o'-nine tails Cap had handed him, and started lashing. The boy screamed with pain and fear as he fought to get up. Again the whip descended, and in the melee the lad kicked the painter in the face. That made the painter furious, and grabbing the boy's foot he twisted the leg trying to turn him on his stomach so he could get a better shot at him with the whip. It looked like he was going to twist it off.

I tried to remonstrate, but they were so furious they didn't even hear me. I grabbed the painter's arm, but he threw me off. Now Cap had the boy by the throat trying to choke his curses. Again the painter's arm was free for the lash. I grabbed it and held on. "Get out of here or I'll report you both," I shouted. He turned and with his face close to mine almost screamed: "No son-of-a-bitch is going to call me a son-of-a-bitch. Why do you have to but in?"

Somehow it was over with the boy fighting to the last. The men hastily retreated from the cell and slammed the door. As the padlock clicked, Cap shouted through the little aperture, "That's just a small sample of what you'll get next time if you don't shut up." I suppose he expected silence and submission. Instead, the storm burst anew, and

a torrent of abuse poured forth, as we retreated down the corridor. The boy continued to yell all night. He just wasn't right.

If he had been in a State hospital in those days, where he really belonged, he would have been given a sedative to quiet him down, so that he might later listen to reason. But this was a reformatory and the treatment was different because "no son-of-a-bitch is going to call me a son-of-a-bitch."

The Superintendent returned the next day and I went in to make a report on my psychological testing. He assumed I had come to report the affair in F Company because when I started to speak he said, "Yes, I know all about it. Cap told me." Then placing a fatherly arm about my shoulders he said, "It's all right, Ken. I accept full responsibility for what happened in F Company last night. Perhaps you're still too young to understand, but in a place like this, drastic actions are sometimes necessary." Was he announcing a new policy, a return of the lash?"

In my mind I could still see the "cat-o'-nine'tails". All these years Cap had kept this ugly thing. Was it as a relic of the past, or perhaps with a deep-down hidden desire to use it again as in the old days?

Quietly I left the room without making the report I had intended.

Becky and I talked far into the night. What was the use of wasting one's energy and best years in an institution as hide-bound as this, and with a Superintendent who gave silent consent to such brutal methods? These lads had already run the gamut, with plenty of rough stuff in the past and had failed to respond. Now they were to receive more of the same dose, when what they needed was understanding, encouragement, and treatment. Could I continue to work for a man in whom I had lost confidence, and to whom I could not now give complete loyalty?

I had received two calls from the Federal Board for Vocational Education as Vocational Advisor in San Francisco, and each time had requested to be passed up for the present. Here was a real challenging job. The next morning I made a call to San Francisco. Yes, the position was still open. There was a desperate need; men were coming in rapidly, could I report in two weeks?

I resigned my position and we closed out our little home on the hill, taking two weeks vacation at Carmel-by-the-Sea before starting the new job.

One day, as we sat on the beach and watched the breakers roll in from the Pacific, Becky said, "Are you sorry, Ken, that you left Preston?"

I thought a moment. "Yes and no. There are many fine

lads there who need help and are not getting it. But there must be some better way to attack delinquency and crime than locking people up in an artificial environment like an institution. It just doesn't work out because it's too late. If we could only reach them earlier, we could keep them out of trouble.

We sat in silence for a time.

"There are several problems which stand in the way of progress," I said, "and these are quite general across the nation. Members of Boards of Trustees are usually appointed under the political patronage system - too often for political favors, a pay-off for campaign contributions, a sort of honorary recognition. Most of them are inexperienced, untrained people who know nothing about the problems of running an institution for delinquents or adult offenders and receive no coaching or preparation before taking office. True, they receive no remuneration except expenses, and in a few instances a certain fee for attending each meeting."

"Well, don't they appoint the Superintendents?"

Becky asked.

"Oh yes," I replied, "but these too are usually sent to them by the party in power as another pay-off. That's been the trouble at both the Washington State Reformatory and Preston for so many years. These Boards are supposed to be a policy-forming group and not administrative.

With a weak Superintendent, however, they too often take charge and as a result chaos, confusion and brutal treatment follow. They meet infrequently, I continued, more as a social affair, know little about what goes on except that reported to them by the Superintendent. They are reluctant to take any action which might bring adverse criticism to the party and too often have endeavored to hush up any such information reaching the public. Fortunately a few States are adopting the merit system and Superintendents and staff personnel are placed under Civil Service for their protection and to assure a continuity of program."

After a moment, Becky said, "I think it might help if we could interest more citizens in these unfortunate people in trouble. Perhaps then we would be able to correct these situations."

"You have put your finger on the real problem," I replied. "I wish someone would write a book about these places, a book so vivid that the reader would feel he was there himself witnessing the things we have experienced. The greatest obstacle is the apathy of the uninformed public. They know nothing about these institutions, are often restricted from visiting them and as a result take no interest. There is no lobby for institutions and their budgets are usually the last to be considered by the legislature and then with meagre results. Someday a different system must be de-

vised if these places are to do effective work. I guess we will just have to wait and see. Meantime, I don't think I ever want to go back to any institution."

Six months later the Superintendent was dismissed.

The next seven years passed quickly and were full of excitement and hard work. In 1921 the Federal Board for Vocational Education became part of the newly formed Veteran's Bureau, and I was appointed District Manager of the Bureau for Southern California and Southeastern Nevada, and we moved to Los Angeles.

Two years earlier, the office had been opened by one man carrying a brief case and looking for veterans of World War I who suffered from a service-connected disability. He told them of their rights to federal retraining to overcome their vocational handicaps, and now they were flocking in by the thousands.

By 1927 our office had expanded to a treatment and training center with a personnel of three hundred and fifty. This included Doctors, Dentists, Psychiatrists, nurses, training officers, stenographers and clerks, and a case-load of thirty thousand disabled veterans. It had become the third largest office in the United States.

"Life that dares send
a challenge to his end,
And when it comes,
Say, Welcome, friend."

Richard Crassaw

CHAPTER VIII

The vocational training and trade placement for these disabled, had, in general, met with success. Ninety percent of those enrolled were sincerely interested and tried to make the most of their opportunities. Many were now performing in industry and reflecting great credit to the Veteran's Bureau. The other ten percent were not interested in training, except to remain on the payroll as long as possible. These so-called "gold bricks" caused us more grief and effort than all of the ninety percent. They failed to report regularly to either training or placement and were often drunk on the job.

In such cases it often became necessary to remove them from the payroll until they could show a different attitude and settle down to training in earnest.

One of our training officers had a half-breed Indian named Ledbetter who had been warned again and again that he would have to settle down and produce or he would be removed from training. Finally with our approval he was called into the office one Saturday morning and told by his training officer that he was through that day. The man became angry and shouted, "All right, if that is the case, I'll be waiting for you outside." This was not the first time he had threatened violence, but the officer failed to report to us this last threat. He went out to lunch about 12:30 and entered a restaurant across the street from our office in the Pacific Mutual Building in Los Angeles. He had a gun in his brief case. We were not aware of this, but later found he had carried it for sometime because of the threats of Ledbetter, who had dared him to cancel his training. Looking out the window, he could now see Ledbetter and two rough-looking thugs talking together and nodding in his direction - evidently they were planning to waylay him when he came out of the restaurant.

Taking the gun from his brief case, he slipped it into the right-hand pocket of his coat. As he emerged from the restaurant, Ledbetter jumped on his back and

with a strangle hold tried to throw him to the pavement. Now he could see the other two men crossing the street, on the run, in his direction. The officer shouted to the half-breed to get off or he would shoot him, but the man only tightened his hold, as the other men closed in. He dare not wait longer and turning the gun in his pocket, he shot the Indian in the hip.

The man went down and rolling in pain, shouted to the gathering crowd that he was a disabled veteran and had been shot in cold blood. The other two men quickly disappeared in the throng. The man on the ground claimed he was dying and the crowd became incensed and turned toward the officer who still held the gun in his pocket.

A police officer intervened, called an ambulance and a patrol car, sent the wounded man to the hospital and the training officer to the station, where he was booked for an assault with a deadly weapon. Within an hour we had him out on bail and later his case was dismissed on the basis of self-defense.

At first, some of the Veteran's organizations became riled up over the shooting, but when they heard all the facts at a hearing, one Legion Commander said, "Why did you shoot him in the hip? Why didn't you kill him?"

We had a disabled Major in the office who was always in trouble and we spent many hours trying to get him out of the scrapes he would get himself into. All his cases

had to be checked by another training officer to be sure he was handling them right. The man meant well, but just couldn't say no to anyone and made outlandish promises that he couldn't keep. We had suspended him twice and then would feel sorry for him and put him back to work. Following the shooting episode, we placed the Major in the outer waiting-room as a sort of guard where we could at least keep an eye on his activities.

A few weeks later we had forgotten about the shooting episode. When Ledbetter got out of the hospital, he came back to the office to see if we could get him a job, since he was now out of training. The first person he met in the waiting-room was the Major. Without our knowledge, he took him in tow, and assured him of a job in the Pacific Mutual Building. He told the Building Manager a sob story about a wounded veteran, and thinking we had sent the Major to him, he gave the man the job as a janitor. With two other workers he had the run of the building, sweeping out the offices at night.

A book of signed cashier's checks disappeared, and soon phony checks began coming back to the Pacific Mutual Company to a total amount of \$500. Detectives traced the checks to a drug store on the corner where they had been presented by a man in the uniform of the company. It was Ledbetter, but he skipped before they caught him, and

was later shot and killed by a sheriff in Arizona when he tried to jump him as he had the training officer. That also ended the Major's employment with us.

Aside from that, we had a wonderfully loyal staff, and our office had a good name across the country for courteous treatment and prompt action on veteran's cases. Our field men hunted down cases that had not been properly adjusted. They located one man who was both blind and paralyzed. He had never heard of the Veteran's Bureau and his faithful wife, who cared for him, also took in washing to keep the little family together. She too was physically at the breaking point. The officer started working on the case, helped them secure the necessary evidence for a service connection of his disabilities, and a few weeks later the man's case was given a rating as "double, totally disabled." His first check for back compensation from the date of his discharge was \$7,000. The wife cried with joy and relief.

One morning a negro came into the office looking for trouble. He had had several drinks and had reached the noisy belligerent stage. He started to argue with the man at the front desk, demanding his rights and wouldn't listen to anyone and refused to quiet down. One of the staff stepped out into the lobby and tried to quiet him. Stenographers and clerks stopped work and looked on as the negro continued to yell and curse.

The officer placed his arm around the man's shoulders and said, "Come on, buddy, let's go outside and talk it over." He tried to gently steer him toward the door, but with a roar of rage the colored man threw him off and whipping out a big razor, made a lunging slash at the officer, slicing through his coat and vest and opening a slight cut on his abdomen. Another ounce of pressure and he would have laid him wide open.

In the meantime another training officer pulled open the center drawer of his desk and took out the rung of a chair, which he had evidently been saving for some such emergency, and leaping clear over the front counter, brought his weapon down on the negro's arm with great force. The razor flew out of his grasp, sailed through the air over the top of a wire insurance cage and landed right in front of the insurance cashier, a young woman, who almost lost her nose.

Out in the lobby, several veterans piled onto the negro and held him down until the police arrived. He was later sentenced to five years in San Quentin for assault with a deadly weapon.

Another veteran brought in a gun which he tried to use on one of the psychiatrists in the office who he imagined had been talking about him. By quick thinking and presence of mind, the doctor was able to keep the man from shooting until help arrived and he could be taken

to the psychopathic ward for observation. Later he was sent to the Government Mental Hospital at Palo Alto.

The training program was coming to a close, and all trainees must be out of training or absorbed in industry by 1925. Business was good, the employment problem less acute and disabled men were getting better jobs. Many reports from employers indicated they found our men well trained and reliable. "They don't fool around like some of the other workers, and they want to get ahead."

By 1927 the challenge had gone out of the job for me. With the training over, we would soon become a Pension Bureau with its deadening routine and were now responsible for 50,000 cases of compensation, war risk insurance, and medical care.

I accepted an invitation to teach a course in vocational guidance at the University of Southern California Summer Session, and this made me even more restless for some new challenge.

There was a new state administration in Sacramento, and one of the veterans, attorney Earl Jensen, was appointed by Governor C. C. Young to the position of State Director of Institutions.

A few months earlier there had been complaints against the Government Hospital for Mental Cases at Palo Alto, and Jensen had been appointed by the State Department

of the American Legion as a member of the investigating committee. He knew little about institutions, but wanted to find out more. I took him to Patton State Hospital and other places and we became well acquainted. Now out of a clear sky he found himself in charge of all State Hospitals for the Mentally Ill, the Homes for the Feeble-Minded, the three Industrial Schools for boys and girls, and the Adult Home for the Blind.

One day he came to the office to see me about a veteran's case he was interested in, and during the conversation informed me of the untimely death of Fred. C. Nellis, who had been Superintendent of Whittier State School for eighteen years, and who had made a real school out of a once tough and hopeless reformatory. Now he was looking for someone to take Nellis' place. There were many applicants but none with the proper training.

So I said, "Why not offer the appointment to me? That's my old field, you know."

He didn't know, and started to question me. We talked about my experiences at Monroe and Preston, and my trip East in search of better methods of care and treatment. The longer we talked, the more I warmed up to the old subject, which had been buried for me for the past seven years. After he left I thought no more about it but a few weeks later, Earl Jensen called on the phone.

"Remember our conversation about Whittier?" he said.

"I wish you would put in an application and state what you have done in that field." That gave me quite a start. Becky and I had sworn when we left Preston, "never again in any institution." Now after seven years, we were not sure.

I talked with university professors and friends. Most of them advised me to go ahead. Professor Edwin Lee, Dean of the Department of Education of the University of California at Los Angeles said, "Ken, you are in the prime of life. Go after that job and give it all you have." Some were skeptical, however, as was Dr. Jessica Peixotto at Berkeley, who wrote back and asked, "What have you done that makes you think you can handle a job that practically killed Fred Nellis?" I couldn't answer that one, so filed my application for the job.

The most vigorous candidate was the Business Manager who had been at Whittier for several years under Mr. Nellis. He not only filed an application, but according to Mr. Jensen, now demanded the appointment as his right. He became quite belligerent in his attitude and urged his friends to write the Governor in his behalf.

Word leaked out that I was being considered and opposition developed from a most unexpected quarter. Two women professors at the University apparently were much set against my appointment. Instead, they wanted a man

from Stanford University, a former Assistant Superintendent of Whittier, a very fine chap by the way and one I had known at Oberlin College years before. One professor had been antagonistic toward me while I was Manager of the Veteran's Bureau. She was dissatisfied with the rating given by our Rating Board on the case of a young veteran who she had adopted and thought I was personally responsible for the rating because I didn't have it changed to suit her.

The fact that I had no jurisdiction over the rating boards made no difference. She wouldn't listen to anything except that the rating should be changed and I had better do it. Time and again she came to the office and complained. The case was reviewed by the rating board, but the doctors could find little wrong with the man and the original rating stood. Finally she became abusive, threatened everyone she talked with, and I was to be reported to the Director and to her Senator as an incompetent manager.

Now that I was a candidate for appointment at Whittier it seemed to be the signal for a fresh attack. The two women interviewed the Governor personally and urged others to do the same.

A memorial service was to be held at Whittier for Mr. Nellis, and Dr. J. Harold Williams who had done such a terrific job as the first Director of the California Bureau of Juvenile Research at the Whittier School

extended me an invitation. Dr. Terman of Stanford was to give a paper on the fine work Nellis had done at Whittier. I knew Dr. Terman very well and had gone to him for assistance when I joined the Federal Board for Vocational Education. No psychological tests had been given to these veterans anywhere in the United States, and yet we were supposed to advise them in their selection of a future vocation. I had found trainees in the Universities who lacked the intelligence to do the work. They wanted to become "business managers" and other outlandish requests. Some didn't know what the terms meant.

Dr. Terman had made it possible for me to use his "Group Test of Mental Ability," which could be given to a group at a time, and this had disclosed some of the most terrible mistakes in vocational counselling I had ever run across. It was necessary to make many changes. Now I wanted to see him again, and accepted Dr. Williams' invitation to attend the memorial services for Fred Nellis.

The luncheon was held in the Officers' Dining Room, to be followed by the address. Unfortunately Dr. Terman could not come, but asked Dr. Warner Brown, who had been responsible for my appointment at Preston, to deliver his paper for him.

My attendance at the meeting was seized upon by the two women professors, as a very indiscreet act on my part. They certainly made a lot of it - I had come out to the memorial service "not out of any respect for Mr. Nellis, but to look the ground over... I just couldn't wait." A few days later Earl Jensen called on the phone and asked if I had been out to Whittier. When I told him the circumstances he said, "Well, I am glad to get the straight of it, for a great deal is being made of your visit."

Several weeks passed and I heard nothing from Earl. My university class met at 2:00 p.m. and I was taking my annual vacation in the afternoons so that I could be free for the class without interfering with my work in the office.

One morning about ten thirty, Earl called. He seemed to be upset over something. "Ken, can you go out to Whittier with me right away? I am going to appoint you today." I told him about my class and he assured me we would be back in time.

I phoned Becky the news, and started out in Earl's car. He had decided to appoint me in spite of the opposition and especially because of the recent attitude of the Business Manager, who he said was so demanding he wouldn't appoint him under any circumstances. The latter had stirred up the local Legion Post and they had come

down on Earl after appealing to the Governor.

On the way out we talked a good deal about the school. The boys were restless and he didn't like the look of things and someone must take charge immediately. I began to realize I was again getting into something.

"By the way, Earl," I asked, "What is the salary on this job?" Up to that time neither of us had mentioned the subject. He looked at me and laughed. "Four thousand and maintenance," he said. "I guess I forgot to tell you." That was less salary than I was getting, but the maintenance made it about even. At any rate here was a new and real challenge.

We entered the school office and were greeted by Mr. Knox, who had been secretary to Mr. Nellis for several years.

"Here is your new Superintendent," Earl said. Knox was very cordial and as we had met before, we entered the inner office and visited for a while. Then Earl sent for the Business Manager. As he entered the office, Earl repeated his statement to Knox, that I was the new Superintendent.

Although we had met before, he merely glanced in my direction and then turned his back. "I couldn't work with him," he said. "We just couldn't see things alike."

"I am sorry you feel that way," I said, "for I would be glad to have you stay on here in your present capacity."

"No," he continued, still ignoring me and speaking to Earl. "No, if I can't be Superintendent, I'll resign. It just wouldn't work." Then he continued, "I'm about to head up a million dollar corporation anyway soon, so I might as well quit this job right now." Then nodding his head in my direction he said, "Let him run it if he thinks he can."

"All right," Earl said, "if that is the way you feel about this appointment, I will accept your resignation." With that, the man turned on his heel and left the office.

Later he requested two weeks to get his things together, and thawing out a little said, "In the meantime if I can help any to put you on to the ropes, I'll do what I can."

We had lunch with Knox in the officers' dining room, and at one fifteen started back to Los Angeles. There I got my own car and started for the University with barely time to reach there by two o'clock.

It was a terribly hot sultry July day. Of all times to have a flat! I couldn't get a garage and had to change the tire myself in the broiling sun.

As I entered the classroom fifteen minutes late, dripping wet, my collar melted about my neck, the class was still waiting for me.

"I have just been appointed Superintendent of the

Whittier State School, and have had a flat tire. Put those two together and you know why I look like a wreck."

We all had a good laugh at my expense, and we talked of Whittier and what I hoped to be able to do for the boys.

That night I wired my resignation to General Frank T. Hines in Washington, D.C., one of the finest men I ever worked for, and recommended my assistant, Major Dave Borden, to succeed me. General Hines sent a fine letter of regrets, and appointed the Major as District Manager. We were glad to keep it within the office, as a well-earned promotional appointment free of politics.

The department gave a farewell dinner to Becky and me, presenting her with beautiful flowers, and to me a Waltham gold watch and chain. The training officers had worked up a quartet and rendered a funny song about "Old man Scudder is going to jail." It made little difference that I was only thirty-seven. What a grand evening and a warm send-off!

Next morning at eight, as I approached the school, I offered up a silent prayer that I might be able to handle this job and accomplish something worthwhile for the lads confined there.

It was necessary for me to sleep on the place nights until the end of July, when we could then move the family to the school.

Whittier was an entirely different school from Preston. Located in the heart of the orange and walnut section of Los Angeles county, it bordered the little Quaker town of Whittier, just fifteen miles from the heart of the metropolitan area. The spacious grounds were beautiful, with brick buildings tucked away among the eucalyptus trees and many huge oaks. The school was wide open with no fence, and its spacious lawns gave the appearance of a college campus instead of a school of correction. I asked Mr. Knox to show me through the buildings and shops and for the first time got an idea of what the place was really like, for I had not been through the school since the conference in 1920 when I was in charge at Preston.

That night the boys were called to chapel for the weekly show and movie. I thought it would be a good time to speak to the group and get acquainted. Mr. Knox told the Business Manager that I would like to address the group, but he had decided there would be no speeches that night. I stepped over to him and said that I would like to have him present me to the boys, as I intended to say hello to them. Reluctantly he went down the aisle and I followed.

He was apparently angry as he addressed the assembly.

"You boys know I have been in charge here for the past two years during Mr. Nellis's illness. Now I have resigned because another Superintendent has been appointed over my head. I am leaving in a few days and take this opportunity to say goodbye."

Turning to me, he said to the boys, "Here is your new Superintendent, Mr. Scudder." With that he walked to the back of the chapel where he stood against the wall, watching the proceedings.

Three hundred boys stared at me in silence. I could feel them taking me apart. Six hundred young eyes were wondering what kind of fellow this new Superintendent was going to be.

I talked to them quietly and with utter frankness. I was sorry that the Business Manager was leaving and I was sure they were too. He had done a good job in holding the school together during a trying period. I had asked him to stay on, but he had felt he could not do so. Let's give him a hand for the good work he has done and wish him the best of success in the future.

That broke the ice as the applause cut loose and every boy turned around to wave to him. I think I know how he felt. For several years he had done his best at Whittier and during the long illness of the Superintendent the whole responsibility had been his.

Now he had been passed up and an outsider had come in, one whom he didn't want and felt he couldn't work with. When the boys burst out in applause for him, it was the last straw, and quite overcome, he quickly left the hall.

These boys ranged from eight to sixteen years of age and came from all over the State. All had been in some kind of trouble and most of them were serious behavior problems in their communities. Now the applause had died down and they were expecting me to continue.

"You boys have just experienced a great loss in the recent death of your Superintendent. I knew Mr. Nellis very well and had a high regard for him and for the fine things he accomplished for the school. But I can't be like Mr. Nellis; no one can. I have to be just myself. But I want you fellows to know that I will try my best to carry on the fine things he stood for. I want to know each one of you personally, and to discuss with you your own problems. I will try to be fair to you and I certainly hope that you are going to like me."

I waved my hand as I started up the aisle to the back of the chapel. The applause went straight to my heart and seemed to say they believed in me and were willing to go along.

The school certainly had the appearance of being run down at the heels. The boys' clothing, a sort of olive tan overalls with shirts of the same color, were ragged

and dirty. There was a marked shortage of clothing and not enough for frequent change. They had to wait each week for the wash to come back.

The little fellows, age eight to eleven, about forty of them, sent to Whittier as bad boys the community couldn't handle, were housed in an old condemned wooden building, which was a veritable fire trap. We tore it down and moved these boys into some brick buildings at the other end of the grounds where they were out of danger and could also be kept away from the older boys who delighted in tormenting them.

The main institution dining room was an old brick building, one of the original on the place, and needed a lot of work to make it clean. The diet was mainly starch. There were fresh vegetables raised on the farm, but the cook didn't prepare them, as it was much easier to open a few cans. We immediately ordered a quart of milk for each boy every day and the first time it was served they almost mobbed the cook with delight.

Jensen backed every request I made and we soon had a different spirit in the place. More clothing, more sugar for the energy they needed, and many other additions were approved.

Just as at Ione, some of the personnel felt the institution was for them instead of for the boys. Anything the boy did to upset the routine and cause extra work was resented by this group. As a result, they sent many boys

to the discipline company and it was usually from these same officers that the boys ran away. Others were more interested in the boys than in themselves and these officers scarcely ever had to report a boy for bad conduct. They handled their own problems quietly and effectively.

We were determined to make the institution over for the boys and not the personnel. These lads were just like any other boys outside if given the proper chance in life. Most of them came from broken homes, places of insecurity, bickering and strife. They had never known or experienced the thrill of a decent environment. But we hoped they could be adjusted and returned to their communities better for the experience. That was the big job ahead.

An atmosphere of suspicion and restraint permeated the place. This had crept in during the two years Nellis had been so ill. Every move a boy made, no matter how natural it might be, still meant something nasty to the officer, something to watch out for. If two boys should become chums and one put his arm around the other's shoulders, it was "Look out for that combination, they may be homosexuals." Many a lad's heart was broken by such a charge as the officer separated them, perhaps sending one to another cottage group.

The situation had grown to such an abnormal proportion in the case of certain officers that something had to be

done. We invited Dr. Norman Van Emery, Director of the Child Guidance Clinic of Los Angeles to come out and speak to the men of the staff. When he arrived he upbraided me for having a stag affair, and said the women in the cottages needed to be put right on this subject as well as the men. The situation was so tense, however, that I hadn't dared to include the women. Afterwards I wished that I had.

Dr. Emery talked frankly to the group about the whole problem of homosexuality, masturbation, and how these should be handled in an institution. We could have heard a pin drop as he talked; it was just the sort of thing we all needed to place our feet firmly on the ground and face the problem. His talk was followed by questions and a lively discussion of cases occupied the rest of the session. The men were very enthusiastic over the meeting and others were planned, in fact we had someone come in once a month and discuss frankly with us some of the problems we were facing. These meetings included the house mothers.

Within a few weeks the tension seemed to let up and we had less trouble from then on with that problem. Everyone seemed to feel that we could now take a rational view of the situation and do something to help these lads.

Nellis had tried to get through legislation to make Whittier into a twenty-four hour school, where boys could

be sent by the parents or public schools, and not wait until they had to be sent in by the Juvenile Court. It was a far-seeing plan and one that met with general favor, except for the expense involved. At the last session of the legislature he had succeeded in getting a bill passed to create a commission for the Study of Problem Children in California, and to determine the need for a Twenty-Four Hour School. A wire from Governor Young announcing my appointment to the commission, was my first knowledge of this legislation.

One of the women professors, who had opposed my appointment, was still in charge of the California Bureau of Juvenile Research at Whittier. We had worked hard on the commission bill, and had expected to be appointed to membership. I called her in to find out what the appointment from the Governor was all about, and as soon as she saw the wire, she resigned her position in a huff. I had tried to get along with her since coming to the school, and on the surface all seemed to be well. I had never mentioned her part in the fight against my appointment, but treated her the same as anyone else. Now when she blew up over the Governor's appointment to the commission, I told her I would accept her resignation, as I supposed she knew what she was doing. Frankly, I was glad she had resigned. Later on we became good friends.

The American Congress of Corrections was meeting in Tacoma, Washington, and I asked Mr. Knox if he would attend for me. It was his first trip to attend this group, and was a big **boost** to his morale, for he was a splendid secretary and had given many years to the service. He was also extremely loyal to me.

Becky came out to see our home on the grounds; a beautiful two-story eleven-room English brick house in a large garden, with huge pepper and eucalyptus trees, and a few days later we moved in.

One morning two boys ran away, but were quickly caught and returned by two Boy Scouts at the school. They struck out right after them, didn't even wait to have the Supervisor give them the okay. They caught the boys as they were crawling through a street drain about a mile from the school, and fought with them until they both agreed to come back with them. The four walked into the school all alone before the men out on the hunt knew anything about it. I was so pleased that I took six months off their stay for returning the boys alone, a policy that Mr. Nellis had installed.

It was September, and the temperature was scorching. Boys were required to wear heavy underwear all year. We abolished the custom and purchased B.V.D.'s for each boy. When we also bought colored shirts and corduroy trousers, to replace the Sunday woolen uniforms, there was great rejoicing. From four colors of trousers each boy could

select his own color. They strutted around like Hollywood sheiks. A little hair oil from the five-and-ten, pocket combs and neckties rounded out the ensemble. Old timers feared the boys would run away if they were not dressed in the regulation khaki suits of the school, which made it easy to recognize a boy on the highway. But the new cords pleased the boys so much perhaps they wouldn't want to run away.

Becky hired a colored maid named Willie. She came on the recommendation of the colored chef who now handled the boys' and officers' mess. He had been a dining-car chef and certainly knew his business. The boys were wild about the food he put out, and so we took his recommendation for a maid without question. She was a good cook and did whatever she was told, and we were pleased with her work.

One month after the first two boys had been caught and brought back by the two Scouts, a whole cottage of thirty boys ran away on Sunday afternoon. A new officer was in charge and the boys took advantage of the opportunity. This was a cottage of older boys, sixteen and seventeen, and represented one of the hardest groups in the school.

They had picked out two new members of their group and threatened to beat them up if they didn't run away. As soon as the boys started the whole group used that as an excuse to try and catch them and bring them back

on the theory that the ones who caught them would get six months off their stay at the school. They were gone two hours and all returned, loaded with cigarette stubs and cigar butts, tired and hungry, but unable, so they said, to catch the two boys they had forced to run away. We had to discipline the whole group, at least make a pretense of the same, and abolished the idea of time off for the return of runaway boys. They were just too foxy for us that time.

In place of the old boarding-house style of placing all food on the table, where it got cold before the boys arrived in the main dining room, we established a cafeteria service where there would be a choice of items and a fair distribution of meat and desserts. This stopped the young "hogs" found in any such group, from grabbing the choice foods and the little fellows getting what was left. Three of the companies had been eating in the cottages with the housefather and mother, a good idea in some instances but a difficult task of administration to send the food out hot and appetizing from the main kitchen.

The boys in the "mud" trades built an attractive counter of green tile. We abolished the silence system during meals and while it was noisy, with three hundred boys talking, it was no more so than many private schools

for the rich. The boys in the three cottages now clambored to eat in the cafeteria, so we abolished the cottage feeding and gave the cottage parents a little relief. The boys liked the cafeteria much better than the old method and took more time at their meals, which was a good thing. The tables had chairs for four, and boys could sit anywhere they pleased.

Mr. Nellis had kept the credit system out of Whittier, but had held the boys stay at Whittier to twenty-four months. There were some exceptions, but the boys understood it was twenty-four.

Fortunately we did not have a parole board to come in from the outside and try to decide in a few moments by reading scant records, that a boy was ready for release. The records at Whittier, however, were quite complete due to the efforts of Dr. J. Harold Williams, who had established and directed the California Bureau of Juvenile Research on the Whittier grounds. Careful case histories were developed and boys appeared before a committee of the personnel in reference to release.

We decided to strengthen this group with the top staff and the Superintendent as Chairman. It soon became apparent that much more preparation was necessary in advance of the boy's appearance before this committee; that a definite plan for the release of each lad should be made ahead of time - home investigation, job opportunity,

or replacement in school. We secured two more placement officers to speed up the processes and to release boys earlier, if we felt they had adjusted and were ready for release.

The average length of stay was reduced from twenty-four to eighteen months, and earlier placements were considered on special cases.

I didn't believe in reformation. Boys just didn't automatically reform. We hoped they could be adjusted, for many were not really responsible for their trouble. It was usually the family or community in which they lived that had let them down. If we could adjust and change their attitudes and inspire a new incentive together with a close helpful follow-up on release, that was about all we could expect.

When we reduced the time to eighteen months and heard special cases of boys who had made a good adjustment, the morale of the school improved. Now it was up to every boy to work out his own release date.

I wired Dr. Terman at Stanford to recommend someone to direct the California Bureau of Juvenile Research, since the professor had resigned. We planned to reorganize the Bureau to provide again the fine program instituted by its first director. He suggested Dr. Norman Fenton, professor of psychology at a college in Athens, Ohio. "You will be lucky if you can entice him. I consider him

the most able person in America for the job."

When Dr. Fenton arrived he went right to work re-establishing the Bureau of Research and Guidance and fully justified Dr. Terman's recommendation. The testing program had all ~~be~~^{been} ceased, and we wanted to get at the causes that had brought so many lads to Whittier who we thought could well have been adjusted within the community.

Dr. Fenton set up a clinic for all new arrivals. Again we began to receive a flow of information on each boy. A study of the home environment, psychological tests, vocational opportunities for employment in that field in the boy's community. This made it possible, the day the new boy arrived, to start getting him ready for his eventual release.

Mrs. Fenton assisted with remedial reading and interested them in the library. Boys who had never been able to read became prodigious readers, which opened up a new world for them.

Then there were those of limited intelligence who could not go much further in school and for whom we should find something they could do with their hands. This still presents a real problem today in our public schools and unless helped, these children soon find themselves in trouble.

There were so many small boys, eight and nine years old, who were being sent to Whittier from the Juvenile

Courts. Their communities claimed they lacked the proper facilities to handle "these tough kids."

Why should anyone feel that an eight or nine-year-old was beyond handling?

One day the papers carried the headlines - BOY BANDIT OF MONTEREY. He was nine, and there followed the comment: "This community has no facilities for handling such a desperate character, and he has been committed to the Whittier State School until he is twenty-one."

One morning my wife and I visited the Junior Cottage on the far end of the grounds. A soft-ball game was in progress. She sat on a bench nearby while I stepped over to watch the game. Glancing around she noticed a little fellow at the edge of some trees watching her intently. She smiled and turned her attention to the game, but when she glanced again in his direction, here he was at the end of her bench and now she could see him clearly for the first time. He was a little nine-year-old with white hair, white eyebrows, the pink eyes of an albino, and like the "white blackbird" of Alfred DeMusset, he had been rejected by the group because he was so different. She smiled at him again and placed her hand on the bench, and like a little crab he scrambled beside her. Soon she felt a small hand touch her soft cheek. She said she didn't know just how it happened, but now

he was in her lap and she was holding in her arms the "Boy Bandit of Monterey."

The game stopped and all the little boys gathered around the bench, not to ridicule, but to gaze with hungry eyes upon that which had been denied them in their own disrupted families. Suddenly, as if by magic, the little fellow had gained status because he had been accepted by the woman who understood. This lad didn't need Whittier, he needed a home, warm loving care and a feeling of being wanted. We found him such a home and let him go, and as far as we know he never got into trouble again.

Dr. Fenton suggested we send out a traveling Child Guidance Clinic in California to demonstrate to communities how they might adjust their own cases in place of sending them to the State School. At the next session of the legislature, the Commission for the Study of Problem Children secured fifty thousand dollars for this purpose, and we set to work. The clinic went into a community only upon invitation. If they asked for help, they could have it. The psychiatric social worker gathered the social history; the psychologist administered the necessary tests, assisted when necessary, by the local psychiatrist and physician.

When all the facts were in, an Educational Conference was held with the school principal and teachers concerned,

especially those who had suggested the child was in need, together with representatives of case-working agencies. The social worker read the case history and now for the first time all present had a true picture of the child's problems and needs. This procedure opened the eyes of many school officials, as well as community agencies, to the methods they could use to adjust these children. As they sat around the table, one after another suggested ways their agencies could help. Often teachers remarked, "If I had only known what this boy was up against, I'm sure I could have helped him more." In many instances it wasn't the fault of the community. Either it didn't know what to do with these cases, or was like the judge in San Diego who claimed he was a "practical guy" because he could send a boy to Whittier for only twenty dollars a month while it would cost the county twenty-five per month if he sent him to a foster home. For a saving of five dollars per month the boy was given an institutional record he would have difficulty living down all his life.

Now the calls were numerous and the clinic spent almost full time in the field with excellent results. Later several of these communities were able to establish Child Guidance Clinics of their own, and we noticed a marked drop in the number of small boys, eight and nine years old, sent to Whittier. Communities were beginning to help themselves.

For ten years Dr. Fenton's clinic traveled throughout California keeping hundreds of small boys out of Whittier by encouraging local communities to handle their own cases. Fifteen years later a check was made of the records of San Quentin Prison and only fourteen of the four-thousand cases handled by the clinic had reached the prison.

The Commission For The Study of Problem Children sponsored an enabling act which later became law and has had a far-reaching effect in arousing communities to the needs of rejected children. This would allow local school boards and communities to establish and maintain recreational programs and encourage the expansion of public recreation. It provided a tax of three cents on every one hundred dollars of assessed valuation of real and personal property to carry out the provisions of the act. Dr. Fenton's clinic found many communities where children were forced to play in the streets because stubborn school boards insisted on closing the school playgrounds at three o'clock. This enabling act made available the necessary funds to open these grounds with adequate supervision for the children. A properly directed busy child seldom becomes a delinquent. Great credit is due George Hjelte, then Director of Parks and Recreation for the City of Los Angeles, who was the moving force behind the establishment of this important legislation for California.

Mr. Jensen was having his troubles in trying to change some of the archaic and antiquated methods of treatment then administered in the State Hospitals For The Mentally Ill. Too many superintendents still relied on the old straight-jacket for a disturbed person and the straps to hold patients in bed. His efforts to abolish these were met with protests and stubborn resistance.

There was also trouble at the Girls' School at Ventura, which was under a regime of severe discipline and repressive treatment. Here again changes were resisted and there began to gather among some professional groups an organized attack upon him.

We had expressed our desire to do something for emotionally unstable children at Whittier by eventually providing facilities for such a group. I was invited to attend a meeting of the Psychopathic Association of Southern California, a group formed by the late Dr. Brainard, an eminent psychiatrist, for the purpose of furthering the cause of the mentally ill and for providing proper facilities for the feeble minded children of Southern California. It was composed of psychiatrists, doctors, and private citizens interested in this field, and it was through their efforts that the Home For The Feeble Minded at Pacific Colony, and the State Hospital at Norwalk, had been established.

It was a closed group limited to forty members, and an invitation to attend was usually followed by a second invitation to join if the membership approved.

Becky and I went that night and were graciously received. It was quite a social affair. I knew some of those present and we were soon in conversation.

I kept hearing Earl Jensen's name mentioned by several groups, and it disturbed me. "We have got to get rid of this man Jensen." "That man Jensen is just impossible to work with." Again and again they took Earl apart and no one said a good word in his behalf. Two other State superintendents were present and by their very silence they appeared to acquiesce.

At the close of the business meeting, Becky and I were presented, and the President asked if I would like to say a word. It came unexpectedly, but once on my feet and expressing our thanks, I couldn't remain silent in the face of that attack on Earl.

"When I came in tonight one of the first remarks I heard was, 'We must get rid of Mr. Jensen'." Silence fell. The hostess paused as she started for the kitchen to start serving refreshments.

"I think there must be some misunderstanding of Mr. Jensen," I continued, "for I have found him to be a very earnest person desperately trying to do something

for the thousands of patients under his care. I would not feel that I was loyal if I remained silent in the face of the criticism I have listened to tonight. Why not invite him to attend your next meeting? I'm sure he would come and this would give him a chance to defend himself." I paused a moment and then concluded, "Some of you have never met the man, and there are always two sides to every issue."

I sat down and to my surprise the group broke into genuine applause. One of the doctors who had been most outspoken in his criticism quickly moved that Mr. Jensen be invited to attend the next meeting. On the way home I told Becky I guessed our goose was cooked as far as that group was concerned, but a few days later we were invited to join, and accepted.

At the next meeting, Earl appeared. He had a grin on his face when I met him at the door and introduced him to the group. They asked a lot of questions, which he answered with disarming frankness, or admitted he did not know the answer. The two doctors who had been so unfriendly were now open in their admiration, and one proposed that Mr. Jensen be made an honorary member and attend whenever he was able. He was very pleased with the outcome, for this was a very influential group and were able to help him a great deal in his program from then on.

"Because the road was steep and long
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand."

Joyce Kilmer

CHAPTER IX

Becky gave a tea to the entire personnel of the school, with hours from four to five for the night shift and seven to nine for the others. Some of the night group I had not been able to get acquainted with, and Becky had not met any of them. We included the families as well so that we could know them all. One hundred and six people came and stayed in the evening until ~~ten~~-thirty, playing games on the lawn. The colored chef and the chief supervisor won the potato race, and the baker, who had been on the place twenty-three years, said that was the first time he had ever been inside the superintendent's residence. We broke a lot of ice that night.

Our first Christmas we followed the usual program worked out by Mr. Nellis. Santa Claus at 5:00 a.m.

would make the rounds with a big bag of candy and nuts for each boy. This was followed by games in the afternoon and a big turkey dinner. The big event was a party in the evening, with presents for every boy.

Deep secrecy surrounded Santa Claus, who was usually one of the heavier men. I decided to tackle the job myself. Becky helped truss me up with pillows, painted my cheeks and lips, all at 4:30 a.m. It was great fun for they were all fooled completely, even the larger boys sixteen and seventeen failed to recognize me. My voice was hoarse by the time I made the rounds of the ten groups scattered in separate buildings on the grounds.

The Christmas party was held each year in the combined chapel and auditorium. That evening we invited people in the town of Whittier to come down and see the fun. The boys gathered for the entertainment, and this year we wanted to add something different.

There was much mystery connected with a platform in the rafters, which had not been there the night before. Rumor spread through the junior group that Santa was going to descend in a parachute.

The usual signal for the arrival of Santa was the shooting of the school cannon. The year before, in the excitement of the moment, the boy cannoneer had pointed the cannon too close and had shot off one of

Santa's pant legs by mistake. This year we thought we would vary the procedure by having the old escape whistle, which had not been blown for years, follow immediately the shot from the cannon. That whistle with its deep vibrant tone, like a steamboat, woke up the whole town and three motorcycle cops came tearing down from the Whittier Police Department, thinking there was a riot. We invited them in to see the fun.

All eyes turned toward the rafters waiting for Santa to make the jump. Instead, little white flakes floated down from that platform, and soon the whole chapel was enveloped in a whirling snowstorm as fans secretly installed blew artificial snow in the form of untoasted corn flakes down upon the assembly. They were so interested in the storm that Santa was halfway down the aisle before they spotted him. He called to them and jollied as he went along. Pandimonium broke loose. Three hundred boys with vigorous lungs were standing on their chairs, yelling. It was a great entry.

Orange County had sent in 500 Christmas boxes left over from their Christmas tree celebration. Santa distributed these first. Each box contained candy, nuts and a toy whistle. Of course ~~every~~ boy started to blow. It was deafening.

The Business Manager had returned to see the show. He said to one of the officers, "Better look out, this place is going to riot." Perhaps it did look that way to him.

We let them blow for a full five minutes to get it out of their systems. It was now time to go on with the show, so I raised my hand for silence and the boys were so out of breath they were glad to stop. Just normal boys, blowing off like normal boys. They put away their whistles except for an occasional toot and the distribution of presents began.

The teachers had done a fine job. As each package came in to the school for a boy, he was notified of its arrival and informed that it would be on the great Christmas tree on Christmas night. To make sure that all boys were remembered, the Whittier Rotary Club sent down fifty dollars for presents for those boys who did not receive any through the mail. No one was forgotten. Each boy came forward and received his own present as Santa called his name and in half an hour they were all distributed. All this followed with a motion picture.

Next year the boys still wanted to hear the escape whistle again, so in fear of another police raid, we invited two motorcycle officers from the Whittier Police Department to ride their motorcycles down the center aisle with sirens screaming and Old Santa seated behind the second machine. That entry was a sensation. The police officers enjoyed it as much as the kids.

Our vocational courses had little or no correlation

with the work in the academic classrooms. Whittier was supposed to be offering trade and vocational classes and preparing boys for work in industry. We had jurisdiction over them until they were twenty-one.

Most of these lads would eventually wind up in some field of work calling for acquired skills with their hands. The majority hated school and had been turned out as failures. If they did not receive the proper skills now, they never would.

To this day, only a handful of our Industrial Schools for boys and girls and even a smaller number of our prisons in the United States have adequate facilities for vocational training. As a result, they leave these inadequate institutions no better prepared to earn a living than when they entered, and soon violate their parole, only to be returned to the same places for a longer confinement. A steady torturous march toward prison gates.

We must give these schools and prisons more adequate support to enable them to prepare their graduates to earn their own way in life. Without such support, much of our tax money is wasted, nor are we protecting society against future deprivations.

In order to check up on our program and improve the service, we requested the State Department of Education to make a vocational survey of all the academic and

trade training offered at Whittier. Mr. Nicolas Ricciardi and John Beswick came down to look the place over and decide upon the type of survey to be made.

The survey, when completed, showed us to be less than forty percent efficient. This gave us the necessary ammunition to secure an appropriation from the legislature to really teach vocational training at Whittier. They recommended a General Shop where boys could start on an exploratory try-out period, taking a little of several trades until the instructor could determine with the boy, what he was really interested in and what he might best be fitted to do. The shop was fitted out with different types of machines and equipment covering several vocational fields. New arrivals were assigned to this shop for a period of a month. A careful study was made during this try-out period and the vocational committee discussed each case with the boy before a final assignment was made. If he showed a lack of interest in their suggestions he was encouraged to say so, and other plans were explored.

Only a handful of the boys were in trade or shop training and that was mainly maintenance work to keep the institution going. Shop men didn't want any more boys, said they were in the way and they couldn't get the work out if they had to stop so often to teach new boys. It was quite clear to us that the trouble was with themselves.

They were good tradesmen, but they didn't know how to teach their trade to others.

Arrangements were made to send these tradesmen to the University for teacher-training work. They were allowed a half day on State time, three days a week, and they attended until they received their teacher's credential. Then we raised their pay and started in to also fill their shops with eager boys. Within six months we had over eighty percent of the boys in training in some form of vocational work. The shop men finished up all the maintenance work in the school and the auto shop was taking some work from town and repairing cars for members of the personnel at a nominal charge in order to give the boys an opportunity to work on the different makes of cars in use. Now the shop men were anxious to keep full classes because they picked the more advanced boys to help on the maintenance work in the afternoon. The boys in vocational classes now felt they were getting some real training and we had very little trouble with discipline cases and rarely any in the shops or school.

A vocational director was appointed to keep the work going smoothly and to see that the boys were assigned to the proper classes. In the school a new system was installed to meet the needs of these particular boys. Most of them had hated school and had run away or played

truant so many times that they found themselves in trouble and so far behind their classmates that they often became discouraged and sullen. Now we were expecting these same boys, who hated school, to quietly accept the same system at Whittier and like it. No wonder we had trouble.

A conference with the teachers in which they were asked for their opinions brought forth some very valuable suggestions, which were adopted. The result was a combination of the Dalton and Winnetka plans of education, a system of contracts for each boy in each subject. The summer months were devoted to the building up of these contracts and the teachers were kept on salary and given a chance to devote full-time to this work. By the fall semester they were ready for the new plan.

The teachers now became tutors instead of classroom instructors. There were no more recitations with the brightest boys showing off to the embarrassment of the dull ones. Each boy had a certain number of contracts to finish each week and these were arranged to fit his mental ability. Three grades of contracts were available - brightest boys, average, and dull; but nothing was said to the boys to indicate any difference. They just started where the tutor indicated and were each expected to complete their contracts by the end of each week.

Boys who had never been able to do the school work of their grade now found themselves going ahead rapidly and the teacher was free to help each boy as he needed help. Instead of instruction and recitation periods, the teacher remained at her desk and each boy came to her for individual help on his contract.

The next job was a correlation of school and shop work. The tradesmen were now in a position to help the teachers work out the proper arithmetic problems for the mud trades, the plumbing shop, paint and carpentry; in fact all of the trades on the place. Then followed shop English, the history of the trade, secrets of the trade and in short, the widening of the field of vocational interests and opportunities for all boys in the school. Some boys were not interested in any vocation, but demonstrated the ability to do regular classroom work and an expectancy to return to regular school when released. These boys were given the straight elementary or high school courses and their credits were accepted by the public school system when they were released. All of our teachers had their state credentials and the school was accredited with the State Department of Education.

The teachers at the school were exceptional people. They were carefully selected for their training and more important, their interest in these unfortunate boys.

They seemed to understand them and many a lad poured out his hungry heart to them.

A new conduct and progress rating system was installed and each boy knew just where he stood at all times. The former rating had been on a quarterly basis, officer and teacher sending in a rating of the boy's school, trade and cottage conduct and progress. Too often injustices occurred under such a system. Perhaps the boy had a fine record up to within fifteen days of the quarterly rating period and then began to slip. He became troublesome and had to be reported. It was quite natural for the officer to forget the two and a half months of good record and as he made up the report card, to remember the latest episode where discipline was necessary. The new rating system required that a daily record of conduct be kept in school, shop and cottage. The cottage conduct record was posted in the dormitory for each boy to see just where he stood. If his mark was not satisfactory he could ask the cottage supervisor what was wrong and how he might improve his record. The latter was required to tell him what was wrong and help him improve where he was weak. These record sheets were turned in to the office every thirty days and entered on the boy's permanent record card in his folder.

Day by day his record was being built up for the day of his release and as we were releasing boys six months earlier than before, this was a very important record to

have. When we started taking the outstanding boy in each cottage each month and bringining his name before the placement committee regardless of the length of time he had been in the school, this record was then of double importance. Usually it was the deciding factor in the case.

As the boys became accustomed to this system and as the officers got over their early resentment at having to explain to a boy why he did not receive a good mark, two things happened. First, the boy was more careful of his conduct because he was now working for himself as well as the group. Second, the officer was more careful of his marking since he had to explain it to the boy. Under the old system the officer was never questioned, in fact the markings were secret and the boy was not told how he stood. A new spirit pervaded the school, the beginnings of a spirit of frankness and understanding between boy and officer.

Cottage competition in athletics and in conduct record was stimulated. Each cottage that went through the month with no boys running away was given a group reward in the form of a treat. This usually meant going uptown to the movie, or a trip to the beach for a swim. These were looked forward to with a keen interest and the problem of running away was greatly reduced.

The problem of discipline in this school was intensely interesting. It had gone through a period of evolution. In the days when Whittier was a strict reformatory of the old type, the age range had been from eight to twenty-one years. That meant serious adult cases were mixed with children. Mr. Nellis had finally secured legislation to make the top age at Whittier fifteen years, and all other cases were to be sent to Preston. That took the older boys out of the school and allowed Whittier to center its whole effort and attention on the younger boy.

The girls' school was also located on the grounds and many riots occurred in that department. Later they were transferred to the State School For Girls at Ventura.

A portion of the old discipline cells remained and one could see the large hooks in the concrete wall where recalcitrant girls were hung up by their thumbs and left for hours in agony and pain. Openings in the same wall disclosed the dungeon-like tombs with their iron-grate doors. Girls were thrown in here and locked in solitary confinement after being whipped. Those were rough days at Whittier State School and are still rough in a few girls' schools in the United States.

Shortly after the passage of the above legislation, the older boys at Whittier had staged a riot. The whole school was then housed in one main three-story brick building similar to the main building at Preston. One

night they threw out the night man and barricaded themselves in the third-floor dormitory. Calvin Derrick had told me the story of that first transfer on my visit to Preston in 1914. The riot had continued for several days and when the boys found they in turn had been locked in and couldn't get out, they started dumping the furniture out of the third-story window onto the lawn below. The place was soon a shambles and still the riot continued.

Nellis made some quick arrangements to transfer the whole group to Preston and asked Derrick to help him out. A special sleeping car with the windows barred was backed onto the siding at the school and the boys were then herded onto the train. It was evening when they started, and they were immediately put to bed and their clothes taken from them. They had planned to riot and make a great demonstration when they reached the Los Angeles Depot. Derrick had stood in the doorway and told them that he wouldn't stand for any noise and that each boy was to remain in his berth. All curtains had been removed and he had a view of every boy. The bluff worked, for there was not a sound, as they went through the station. The boys were fed in the car and Derrick phoned ahead for the band and two companies of cadets from the school to be at the station in Ione to meet the train.

As the group detrained, they found themselves flanked

by the two companies of cadets and with the band in the lead they marched down the one street of the town, crossed the bridge over Sutter Creek and headed for the school on the hill. The whole shift was made without any demonstration and without losing a single boy.

At Whittier these big boys had been big frogs in a little puddle. At Preston they were now little frogs in a bigger puddle and soon adjusted to the new program because they were now among boys of their own age. This simplified the discipline problem at Whittier and made possible the fine program which followed.

When Mr. Nellis first took over the school the lash was the important discipline, along with the Oregon Boot. If a boy ran away, this nine-pound implement was welded on to the ankle and left there for weeks at a time, often resulting in permanent injury to the boy.

The last whippings at Whittier occurred shortly after Nellis came. Rumor has it that they took place in the basement of the hospital building, and that three boys and the Superintendent were involved. The boys had run away and the penalty was then six strokes of the lash. Nellis said he didn't want an officer to apply the punishment, but wished to see for himself how effective it really was. He never told anyone except his secretary, Mr. Knox, what had happened, and swore him to secrecy

while living. I repeat it here as a lasting tribute to this man's courage and understanding.

The lash was brought out of its hiding place and the boys removed their shirts. Then a strange thing happened. As they turned around, determined to take their medicine, they found that the Superintendent had also removed his shirt. Picking out the largest boy, he handed him the lash, saying, "You can be the one to swing the whip, but it will be on my back first." The boy drew back in astonishment and chagrin. What game was this man playing?

But the Superintendent was in earnest and insisted that the whipping begin. The other two boys had drawn back out of range and stood there silently watching the proceedings. The big fellow still hesitated as he stood there toying with the leather lash. He didn't want to hit the man.

At a sharp word from the Superintendent, the lash fell.

"Harder. Strike harder," the man called, and the boy, forced to obey, began to feel sick all over. He hadn't bargained for this when he ran away. The harder he hit the man, the more he was encouraged to strike with greater force. At last the six strokes had been given and the lad stepped back in confusion. Now he wanted to vomit. Nellis took the lash from the boy's hand. The latter was glad to get rid of it.

"That is all for today, boys," he said. "You can put

on your shirts. I have taken your whippings for you."

Not a boy moved. They stood there in stunned silence, looking at the tall man who had just allowed a boy to whip him, rather than administer upon them the brutal punishment they had expected. This was a new kind of Superintendent.

The big fellow was the first to find his voice.

"But that isn't fair, Mr. Nellis. We're the ones that ran away. You've got to whip us."

There in the semi-darkness of the old basement, a secret pack was formed, a pact between three boys and a man they could respect. They agreed there would be no more running away. Instead, they would help him clean up the school. There was to be nothing said about what had just occurred. That was a secret between them. In turn, he was to administer the six lashes to each boy, as they had bargained for that, when they ran away. They would keep that bargain.

Silently they shook hands, then the whippings began.

Nellis swore there would be no more whippings at Whittier. There must be some other way to appeal to these boys. In place of force and restraint, why not give these youngsters some incentive to stay with the school, to have a part in its development, to help protect its good name?

If a boy would not conform, he should not be given the same privileges the others enjoyed. He should be placed

apart for a time until he both expressed and demonstrated a desire to work with the group for the benefit of all, rather than himself. Out of this idea the Lost Privilege Cottage was formed. Here boys were sent, not for punishment - in fact that word was no longer in good standing. He was sent to the Lost Privilege Cottage until he could adjust himself and he was the one to decide when that had occurred.

A special building was constructed for this purpose, housing a total of thirty-five boys - the population varying from time to time.

A living room, kitchenette where food from the main kitchen could be served, showers, a dormitory with the beds fastened to the floor and in the rear of the building four cells, called quarantine rooms, sound-proof and secure for the boy who became violent or needed to be by himself.

Boys in quarantine in those days were placed on a bread and milk diet instead of the usual bread and water, which had formerly prevailed. The boy could have all the milk he could drink, but nothing else except the bread. The length of stay in these cells varied from a day to many days, depending upon the attitude of the boy. While in this cottage, all privileges were denied. While other boys enjoyed the movies and football, three meals a day and companionship with other boys in the school, the lads

in the Lost Privilege Cottage worked on the road crew, were kept out of school and were placed on silence in the cottage and at work. This treatment was much more effective than the lash. Now each boy was his own disciplinarian. He had gotten himself into the cottage by his own actions and now it was up to him to get himself out again. No one was going to do that for him and no one seemed to mind how long he desired to stay there.

Rewards in the other cottages were increased and there were many incentives held out to boys to build a good record and to work together for the good of the group. Cottages that went thirty days without a boy running away, were given special recognition and treats. A much-coveted banner was passed from cottage to cottage as a six-months period elapsed without a run-away. Then there were trips uptown and to the beach for a swim in the surf.

We had been at Whittier only a few days when one of the boys tried to take his own life by slashing his wrists with a razor blade. He had been assigned to the plumbing shop where he worked a half day. The doctor patched him up and although he lost a lot of blood, he was not seriously injured and soon the cuts healed over. The lad was psychopathic and unstable. He wept on the slightest provocation and seemed to be unable to get along with other boys in the group. The Lost Privilege Cottage had seen him enter its doors several times for picking locks

around the school. There was no doubt of his ability in this field, he seemed to have the touch that was required and could skillfully open any lock on the place. Since it was necessary to keep doors locked in some of the groups, this boy's mania for picking locks represented quite a serious problem.

He complained about his company officer and charged that the man often struck him about the hand. A few days later we caught the officer striking the boy, and dismissed him on the spot. He couldn't see why he shouldn't be allowed to handle his own discipline in his own way. Later we transferred the boy to Preston where he could be under closer supervision for his own safety, but afterwards I was sorry, for I believe we should have been able to handle him better at Whittier.

One of the most serious problems faced by these industrial schools was the absence of trained personnel and adequate facilities to handle the ever-growing number of emotionally disturbed youngsters committed to their care. Today they form .30% of the population of these places and the public schools are glad to get rid of them by passing them on to the State.

It was January 1st when Ned arrived at the school and we soon realized that San Francisco had handed us a hot New Year's present. He had been in the Receiving Cottage

only a few hours before he made his presence known to all. These boys did not eat in the cafeteria; their meals were sent from the main kitchen. That morning the boys were served cornflakes for breakfast and the meal was well started when suddenly Ned jumped to his feet, grabbed the edge of the table and hurled it over onto the floor with all the breakfast for four boys. He threw himself across the upturned table, kicking and screaming that he had been poisoned. The officer on the cottage had been there fifteen years and had never seen such a case. He tried to pick him up and quiet him, but to no avail. This same performance was repeated at two other meals and in between he was constantly annoying other boys, making himself generally obnoxious. The officer felt the lad was just putting on a show, but when these episodes continued he wondered if he was a little "off".

When he reported it to the office he said, "I really don't know how to handle the boy and need help."

The case history showed that Ned had been in many public and private schools, but had been returned to court each time by the school heads because they said he was wrecking the place and they couldn't or would not put up with him any longer. Finally he had been placed in a sanitarium and the psychiatrist recommended a stay at Whittier. The Juvenile Court Judge had been glad to

follow the suggestion and get the boy out of town.

The father and mother had separated and he was placed with his grandmother. Then followed a shuttling back and forth between the three, the boy usually getting his own way because no one would say no. The history showed a stormy period in the community, yet he was only twelve when he arrived at Whittier.

His favorite stunt had been to ride his bicycle on the tracks just in front of the street car. The motorman would clang his bell for him to get off, but he rode on at the same speed and paid no attention. When the car stopped to avoid hitting him, and the motorman got out to haul him off, Ned would ride around the block and repeat the stunt on the next car.

There was an episode in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco where a police officer had picked him up, clad only in B.V.D.'s, because his grandmother had refused him some request. He would get on the street car and sit in the passengers' laps uninvited. He would grab the newspaper out of their hands and throw it on the floor. He was accused of cruel treatment to cats and dogs, and once he tried to burn the toes of a little girl down at the beach.

Ned was a sweet-faced quiet-spoken little lad when he was in a good mood. Then he was liked by all the boys and

for a few hours would be quite popular. But it never lasted long. Soon he was throwing another tantrum and all the kids were down on him again.

He had formerly been whipped so many times that it seemed to make little impression on him. He rather expected such treatment to follow his outbursts and was very much surprised when the officer on the Receiving Cottage, Mr. Robbins, didn't strike him.

After the conference we tried out another method of treatment on Ned. Everyone now was deeply interested in his case and tried to help him solve it. We decided to still leave him in the Receiving Cottage.

Next morning at breakfast, Ned, true to form, started in to make a scene. He tried to kick over the table again, but the other boys, who had seen him do it several times, were on the watch and held onto it. Seeing that he couldn't do that, he threw himself on the floor, kicking and screaming as usual. The officer quietly picked him up and took him into another room and set him down in the hallway and locked the door, first telling him he could come out whenever he was ready to act like other boys.

Well, that didn't work at all. Bedlam broke loose as the door was closed. He kicked and pounded on the door, yelling at the top of his voice, turned on and off the electric lights, sent in an alarm system in the corridor, and made such an uproar that the officer finally had to

take him into one of the quarantine rooms used as a last resort. Again he told him as he closed the door, "Let me know, son, when you are ready to come out." This was a room with bare walls and a cot in the corner. Soon the noise quieted down, as no one could really hear what he was saying and it wasn't any fun listening to himself alone.

An hour later the officer opened the door and there stood Ned, his hand outstretched, a smile on his face as he said, "Let's shake hands, Mr. Robbins, I've had enough."

Out he came immediately and joined the group. In half an hour he blew up again, and in he went. This time the officer left him two hours. By then he was ready to come out again and got through the rest of the day without any more trouble.

For weeks this same procedure continued. Sometimes he had a good day, but more often he was placed by himself because he couldn't get along with the group. His case and what we were trying to do was explained to a few of the boys and they jumped in to help him out. When they saw him getting ready to pull off one of his tantrums, they would try to attract his attention to something else or start playing some game. This seemed to help him. Gradually his tantrums became further and further apart and of less violence. Once he went two days without

trouble and when he went a whole week, we all had a celebration. By that time, every boy in the school knew about "that nut Ned," and some of them teased him to make him perform. We soon put a stop to that and the lad had a better chance.

Ned didn't cause any trouble in school, for he was a bright boy and stood out in all his classes. He seemed to have an abnormal craving for attention, and was always anxious to recite. In athletics he was clumsy and awkward. Here too he would perform with a crying spell or temper tantrum if he didn't get his own way. But the spells became wider apart and we were at least making progress. We didn't send him back to court, as every other place had done, and he couldn't quite understand why he couldn't get anyone's goat as he had before.

But there were other cases besides Ned that called for special attention. Two boys in the plumbing shop detail suddenly showed up in the hospital with a bad case of gonorrhoea. They wouldn't tell where they had become infected and we couldn't find out where they had been. They swore that they had not been off the place and we did not know of any cases in the school. We kept the boys in the hospital where they could have proper treatment and not infect anyone else. Here they stayed for several weeks before we got the story out of them. It was our colored maid, Willie. The boys had been sent by the plumber to fix the drain in the Superintendent's residence while we were away. The maid had invited them in.

The doctor came over and told me he had a confession from his two patients. I was horrified and dismissed her at once with the admonition never to show up there again. Two weeks later we got rid of the colored chef who had recommended her so highly. He blew up in a huff over the actions of some of the boys and became so abusive that we parted company.

The affair was immediately reported to the Director in Sacramento, who approved the transfer of the two boys, who were nearly eighteen, to Preston where they were equipped to give the proper treatment. The whole thing was a regrettable incident, but the boys recovered later with no ill effects.

"Not understood. How many
breasts are aching for
lack of sympathy."

Sir Thomas Bracken

CHAPTER X

During the four years at Whittier State School, I learned many valuable lessons that were to stand me in good stead later on.

One of the most critical problems in any institution is the manner in which discipline is administered. It must be firm, but fair. Without careful attention and supervision from the administrative head, it can be severely abused.

Too many boys were being sent to the Lost Privilege Cottage and it was becoming a dumping ground for certain members of the staff. In order to find out what was going on, I decided to take over the discipline cases myself. All cases sent to the Lost Privilege Cottage

must clear over my desk and I would interview these cases in the cottage at least once a week during their stay there. Sunday was the best day for this purpose, as the boys remained in all day.

We set up a table in the corridor off the dormitory and each boy came by himself for the interview. None of the others could see or hear what took place.

At first some of the boys were suspicious and sullen. They didn't trust me or anyone else. Many of them had run away and were expected to spend two months in the cottage before they could be returned to their group in the school.

I knew why the boy was in the cottage - the interviewing card, prepared in the office, told all about it. There also was before me the boy's record in the cottage since he had gotten into trouble. We seldom discussed what he had done to be sent to the school or to Lost Privilege. Instead, we talked about himself, how he was getting along, where his home was and what he might expect when released from the school. He couldn't quite figure out why I didn't upbraid him. As we talked quietly together, tears often came into his eyes at a little praise and encouragement. He seemed starved for just that.

Soon these Sunday morning visits became an established part of my routine and the boys seemed to expect a visit and many of them pointed proudly to the record of the past week when it showed marked improvement.

During these interviews alone with the boys, I picked up a lot of valuable information about the management of the school and got a line on the officers as well. Some of the men seldom had boys in trouble. The boys stood up for them because they felt they were being treated fairly. Other officers had boys in trouble most of the time; in fact the larger group came from the same officers.

The boys talked freely after those first interviews. They stopped lying and told me the truth, often blaming themselves for what had happened. I made it clear that I was not inviting tale bearing. It was the little things that slipped into the conversation that told me most.

These were the serious problem cases in the school, and by keeping in touch with them, I soon had my hand on the pulse of things. Then, too, these interviews meant a great deal to me for I was beginning to understand these lads more each week.

I remember vividly the first time I talked to Bob. A tall gangling boy with a sullen and sad face who seemed to feel that all the world was against him. He had been in Lost Privilege often for minor offenses and now he had just been returned for running away.

He didn't want to talk to me or anyone else. After several attempts to pull him into the conversation, I sent him back to the group with the promise I would see him the following week. Without a word or glance he arose

and left the room.

The case haunted me; I couldn't get him out of my mind for he seemed so unhappy. The case folder in the office told little except that the boy suddenly developed a mania for stealing cars. He took one after another, drove them one night, left them in a deserted spot and the next night took another. When he was sent to Whittier, at the age of fifteen, he had twelve stolen cars to his credit.

He came from a good family and his parents were terribly upset over his committment to the school.

The next interview I made no further progress. The boy was very much on the defensive and still wouldn't talk. His record for the week was bad. He had gotten into two fights and again attempted to run away.

The third week he began to thaw out a little and slowly and cautiously answered my questions, watching me with a stealthy expression, as though I must surely be trying to put something over on him.

The fourth week he was ready to talk and poured forth in a torrent against his father and mother for lying to him and kept repeating again and again that he would never go back to them. This was something new, for the folder indicated a happy childhood and a deep fondness for these people. He wanted me to promise him that whatever happened, we would not return him to his home upon release.

I said, "I can't promise you that, Bob. What is the reason?"

With that, the story came out. One day when he was thirteen, he was returning from school when a boy stopped him in his tracks with the statement, "I know something about you, Bob. You're adopted."

At first he didn't take it all in. What did this fellow mean by the statement, he was adopted? The boy proceeded to tell him. He listened until he understood and then with a fierce denial on his lips he proceeded to lick the boy roundly for daring to tell him such a lie.

Like a frightened deer he fled for home and bursting in upon his mother, called out in a tone of agony and despair,

"Mother, it isn't true...say it isn't true!"

"What isn't true, Bob, what are you talking about?" she replied.

"The kids say I am not your boy, I'm adopted. It isn't true, is it, Mother? Tell me it isn't!"

She stood there looking at him in astonishment. He was watching her face, eagerly, for some sign. She was frightened now, and her face was a pasty white, as her hand stole to her throat. Then with a great effort she said, "No! No, Bob, it isn't true. Of course you are our son."

Somehow he instinctively knew that she was lying. It was true then and they had kept it from him all these years.

If he wasn't their son, then whose son was he? Where were his own father and mother? What were they like? Were they living or dead? Why hadn't they told him this long ago so that he might find them?

In a flash, his love for this woman, whom he had called his mother, turned to a blinding hate. She tried to explain and comfort him, but he shook off her attempts and rushed out of the house.

"I wasn't going back again," he said, "but the police picked me up and took me home." Then had followed a stormy interview with his adopted father, which all but ended in blows.

He began to lose interest in his school work and to stay away from home as much as he could. It was then that he started to steal cars. "I didn't want the cars, it was just something to take my mind off my troubles," he said. He found it easy to steal a car, as so many people failed to lock it or left the key in the ignition switch. As long as he didn't keep the car, but kept changing, there wasn't much danger of the cops catching up with him. "I wasn't really sorry when they finally got me," he continued, "because coming to the school meant that I wouldn't have to go home again."

Several months had passed since he had come to Whittier, but he still carried a deep and bitter resentment toward the man and woman who had lied to him so often about his

birth. Tears of anger blinded his eyes, as he talked about them now. Big sobs began to rack his body, as he placed his head on his arms on the table.

I waited silently until the storm subsided. This was no time to go further. "I am glad you told me, Bob," I said, "and I want to think over what you have said. Perhaps we can work this thing out together so that you can find out who your folks are and whether they are living or dead. Isn't that what is really bothering you?"

"Oh yes," he said, looking up from the table. "If I only knew they were alive. They might need me."

I promised to see what I could do and the boy showed his relief by smiling through his tears. That was his first smile since coming to Whittier.

Next Sunday I had some news for him. His folks had died shortly after he was born and he had been placed in an orphanage until he was four. His present foster parents had adopted him and tried in every way to consider him as their own child. Then there arose the feat that some day he might find out they were not his parents and that he might turn from them and they would lose him. Every bit of evidence about his own parents was destroyed and every safeguard was taken to make sure he never found out the truth. So deeply were they concerned about his birth that they moved to California hoping that no one in their old neighborhood would follow.

During the interview, the boy had eagerly taken in every word. Now he wanted to know more about his parents. What were his father and mother like? Had they died in want? Where was he born? "Your parents were fine people, Bob," I continued. "But for more information about them, you will have to ask your foster parents who raised you."

The old resentment against these people seemed to come back with a rush. His face flushed as he stiffened up in his chair. "I don't want to see them again," he exclaimed. "They have lied to me all these years about my people and I can't believe them now."

It was useless to argue with him in this state. Waiting until he had calmed down again, I said, "We won't be able to talk longer today, Bob, but there is one thing I would like to have you think about this week. Just go over in your mind all the fine things these people have done for you since they took you in, for that is what they did. "You see," I continued, "they didn't have any children of their own and they wanted a boy. They wanted a special kind of a boy, not just any boy. In order to find that boy, they made a visit to all the places in their community where children were placed for adoption. It took them a long time, for they saw and talked to many boys. Finally they saw you and knew that you were the boy they were looking for."

Bob was listening to what I was saying, but I wasn't sure just what effect it was having.

"Just remember this one more thing," I concluded, "if you were really their boy, they wouldn't have been able to pick you out the way they did. They really wanted you and that is the only reason you were adopted. It was their love for you that created this false fear that you would some day find out. They made a serious mistake and they know it now, in not telling you as soon as you could understand." With that we parted.

The next time I saw Bob he was a different fellow. He greeted me eagerly as he took his seat beside the little table in the corridor of Lost Privilege Cottage. Much of the sullenness had left his face and there was a clearer look in his eyes. I extended my hand and he returned the grip as though he meant it. This time it was Bob who opened up on me.

He had been thinking things over. Now that he knew his father and mother were dead, there had come to him a feeling of relief. He was sorry for the way he had treated his foster parents and was now anxious to see them. An arrangement was made for them to visit the school and Bob was given a chance to see them alone. They were a happy reunited family. A few months later, Bob went home and there was no further trouble.

If all people who adopt little children would tell the child as soon as it is old enough to understand, they will prevent many tragedies and heartbreaks throughout our

country. Don't be afraid to tell the child the truth. Instead of losing his love, it will cement that sacred relationship between parent and child we all desire.

Gradually the population in Lost Privilege Cottage was reduced to the few lads who really required close detention for a time. This was partially due to the in-service training of the staff and a clearer understanding of firm but fair discipline. We abolished the bread and milk diet and served instead the full meal, including dessert, to all boys in detention. Our objective was to change attitudes and this cannot be accomplished by denying a growing boy his food, for it only causes resentment. Soon the staff realized the results were rewarding.

I have often wondered since, what later happened to the many disturbed lads I interviewed in Lost Privilege Cottage on those Sunday mornings. How did they turn out in later life? Did we help them or if they later succeeded, did they do it themselves in spite of our efforts?

Pat was a very disturbed boy when he arrived in 1928 and after several interviews with him in Lost Privilege Cottage I had lost track of him. It was thirty years later that I discovered him again. He was married with children of their own, a happy close-knit little family. He had earned his Degree in Social Work and was successfully administering an important intricate social re-

search project in his community. We met after that on several occasions and he consented to let me make a tape recording of his story, of why he came to Whittier and what happened to him there and in the after years. This is briefly what he said:

"I was born in a foreign country of parents of different national background. Early in my life they came to America and settled in Los Angeles in a very poor, rough neighborhood. My father was an intelligent person, but died of chronic alcoholism and tuberculosis. My mother, an illiterate peasant woman, worked at night cleaning buildings and took in washing during the day in order to eake out an existence for her two boys.

During my first year in school I was a butt of many of the jokes for the other kids. I said certain things to teachers, which I thought were salutations, but which were really filthy epithets for which I was often severely punished. When I began to learn the language things went better for me.

The neighborhood was noted for its thieving, drunkenness and prostitution and I became a part and parcel of this situation. When I was eleven my mother was taken to the county hospital and I was set adrift in this rundown neighborhood. Had it not been for the kindness of several Mexican, Italian and Yugoslavian families who generously took me in, fed and housed me, I don't know what I would have done.

One day my case was called to the attention of the juvenile authorities and I was picked up and sent to Juvenile Hall. There I was scrubbed, deloused and fed. Here for the first time in my life I began to feel the stability that comes from three meals a day. I became interested in the school program and made rapid progress during my short stay.

I was sent to a foster home in Los Angeles, my first experience in living outside my own family. The foster mother was extremely punitive and played favorites. The food was

not good and the treatment rough. When I began to rebel, both in the home and at the local school, I was returned to Juvenile Hall and the whole process began again.

The second foster home was run by a Mrs. Wagner, a wonderful woman, soft, good and who had an ability to be firm in a very friendly way. She made life very enjoyable. I was entered at the Chatsworth Elementary School, my grades soon picked up and I became one of the few A students in this class.

The foster home was in a rural setting with many things for youngsters to do. In summer we picked cantaloupes and watermelons and did other odd jobs for money. Mrs. Wagner gave us her individual attention and care. She was understanding and tended to make us feel as if we were a part of her, had emanated from her womb and she loved us all.

There were three other boys from Juvenile Hall in this foster home. There was also a crippled lad on crutches, a victim of polio. He was a very sadistic angry youngster who would hit us with his crutches and yet when we would retaliate Mrs. Wagner seemed to understand.

The biggest tragedy in this foster home was that Mrs. Wagner died. This time I felt as if she had rejected us, or shall I say I felt she had rejected me. I was again returned to Juvenile Hall to await another placement, but this time for something I had not done. I was malicious, angry, frustrated. Angry perhaps at Mrs. Wagner for dieing and leaving us. I was also angry at myself. Had I killed her? Was it something I had done to push her over the cliff? I also accused her. 'Why were you so good and kind and then you leave to punish me, for in your dieing you took all this away. If you want me to love you more, you come back.'

I became so difficult to handle I was finally committed to Whittier State School as a dependent child who lacked a proper home. There, as you know, my hostility and anger continued and my first few days were extremely turbulent. I would lash out verbally at officers and physically rebel against other inmates, until I landed in Lost Privilege Cottage.

After a few days I had cooled down. I was now fifteen and was transferred to D Company, which was considered to be the bad-boy cottage in a bad-boy school. I guess they thought I was tough and I did too. There my adjustment was a difficult one. I remember vividly one evening, a youngster, a monitor of that cottage told me in no uncertain terms that he was the boss and then struck me in the face to let me know that he meant business and that was my first experience with the "Duke's System."

The "Duke's System," similar to the "Monitor System" at Preston, is still found in many Industrial Schools in the United States.

Our supervisor, Mr. Hamilton, was a very understanding person, strict, even rough at times with those who were looking for trouble, and yet ready to help any boy who would respond to the rules and sought his guidance. I well remember when the school was struck with spinal meningitis and we were quarantined in quarters. This gave "Ham," as we called him, more time to devote to the individual boy and I was very eager to talk to an adult, to tell him about my feelings and aspirations. "Ham" was very good to me. He talked to me in a fatherly way and was the first person who really listened to my story and gave me many valuable suggestions concerning my conduct and training for the future.

One evening he said to me, 'Pat, what you need is to start reading some good books and I'm going to bring you Dana's TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.' Well, Ham did bring the book and I read it very quickly and of course this created an insatiable desire and he brought more books - Sabatine, Scaramouch, Captain Blood, Alexander Dumas' books and even started me on Guy De Maupassant before I left the school.

To make a few comments about the school itself. My feelings are now that institutions of that type are too formal and too concerned with operating and giving themselves to the routine instead of dealing with the human beings there. It tends to place us all in an assembly-line type of situation, which creates greater anonymity than does life in the

community, does not give personal attention nor sufficient time to the individual to help him with his problems and to really see himself as he is.

I can say vividly what had helped me more was the very fact that Mr. Hamilton had given me enough time to encourage me in reading. "Ham" took a personal interest in all our activities. I learned to conduct myself with more patience, to accept routine and to feel that if the school would let him, Ham would do a lot more for us.

On leaving Whittier I was full of fears. I did not want to go back to my old neighborhood because I could almost smell the bed bugs and see them crawling up and down the walls like Romans in Phalanx. I wanted to tell these people I would like to stay, but somehow they said, 'Well, no, you've got to get out and start again, sometime you can come back and visit us if you want to.'

I was brought home by an individual whose name I can't remember, who dumped me and left. My mother said, 'Well, I see you are back.' I said, 'Yea,' and she said 'Well, be a good boy,' and then she went about her business. That night the bed bugs began crawling up and down and I used to pop them and could smell my own blood on my fingers.

I then entered Belmont High School. My first experience during the week I remember well. There was a blond, curly-haired, good-looking coach in the gym class. We stood in a circle while he instructed us. Somehow he knew I had just come out of Whittier.

I had formed a friendship with John Moore and we were signalling to each other when the coach looked in our direction. He stopped and said to me, 'You were making a gesture. You are a jailbird just out of a reformatory.' It was done in front of the whole class and there was a degree of embarrassment, but not that much because I was really proud of having been out to Whittier. It was the first time in my

life I felt I belonged to something, so I rather belligerently said, 'Yes, what are you going to do about it?' He said, 'You're tough?' I said, 'Well, I think I'm tough.' Then he said, 'Why don't you put the gloves on with me?'

Of course he was a big man, but now I felt I could not back down, even 'tho I was scared. We put the gloves on and started in. He was fast and knocked me down four times, bloodied my nose and cut my lip. Fortunately for me the head coach came in and stopped the fight and bawled his assistant out for taking on a student. The man apologized to me and we shook hands. I felt I was half to blame and took the affair as a learning experience for me.

I soon adjusted at school due to the understanding help of two fine teachers who seemed to fill the void that Mrs. Wagner left when she died. One interested me in English and the other in sociology. They invited me to their homes and I did odd jobs around the place.

Upon graduation from High School I became an apprentice riveter, joined the army in World War II and served in Africa and later on was injured in a jump as a paratrooper. Having a service-connected disability, the Veterans Administration put me through college and I received my degree in Social Work.

As a youngster, somewhere along the line, I met certain people whom I latched onto as parent-arrogates and these are the people who were like bench marks in my life. There is no substitute for the human quality of understanding, for taking an interest in individuals. In all our efforts in the field of social strife there is so little time to allow us to really get close to human beings who need our help and this is rapidly becoming more so.

As we face automation we must find a way for a closer understanding between the worker and the client. Institutions tend to eventually perpetuate themselves, their needs, feeding of the children and the routine. It just doesn't

pay good dividends. There must be a better way and that's what we are trying to do on this project."

He had placed his finger on so many of the problems we face today.

It was in January, that first year we were at Whittier, when we started the Harmonica Band. One hundred boys responded and with the help of the Whittier Rotary Club each boy was given an instrument of his own. An instructor from the Los Angeles Playgrounds was engaged and the band was a great success. It was remarkable the way these boys, who had never played an instrument...and many of them had difficulty in carrying a tune...took hold of this activity. Soon the group was playing in Whittier and surrounding towns to admiring audiences and the Harmonica Octette was in great demand. The music seemed to do something for the boys, and filled many a leisure hour on the playfield and in the cottages.

Jackie Coogan and three of his friends, from a Military School, came to lunch at our home and to see the school. We had great fun with Jackie, who was just a real boy. On the way out the boys had become hungry and their escort stopped and purchased hot dogs all around. This however did not seem to affect their appetites for lunch, as they dug in with a will.

Jackie was especially entranced with some chopped pickle that Becky served as a relish and seemed content to make a

meal off that, as he kept reaching for the dish until it was all gone. When I asked him if he would like something more to eat, he shyly asked if there was any more of that pickle in the kitchen. The dish was replenished and for once Jackie had his fill of relish.

After lunch the boys went down to the stables to see the horses and when our son Franklin showed Jackie his own horse, nothing would do but that he must ride her. Without waiting for an okey from his escort, Jackie had the saddle on in a trice and was tearing around the grounds on old Bess. Before we bought her, she had been hauling a milk wagon around Pomona, so there wasn't much danger that Jackie would get hurt, but when the Major, who had brought the boys, heard that Jackie was riding a horse, he thought of the boy's contract with Hollywood and came tearing out of our cottage and tried to get him off for fear he might be thrown and break an arm or leg. Jackie didn't want to get off and the good Major couldn't catch him on two feet, so the lively youngster rode down to the other end of the grounds and back, a distance all told of one mile, while the Major followed in his wake trying to make him understand that it was extremely dangerous for him to be riding a strange horse. The whole episode ended without injury to Jackie and we all had a good laugh, but felt that the Major had his hands full, to say the least, and that all of the minor behavior problems were not at Whittier.

That afternoon we had a special show for the boys at the school in honor of Jackie's visit, and showed his picture, LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE. We asked Jackie to tell the boys how the picture was made, and he gave a nice little talk and dwelt especially on an old alley cat who had surprised everyone by calmly diving off the raft into the water, yet that wasn't supposed to be in the picture.

Jackie made a great hit with the boys and everyone was watching for the diving cat. When we came to that place in the picture and the cat dove overboard, the boys broke into applause and all turned to look at Jackie in the back of the chapel. But Jackie was so engrossed in his own picture and laughed so heartily when the cat jumped over, that he didn't know that all the boys were looking in his direction.

Upon their arrival, new boys were kept in the hospital for a period of ten days to allow for necessary tests and physical examinations. Then they were transferred to the Receiving Cottage. Here they were to remain at least thirty days under very close supervision until they demonstrated that they did not intend to run away. This fear of boys running away seemed to permeate the institution and everyone was on the alert all the time.

The first time I entered the Receiving Cottage, I wanted to run away too. It was the most desolate-looking of any room on the place, a God-forsaken hole. Any new boy entering this cottage for the first time must have had a sinking

feeling in the pit of his stomach. The place was almost bare of furniture except for a few tables and dissipated¹ chairs, many with their backs out and rungs broken. The table tops were whittled and splintered and the remainder of the paint seemed to cling on in dirty spots. There were no curtains on the windows and the bars on the outside accentuated the feeling that from this place of detention there was no escape.

The dormitory adjoining was more attractive, perhaps because the beds were neatly made and there was an air of order about the place.

The Receiving Cottage was an exact duplicate of the Lost Privilege Cottage, in fact it was the other half of the same building with the same arrangement of facilities, but much more attractively furnished. New boys were required to memorize the rules and regulations of the school, mainly a series of "Don'ts" contained in a little book with a dirty yellow cover. If the boy learned rapidly and did not cause any trouble in the cottage, he soon moved out and joined one of the other groups. If he had difficulty in mastering the rules or was unwilling to apply himself, he remained in the cottage, perhaps for months.

From this cottage came the largest number of attempts to run away, and many of them made it. Others, emotionally unstable to begin with, went to pieces in this atmosphere of detention and desolation.

We decided to do something about the Receiving Cottage, to fix it up so that it would at least look attractive to the new boy when he entered for the first time. The women fixed up some colored draperies, the painter put on a stipple finish on the walls, using bright colors to liven up the place, and new chairs and tables replaced the old wrecks, which had long since outserved their usefulness.

When the place was finished we staged a party for the boys in the Receiving Cottage. The new rugs on the floor gave the place a warm club atmosphere and new games kept everyone occupied throughout the evening. Some of the boys, from the Scout Cottage, came in their uniforms to become acquainted with the new boys and to tell the latter about the school and what was expected of them. Ice cream and cake wound up a grand evening.

Now the boys took a keen interest in their cottage and endeavored to keep it clean and in good condition. One new boy, attracted by the color of the new draperies, reached out his hand and felt them. His hand was quickly jerked aside by another boy who said, "Keep ya hands off our drapes, will ya? Do ya wanta get 'em dirty?"

New boys werked in the laundry where they could be closely supervised, as they were more apt to run away the first two months of their stay in the school. If they got by that period they usually stayed with the school until released.

Only about five percent of the boys tried to run away. The great danger was that the whole policy of the school would be built to keep the five percent from running away and to forget the ninety-five percent who could be relied upon to stay with us. What if some of them did run away? We could soon pick them up. Those particular boys had run away many times before coming to Whittier, so why should we expect them to suddenly settle down just because the Court had sent them to us?

Whittier was an open school and since there was no fence around the place, what was there to run from? We tried to instill the idea that it took courage not to run away. Only the weak and cowardly who couldn't take it, would run. The boys and officers together must encourage these weaker fellows to stay with the school. Both groups caught the spirit, and the running away was greatly diminished.

"The applause of a single human
being is of great consequence."

Samuel Johnson

CHAPTER XI

Dramatics and music began to play an important part in the school program. Most of these lads were hungry for praise and recognition. This seemed to be true of the more serious behavior cases. They performed their stunts in order to be looked upon as tough or troublesome by the other boys. Usually it went back to a feeling of inferiority and a desire to appear well in the eyes of their companions. Why not let them perform, but under controlled conditions? Miss Genevieve Downs, a dramatic teacher, was secured and given a free hand to see what could be done with the more serious behavior cases by interesting them in the field of dramatics.

We need a play that would both stimulate these boys and at the same time be interesting to the other boys in the school. Teachers in this field of dramatics may wonder at her temerity, but her first play selected was Drinkwater's ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Carefully she selected those boys in the school whom we felt were starved for recognition. It didn't matter to her whether they had ever been in a play or not. All parts were to be played by boys. Mrs. Lincoln was a little fellow who couldn't control his temper. He flew off at the least provocation. The boy who played the part of the sentry, who was found asleep at his post, was a little hatchet-faced lad from upstate who had stolen a saddle and rifle with two other boys, carried them to the mountains and there they barricaded themselves in. The sheriff was called and with several deputies they tried to drive the boys out into the open, to no avail. After several shots had been exchanged, they finally sent for the boys' probation officer. He approached within range of the boy's rifle where they had been shooting at the sheriff's posse and called out, "Enos, come out of there right now."

The little fellow replied, "All right, Mr. Harris," and stepped out to where the officers were gathered. He had been to a wild-west show where he had gotten the idea of barricading himself in the mountains. The lad

had caused other trouble, and after this last escapade, was committed to the State School at Whittier. He was a quiet sweet-faced boy with a wistful expression in his eyes and a voice like a boy soprano. It was hard to believe he was sixteen, he was so young looking.

Dick was selected to play the part of Abraham Lincoln because we thought he needed the part. He was a tall gangling lad of seventeen, soon to go out on placement. Dick had been in serious trouble before coming to the school. There were several stolen cars and he had been involved in a hold-up in which a man was shot and seriously injured. His youthful years saved him from the penitentiary.

Dick wasn't getting along very well - the other boys didn't like him and he was in petty trouble with someone most of the time. His father and mother were separated and he had refused to listen to his mother who was forced to work to support the family.

The boy took to the part from the first. He read everything he could get his hands on about Abraham Lincoln. He hounded the library, asked the officers for any book or stories about the Great Emancipator, and couldn't seem to satisfy his thirst for information. Then he began to live the part. He put a drawl into his speech, slowed down his walk to a stroll and when he sat down in a chair, would slowly cross one leg over the other as he imagined Lincoln would do.

And so the cast was drawn, not on ability, but the need of each boy who was to take part. They were a strange crew the night of the performance and an amused murmur went through the audience as the boys saw the names of the cast on the printed programs. This was going to be a flop. Those kids couldn't act.

A titter went through the group when Mrs. Lincoln first came on the stage, but only a titter. She was dressed in a beautiful gown, her hair piled high on her head in the style of the times, and as she began to speak, the boys became so interested in the lines they forgot that Mr. Lincoln was a little boy.

Dick was a great success. His mother was in the audience and was quite overcome with his interpretation of Lincoln. The boy's makeup was perfect and he carried himself with that awkward grace for which Lincoln was famous.

It was little Enos who stole the show. The scene was a farmhouse near Appomattox near the close of the Civil War. President Lincoln had called on General Grant who informed him that a sentry was to be shot at dawn for falling asleep at his post. He had completed a twenty-three mile march that day and volunteered to stand watch for a sick friend. It was a vital post, with the Confederate Army under General Lee seeking a place to break through.

When Lincoln requested to see him alone, a boy of twenty was brought before him. Lincoln quietly questioned the lad.

"You were doing double duty?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who ordered you?"

"Well, Sir, I offered."

"Why?"

"Enoch White - he was sick, Sir. We come from the same place."

"You live there?"

"Yes, Sir. My.....we've got a farm down there."

"Who has?"

"My mother, Sir. I've got her photograph, Sir."

Looking at the photograph, Lincoln says, "Does she know about this?"

"For God's sake, don't, Sir."

"There, there, my boy. You're not going to be shot."

Gazing into Lincoln's eyes, the boy says, "Not going to be shot, Sir?"

"No, no!" said Lincoln.

Then, as though talking to his mother, with hope driving out despair, the lad cries out, "Not..going..to..be..shot," and breaks down sobbing.

I doubt if there was a dry eye in the little theatre that night.

We gave a guest performance for the Conference of Superintendents of State Institutions, and invited many guests from Los Angeles and Hollywood. Four hundred people laughed and wept as those delinquent boys lived the lives of Lincoln and his associates. It was a great success.

But the after-effects were the most important. It was what the play did for each boy that counted. Dick couldn't take the characterization of Lincoln so seriously without being affected himself. He became more studious, took renewed interest in his high school work, and dug into his practice on the linotype with new vigor. Honest Abe had gotten hold of him and he was more considerate of his mother than ever before, so much so that she remarked about it in the office.

Abe Lincoln had done so much for these disturbed boys we decided to try another play. This time the whole performance would be staged by the worst behavior problem cases in the school, provided we could induce them to perform. The play selected was titled SKELLEY DIGGS and called for only three characters - a doctor, nurse, and a little crippled boy in a wheel chair.

For the doctor we selected a case of emotional anger. A few weeks before, this boy had nearly killed another boy who was tormenting him. In a rage he picked up a knife in the hospital and hurled it with such force and

accuracy that the boy ducked just in time to save his life and the knife stuck in the wall about the position his heart had been. When aroused, he would weep violently and create a scene. The boy went around with a sullen sad expression, as though he had lost his last friend in the world. As the doctor, he was expected to be calm, carry himself with poise and self-control.

The nurse was a boy named Jack who was constantly running away from the school and when returned, would dwell at great length over his troubles, and talked frequently about taking his own life. He had no parents and was so emotionally upset that there was great doubt whether he would be able to adjust himself outside. As the nurse he had to be constantly thinking of others and trying to serve their needs instead of thinking about himself.

For the little crippled boy, we selected Ned, who had now become a famous character about the school for his many emotional outbursts in Receiving Cottage and in the group to which he was now assigned. Ned was really trying to get hold of himself and a little praise seemed to go much further with him than the old-style whippings he had experienced before coming to Whittier. As the crippled boy in the play, he was the principal character and all attention centered and revolved around him.

The story was about this little crippled lad and the efforts of the doctor to cure him. The dramatics teacher had her hands full getting these three to work together

without getting into a fight or throwing tantrums.

The play was given before all the boys in the chapel, now known on such occasions as "The Boys' Little Theatre."

Again they tittered when they saw the cast. But it was not long before they were completely absorbed by the play and forgot about the three queer lads who were putting it on. Much to the surprise of everyone, the boys entered into the spirit of the play and put on a fine performance. For one little hour, they held the stage and were the center of attention for the entire school. They seemed to fairly expand with the applause, which was showered upon them by this audience of their own playmates.

Next day I met Ned on the school grounds and he wore a broad grin. "How did you like the play?" he asked, and when I said I thought it was splendid, he said, "How did you like me in it?" I really meant it when I replied, "Ned, you were great. I never saw a better performance." There it was, hunger for attention and praise, perhaps also a deep longing to be accepted by the group. By means of dramatics, many of the most serious behavior cases were helped in their adjustment. It was now a very important part of the school program.

Mr. Nellis had made one of the cottages into a Boy Scout Troop and they were accepted into the Scout Council

in the Whittier District the same as any other troop. The first real cottage at Whittier had been given over to this purpose and the boys quickly earned an enviable record in the district. They were soon engrossed in the merit badges and other activities of the Scout program. In this cottage there were only twenty-four boys and each boy had his own room. This was quite an innovation in correctional schools and proved a success from the first.

We increased the Scout program and now had three troops and a group of Pioneers, which later became the first Cub Pack in the district. Now more than a third of the population were Boy Scouts or Cubs in good standing.

When there had been only one troop, the other boys used to guy them and call them sissies. When the three troops were formed and the Scout Cottages began to clean up on the others in football and track, this heckling disappeared.

But even Boy Scouts sometimes failed. One night three Scouts slipped out of Scout cottage and taking the school truck from the garage near the stables, drove down the Coast Highway for parts unknown. There was great excitement at the school over this affair. Some of the old-timers shook their heads and longed again for the good old days when all boys were locked in one building and there was no problem of escapes. The newer men tried

to figure out what had gone wrong as the three boys were among the most trusted of all the boys in the school. Had something upset them that afternoon, or was it just another hair-brained escapade of three boys?

For three days, with several men out looking for them, we received no word. Then the truck, unharmed, but out of gas was picked up by the police and two of the boys were soon arrested in the vicinity and returned to the school. About ten o'clock the next night we received a call from Colton that the third boy had been shot through the chest by the Chief of Police when he refused to stop when challenged. Caught in the act of stealing another car, he had started to run down the railroad track trying to get away. I was out all night trying to get at the bottom of the shooting. The boy was taken to the county hospital where he finally recovered and was returned a month later to the school.

The three Scouts could give no reason for taking the truck. All were doing well in their work, liked the Scout program and had no thought of going until one of them proposed the plan in the afternoon and they thought it would be a good time to go. They had planned to only go for a joy ride in the truck, but after they started down the highway they were afraid to come back and so decided it was best to keep going. I'm sure they learned a good lesson for when they completed their stay in Lost

Privilege we returned them to their troop with no further trouble.

Paul Rieger, Chairman of the Commission for The Study of Problem Children and Past District Governor of Rotary, was asked by the President of the Los Angeles Rotary Club what their Boys' Work Committee could do for under-privileged boys. Paul sent for me and asked what I would suggest. "You better ask plenty," he said, "for they have lots of money to spend."

For some time I had been trying to get from the State a public address system and a radio loud speaker in each cottage. This was going to cost about three thousand dollars and the Department wouldn't approve the request. I told Paul about this and he said he would ask the Los Angeles Club to give it to the boys.

A committee came out for lunch and went through the school. The band boys put on a little concert for them in their cottage. It was the first time any of these men had ever visited Whittier. They were amazed at the attitude of the boys who met them without fear and visited with them the same as any other group of boys would do. The men had expected to see a high wall about the school, in fact several had passed the grounds many times driving along the highway toward San Diego and had been under the impression that the place was a college or private school.

They were greatly taken by the boys and decided to investigate the public address system and see what it would cost. The result was a gift to the boys of a central system with a loud speaker in each cottage and a public address system as well. We had a microphone installed in our cottage so that I could talk to the boys and we could put on entertainments when guests visited us.

Through a member of Rotary, the equipment was installed at cost and worked perfectly. We also had two loud speakers installed in the little theatre and each Thursday evening, when the show was on, we would turn on the Stanford Symphony Hour and use the concert as incidental music for the silent picture on the screen. It was surprising how well the music fitted the picture. Big Bill Hart in a western thriller, and The Ride of the Valkyries were really made to order, although Wagner never intended it should be so used. Sometimes in a death scene, the music would take on a lively tone and go dancing off with the corpse, but the boys didn't seem to mind.

There was great excitement the first few nights when the music was turned on in the cottages. The boys didn't like the choice of high-class music at first, and called for jazz. For three solid weeks we gave them nothing but jazz until they were sick and tired of its jigging racket. Then one or two cottages asked for organ music instead of the jazz. Others sent in requests for better music and gradually the tone of programs was raised. The

whole school was developing music appreciation without realizing it.

Before the radio system was installed, the hour and a half in the dormitories just before lights-out had been the most difficult in the entire day, from the standpoint of discipline. Boys went up to the dormitory at seven and undressed for bed. Then followed an hour and a half in which they could read or play quiet games. But this soon became monotonous and trouble for the night man usually followed. When the radio was installed our problem of discipline was reduced to a minimum. The boys came to depend upon it for entertainment during that period and if the group did not behave themselves the radio was turned off for the evening. That meant that the whole group lost a privilege because a few boys failed to conform. This happened but a few times and the boys took care of those few who were spoiling their evenings of good music and comic skits on the air. Within a month it was unusual to have any kind of a disturbance in the cottage at night, thanks to Rotary.

The school department was able to use the radio in connection with their classes and the central station was in use many hours of the day. The real climax came when we put on the World Series for the boys during their lunch period in the dining room.

The boys were so grateful for this unusual gift that they wanted to show their appreciation in some form. The class in the mud trades made up a plaque, using the Rotary Wheel as the center and a place for the name of the Boys' Work Committee of the Los Angeles Club to be inscribed and the plaque to hang over the radio set in the central station located in the power house. This was presented to Rotary at one of its meetings in the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles when the Band Boys were guests of the club and put on the program for the day.

The boys grinned as the President, big Bill Kilgore, said, "I don't want my name on any plaque, but you guys see that you spell it right." The band put on a fine concert with a variety of pieces which the men liked. One by the brass octette made a big hit as the boys seemed to toss the music back and forth across the big ballroom, with half of them in the balcony and the others near the head table. The real climax came when the whole band played The Stars and Stripes Forever. As the little piccolo player, standing on a chair, played his solo and was gradually joined by the other players until the music swelled into a great crescendo, three hundred and fifty businessmen, supposed to be hard-boiled and difficult to arouse, were on their feet applauding and yelling in their excitement as the music came to an end. It was a great program and Rotary felt fully repaid for its generous gift as its

members realized these boys were perhaps no different from their own sons.

A few months later, Paul Rieger visited the school and I told the boys his part in securing the radio equipment. Paul was heavy-set with a large bay window and a Van Dyke beard of which he was very proud. He responded to the introduction and gave the boys a nice talk. They listened with attention to his words and gave him a fine hand when he was through, for he knew just how to talk to boys.

The Junior lads always sat in the front two rows so that they could see and hear all that went on in the theatre. Little Jimmie Shoemaker was next to the aisle when Paul was addressing the boys. He was a mick of the first order. Only nine years of age, he was supposed to be an incorrigible, and the community had thrown up its hands as had the public school and declared that Jimmie must go. We had little trouble with him, except that he was so effervescent and full of life that he fairly ran over with energy.

He had taken a special shine to Paul, as he had talked with him on the playfield that afternoon. Now he watched the big man with intense interest as he talked. When Paul started up the aisle, Jimmie leaned out and attracted his attention. When he was sure Paul was looking at him Jimmie took his fingers and scratched his own little chin and gave off a little sound like a bleating goat. Paul

laughed heartily as he ruffled the boy's hair and the little fellow's delight knew no bounds.

Ten days later little Jimmie came down with a severe mastoid and was rushed to the hospital. Streptococci infection set in and the doctor couldn't stop it. The boy became weaker and weaker, his color turning pasty white. As the days wore on he failed to show any signs of recovery, and it soon became evident that a blood transfusion was necessary. Our facilities at the school were inadequate, and the doctor recommended the Murphy Memorial Hospital in Whittier. We couldn't wait for an approval from the Director of Institutions, as it was necessary to move him immediately if his life was to be saved. Some technicality prevented us from sending him to the County Hospital and I gave the order to move him without waiting for approval.

Word was sent out through the school that a blood transfusion was imminent and asking for volunteers to determine who had the right type of blood. Fifty boys volunteered without any hesitation and we loaded eight in the car and took them to the laboratory at the hospital. Finally three boys were found who had the satisfactory number, and the doctor picked out the first one, telling the others he might need them later if the first transfusion did not turn the tide. The other two

boys were disappointed not to have been chosen. They were all genuinely concerned about the little guy and wanted to help. Several transfusions were necessary, and the boy finally showed signs of rallying.

For several weeks he remained in the Whittier Hospital because the doctor was afraid to move him. We had thought he would be there only a few days for the transfusion. The bill was steadily mounting, but it never occurred to me that the State would not meet such an emergency.

In the meantime I had reported my action to the Department and received no reply. There wasn't anything I could do now except wait until he had recovered sufficiently to be moved back to the school.

When the bill came in it was over seven hundred dollars and I sent it blandly on to the Sacramento office. This time I did not have to wait for an answer. It came by return mail. I "had no authority to send this patient to a private hospital and there was no way that the State could pay the bill." I was dumbfounded. Here was an emergency, if ever there was one, and action had to be taken immediately. I was the legal guardian of these boys for the State of California, and if anything happened to them, through negligence on my part, I was to be held legally responsible. For weeks the correspondence went back and forth until I finally appealed directly

to Mr. Jensen, explained the case in detail, and after receiving a good calling down, which I had coming for having acted without authority, he found a way to pay the bill. In the meantime we saved the life of a little boy and returned him to his mother. The next time I saw Mr. Jensen I thanked him for his action. He grinned and said, "Ken, if I had been in your shoes, I'd have done the same thing, but boy, was I in a hell of a spot to get that bill paid."

When Bruce, a little Jewish boy, came to the school, he begged to be allowed to send home for his violin, and when it arrived the lad became quite a sensation. He had a beautiful tone and for his age played very well. Bruce had been in trouble in his community, partly because of stolen cars and a broken home. Raised by his grandmother, who fairly worshipped him, the boy was torn between her and his own mother who had remarried. He also was greatly attached to his father, who worked as a barber, but who showed little affection for his son. There had been a great deal of bitterness and bickering in the home and Bruce, with his sensitive nature, didn't seem to know where he stood most of the time.

The boy caused little trouble in the school, but asked to be allowed to practice his violin each day. When I first heard him play in our cottage with Becky as accompanist, I was struck with the feeling and fine quality of his tone. A few weeks later, I had him play for the

Whittier Rotary Club, and he was received so well that several members remarked that the boy should be given additional lessons. The Club's Board of Directors voted to foot the bill, and we made arrangements for Miss Vera Barstow to give him lessons. She was the outstanding violinist in Whittier and a member of the Faculty of Whittier College. Miss Barstow took a deep interest in the boy and he made rapid progress under her direction.

The grandmother was the serious problem in the picture. She was very emotional and each time she visited Bruce the boy was upset for days. He would become stubborn, defiant and un-cooperative in many ways. She thought Bruce had been framed and sent to the school without just cause, and she told him so and made him very unhappy. Finally we decided to stop her visits, but the old lady set up such an uproar and then promised to be careful what she said to the boy, that we allowed her to continue, for a while longer, until Bruce himself asked her not to come. She put on a great scene, but the boy stood pat. He was really trying to make a good record and he now recognized his grandmother's visits were holding him back.

For fifteen months the Whittier Rotary Club paid for the violin lessons until Bruce left the school and returned to his grandmother's home on placement. They had spent one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and it was a good investment, for his music was one of the most

important elements in his adjustment, and although he did little with it after he left Whittier, it acted as a steadying influence during a very critical period in his life. We heard him once on radio and lost touch with him after his case had been dismissed.

Eight years later, one of the officers went into a barber shop in a beach town near Los Angeles and took a chair as he asked for a shave. The barber placed the apron over him and let the chair back into position. Then standing over the officer with a razor in his hand, the barber said in a quiet voice, "I ought to cut your throat, Mr. Moss." The officer was startled, but asked what was wrong. The barber replied, "It is evident you don't know me. I am Bruce, and was at Whittier. Remember?" It was a great joke and the officer, who now recognized him, joined in the laugh at his own expense. Bruce owned the shop and had two other chairs. He asked for me and then talked about his days at the school and the fine thing Rotary had done for him in giving him lessons on the violin. He was ashamed that he had never followed up his music as a profession, but still played for pleasure and for his friends. It had been a great influence in his adjustment.

In spite of one's best efforts, in any institution, some boys get upset and take off, seemingly for no reason

at all. We were awakened at midnight by the phone ringing at the head of my bed. It was some moments before I could gather my senses, and Becky was already on the phone.

She turned it over to me. A cafe man at El Monte, the oldest town in California, was calling. He had a boy who had stopped in at his cafe and requested that he phone me that he wanted to come home to the school and asked that I come and get him. He said his name was Rodriguez.

The lad was a large fellow and had left the school three days before and we were looking for him. I asked if the boy was in any trouble and the proprietor said no.

It had been rather exciting when he had left the school for he had secured a gun from someone and had taken a shot at one of the officers who went after him, and then disappeared in the river bottom. We were very much upset when he left, for the boy had a fine record in the school and would have been released in two more months.

Before he came to Whittier he had caused a great deal of trouble in the community. Several burglaries were checked out against him and when he was taken to Juvenile Hall he created such a disturbance they had to take him to the county jail. Here there were no facilities for boys and so the lad was finally transferred to a jail in another county where there were facilities for boys.

When he arrived at Whittier the officer, who wasn't taking any chances, delivered him in leg irons and handcuffs. We were so incensed about it that we removed the irons and turned the boy loose in the school, putting him through the same routine as any other boy. Now ten months later he had gone to pieces again and had for some reason run away.

When I told Becky I was going after him myself, as I didn't want to disturb an officer at that time of night, she insisted that she was going too. She would drive the car back and leave me free to hold the boy in the car if he tried to get away. She said she wasn't going to take any chances of the boy hitting me over the head. It was either consent to take her or get an officer, so we compromised by both going. I didn't expect any trouble because he had sent word he wanted to come back.

When we pulled up at the cafe, at one o'clock in the morning, I told Becky to get behind the wheel and I would go in and bring the big fellow out and place him in the back seat with me. Then she was to pull for home without delay.

Just then the cafe door opened and the proprietor came out to meet us. Rodriguez was right behind him. Our eyes opened in amazement. It wasn't Rodriguez, the boy who had run away. Instead it was a little shrimp of a lad by the same name who had been in Junior cottage, and who had become homesick for Whittier and had left

his foster home and started for the school.

The little fellow climbed in the car without a word and after offering the cafe man some money for the food he had given him, which he wouldn't take, we headed for home. I could hear Becky chuckling to herself, as we drove along. Finally she turned her head half around, still keeping her eyes on the road, and said, "What a transition. You never know what to expect next on this job!"

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

CHAPTER XII

Just as at the Preston School of Industry, many of the boys at Whittier had never learned to play. They were misfits on the playgrounds and also in school. Not being able to shine in either field, they became discouraged, ashamed and resentful. Often this feeling of inferiority led older boys into serious trouble. Some began carrying firearms to give themselves a feeling of confidence and to make an impression upon their peers. When they arrived at Whittier the resentment was still there and now that they could no longer carry a concealed weapon, the feeling of inferiority returned. They wanted to just sit around and brood instead of joining into the group activities on the company playgrounds.

These were small play areas for thirty boys in each group, which made it possible to keep the different units separate. But we needed a regulation size football field and a quarter mile track for intramural sports in order to feature athletics and eventually pull all boys into the games. There was one such area on the south side of the property line, large enough for this purpose, but the lower half had a drop of about six feet and would take a lot of grading to put it in shape.

We told the boys we had no money in our budget, but thought with their volunteer help, we could do the job ourselves. They agreed to work evenings and on Saturday afternoons on their own time. The State Department of Architecture surveyed the field and gave us the grade levels and we started in, with two dump trucks, a couple of scrapers, and four teams of mules from the farm.

The tractor ripped up the soil and fifty larger boys shoveled dirt into the dump trucks while others handled the mules. After a month we had hardly made a dent in the project. There was just too much dirt to move to the fill, but they kept at it.

One Saturday afternoon Mr. Jensen visited the school and I showed him what the boys were trying to do for themselves. It was a busy scene. He looked the project over and then turning to me said, "Do you mean that these boys are volunteering to do this work on their time off?"

"Yes," I replied, "It will take us a long time, but they are staying with it."

He made no further comment, but when he returned to Sacramento he sent word we could hire more dump trucks, scrapers and teams in order to push the work to completion. Thanks to his help we soon had a splendid turf field, surrounded by a quarter-mile cinder track and the school was doubly proud because they had built it themselves. I think in the process we again got a few boys over the "fear of work."

There were nine companies in the school and we soon had two football teams in each group. That meant twenty-two teams when we included the first and second varsities. Someone remarked, "The whole gang are football crazy"; even the Juniors had their team.

Formerly the varsity had been the only group playing football. Now nearly everyone in the school was on a team or had some kind of responsibility as a yell leader, water carrier, or stretcher bearer. The latter were often a busy group. The inter-cottage competition became very keen and the games were enjoyed more than those with outside teams. These were lively kids and they needed lively sports to work off their surplus energy.

That Thanksgiving the football game in the afternoon between the Juniors and the Twelve-Year Group was a real classic. These little fellows, eight to ten, played ball

with everything they had. Their football pants came clear to their ankles and the headgears, which fitted like inverted pots, spun around with each flying tackle and you couldn't tell in which direction the boys were going. What excitement when the Juniors won!

For basketball we divided the field into several courts with A, B, and C teams in each group. Socker also became a popular sport and of course the swimming pool was always used to capacity.

Some boys were shy and fearful when they came to the school, while a few others were belligerent bullies. In order to encourage the frightened lads and hold off the others we decided to start boxing classes in the Receiving Cottage. Each new arrival was given a few lessons in how to protect himself against the rougher group. Both were included in the class. Just before the class was started, one troublesome lad had landed in Lost Privilege Cottage for constantly fighting. When he came out a few weeks later he started in again to lord it over smaller lads. One boy whom he had especially abused, stood up to him and didn't back away as before. He quietly asked the other boy to let him alone, and when this failed to work, sailed into him and knocked the big fellow flat. As the boxing lessons continued we noticed a decline of fights on the grounds and boxing and weight lifting soon became

an important part of the athletic program.

If two boys thought they had to fight, they were often taken to the gym and the coach would referee the bout. There was no audience, neither were there any rounds. They couldn't hurt each other with the big gloves and the coach kept them at it until they were exhausted. As they stood panting for breath the coach would say, "How about it? You boys had enough?"

One would reply, "Well, yes, but I'm not quitting. The other would chime in with, "I'm not quitting either."

The coach would laugh and assure them they had put up a good scrap. "Come on, now, shake hands. I'm calling it a draw." Often the two fighters left the gym arm in arm.

Occasionally this failed to work so the coach saved it for a grudge fight on boxing night before the assembly. Four rounds and no hard feelings afterwards. It always seemed to work out that way.

The building program at Whittier had long been neglected, not through any fault of Mr. Nellis, but because a reluctant legislature refused to spend any money. Condemned buildings were still in use and others were in sore need of repairs. At the last legislative session before his death, money was finally appropriated for a new administration building, hospital, dining room and kitchen, two new cottages for boys, and a new shop

building for the teaching of auto mechanics, machine shop, electrical shop and aeronautics. Much of the equipment was donated by generous firms interested in seeing that these boys received proper training in their fields of interest.

We spent long hours over the drafting tables in the State Architect's office in Sacramento and within two years our new building program was completed and the school took on a fresh modern look and now we had room in which to work.

For twenty-five years, Mr. and Mrs. William Wrigley had given a free camp site to the Whittier State School. It was located on Catalina Island, thirty miles off the coast of Southern California. The site was at the mouth of a secluded canyon, two and a half miles north from the town of Avalon, and could only be reached by boat. It had been a tent camp for many years and the boys were fed in an open area fitted with picnic tables. The cooking was also done out-of-doors under a large tarpolin. This was camping in the rough and while exciting for the boys, presented many problems of supervision and food handling.

Each cottage group of thirty boys, with its officers, spent one week on the Island each summer and this was an event in the lives of these boys never to be forgotten, for most of them had never experienced a camping trip and might never have another. They had a glorious time and there were

few problems of discipline.

Our first year at Catalina, however, developed many problems. The most serious one was the absence of water at the camp site. Each morning a group of boys went down the coast a mile in our little launch to a large rock from which poured a small stream of pure spring water. Containers were filled and they returned to camp with the water for the day. It proved unsatisfactory, inconvenient and dangerous.

Half a mile up our canyon we found a small spring, which we developed into an adequate water supply and piped it into camp.

We needed a good cookhouse and screened mess-hall because the flies swarmed in at chow time to be followed by another swarm of yellow jackets and it was almost impossible to eat a meal in the open.

That winter and spring we made great improvements in the camp by constructing a mess-hall and kitchen, a dormitory for fifty boys and tent cottages for the personnel. The Catalina Island Company gave us free transportation for all the boys and staff and we only had to pay for the freight charges on supplies. It was a most generous management and every person in The Catalina Company treated us with the utmost courtesy and consideration; in fact, we were their honored guests.

The motor in the little launch had outserved its

usefulness and was constantly breaking down. Each afternoon the wind would rise and the water become rough. Several times, when the motor gave out, the Coast Guard had to come out and tow us in and on one occasion we were almost blown out to sea before help arrived. This was dangerous and we decided we needed a larger, safer boat for the camp, one that could haul freight and supplies from Avalon and also accommodate more boys.

We were informed that the Navy Yard at Mare Island near Vallejo, California, had surveyed off several shore boats and these were available to the Boy Scouts of America for use of the Sea Scout troops. Many of our boys had outgrown their troops and in order to hold their interests in Scouting we had decided to form a ship. All of our troops had attained such outstanding records in Scouting, we had no difficulty in securing the backing of the district office.

In December Becky and I drove north to place our bid for a boat. We looked over several at the Navy Yard and decided on a thirty-six foot motor sailer. It was built of solid oak and was still in excellent condition and worth about four thousand dollars. The Navy said we could have it for nothing.

The next problem was to get it down to Los Angeles Harbor on a flat car at a cost of one hundred dollars, but we had no money in our budget for that purpose. The

young Lieutenant Commander who showed us the boat, hinted that there was a possibility the Navy might bring it down on a battleship provided we contacted the right party. Then he suddenly "clammed up" and wouldn't say any more.

The next six weeks we experienced a good example of what we called in the army "passing the buck." No one knew how to get that boat to Los Angeles Harbor. "No, it had never been done." "Place it on a battleship? Impossible!"

"Who can give us authority?" I asked. That was met with a shake of the head.

Finally, in desperation, we called on the Admiral of the Pacific Fleet. We told him about the boat, the Catalina Camp, the generosity of the Wrigleys, our empty budget, the Sea Scout troop, and of our little launch that was almost blown out to sea.

"We have been informed, Sir, that no one, but the Admiral, can give the order to bring the boat down on a battleship."

"Who the hell told you that?" He pressed a button and the door flew open as the Aide appeared.

"When's the next battleship due from Vallejo?"

"Next week Friday, Sir."

"There's a thirty-six foot motor sailer for the Sea Scouts at Whittier. See that it's aboard. That's all."

As the Aide retired I could have hugged the Admiral.

I wanted to salute him too, but then he might recognize I was from the Infantry and that could have cancelled the order. Instead we thanked him for the boys and he wished us well.

The following week we placed the boat on a long trailer and hauled it to the school. All winter the boys in the mechanical trade classes worked over that boat. It was a fine project and all were anxious to have it ready for camp in the early summer. They removed the old two-cycle engine that wouldn't perform when you wanted it to and for three hundred dollars we picked up a used four-cylinder Hall Scott motor from the Los Angeles Harbor Commission that had originally cost three thousand. One cylinder was smashed, but the boys in the auto shop soon built a new one. We also built a deck with benches for fifty passengers, enclosed the motor in the forward cabin and now had a seven thousand dollar boat.

When all was ready next spring, we declared a simulated launching on the grounds with a school holiday and a parade for the occasion.

The Pathe News took motion pictures, as the boys lined the road on either side. The band led the parade with a stirring march followed by Father Time with his long white beard and scythe, and seated in a little dogcart with thick wooden wheels, drawn by a great big pig who had never been in harness. Every fifteen feet the pig got

tired and lay down. It took several boys to boost him into action. One of the boys, as Father Neptune, made a big hit with his seaweed hair, beard and pitchfork, riding in an old-battered Ford that leaped and bounced like a bucking bronco and all but threw the old gentleman out. There was action everywhere.

Then came the new boat with its shining white paint festooned with garlands of flowers. All boys who had worked on the boat were given the honor of riding on deck until she reached the highway. As she slowly moved through the grounds, the boys cheered with admiration for the boat, which was now their very own. After that short parade they could scarcely wait for the camp to open.

The following camp season was a great improvement, and we extended the week to ten days for each group. Between fishing, swimming and hikes up the steep canyons to the ridge, where one could see miles out to the western sea, the days were full and a campfire at night with stunts and community singing sent the boys to bed weary, but happy, in this unusual experience in the great outdoors. The new boat was our only contact with the outside world, a truly Robinson Crusoe adventure.

The Band Cottage, now a Scout troop, was the last to go to camp in September. Each night they played an open-air free concert for the people of Avalon or along the

waterfront, and in this way showed their appreciation to the Catalina Island Company and especially to Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley for their generosity to the school. The concerts were well attended and the lads played well. Our band leader was an excellent musician, a former arranger of music for the great John Philip Sousa, and he certainly knew how to get music out of these boys.

Mrs. Wrigley took a special interest in each group from Whittier and had insisted that the concession people on the main street of Avalon, treat the boys to ice cream and soda and send her the bill at the end of each season. She apparently meant business because when our groups passed one of these places without stopping, the proprietor often ran down the street imploring the cottage supervisor to bring the boys back so he could send Mrs. Wrigley the bill. Apparently he didn't want to have to explain to this good friend of the boys why he had been so neglectful. There were never any objections expressed by the boys who thoroughly enjoyed all this. It was amazing how much ice cream and sodas they could consume before they reached the end of the street.

Catalina advertised its wild-goat hunting on the island. Hundreds of wild goats roamed the hills in bands, feeding upon the underbrush and rapidly multiplying. There were many of these goats in our canyon and we had permission to shoot all we could eat. We had several Spanish barbecues

Now the band boys wanted to take the goat in the parade next day, and doll him up with a big "Herbert Hoover From The Wild West" sign on either side. The the problem arose - - what about Al Smith?

The clarinet player, a tall rangy lad, solved that one when he strolled into camp with a little kid goat about three weeks old. He was to be "Al Smith." Al became no problem after he had pulled his fill on a bottle of warm milk with an improvised nipple. After that he accepted without question, complete and permanent adoption.

The next problem was to get the wild goat to Avalon.

The Navy Sea Scout ship was anchored out from shore in deep water and we had to use a rowboat to place people aboard. Next morning they tried to get that wild goat into the row boat and take him out to the launch. He fought like a tiger. Evidently he didn't like salt water, and he surely had no use for a row boat. Finally they got him in and pushed off for the bigger boat. Everything was going well when the goat decided salt water was better than this, and with a great leap, goat, boat and boys turned over in the water. Mr. Goat headed for shore with three boys on the tow line. They stopped him at the beach and began again. After several tries they finally made it and tied him into the cockpit.

Then came "Al Smith," who freely gamboled about the deck

on the beach, as our cooks knew how to properly prepare the goat meat.

It was the year Herbert Hoover ran for President against Al Smith, and the band boys were to play and lead the parade for the Hoover rally at Avalon. The day before the rally, a large wild goat wandered down the ridge that bordered the south side of our camp and stood gazing over the ocean. The boys decided to try and run him down. Several slipped quietly up the canyon and came out behind him. They started him down toward the beach where other boys were waiting. Before Mr. Goat was aware of his danger he was surrounded by an eager band who fearlessly closed in around him.

Two lads made a flying tackle for his hind legs, while two others slipped in behind his horns. As the rest piled onto the old boy, down he went. He put up a terrific fight, for he was as large as a shetland pony. Somehow the boys dragged him to camp and tied him to a tree. Never having been hitched, he started for the canyon with a rush and when he reached the end of the rope made a complete flip and landed on his back. He soon tired himself out and the boys gathered grass and tender branches for him to eat, but he was too wild and scared to pay any attention to food. What a beautiful specimen with his long black beard hanging from his chin and the beautiful horns that swept from his head in graceful curves three feet on each side!

because he was with the boy who had that wonderful bottle.

The real excitement occurred when the parade got under way. The band led, followed by the goat, with a ten-foot rope on each side so the boys could walk along near the curbs and still keep the big goat in the middle of the street, which was lined with a great crowd of onlookers. The parade didn't last long because there were only a few short streets in Avalon, but there was plenty of action.

Mr. Goat didn't like the ropes and he didn't like the big Herbert Hoover signs, which flopped against his sides. In addition he was frightened by the crowds lining the street. As a result, he became truly wild and was in the air most of the time. As he reared back on his hind legs and tried to shake the ropes from the base of his horns, the crowd roared with approval, but would surge back from the street to get out of his reach, while the boys dragged back on the ropes trying to keep him from getting away.

In contrast to all this came little "Al Smith" with a sign that dragged on either side like a woman's skirt, and a hangman's rope around his neck, his little tail wagging rapidly and his small head extended eagerly forward as he followed the bottle with the improvised nipple and that glorious milk.

Mr. Wrigley's photographer stopped the parade for a picture to send to Mr. Hoover while the crowd grew restless for fear the wild goat would break loose and charge. When the parade did reach the end of the street, the boys removed the ropes, and with a wild bleat the old goat made a final plunge and finding freedom at last, dashed up the steep slope and the last the crowd saw of him was his yellow bottom, as he disappeared over the ridge and entered the brush. We never saw him again in our camp.

As the season closed the boys took little "Al" and eight other little kids back to the school where they became the cottage mascots. They gamboled harmlessly about the grounds for several weeks, always showing up on time for their spot of milk. When their tastes changed however, they began eating up the choice foliage in the gardens. The final blow fell when little "Al" mounted the old chaplain's porch and devoured all of his wife's pet plants. His righteous indignation was so great we found a new home for "Al" and all the other little goats, in the city of Whittier, in order to keep peace with the church. Perhaps the chaplain was a Democrat and couldn't understand why "Al Smith" should treat him that way.

Disposing of the goats had been a great disappointment to the cottages, for all their mascots were gone.

One day our Business Manager at Whittier, who had

formerly been with me in the Veterans Bureau as Manager of our office in Imperial Valley, recounted this story. Each year the Elks Club gave a venison dinner for the members, furnished by two famous hunters who always brought in a couple of fat bucks for the feast. This year the venison was especially tender and well served and was acclaimed the best yet. After the meal there were loud calls for speeches from the two heroes. One responded to the call to describe the hunt and disclose where they had discovered such a fine venison.

"As a matter of fact, fellows, it was a surprise to us both," he said. "That was lovely meat and we are so glad you all enjoyed the dinner, but for the first time we failed to jump our bucks." Everyone was listening.

"We didn't want to disappoint you, so on the way back we spotted a couple of young wild burros on the desert and that's what you ate tonight."

When the roar of protest went up from that crowded room, the two hunters dashed out before they could be tarred and feathered.

That story gave us an idea. There must be a lot of those burros on the desert running wild. Yes, the American Legion had rounded up a bunch for their annual parade and had them in a corral. If they were shooting burros, why not get some for the boys? Not to eat, of course, but as pets for the Scout Troops to replace the goats.

They could be taught how to care for the animals,
how to prepare a pack and tie a diamond hitch.

The Business Manager got in touch with the Legion boys who said they would donate four burros to the troops if we would come and get them.

Nothing was said to the boys, but we dispatched Bill Vaughn, the district Scout executive, with the school truck to bring them back. Never having tried to load wild burros onto a truck, he soon had his hands full. He placed some sloping planks at the back of the truck and for two hours struggled to get those burros aboard but to no avail. Finally about to give up in despair, a native of the valley, who knew how to handle burros, strolled up and observing his predicament, said in a drawling voice, "Partner, you'll never get 'em in that way. Just back up to the irrigation ditch and place the boards so they ain't so steep, throw dirt on the boards, and that's it." Bill took his advice and the burros walked on without hesitation.

He arrived back at the school at two in the morning and stopped at the residence and woke us up. He was all in and wanted to know where he could leave the burros. We hid them in the barn and taking the barn boy into our confidence, swore him to secrecy.

That afternoon there appeared on the grounds of the school, as though from nowhere, an old miner with a long

beard and a mining outfit strapped onto his burro. He strolled up to the Administration Building and asked for something to eat. It was just at detail time when all the boys were coming in from school and shop, to be returned to their cottage groups to get ready for supper. This created much excitement, in fact even the officers looked on with interest.

That night in the Little Theatre, just before the picture was to be shown, I told the boys we had a special guest who would give them a little talk. I referred to the miner they had seen on the grounds and said he would probably be waiting outside the door. There were two doors at the front of the theatre, which opened onto the orchestra pit where the band was seated.

We had the band go to the back of the theatre and I went to the door on the right and opening it called: "Come on in, Mr. Miner, we are glad to have you with us." Only a black aperture met me as I gazed out into the night. The miner wasn't there.

The boys began to snicker. This was nother stunt of some kind. Going to the other side of the theatre, I opened that door and Charlie whispered from the darkness, "We can't get him to come in."

"Drag him in, then," I said, and stood back to give them room. A slight commotion outside was followed by a call from Charlie. "Send out six big boys and we will carry him in." I turned to D Company, the oldest boys in the school, and said, "Six of you fellows give Mr. Moss

a hand in bringing in our guest speaker. He seems to be bashful."

The boys tumbled out into the aisle in their eagerness to respond and hurried out the side door at the front. Now every neck in the audience was craned forward, wondering what was wrong outside. They could hear the miner's voice calling in protest, "Look out there, you can't do this to me."

A murmur of excitement went through the crowded room. Just then, the hind end of one of the boys came through the door. He was apparently trying to pull the miner in after him. Something yanked him out through the door, but he stayed with his task, and as he struggled back again, still pulling, the boys broke into applause.

A head appeared through the doorway with a big straw hat tied under the chin. Two large ears protruded through the top of the hat and the boys in the theatre stared into the face of a large burro. He stood there calmly looking them over. Pandemonium broke loose and with the first yell from that audience, Mr. Burro remembered an appointment elsewhere and backed out of the doorway, pulling the struggling boy after him. Spontaneously the boys began to chant, "Bring him in. Bring him in."

They didn't have to wait long. The six boys rallied and literally picking Mr. Burro up between them, skidded

him quickly through the doorway and into the orchestra pit. It was a rush through center and they made their yardage.

Once in, the burro didn't seem to be disturbed. He stood there blinking at the excited group. Besides the big hat and the pack on his back, he had on two pairs of blue overalls, one on his front legs and the other on his rear. The straps from the latter came up over his back and he looked almost human as his gaze shifted from side to side. Behind him stood the miner, who in the excitement had entered unobserved.

Suddenly one of the boys called out, "Oh, that's Mr. Perkins!" The school farmer was found out at last, although none had spotted him that afternoon on the grounds.

He gave a little talk about mining and said that he had decided to give it up. He heard that the boys at Whittier had lost their goats, and thought they might be able us use his four burros, which he was prepared to give them for the Scout Troops. The applause broke out anew, but accompanied by a few boos, as the other groups realized the burros were for the Scouts. When Perkins announced, however, that the animals were to be passed around to each cottage for all the boys to ride and enjoy, the farmer had never enjoyed greater popularity than at that moment.

It was now time for the picture and I motioned to the miner to take his burro up the aisle to the back of the theatre. The little fellow had become accustomed to the boys by now, in fact while the farmer was speaking, he had fallen asleep on his feet. But when it was time to go, he suddenly came to life and decided to spend the night in the orchestra pit. Pull as he would, the miner couldn't move him. He just stood there with his neck out and didn't budge. A dozen kids came down the aisle to help and taking the little burro by the pants, they walked him Spanish up the aisle and out the rear door in nothing flat. It was the fastest unwilling time a burro ever made.

"When quacks with pills political would dope us,
When politics absorbs the live long day,
I like to think about the star canopus,
So far, so far away."

Bert Leston Taylor

CHAPTER XIII

It was Christmas week again. How fast they came around. Teachers and Office Staff were busy with packages and gifts for the big show on Christmas Eve, and each boy was looking forward to the event. No one would be forgotten. December is always a busy month in any institution, and I had not been off the grounds for three weeks.

One evening at dinner I told Becky we might go to Fullerton and see a good show. She was glad to get away also, but just as we were going out the door, at seven o'clock, the phone rang and a strange voice said -

"Is this the Superintendent?"

"Yes," I replied, "what can I do for you?"

"I'm at 6th & Broadway in Los Angeles, and the Joe Scott group were to pick me up at 6:30 to come out for the show tonight. What shall I do?"

"If they were going to pick you up," I said, "you better stay right there. By the way, how many are coming?"

"Oh, about eighty of us, and we are bringing a swell show 'for the boys'."

As I hung up I called to Becky.

"Did you know Joe Scott was coming out with a show tonight sponsored by the Catholic Big Brothers?"

The blank look on her face didn't call for an answer.

"Well, I didn't either," I said.

Then I remembered that Mr. Knox, my extremely punctilious secretary, had mentioned in November that the Joe Scott Show would be on again this year.

For many seasons during Mr. Nellis's administration this faithful group had put on terrific entertainments for the boys around Christmas, but no date had been set for this year. Now they would be here within an hour, and the whole school had gone to bed.

I called the night supervisor and told him to notify all dormitories of the show, and have the boys in the Chapel by 7:45. Fortunately the band leader lived on the grounds. I got him on the phone.

"Get your band boys in the Chapel by quarter of eight and begin playing. We have a big show coming from Los

Angeles and someone fluked. Can you do it?"

"I sure can," he said, and the phone clicked.

We couldn't reach the Junior cottage by phone, so I jumped into my car and raced to the other end of the grounds and up the stairs to the dormitory. These little fellows played so hard during the day that as soon as they hit their cots at night they were sound asleep. The night man rang a bell and sleepy kids tumbled out thinking there was a fire. I explained about the show and six kids crawled back into bed and went to sleep. The night man said, "Shall we let 'em sleep?" "No, get them up," I said, "they will be terribly disappointed later if they don't see this show." We finally got them all dressed, put them in a bus and hurried back to the Chapel. The little fellows were still dazed, but were now showing signs of life.

As we entered, we could hear the band playing, and the companies were already seated. What a staff and what a job! I thought it was terrific.

The band was playing its second piece when the troop arrived, led by Joe Scott. I met him at the door, and as he looked over the packed house he said, "Say, this is a fine audience, Ken, you must be having a show."

"Yes," I said, "but the boys are all waiting for you to begin. It's all yours, Joe."

Joe Scott was one of the most beloved and respected men

in California, an outstanding attorney and great civic leader. He knew how to appeal to boys and within two minutes he had them in the palm of his hand. Half of the troop of eight were fond spectators, but it took the other forty to put on the show.

If there were any sleepy kids when it started, they were wide awake in five minutes, for that was one of the best shows they had ever seen. Joe had entertained our troops overseas in World War I. When he described his boat trip in a storm as he crossed the English Channel after having had a full meal of raw oysters and fried clams, he ended with a little jingle,

Gr...rup came the oysters

Gr...rup came the clams

The kids were screaming with laughter and called him back for three encores, as one boy told me afterward "to make sure he 'got 'em all up."

One other act that made a big hit was a ventriloquist tramp, who played a beautiful solo on a whisk broom and for the life of them, the boys couldn't figure out how he did it. The next week the house mother on Junior Cottage reported that all her whisk brooms had vanished. When she got them back half the straws were missing.

After the show both guests and performers were delighted with their reception. "Have never played before such an enthusiastic audience."

As we walked back to the residence, after the boys had returned to their dormitories, Becky said, "Ken, who wears a charmed life around here"?

"I guess the Good Lord must have been with us," I said. "That's the closest I've ever come to having my hide tacked on a fence. Wouldn't it have been terrible if that party hadn't phoned just as we were heading for Fullerton? That's one I could never have lived down."

It wasn't until fifteen years later, when I was Superintendent of The California Institution for Men at Chino, that I had the nerve to tell Joe what had happened that night. When he looked at me in amazement, I said, "Now wait a minute, Joe, the statute of limitations has run out, and anyway, I'm already in prison." Joe threw his head back and laughed. It was just like him.

In 1930 the United States Childrens' Bureau was making a survey of the ten best State institutions for boys, throughout the United States. It was under the direction of Dr. Harrison Dobbs, Professor of Sociology, University of Chicago. He arrived at Whittier with a team of research people and spent a full month studying the program and treatment of the boys. They went into everything, including the California Bureau of Juvenile Research under Dr. Norman Fenton. They were especially intrigued with the traveling child guidance clinic and its successful attempts to keep children out of the

State Schools by demonstrating to the communities how they could well handle many of their own problems. The following year, when the survey was completed, we were delighted to find that the Whittier State School headed the list.

That same year, Governor C.C. Young announced his intention to run for a second term. There was no law against it, but the people of California had developed a strange tradition that its Governor should only serve one four-year term. At least only one Governor, Hiram Johnson, had been able to crack it up to that time.

The Lieutenant Governor, Buron Fitts, also decided to run. Then to really complicate matters, James Rolph, Jr., Mayor of San Francisco, threw his hat into the ring. Three Republican candidates to fight it out among themselves.

Governor Young had given the State a good administration, free from scandal of any kind, but he was not a good mixer, nor was he well known to the average citizen.

Buron Fitts was a good speaker with a fiery personality and well known throughout the State. I had worked with him when I was with the Veterans' Bureau and he was State Commander of the American Legion.

James Rolph, Jr. had been Mayor of San Francisco for over twenty years and was a public figure with a well-organized machine back of him, a past master on political patronage.

In June Mr. Jensen called a Superintendents' Conference at the Mendocino State Hospital near Ukiah. The campaign for Governor was warming up and the air was tense. We were supposed to keep out of politics and so far had been able to do so although all the Superintendents were appointed by the Director and were subject to removal at his will.

Dr. Herman Adler and I roomed together at the hotel in Ukiah. He was a famous psychiatrist and former Director of the Illinois Bureau of Juvenile Research in Chicago. Now he was a professor at the University of California and psychiatrist with the State Department of Institutions.

The first evening the employees of the hospital put on a dance and we were expected to attend. I was looking on when Fred Bebergol, Superintendent of the Institution for The Adult Blind in Oakland, stepped up and said in a low tone -

"Ken, the Director has asked me to tell all Superintendents they are expected to contribute one month's salary to the Governor's campaign fund." I was too dumbfounded to speak. He looked at me queerly and said, "Did you understand?"

"Yes," I said. "I got the message."

I watched him as he made the rounds. That night I told Dr. Adler what I had heard. "I'm not going to do

it," I said. "I never bought this job and I'm not going to pay anything to keep it." Dr. Adler advised me to stand pat.

While the Superintendents were gathered for the morning session, Earl called me aside on the lawn. "Did you get my message, Ken?" he asked.

"Yes, I did," I replied, "and I thought it was pretty raw."

"I'm sorry, Ken, that's it, and there's nothing I can do about it," he said.

"Then you have my resignation in your pocket right now, Earl," I rejoined. With a shrug he turned on his heel. I could see he was angry. It was the first time in nearly four years that we had disagreed.

I moved among the others and asked a few what they intended to do. They didn't know.

Somehow word got around that I had resigned. The air was charged when the conference was called to order. As the morning wore on I was determined to express myself. Just before adjournment the Director dismissed all but the Superintendents. When the others had retired he addressed the group.

"I'm sure we all want to see Governor C.C. Young re-elected," he began. "The campaign funds are very low. Each member of his cabinet has agreed to help. The Governor has not been informed of this plan." He paused,

and then added, "I'm not going to request you to do this, but it would be a fine gesture of confidence in the Governor if each Superintendent would voluntarily contribute up to one month's salary to the campaign fund."

As I arose to my feet the Director concluded, "There will be no discussion of this matter. The conference is adjourned."

Luncheon was served in the Superintendent's residence. Dr. Adler and I planned to drive to San Jose that night, a long drive and we left the table before the dessert was served. I said goodbye to our host and as I started from the dining room, Mr. Jensen followed and motioned to me to enter his bedroom. Closing the door he said, "Ken, what am I to tell your friends about your resignation?"

Smiling, I replied, "Just tell them the truth, Earl."

"You know I can't do that," he said. "I'm awfully disappointed in your attitude."

"Well, since I'm through, Earl, it's mutual," I said. "You have been the best Director this State has ever had. It's been an awful uphill fight to throw out the restraint and rough treatment of these mental cases, but you did it. Now those who were against you are all for you. You have greatly improved the whole service, and I especially deeply appreciate what you did for the boys at Whittier. I feel terrible about this, but I can't go with you."

Earl listened in silence as I continued.

"What do you owe the political crowd? Nothing.

And you well know that if politics gets a foothold in these institutions, it will wreck the service and all your fine efforts go down the drain."

Earl was evidently touched. Placing his arm around my shoulder, he said, "I know you're right. Go on back to Whittier, Ken, and forget the whole business." Then slipping his hand into his coat, he pulled it out and extending his empty hand said with a grin, "Here's that mythical resignation you slipped in my pocket." The empty hand took mine in a firm grasp and we parted, still friends.

Dr. Adler and I talked about the affair as we drove south. "I'm glad we parted friends," I said, "but I still feel sick about it."

Earl Jensen had supported my every request at Whittier, better food and clothing for the boys, the new buildings, additional personnel, the clinic, were all due to his backing. Now for the first time he had asked me to do something and I had balked. But he admitted I was right, and that helped.

As the weeks went by, nothing more was said, and I was never approached again for a donation. Apparently it was a closed issue with Jensen, but not so with his assistant in Sacramento. He had become very disturbed

when my action upset the applecart at Mendecino, and I'm afraid he never forgave me. Nothing was said, but now for the first time, my requests were questioned or delayed. Often they were returned on some pretext for more information. In many other ways I was annoyed, and it gradually dawned upon me that I was in Dutch in Sacramento. There wasn't much I could do about it except to just keep trying, and avoid a conflict.

Dr. Walter Dexter, President of Whittier College, phoned me that Governor Young was to address a gathering in the public park and asked if I would introduce him. The college had worked closely with the State School and we had several of their senior students majoring in Physical Education, working for credits helping our boys with the afternoon and evening program in athletics. We were also very close friends, and I realized that this invitation was in no way political, as far as Dr. Dexter was concerned. We had asked our staff to stay out of politics, but to vote. "Vote for whoever you want to, but be sure and vote."

I accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was presented. That night a large group of citizens gathered in the park. When Dr. Dexter introduced me I spoke briefly of the fine support given me by the Governor and his Director of Institutions.

"I'm glad to say that there were no politics in my appointment. I never had the pleasure of meeting Governor Young until eighteen months later when he attended the Superintendents' Conference at Whittier."

The Governor was very pleased and dwelt a moment on the fact that his Director of Corrections had been given a free hand in the selection of his personnel without interference from his office.

In August that year my brother Joy was visiting us from Seattle, and Dad had come up from La Mesa, where he was Pastor of the Congregational Church. We planned to drive up into Owens Valley on a fishing trip for a few days, as I had scarcely been off the grounds in weeks.

A rule of the Department required permission to be off the grounds more than twenty-four hours, and I wrote to Mr. Jensen two weeks before we were to start. After a wait of ten days, without a reply, I wrote again, telling my plans and asking permission to be gone five days of my vacation. Thinking there would be no further delay, I made plans to go, but the day of departure arrived with no word about my leave being granted.

By then I was rather hot about the delay, which seemed deliberate, and decided to go anyway. As we left I requested my assistant to make one more effort to reach Mr. Jensen in Los Angeles, as I couldn't get anything out of Sacramento, but he was out.

We were loaded with camping equipment and eager to get started, as we planned to drive across the desert that night and had a hundred miles to cover before we reached its edge. With a goodbye to Becky, we started out, the first time the three of us had been off on a trip alone together for years.

As we entered the little town of Newhall,, about thirty miles out of Los Angeles, and passed the sheriff's sub-station, my brother said, "Ken, you better slow down, that officer was flashing a light at you." I slowed down and could see him through the back glass, waving his arm and running down the street in my direction. Stopping the car, I started to back up. Stepping to the running board, he said, "Are you Mr. Scudder?" I thought at first he was going to give me a ticket for too fast driving. When I found my voice I said, "Yes, I am Mr. Scudder. What is it?" "Your wife wants you to call her. Something has happened at the school."

When Becky said goodbye to us, she entered the house and sat down on the davenport to read. A sharp rap at the knocker brought her to the front door, where my assistant breathlessly asked for me. "He just left about five minutes ago," she said. "Good Lord. We have to do something. Mr. Jensen just phoned and said he can't go. It wouldn't look right for him to be away two days before election."

Becky was so mad she couldn't talk. Finally she said, "Of all the dirty tricks. He tried to get permission and now I'm glad he is gone before this word came."

Charlie said, "Guess we will have to wire him to turn around as soon as he gets there and come home. Jensen is pretty mad."

Becky said, "Let him be mad. It's three hundred and fifty miles to the lake and I am not going to have him turn around and come right back after an all-night trip like that. Also he has planned this for weeks, and gave them plenty of time to answer his letter."

But Charlie insisted that something ought to be done to protect me from the official wrath. When Becky cooled down, she began to face realities. She must get word to me somehow and save the long return trip. Her first impulse was to take the State car and try and overtake me. But she knew that would be difficult, and hard to find us. Next she thought she would phone the police and see if they could keep a lookout for our car. She started phoning ahead to Lancaster, Saugas, and Newhall.

The motorcycle cops thought it was a great joke. "Shall I tell him his wife wants him to come home?"

Becky tried to describe our car. "It's a green Nash with a shovel tied on the rear spare tire," she said.

The cop roared with laughter. "Lady, a hundred cars an hour go by here with shovels tied on behind. How many people in the car and what is the license number."

She gave them a detailed description of the car and they each said they would go right out and try to locate me. Becky had told them I was Superintendent of the State School, and that it was an emergency and I was wanted back ~~there~~ right away.

The Sheriff at Newhall was the first place she had phoned, and I called her back, thinking that something serious had happened. When I heard what was up, I was so relieved that it helped take some of the sting out of our disappointment. I wanted Dad and Joy to go on alone, but they would not. Slowly we turned the car around and headed for home. The nearer we got the madder I became. There was only one answer to such treatment: somebody's spite work. Jensen had been advised that it would not look well for a Superintendent to be away when the election was so near. It showed lack of courtesy to the Governor. Earl never mentioned the incident and neither did I. I don't believe he realized what his assistant had pulled off. Joy and Dad were good sports about it, but both regretted we couldn't talk about "the big one that got away."

Fifteen days later, Governor Young was defeated and Major James Rolph Jr. was the new Governor of California.

Now I began to realize the fat was in the fire.

A few days after the November election, incoming Governor Rolph announced he would appoint Dr. J. M. Toner, a former member of the Board of Supervisors for the City and County of San Francisco, as the new Director of Institutions and Earl Jensen would be out.

In December, Earl called the last Superintendents' meeting under his regime, and invited Dr. Toner to attend. When he introduced him to the conference, the Doctor came forward and we had a glimpse of him for the first time. He was a short well-built man with a bald head and jovial mannerisms. He spoke with assurance, thanked Mr. Jensen for his courtesy in asking him to attend, so he could meet the Superintendents, and then made as frank a statement about his appointment as I had ever heard.

"I am a politician and make no bones about it. I worked hard for Governor Rolph's election and was rewarded by this job. That's politics, ladies and gentlemen, purely politics." He added a few kind words for Mr. Jensen and sat down. There was no applause; the staff was sick. It looked like trouble ahead for everybody.

One of the Doctors who had opposed Jensen in the beginning, now arose and paid him an outstanding tribute for his courageous efforts in removing restraints and

antiquated methods of treatment throughout the Department, and expressed regrets for the staff that he was through. The applause was thunderous.

After the meeting, Dr. Toner said to me, "Your name Scudder?" "Yes," I replied.

"How long you been at Whittier?"

"Four years."

"Oh yes, I remember. I'll be down to see you."

Dr. Toner arrived in February and was most cordial, expressed his approval of the school and was quite taken with the free atmosphere of the place. He met two twelve-year-old lads outside my office and engaged them in conversation. After making much of them, he said,

"How would you two fine boys like a couple of nice silk shirts?" I wondered...what was back of this move?

When the \$7.00 shirts arrived, the boys were delighted; the new Director was a great guy and rumor quickly spread that all the boys were to have silk shirts because from now on, the sky was the limit.

If the good Doctor was trying to curry favor with the boys, it didn't work our very well to select just two for gifts. When the other boys realized the rumor about silk shirts for all was only a rumor, they taunted the two "dudes" until a fight ensued and when it was over, the beautiful silk shirts were in rags.

My first encounter with the Doctor was over Jerusalem artichokes. Twenty cases arrived at our commissary, yet

no one had ordered any. When the Business Manager brought in an open can he said, "Take a whiff of this." I smelled it and knew what he meant. "Who sent them?" I asked. "They came through the State Purchasing, but we didn't order them."

Tasting them, I handed the can over and said, "Send them back. That stuff could make the kids deathly sick and they wouldn't eat it anyway."

The next visit of the Director, he opened up on me with, "Why did you send back those Jerusalem artichokes I sent down? They were sent as a special treat for the boys." He didn't mention the State had paid for them.

"We opened a can, Doctor, and they were so bad I couldn't feed them to the boys. That's why they were returned." His face flushed with anger.

A few weeks later he stayed at our house for the night and we began to get acquainted. He could be quite charming when it suited his purpose. Nothing more was said about the artichokes. Instead he praised the school and our efforts. Everything was fine, and he assured me he wanted me to remain. Then suddenly, turning and facing me, he said, "It will be necessary for you to make a few changes in your staff."

"What changes, Doctor? I have no vacancies at present and when they do occur I can only appoint people who are qualified."

"Oh, rest assured, my boy, and I send you from

Sacramento will be fully qualified." Looking him squarely in the eyes, I said, "Doctor, I hope we never have to come to that." With that same flush of anger, he abruptly left our house and headed for Sacramento.

No word came from Sacramento for several weeks. In the meantime rumors began to fly that a man had registered at the Hoover Hotel in Whittier and casually dropped the remark he was to be the new Superintendent of Whittier State School For Boys. He said he had been in the trucking business in San Francisco and had supported Governor Rolph in his election. Another rumor indicated that the former Business Manager, under Mr. Nellis, who had resigned in a huff when I was appointed, was quietly working for the appointment.

People began calling on the phone and writing letters asking if there was any truth to these rumors. I assured them Dr. Toner had informed me I was to remain as Superintendent and I suggested they not worry about the rumor.

One morning when I was in my office, the door flew open and Dr. Toner entered unannounced, followed by his younger son, whom he introduced as his traveling secretary. I didn't like the looks of things, so stepped to the door and asked my secretary, Mr. Elmer Knox, to come in. The Doctor got right down to business.

"I have come for your resignation, Mr. Scudder," he said, and added, "This is no reflection on the way you have run this school; in fact the reports on your administration are very flattering to you. I'll be frank with you. This is purely a matter of politics. You see, I need the position for someone else."

I looked at him a moment and said, "Doctor, that's rather a queer request. This school has been free of politics for the last twenty-two years, and I mean to keep it so. You say you are satisfied with my administration, and then boldly demand my resignation because you need the job for someone else."

"Sonny" Toner broke in with, "Mr. Scudder, when my father lost out in his campaign for re-election to the Board of Supervisors in San Francisco, he went to his office next day, cleaned out his desk, and resigned without a fight. That's politics for ya'...and you should realize it."

Ignoring the young upstart, I turned to Dr. Toner. "Do you realize what politics can do to this place? This is not a political football, it's a State School for Boys who are in trouble. They need treatment, understanding and careful guidance that can only come from trained dedicated people. That is impossible through political patronage and you know it."

"I assured you, Mr. Scudder, that anyone sent from

Sacramento will be fully qualified," he repeated.

"Doctor, do you consider the former manager of a trucking company of San Francisco, now residing in the Hoover Hotel in Whittier, as a qualified Superintendent of this institution? He has let it be known around town the job is to be his." I was not aware the gentleman was then sitting in the lobby outside my office, waiting to be announced as my successor.

When the Doctor realized that the truck driver had let the cat out of the bag, he appeared stunned. Before he could speak, I said, "As things stand, Doctor, I cannot resign."

Now the familiar red flush returned, then gradually faded. Once again he was in control of himself. With slow deliberation he reached into the inside pocket of his coat and drew out a sealed envelope, just far enough for me to see it.

"I have here a sworn affidavit in this envelope, which if released to the press, could be very damaging to you," he said. "Let's have the affidavit," I said. "Oh, not so fast, my boy, not so fast. I'll tell you what it contains, though, since you refuse to resign. Slipping the unopened envelope back in his pocket, he looked at me and said, "It seems that you had a colored maid at your house who gave two boys a case of gonorrhoea." So that was it. He beamed at me with a glint in his eye

which seemed to say, "Now I have you where I want you."

"Doctor, that happened four years ago. The maid was immediately dismissed, as soon as we discovered her participation in the affair, which was reported, in detail, to the Director; the boys were transferred to Preston where they received excellent treatment and a complete recovery, and the case was closed."

"Well, it's not closed with me," he said. "That was a very unfortunate occurrence and never should have happened."

"Just what do you intend to do with the affidavit?"

I inquired.

"Nothing, my boy, if you quietly resign with no further trouble."

"Dr. Toner, you are now threatening me with an affidavit, in a sealed envelope you refuse to show me, from a person you refuse to mention, and expect my resignation on blackmail of this kind?"

"This is not blackmail; this is politics," he replied.

"Then I suggest you take your dirty politics and get off these grounds before I throw you off," I shouted.

"You'll regret this! You'll regret this," he said, as he quickly arose, picked up his gloves, derby hat and cane, and with Sonny trailing, left the grounds, followed by the manager of the trucking company from San Francisco.

Mr. Knox said, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything. I've never seen you so mad."

"Night with thy black
mantle."

William Shakespeare

CHAPTER XIV

I reported the interview to my Board of Trustees, three distinguished citizens who had helped me so much during the past four years - one of the few Boards in the country free from political influence.

The Chairman was Elmer Murphy, a wealthy industrialist of Pasadena with extensive business interests around the world; Rex Kennedy, owner and editor of the Whittier News and a long-time friend and admirer of Fred Nellis; and Ben Pearson, Public Relations Manager for California Edison Company, who had been on the State School Board for more than twenty years. With one acclaim they said, "Stand pat, Ken, he won't fire you."

We continued our program at the school as though

nothing had happened, although I realized that the Director of Institutions was now my sworn enemy. Somehow that didn't seem to bother me, there were so many worthwhile things to do.

Disturbing rumors and reports again began to float about the school and town. "There were paid snoopers in Whittier talking to the personnel." One nightman, who was very disgruntled because he had been severely reprimanded for going to sleep at his post, was doing a lot of talking. His wife had been the nurse in our hospital and handled the two boys who had been infected. I began to realize where the supposed affidavit had come from, if there really was such a thing. The trucking contractor was still at the Hoover Hotel and still talking a good deal.

Three weeks elapsed when one morning Dr. Toner and "Sonny" again walked into my office unannounced. Sure that this was the show-down, I asked my secretary, Mr. Knox, to come and take down the conversation.

The Doctor got right down to business. "Have you thought over my request the last time I was here?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I have given it a good deal of thought. In fact, I have discussed it with my Board of Trustees and many of my friends. They all feel as I do.

"And what is that"? he demanded.

"They hold the same contempt for your methods in trying to blackmail me as I do. I will not turn over this school or these boys to you and Governor Rolph's spoils system of political patronage. Therefore you make it necessary for me to refuse to resign."

His face got so red I thought he was going to have a stroke. He got up and quickly paced back and forth, trying to regain control of himself. Then suddenly stopping in front of my desk, he pointed his finger at me and said -

"You know of course I can fire you. Is that what you want"?

"I know you can, Doctor, but that's not what I want. I'm asking you to leave this place alone and to keep your politics out."

"So"! he said, "You're going to be difficult."

"If that's what you call it, Doctor, yes, I'm going to be difficult."

Turning to Mr. Knox, he said, "Take a letter." He continued, "Mr. K. J. Scudder, you are hereby notified that you are dismissed as Superintendent of the Whittier State School as of this date. Signed, J. M. Toner, Director of Institutions."

We sat in silence while Mr. Knox typed the letter and brought it in for signature. When that was accomplished, the Doctor handed me the letter and said,

"Well, this is going to be easier than I thought it would," and turning to his son he said. "Bring in Mr. Smith, the new Superintendent."

I thought to myself, "Well, I guess Mr. Smith must have put on a good campaign in Whittier to beat out the Manager of the trucking firm in San Francisco."

When the door opened a total stranger stood before me. His name was Smith, but I had never seen nor heard of him before. We shook hands and he sat down.

Dr. Toner said, "I would like to talk to your Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Scudder."

"Well, Doctor," I said, "I'm no longer employed here. Perhaps Mr. Knox would help you."

His face flushed as with a nod from me, Mr. Knox asked my assistant, Charlie Moss, to enter. The interview hit Charlie unexpectedly, but he took it on the chin. He was to be allowed to stay on for one month to break in the trucking contractor who would be the Assistant Superintendent.

Now the Doctor was bustling around picking up his papers and stuffing them in his brief case. Ignoring me and turning to Smith, he said -

"Well, Superintendent, you are in charge. I'll have to be going." Again with his son trailing, he left the grounds.

I was standing by the window looking out into the

garden when Mr. Smith came over and said,

"I'm sorry about all this, Scudder, but for God's sake, don't leave me. I never heard of this school before yesterday and I drove all night from Arizona to get here."

"Dr. Toner told me once," I said, "that anyone he would bring in here would be fully qualified. What has been your experience in running a boys' institution"?

"Hell! I haven't any," he said. "My only experience was running a chain gang once when I was Sheriff of Jasper County, Texas."

Just then a group of twelve-year-old lads went by with their supervisor on their way to lunch. They were talking and laughing with each other. It was fortunate they didn't know what was to follow.

"How do you handle these little convicts, anyhow" the new Superintendent inquired. I really felt sorry for the guy. He appeared so frightened and apparently realized he was well over his depth.

"Mr. Moss will be around for a month," I said. "I'm sure he can help you. He's very able."

"Thanks a lot," he said.

Later the newspapers disclosed how he got there. The Director had received instructions from Governor Rolph to appoint William A. Smith of Whittier. The night

before everyone got happy at a cocktail party in Sacramento and the deal was discussed. The Governor is reported to have said, "Quit fooling around and settle the deal. Fire Scudder and send for Smith." Alcohol does strange things, and either deliberately or in a confused state, someone sent for the wrong Smith. But that's politics...at its lowest level.

Gathering up my things I went over to the house to break the news to Becky. She was as incensed as I was when the whole story was told. As we talked together in the quiet room, things gradually began to clear. From a legal standpoint I had no case. In the absence of Civil Service the appointment was in the hands of the Director of Institutions to both hire and fire with no appeal. This I knew when I accepted the appointment from Mr. Jensen. Now the Director was perfectly within his rights and after all I had forced him to fire me.

I called Elmer Murphy and Walter Dexter and informed them I was out. They were furious. Murphy was a scrapper and said, "Stay where you are. I have formed a Citizens' Committee of 1000 and we will fight. This is the lowest political trick I have ever seen pulled and we'll burn the very pants off the Governor before we get through."

When I returned from the phone, Becky was waiting.

When I gave her Murphy's message, she said, "Ken, you have often remarked, 'Never try to move a red hot stove'. I think this is one of them."

I laughed and we both felt better and decided to let things cool off for a few days. That night I released a statement to the papers which explained my stand. It was given wide coverage by the Associated and United Press, in addition to the California papers. With screaming headlines, the Los Angeles Record stated,

EX-SHERIFF BECOMES HEAD OF STATE BOYS' SCHOOL
ROLPH PORK BARREL GIVES JOBS TO 700

Then followed a resume of what had occurred as described in these pages.

"'I always work with affidavits,' Dr. Toner, the new Director of Institutions is said to have explained. At any rate, Dr. Toner obtained a number of affidavits assailing K. J. Scudder's regime at Whittier. Scudder was not allowed to know the contents of these affidavits and none of his friends were allowed to see them. The documents were presented to Governor Rolph.

Curiously enough, as the Citizens' Committee observed, Dr. Toner on his first and second visits to Whittier State School, expressed his approval of the way it was being run and then finally approached the subject closest to his heart."

There followed an account of our clash over political appointments.

"On his next trip, Dr. Toner demanded Scudder's resignation. Scudder refused and was discharged. The way was open for the former Sheriff of Jasper County, Texas."

SUPERINTENDENT SCUDDER ISSUED THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT:

"As Superintendent of an educational institution and as legal guardian of more than 700 young boys, victims of adult negligence and social maladjustment, I could take no other stand than I did against political inroads upon an humanitarian program.

The law providing for the organization of The Whittier State School provides for a Junior State School, an educational institution for boys. It should in no way be classed as a reformatory or penal institution.

These boys represent serious problems of behavior. With an individual program for each boy, a thorough understanding of his problems, and a training program of adjustment in place of punishment and social revenge, a trained and carefully selected staff of workers is essential.

It is absolute folly to expect untrained and inexperienced people to carry on such an institution without resorting to brutal methods of treatment. Whittier has long since passed that stage.

During those days of corporal punishment at Whittier, when the main qualifications for employment were a broad back and a strong arm for the lash, and when many a child was maimed for life, the records show that 93% of the boys continued in their delinquency and went from Whittier to Preston to San Quentin and to Folsom.

Under the present program, the Children's Bureau of The Department of Labor, Washington, D.C. in an investigation just completed, verifies the fact that today at Whittier, under the present educational program, 75 to 80% make good adjustments back in community life.

In order to preserve the program for these unfortunate lads entrusted to the care of the State of California,

and whose responsibility it is to return them to useful citizenship, I took the stand that I did.

I was told I was in the way. No charges were preferred. My resignation was demanded.

Out of respect for the welfare of the boys, the program of the school, the excellent work of the personnel, I would not resign.

My dismissal followed.

Tomorrow the ex-sheriff comes onto the job."

The next day all Hell broke loose. The newspapers up and down the State had a field week with editorials and columns attacking the Governor and his Director of Institutions.

Murphy's Committee of 1000 were active too. They demanded a hearing with Dr. Toner in Los Angeles. He promised to be there and then failed to show up.

Murphy began to receive threatening anonymous letters and phone calls. One day, when he was driving his car in Imperial Valley, a strange car came alongside and tried to crowd him over into an irrigation ditch, so it would look like an accident if he had drowned. When he got back on the highway again the car had disappeared and he failed to get the license number. When the papers published the account, the administration disclaimed any knowledge of the incident. The affair stirred the committee into more vigorous action and they demanded a personal hearing with the Governor in Sacramento and requested that Dr. Toner be present.

Thirty-eight outstanding business and professional leaders, led by Dr. Walter Dexter, President of Whittier College, and Elmer Murphy, together with the Vice-President of the University of Southern California, and many Rotarians from the Los Angeles and Whittier Clubs, made the overnight trip by train to Sacramento at their own expense.

The appointment was for ten o'clock. The Governor knew he was in for a hot session, so pulled the old shopworn political manoeuver of delay. His secretary was sorry, but some important matter had to be handled first and they sat in the outer office until 2 p.m.

When they finally faced the elusive Governor they were really mad. A fine presentation was made by these loyal friends of the Whittier School, but Dr. Toner was absent. The Governor announced, "The Doctor won't be here today. He is very sorry, but he is indisposed."

The Governor's twenty years as Mayor of San Francisco had taught him how to handle such a situation in order to get himself off the hook.

According to the Sacramento Bee, the Governor listened while...

"Dr. Dexter told him that under the regime of Dr. Scudder the Boys' School had been advanced from the state of a reformatory to an educational institution, which ranked as one of the best ten of its kind in the United States by the National Child Welfare Commission."

Rolph's answer...

"Governor Rolph replied that information he had received from his Director of Institutions

convinced him that the quicker the situation is cleared up at Whittier, the better it will be.

He assured the delegation that whatever change is made at the school will be 'for the better,' and added that Claude Smith, named as the new Superintendent, comes with the highest credentials. (Apparently no one had told him he had appointed the wrong Smith.)

'I am informed,' said the Governor, 'that conditions at the school have been such as to be a disgrace to the State of California. I am told that moral conditions are very bad, and the people of the district should consider themselves lucky to get the matter cleared up.'

The Governor announced the appointment of D. J. O'Brien, State Director of Penology, (his former Chief of Police of San Francisco) to make a complete investigation of charges of immorality and political activity which have been made against the institution."

With that the committee was ushered out without opportunity for further discussion. They were furious and the next day the papers roasted the Governor for this crude brushoff of thirty-eight prominent dedicated citizens who had tried to save a group of youngsters from the hands of the "spoilors."

When State Director of Penology, D. J. O'Brien, arrived at Whittier to conduct the "unbiased investigation," the watchful Murphy reported that D. J. stayed exactly twenty minutes and left. That was the extent of the unpublished investigation.

One should retain a sense of humor in this work. Two weeks after the rebuff in Sacramento, Elmer Murphy and Dr. Walter Dexter made a friendly call on Superintendent Smith. Their interview was reported in the Los Angeles Record the

next day.

"ALARMED AT FREEDOM"

"Somewhat bewildered by the intricacies of a modern curative educational system, the genial former sheriff rubbed his eyes and looked around him.

If reports received by the Citizens' Committee are to be trusted, he was alarmed at the freedom allowed the more than 300 boys at the school. 'Authority' seemed to be lacking. 'How do you find conditions here?' Dr. Dexter, President of Whittier College, asked Smith shortly after he was installed. 'Pretty bad,' he replied. 'Scudder was a fine gentleman and was well liked by the boys and personnel, but I have already been here long enough to tell that his administration was very laxative.'"

MADE SOME CHANGES

"'Scudder,' Smith observed, had gone in for 'that vocational stuff.' It's my idea that the boys' time could be better employed operating a lawnmower than fooling around with shop machinery.' He assailed the lathes in particular. 'There are a couple of lathes which have not been used for six months. What do we want lathes for? We don't make machinery.

The electric shop had also been abolished, as it was 'better for the boys to work with a pick and shovel.'

The article continued -

In the quietly beautiful home on the school grounds, to which the Smiths fell heir, there was one eyesore, an upright piano. It was too unpretentious to suit the new Superintendent's taste. The Smiths, it is related, asked the State Purchasing Agent for 'a grand piano instead, for the sake of appearance only, as none of us can play it.'

The Purchasing Agent said he could not allow more than \$150.00 for a grand piano, and the Smith's dream of grandeur vanished. Smith's new assistant said the Purchasing Agent was an 'old fogie' anyway.

A few days after my dismissal, Dr. Norman Fenton who had developed the traveling Child Guidance Clinic at Whittier was given assurance his work would not be disturbed. This

was the first good news I had heard. Years later he told me that he had been called on the phone by the new Superintendent.

"Dr. Fenton, I have a bookcase here in my office that needs some books."

"What books would you like, sir?"

"Oh no, I just want books. Come over and measure what I need to fill the cases. It wouldn't look right to have it empty."

John Allen, a graduate student from Whittier College, had been appointed by Dr. Fenton as a counsellor for the boys, a very important assignment. He was fired and an ignorant farmer appointed in his place. Allen was immediately hired by the Boys' School at Fort Grant, Arizona, but before he left the farmer said, "This would be a hell of a fine place to work if it weren't for these God-damn kids around here."

The in-roads upon our trained staff were terrific and terrifying. They were replaced with a motley crowd of political hacks, barkeeps and ex-pugs, and the Whittier program of adjustment was on the skids.

Smith lasted three months, to be followed by fifteen Superintendents over the next ten years.

Within twenty-four hours following my dismissal, letters, phone calls and telegrams of sympathy, encouragement, and offers of employment poured in. We could scarcely get out of the house. Our wonderful friends certainly raised our

morale.

Members of the staff dropped in. "Would I like to speak to all the boys and tell them what had happened"?

"They probably know by now," I said, "but they are just boys and calling them together might stir them up and cause a lot of escapes, and that's just what the politicians would welcome as an excuse to justify my removal."

Our fighting friend Murphy wanted us to remain on the grounds and see if the Governor would dare order the sheriff of Los Angeles County to eject us from the house, but we knew that wouldn't get us anywhere. I had refused to resign and had forced my dismissal. That at least was comforting. We made up our minds to rent a home in Whittier for a few months until we could clear our plans for the future, and found one close to my parents and three sisters. The great depression of the thirties was creeping across America. The stock market had crashed, banks closed, and several million people were broke and unemployed. It was not going to be easy to find the right opening...and I definitely wanted to stay in social work.

As we canvassed the situation, the most promising was the new position advertised for the first full-time Probation Officer for Los Angeles County. An open written examination was to be given in thirty days. This was the result of a survey conducted by the National Probation and Parole Association* of New York, together with Professor

*Now The National Council of Crime and Delinquency.

Emory Bogardus, head of the Department of Sociology at the University of Southern California. The Rotary Club No. 5 of Los Angeles had underwritten the survey with \$10,000, and the main recommendation of the report was for a full-time Probation Officer, separate from the County Welfare Department.

We had planned to take a much-needed vacation, but it would be necessary to bone for the examination, which would include both juvenile and adult probation. Now the work I had done, while in college for the Superior Courts and Adult Probation in San Francisco, stood me in good stead.

Two weeks after the examination I received a notice that I was No. 1 on the eligible list for appointment. It would be at least thirty days before any action would be taken by the Board of Supervisors in appointing one of the top three candidates. If I was fortunate enough to be selected, I would accept, because this new department would present a great challenge and we did want to remain in Southern California. We decided to take that much-needed vacation and drove to Seattle to pick up our son Franklin, who was attending school there, and was ready to come south.

One week after our return I was asked to appear before the Oral Board and was appointed Probation Officer of Los Angeles County, responsible to the Board of Supervisors, but to serve the Juvenile and Superior Courts. It was three months to the day since I had been fired from Whittier.

As I left the Hall of Records I ran into an old friend who said, "Hello, Ken, what are you doing here?"

When I told her of my appointment, she exclaimed,

"Are you out of your mind? Don't you know this is the worst political set-up in the State, and that Board can crucify you?"

"No," I said. "I don't believe they will."

"Well, I hope I'm wrong," she said, "but I'm afraid you're going to be sorry."

There was only one attempt on the part of a member of the Board of Supervisors to inject politics into the Probation Department during the nine years of my administration. It had been attached to the County Welfare and had been treated as an unwelcome appendage. The depression was at its height, with thousands of unfortunate frightened people clamoring for relief. The harassed Director had no time for Probation and as a result the division was in turmoil. Fears gripped the personnel. With this re-organization of a new department, they too might lose their jobs and little cliques and groups gathered in an effort to protect themselves. I knew how they felt; I had just come through it myself. In a few months we were pulling together as a team of dedicated people, endeavoring to do a job for other people in trouble and at the same time protecting the public interest.

The Probation load began to jump and soon the courts were complaining that our offices were delaying calendar by not getting their court reports to the Judges on time

with their recommendations of either denial or the granting of probation. It was plain we must have twelve additional officers to handle the load. The budget for the year had been adopted and there were no available funds for this additional staff; so how were we going to get them? What followed is an excellent example of the almost unlimited power of the courts when they can be induced to work together.

Judge Samuel Blake of the Juvenile Court agreed to get several judges to appear with us before the Board of Supervisors and present this acute need. The eight Judges dismissed their courts early in order to attend at 4 p.m. That was a great achievement on the part of Judge Blake to induce his colleagues to come together on anything.

Two members of the Board were present, but the Chairman, Frank Shaw, had not arrived. After ten minutes the Judges became restless and it looked as though some might leave. Just then the Chairman entered in a jovial mood. Seeing the Judges present he said, "Well, I've never seen so much legal talent in one room in all my life. How are you, gentlemen?"

Walter Wood, who was then Presiding Judge of the Superior Courts in Los Angeles county, known as a tough but honest and sincere Judge, came right to the point.

"You're late, Frank," he said. "Sit down and quit wasting our time. We want those twelve Probation Officers. When do we get them?"

Shaw seemed to melt. "Well, I was just kidding a little, Walter."

"All right; when do we get them?"

Turning to John R. Quinn and Roger Jessup, the other members of the Board, the Chairman said, "It's all right with me if you two approve." They were already sold on the idea and nodded their consent. As the Judges left I remained to clear up the details.

The Chairman addressed the other members. "Twelve Probation Deputies, that makes four apiece," and turning to me he said, "Ken, I'll send you my four tomorrow."

John Quinn looked up with a start. He and Judge Blake had interviewed me for the appointment when he was Chairman of the Board, and had assured me there would be no political interference. In World Ware I we were in the same outfit in the 91st Division at Camp Lewis, only I didn't know him then. Later he was a past National Commander of the American Legion and had been nominated by his loyal California friends as "The Western Cowboy with a College Education." John was honest to the core and I had worked with him when I was Manager of the U.S. Veterans' Bureau for Southern California.

Now he turned to me with that little slant look in his eyes when he was mad clear through. "Ken," he said, "As long as I'm a member of this Board, I'll never send you anyone." He never did and I never forgot it.

The County Counsel representative who served the Board said to me, "What are you going to do, Ken? That guy Shaw means business and will send you some men." I told him not to worry about it.

Next day they began to filter in. Each man was given a courteous interview. It was soon evident they were entirely lacking in qualifications, but were undoubtedly in need of a job, as were thousands of others. Two were decent people, the others political hacks. I explained to each that there was evidently a misunderstanding.

"You see there is an eligible list of candidates who have successfully passed a rigid examination. If you were well qualified for the job, I couldn't hire you because under the County Ordinance covering civil service positions, we are required to appoint only from an eligible list. If you should qualify to take the next examination and receive a passing grade, we could consider you. Two of the men were very decent about it and expressed appreciation for the interview, but the others were furious. One said, "He assured me I had the job. Mistake, hell! That dirty so-and-so knew all the time there was a list. He's just giving us the royal runaround."

I guess the word was passed because in the nine years that followed we were never bothered again, a tribute to the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County.

Due to the terrific increase in the population of Los Angeles County over the explosive thirty-two years that followed, the Probation Department with its 2200 deputies and other personnel is now the largest in the United States, and enjoys a very high rating.

My friends jokingly said, "Well, you were fired from Whittier, Ken, but you really got kicked upstairs because this is a bigger opportunity. Eventually I felt the same way about it, although I never forgot those boys at Whittier and their hunger for acceptance and understanding.

"Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster."

Edgar Allan Poe

CHAPTER XV

What followed at Whittier over the next ten years was tragic indeed, and resulted in a scandal that rocked the State. For two years, Elmer Murphy's Citizens' Committee kept up their attack on Governor Rolph and were successful in preventing the intended wrecking of the State Hospitals and other Juvenile Institutions. The Rolph plan, as exposed by the Committee, was to make a clean sweep by discharging all Superintendents and replacing them with political appointees. This would have made available at least 1000 jobs. Unfortunately for them they started at Whittier and the furor that followed brought a flood of editorials in protest over the State with headlines:

"TIME TO KICK OUT POLITICS AT WHITTIER"

"GOVERNOR ROLPH IS THE FIRST CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR

IN TWENTY-TWO YEARS WHO HAS HAD THE BAD TASTE TO USE STATE INSTITUTIONS FOR THE PURPOSE OF BUILDING A POLITICAL MACHINE WITHOUT REGARD FOR THE WELFARE OF THE INMATES.

WHEN WILL YOU GIVE US BACK WHITTIER TO BE OPERATED UNDER A SUPERINTENDENT EXPERIENCED IN BOYS' CORRECTIONAL WORK AND FREE TO CHOOSE HIS OWN STAFF"?

Mr. Murphy kept me out of the picture by stating:

"Murphy claims his continued attack upon the present administration of the school is not now in behalf of K. J. Scudder, the former Superintendent, because Scudder wouldn't take back the job if it was offered to him."

The appointment of a parole officer at Whittier also came in for attack by Murphy.

"The Committee Head says, the man, formerly a professional boxer and rancher, was utterly without experience in the handling of boys. Murphy further states, the man has been on Dr. Toner's payroll since January, as a paid informer to visit the various institutions in the South in the hope of gathering complaints to be used in case a dismissal seemed advisable.

It now became 'Jobs for Rolph's Boys,' and the heads of sixteen trained Whittier employees were lopped off. The spoils system is going strong."

Over the years that followed, during the Rolph administration, with boys running away in numbers, Superintendents were displaced in rapid succession. As trained employees were dismissed they were frankly told - "No charge against you, but you must go. Those are orders from the Governor's office. It's your job or mine,"...and that was it. A disgusting performance.

This policy could have only one result - the return of brutal treatment "to keep the boys in line."

At the end of two years the Governor had taken all he could stand. He asked Murphy and his executive committee to come to Sacramento. When they entered his office he closed the door and said,

"Just what do you people want? I'm sick and tired of your unfair criticisms and harrassment."

"There's been no unfair criticism, Governor, and you know it. There's just one thing we want," Murphy replied, "And that is for you to keep your spoils system out and place these institutions under Civil Service where the personnel can have some protection."

"Is that all?" the Governor inquired.

At a nod from Murphy, he said, "Very well. I can't do just that because that calls for legislation. But I will give my word there will be no more political appointments at Whittier while I am Governor."

"Can we rely on that promise?" asked Murphy.

"You can," said the Governor, and further political appointments were stopped at least at Whittier. Murphy's committee was well aware that the Governor's promise did not mean he would dismiss those he had appointed.

In 1936 a constitutional amendment was adopted placing all State employees under Civil Service, which included the Department of Institutions. The efforts of Elmer Murphy's Committee of 1000 had paid off. They had rendered a great service to the State of California and to its unfortunate wards.

It's a sound practice never to return to a place of former employment unless invited to do so. This gives one's successor a fair chance without interference. One morning in 1935, the Honorable Robert Scott, then Judge of the Juvenile Court, asked me to come to his chambers. Karl Holton, my Chief Deputy, was also present.

The parents of a court ward at Whittier reported they were sure their son and two other boys had been brutally whipped and they had been refused permission by the Superintendent, to see their boy. The Judge had ordered the immediate appearance of the boys in Court, but the Superintendent had explained, "the boys are ill in the hospital with the flu and cannot be moved."

The Judge was angry over what he suspected to be a subterfuge and asked that I go out and investigate and make a complete report to the Court. I was eager to go, but called to the attention of the Judge that anything I would report might be considered as prejudicial to the Administration, and suggested Karl Holton be assigned in my place. To this the Judge agreed, and asked two prominent attorneys to join with Holton. As we returned to the office, Karl said -

"I wish you had taken this assignment. You know so much more about that school than I do, but I understand your position. Any suggestions how to proceed?"

"None," I said, "except to be thorough. This looks like

a cover-up job to me."

When they arrived at the school, the Superintendent informed them the boys were too ill to travel and that the parents were entirely wrong in their assumption that the lads had been whipped. "I can assure you they have not been in trouble," he added.

"We would like to interview the three boys here in your office now," Mr. Holton remarked. After a pause, the Superintendent said, "Do you think that would be wise in view of their illness? The flu is contagious, you know."

One of the attorneys, a former Judge, said, "Superintendent, we have a Court Order from Judge Robert Scott to see these boys. I hope it will not be necessary to serve it." With that the boys were soon called.

As they entered they glanced furtively around and then stood waiting for instructions. They were dressed in fresh white shirts and trousers, hair slicked back and faces scrubbed clean. The three men glanced at each other.

These kids didn't have the flu. Instead they were frightened and ill at ease. The Superintendent went back to his desk, but did not offer to leave the room, as he motioned to the boys to be seated.

Holton knew how to talk to boys, and tried to put them at ease.

"How are you fellows getting along"? he inquired.

"Pretty well, Sir," one replied, while the others nodded their heads.

"Do you like it here at the school"?

"Oh yes, Sir," said the same lad. He evidently was the spokesman for the group.

"How do they treat you here"?

"With a quick glance at the Superintendent, the boy replied, "Oh, just fine, Sir. We have no complaints."

The Superintendent smiled and seemed to relax.

During this short interview the Committee observed that all three boys seemed to be uncomfortable in their clean white shirts. They kept squirming in their chairs as though the shirts were too tight.

Leaning toward them, Holton smiled and said, "Would you boys like to do something for us"?

"Sure," they replied.

"Then stand up and remove your shirts. Don't be afraid, you are among friends."

A startled look came over their faces.

The Superintendent arose. "Just a moment, Mr. Holton. Do you think that's wise? These boys are sick and should be back in the hospital right now."

"Remove your shirts, boys, it will be all right," Holton said.

Slowly they removed their shirts while still facing the visitors.

"Now turn around," said Holton.

As they did so, the three men sprang to their feet as they gazed at three backs lacerated by the lash. The cuts were deep and clotted with dried blood.

For a moment not a word was said. Then the boys were ordered to undo their belts and drop their trousers to the knees. Lacerations were across the buttocks continuing almost to the backs of the knees. There followed a moment of silent astonishment.

"How did this happen"? Holton asked.

This was met with a stony silence.

The Superintendent broke in. "I can explain it all. You are taking a very unfair advantage and really have no right to break in on me this way."

Holton looked him squarely in the eye. "Superintendent, we wish to talk to these boys alone, after which we will be glad to have you explain it all"!

When he had left the room the boys showed real alarm. The spokesman said, "Mr. Holton, we don't want to talk. We don't want any more trouble. Let's say we got what was coming to us and that's all we will say."

Quietly the committee talked with the boys and allayed their fears. They had been placed in the discipline cells, which we had discarded years before, and had become boistrous and belligerent. Refusing to quiet down they had been dragged from their cells, one at a time, and severely

whipped. They were afraid to mention names and begged that the matter be dropped. They were again assured that no further harm would come to them, but were cautioned they had better mend their behavior, to which they agreed.

When the Superintendent returned he was no longer belligerent. He explained that he became frightened there might be more unfavorable publicity and they had received too much already. He was investigating the affair and would take the proper action once he could determine the guilty parties.

"Why then did you try to deceive us"? Holton asked.

"Well, I'm sorry about that. I guess I just lost my head," he said.

When the committee report was placed before the Judge he immediately sent for the Superintendent to see him in chambers. The committee was present and a stormy session followed. The Superintendent put things on the line, apologized for the deception, and dismissed the two officers who had given the beatings. He swore before the Judge that this would never happen again, and the matter was put aside to be brought up in the future, if necessary. Judge Scott knew the situation at the State School with political appointments replacing trained people, but from then on the commitments to Whittier from his court almost ceased. Soon the same action was taken by several other Juvenile Courts in the State.

The three boys settled down, not as a result of the whippings, but because of their promise to an understanding committee there would be no more trouble. They were later released on placement and as far as we could determine, did not get into trouble again.

With the death of Governor Rolph in 1934, Frank Merriam became Governor, but little attention was given to the damage already done to the institutions. His administration was followed by that of Culbert Olson in 1939.

In the meantime, as rough treatment at the school increased, boys began running away right and left. The town of Whittier seemed to be in the papers every few days with unfavorable publicity of conditions at the School. Now the townspeople were calling for a new name to the school and suggestions were made that it be closed and turned over to the State for use as a Junior College, including the entire beautiful campus.

One Superintendent, in desperation to stop the escapes, resorted to the long-discarded method of shaving the heads of all who ran away, and introduced outfitting them in bizarre trousers with one leg blue and the other khaki. A large group of such boys was observed by William Cox, of The Osborne Association, cutting grass on the lawn adjacent to the main highway which borders the school. This method had little effect on the escape rate because most of these boys ran away again as soon as they were released from Lost Privilege Cottage.

It was not until 1939-40 that the big scandal smoldering for years, broke into flame at the Whittier State School when two boys within nine months hung themselves in solitary confinement.

The first was little Benny Moreno, who had run away. When returned for the third time he was in solitary confinement on a diet of bread and water. After two weeks of this treatment he became seriously depressed and began screaming "I can't take it any more. Let me out. Let me out or I'll kill myself."*

For several hours the officers paid no attention to his plea. Finally they entered his cell and shook him up to stop his yelling. Some claim they used the towel-around-the-throat method and shut off his breathing until he passed out. Failing to revive him, they tore up sheets and simulated a suicide. At any rate, little Benny was dead. Whether this was so, or whether he killed himself, the Coroner's Jury could not find any evidence of violence and finally called it a suicide. However, the death of this little boy stirred up a new furor throughout the State and this had hardly settled down when the second suicide occurred.

Willie Levia, 15, was placed in solitary for defiance and running away. No one knows just what happened because

*An Historical Study of California's First Correctional Institutions for Juveniles. Master's Thesis by Thomas Maxwell Lewis, June 1959, Long Beach State College, California.

the records were all destroyed, but he was found hanging from a noose in his cell with his neck broken.

It was alleged that "Willie had told the boy in the next cell that he was going to fake a suicide so that they would take him to the hospital where it would be easier to escape. The boy waited until he heard an officer coming, and slipping a homemade noose around his neck, stopped off his cot." No one knows the real facts, but because the boy's neck was broken, the Coroner's Jury again called it a suicide.

Little Benny Moreno and Willie Levia, two young lads who had made mistakes, but might have been adjusted under a sound treatment program and be alive today as good citizens of our communities had they not been trapped in durance vile.

Governor Culbert Olsen appointed a special Commission, headed by the late Judge Ben B. Lindsey, and three prominent citizens, to conduct a thorough investigation of the school and the charges made against certain officials. The Commission found the general situation called for a complete reorganization and pointed to sufficient evidence of brutal treatment of the children, including sex perversion, and called for a Grand Jury investigation. "The Grand Jury failed to take action against the accused officials. The County District Attorney, not satisfied, made his own investigation, which resulted in arrest and

conviction of two supervisors for brutality to certain children. It was indeed a regrettable and sordid mess.

"The State Personnel Board then preferred serious charges against the Superintendent for maladministration, dishonesty, and other offenses, and also against two cottage supervisors for immorality with boys, against seven supervisors for brutality and against the Chief Supervisor for neglect of duty in that he knew of the brutal treatment of boys and made no effort to prevent such brutality."

Another committee was appointed to investigate further and submit a plan of reorganization to the Governor. The committee consisted of the Right Reverend Monsignor E.F.J. Flanagan of Boys' Town, Nebraska; Mrs. Helen Mellinkoff of Beverly Hills; and William B. Cox, Executive Secretary of The Osborne Association of New York. As a result, Father Flanagan took temporary charge of the school.

He notified the Director of Institutions, Dr. Aaron Rosanoff, "we must dismiss these guards, many of them political fossils, and substitute welfare workers and young men who understand boys."*

One Supervisor called before the committee said, "The present difficulties at Whittier are due to abolishment of the house mothers in 1932 for economy reasons (jobs for politicians); abolishment of the fine Boy Scout Program; and the abandonment of the Catalina Summer Camp." **

* Los Angeles Examiner 4.13.41

** Los Angeles Times 4.20.41

Father Flanagan then decided to do away with all locks and restrictions. "Regardless of what the public thinks, these boys can be controlled through kindness and interest," he proclaimed.

"With the best of intentions, he ordered the closing of Lost Privilege and Receiving Cottages, so that the place 'would be wide open with no physical restraints of any kind.' He called the boys together and announced, "Boys, this is an honor school. We do not have fences, we do not have guards. There is nothing to keep you here except that we intend to make this such a place that you will like to stay here."

"When he dismissed the meeting, 140 boys left for parts unknown. Some of them got hungry and had the gall to return for lunch and leave again."

"Before it was over, 217 youngsters, out of a total of 332 at the school, had taken the road to nowhere, the greatest mass exodus in correctional history."

The town of Whittier was in an uproar. "Cars were stolen by escaped Whittier boys, and many burglaries committed while other boys continued to leave the school like water through a sieve."

Who were these boys? "Of the 332 lads at Whittier, before the exodus occurred, 60 had been committed for auto theft, 41 burglary, 72 petit theft, 16 sex perversion, 58 incorrigible, 2 assault and battery, and 75 others for

such peccadillos as innocuous as stealing fruit or swiping bottles to obtain money for food."*

The Chief of Police of Whittier was frantic. His staff made every effort to round up the runaways, and return them to the school. He estimated some \$15,000 was stolen from the town of Whittier by escapees. "They try to get an automobile, a bicycle or some money to get away on."

When the boys were rounded up by the police and the school was notified, the Chief was met with the amazing statement, "We can't receive the boys back, we have no authority to do so. They ran away, they must come back themselves."*

"What do the authorities do in a case like that after all our effort to pick them up"? the Chief added.

Now the general public were demanding that Governor Olsen once and for all end the chaos at Whittier. An Assembly Committee tackled the job. The week before they arrived, 58 boys ran away. When questioned, Father Flanagan explained to the group, "That is not serious. You'll always have boys who will run away. The solution is to arrange matters so they will want to stay." Thirty-four more boys left that evening.

Assemblyman Franklin Potter answered the good Father with - "as to Boys' Town, Father, I came from Nebraska myself and back there it was recognized as a good thing that the

*Los Angeles Times 4.22.41

State had its Industrial School for Delinquent Boys in addition to Boys' Town."

Turning to the committee he added, "One aspect of Boys' Town is seldom mentioned. That is, Father Flanagan can go into Court and pick out the boys he wants, believing he can do something with them. At Whittier, however, the school has to take the boys committed to it by the Courts from fifty-eight counties with no picking and choosing. Your results at Boys' Town have been very fine, Father, but that is not Whittier.

"Conditions at the school have become so disorganized since the series of investigations and the attended publicity that the Courts are refusing to send boys here."*

This was further born out when Judge Robert Scott of the Juvenile Court in Los Angeles County appeared voluntarily before the committee to state why he refused to use the State School. "I appeal to your committee to support my unalterable opposition to corporal punishment in any form, and would remind you that in 1936 present officials of the school gave a solemn promise that there would be no more of the brutality that in that year sent three beaten Whittier boys into the hospital, so severely injured that they could not answer a court summons."**

After a short stay, Father Flanagan, a sadder and wiser man for the experience, threw up his hands and returned to

* Los Angeles Times 4.22.41

** Los Angeles Examiner 4.19.41

Boys' Town where he had accomplished such an outstanding job. He was followed by William Cox as Acting Superintendent for a period of six months, but he claimed so many obstacles were thrown in his way that he too finally left in disgust, another very disappointed person.

Let it be made clear that California is not the only State that has experienced the unfortunate episodes described in this book, for similar experiences have been found in every State in the union.

While there are many fine institutions today, there are also entirely too many that cannot qualify under any such rating.

Why is it that we still allow corporal punishment to raise its ugly head in many of our institutions for youth as an accepted form of discipline? Is there something about it that we have failed to discover, or is it due to our negligence in failing to inform the general public of its evil?

In all my years of experience in corrections I have never used it or allowed those working with me to resort to its use. It is a vicious sadistic method of revenge and has no place in any correctional program. The more progressive States that have abolished its use are thoroughly convinced of its negative disastrous results. Those States who still use it in the absence of a constructive program of treatment do so from fear of losing

control or to satisfy some deep and abiding resentment against those unfortunates trusted to their custody and care. That it is still used too extensively by many States is graphically born out by the following statement by Dr. Austin MacCormick, Executive Director of The Osborne Association Inc. of New York, a famous prison society interested in improving the correctional standards of the different States:

"It is a curious thing that many Superintendents of Training Schools for juvenile delinquents, including some of the best people in the field, react with vehemence to any public criticism of these institutions and even tend to assume a vigorously defensive attitude when brutality or some other scandal is exposed in a specific school. Superintendents who would not tolerate that sort of thing in their own institutions seem to feel that any reflection on one training school throws a shadow on all of them. Their desire to make the public feel that a situation under criticism is not typical of training schools as a whole causes them to resist efforts to throw light into some very dark corners where ugly things are lurking, and to attempt to cast over the whole training-school field an aura of sweetness and light, which does not exist in most institutions.....

It is a grim fact, which nobody can escape, that there have been in the past ten years, several deaths of boys in training schools as the direct or indirect result of beatings, which they received as official punishment. The late Albert Deutsch has cited some of these in his book OUR REJECTED CHILDREN.* He gave the benefit of the doubt to one school in which two boys committed suicide in the punishment cells after being beaten. As a matter of fact, there was considerable evidence that at least one of these boys died as a result of a beating and was hung up by his belt to simulate a suicide. The Iowa Training School, to cite another example, will be a long time living down the tragedy that occurred a few years ago when a boy died as a result of being given a severe beating and then being required to work on the coal pile in the broiling

sun. The lurid aftermath was a riot and mass break. The first day after the boy died, 179 boys ran away, 44 more two days later, and an average of 15 to 20 a day for some time thereafter. State troopers were chasing boys all over the State like rabbits for weeks. In a half-dozen other States, in recent years, the exposure of brutal punishments, which could easily have resulted in the death of a boy, led to the dismissal of the Superintendent and other personnel.

It is only fair to point out that the use of corporal punishment in juvenile institutions and the excesses to which it is carried, at times, stems directly from the attitude of the public on the subject. The list of sure-fire solutions for juvenile delinquency proposed by laymen, is usually headed by the simple solution that begins and ends with those familiar lines, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' This probably has more adherents than any other panacea, despite the fact that most delinquents have had the daylights whaled out of them for years by experts - by fathers and stepfathers and step-step-fathers who are mighty handy with the rod when they are sober and really good at it when drunk.

Many delinquents have had the double advantage of being whipped also by experts who are paid to do it and therefore have a professional touch that should succeed where the fathers and other amateurs have failed. I talked to one of these 'lucky children' not long ago in a training school of a proud and populous Midwestern State. He was an undersized boy of fourteen with a high intelligence and a low emotional boiling point. His parents were divorced; his father had married a woman the boy didn't like and his mother had married a man who didn't like him. He had been sent to the training school for running away from 'home.' For infractions of the rules, mostly trivial matters, he had been flogged six times in four months - spread-eagled out, held down by four other boys, and whipped by the assistant superintendent with a heavy leather strap. For some strange reason, it did not seem to have helped this boy. He still felt insecure and rejected. I suppose you cannot expect even the best methods to work all the time."

Too many of these juvenile institutions have for generations, remained isolated in areas where the general public seldom has a chance to visit. Therefore, people know very little about what goes on in these places and through

public apathy, care less until it happens to be their own children incarcerated there. Children and least of all delinquents, have no vote nor is there, as has been indicated, any legislative lobby in their behalf.

In 1950, Albert Deutsch completed his study of fourteen State Training Schools for delinquent boys and girls in nine States and the District of Columbia. "Most of these institutions were reputed to represent the best. Several were known as "model" training schools. I was told by competent authorities, familiar with the field, that on the whole, they certainly were above the average among the ninety-odd State Training Schools throughout the country, with a total population of some twenty-three thousand children.

They called them "training schools," but I wondered what they trained for...when upward of 70% of their inmates graduated into adult crime. In many respects they were not even 'reform schools,' but rather juvenile prisons."

Deutsch referred also to the evils of the patronage system in the States. "Nobody in Illinois was shocked by the fact that every political turnover in the State administration customarily brought in its wake, a complete change in the personnel at the public institutions, including those for children. A few years back a legislative commission investigating conditions at the Illinois State Training Schools for boys at St. Charles, observed that for the past four decades, a Republican had headed St. Charles under a

Republican Governor and a Democrat under a Democrat Governor."

He described the brutal treatment then in vogue - the hydrotherapy, a high pressure fire hose played full force against the boy's spine. "It's like needles and electricity running all through you," a St. Charles' boy who had received hydrotherapy explained to me. "You yell bloody murder and try to climb the wall. Your blood freezes. It lasts a few minutes, but it seems like years."

Here also was another notorious "coal pile. I watched boys working at the pile on a hot summer day, under a burning sun, sweat streaming all over their begrimed faces. They filled their heavy shovels at one pile, toted it to a conveyer some twenty feet away and returned for the next load." They were not allowed the use of wheelbarrows - "that wouldn't have been strict discipline." At times guards inflicted extra punishment by making them carry their coal-filled shovels with their arms outstretched - an elbow-breaking, back-breaking task.

About the time Deutsch was making his study, Professor Harrison Dobbs, who had surveyed the Whittier School just prior to the Rolph Administration debacle, asked me if I would consider the appointment as Superintendent of St. Charles and urged me to visit the institution.

The Colonel in charge showed me through and as we entered the basement of a building he pointed to the cage-like

discipline cells in which four boys were locked up.

"These are the masturbators," he announced as we passed before them. Later I learned that he had marched each cottage group through, as he made the same announcement to the boys, who in place of being impressed by the Colonel's attempt at moral instruction, snickered and grinned at "the monkeys in the cage."

I noticed a slim anemic-looking lad, about thirteen, who had a short-handled shovel handcuffed to his wrist, which he was obliged to carry day and night. When I inquired of the Colonel why this was necessary, he replied, "Oh, that's just to slow him up. He has run away five times."

I visited the academic classes gathered in an assembly and was asked to speak to the boys. The Colonel had whispered "Ask them how many have been here before"? When I did so, more than half the lads vigorously waved their hands as though proud of the fact they had failed on release.

The expose by Albert Deutsch brought a heartening sequel to the story of St. Charles. A new Superintendent, Charles W. Leonard was appointed, a young progressive social worker who made many changes for the better and finally succeeded during the administration of Governor Adlai Stevenson in having the entire personnel of the State Department of Public Welfare placed under Civil Service. This cleared the institution from the hideous spoils system, for the first time in forty years. However, Deutsch concluded his study of St. Charles with..."One thought made

me uneasy. Would all the inspiring efforts invested in St. Charles be destroyed as similar efforts had been in the past, when and if this great State of Illinois experienced another overturn in administration"?

If Albert Deutsch were living today I am certain he would be gratified by the progress that has been made in Illinois by the enactment of the necessary legislation, which created the Illinois Youth Commission in 1961 and a Division of Corrections quite similar to the California Youth Authority. The report of the Commission, made up of several outstanding leaders in the field of corrections in the United States and published in September, 1962, is a well-prepared most revealing document. The State Statutes now guarantee tenure to the Superintendent of The Illinois State Training School for Boys, although all other Superintendents were still left vulnerable to possible political manoeuvrings. The Commission makes a strong recommendation that such guarantee be extended to all Superintendents to once and for all get rid of the abusive and destructive patronage system so long in vogue in Illinois.

With a capacity at St. Charles of 400 boys, the Commission found over 700, a dangerous overcrowding of 40%, which always presents serious disciplinary problems, yet found "no indication of cruel or unusually punitive disciplinary practices," another institution in which the cruel lash had

finally been thrown out, due to the efforts of several former Superintendents and the present incumbent.

During the nineteen thirties, the State Department of Welfare at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, engaged my services to survey the Boys' School at Morganze, just out of Pittsburgh. Its beautiful spacious lawns and attractive buildings on the hill gave a false impression to the visitor of what went on behind that facade.

The politically appointed Superintendent, who had been in charge of the school for twenty-five years, ruled it under a system of corporal punishment, administered without restraint by a sadistic Captain.

In spite of assurance from the Superintendent that it was administered only as a last resort, what records I could find, clearly indicated that five to seven lads were severely whipped each week and in most instances without the knowledge or consent of the Superintendent.

The method of procedure was unique, to say the least. The supervisor of the cottage or work crew brought the boy to the Captain's office with a complaint, written or verbal, it didn't seem to matter which. Without questioning the boy or the officer, the Captain opened the drawer of his desk, drew forth the lash and handing it to the supervisor said, "Okeh, since you reported him you can administer the punishment yourself." Each officer had his own special method of "laying it on" with a will. In addition to this

cruel method, it was the "conviction without a hearing" that shocked me the most. The Captain justified this method on the premise that "right or wrong, the officer must always be backed up."

The whole school, at that time, was nothing but a false front and in spite of the anger of the Superintendent, my report to the Welfare Department exposed it as such. And yet, even in the eyes of the general public, who crossed those spacious lawns, listened to the boys band, clad in attractive uniforms, and entered the attractive buildings, the Morganza School was to them "a wonderful institution for which Pennsylvania could well be proud."

During the interviewing thirty years following my survey, the Morganza School For Boys and Girls continued to rock along under the spoils system with Superintendent and Staff changing every two years with each new administration. While there might have been some sincere people appointed, they came with meager training and with little chance under such a system to implement and follow through with a consistent, continuing program of treatment and social adjustment.

It was not until 1957, after a major upheaval with its resulting violence and chaos, that assurance was given by the legislature that there would be no further political appointments by placing the Superintendent and staff under Civil Service.

When the State Bureau of Corrections was formed in 1955, Morganza still remained in the State Department of Welfare and for a time was operated as a Youth Development Center, but became in 1969, the Western State School For The Mentally Retarded. The more difficult cases formerly at Morganza are now sent to the well run State Correctional Institution at Camp Hill.

It would take volumes to recount the courageous attempts of so many dedicated people in the field of corrections, working almost single-handed to bring about the necessary changes to improve the administration of these schools and reformatories for troubled boys and girls in America. But despite many discouragements, their noble efforts have not been made in vain, because thanks to many of them, we now face the dawn of a new day in our battle against delinquency and crime.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

CHAPTER XVI

The Youth Authority idea was proposed years ago by the American Law Institute, a body of noted lawyers, including Elihu Root and William Howard Taft, in a revamping of the Nation's laws.

Its enactment was hastened into law by the California Legislature in 1941, partly because of the Whittier School scandal and in 1943 Karl Holton, who had followed me as Probation Officer of Los Angeles County, took over the Authority as its first Director, and stated his philosophy as follows:

"We begin with the basic concept that every boy and girl committed to the care of the Youth Authority is an individual human being. No two are exactly alike.

In order to devise effective programs, we must first find out as much as possible about each boy and girl. That calls for a series of medical, psychological, psychiatric, educational and vocational tests in addition to the social histories. Without these we would be working in the dark. We must understand the home life and the adjustments or lack of adjustments in the communities from which these children come, for most of them have been under-privileged in many ways.

We need a variety of small schools, camps and boarding homes, each designed and equipped to meet the needs of selected groups of boys and girls.

We will not permit corporal punishment or any other cruel or inhuman disciplinary methods, but will insist on firm but fair treatment for all. We know our program can be only as good as the professional staff we can recruit and train. The most important of those will be working directly with the boys and girls. They must be well-adjusted people who really care what happens to our wards, and must have specialized training which will help them understand why human beings act as they do.

Our entire program must be directed toward replacement of these boys and girls back in the community where they can become worthwhile citizens. We must therefore integrate our work with that of the courts, probation, police, schools and social agencies in each local community. If their programs can be made truly effective, fewer boys and girls will come to the Youth Authority." A noble prediction.

In spite of their best efforts, it took the California Youth Authority eighteen years, many of them discouraging years, to clean up the situation at Preston and Whittier because of the disastrous inroads of political patronage during the four years of the Rolph administration.

Today the Preston School of Industry, described in the early chapters, is now a very different place. California has spent more than fourteen million dollars trying to recreate this old institution in its isolated area of Amador County. Old buildings have been replaced by modern well-equipped structures. As a State's Correctional System improves, the institutions are gradually used as a last resort. This is proper, but it also means that those committed are the most difficult cases from the ranks of disturbed children - the homosexuals, the dangerous psychopaths, the violent sex cases, all in need of intensive psychiatric treatment and close supervision.

During the last ten years the Youth Authority has been able to more than double the number of staff personnel in each of its institutions, adding additional social workers, psychiatric teams and a wide variety of other specially-trained persons with very satisfactory results.

The monitor system was finally eliminated from Preston in 1959, much to the credit of the then Superintendent, Allen Breed, with the complete support of the California Youth Authority.

Now no boy has power or authority over any other boy. In place of the old credit system, the length of stay has been reduced from two or more years, to five to ten months, depending upon the boy's progress. It is now practically up to the individual boy to demonstrate conclusively to the Youth Authority Board just when he is to be released.

All the boys are now enrolled in a full-time program, a combination of academic and vocational classes or work-related groups. Assignments are made after determining a boy's interests, ability and special aptitudes. All classes, both academic and vocational, are in charge of teachers accredited by the State Department of Education.

"The regular high school has been completely revamped and strengthened with six educational tracks for students, seventeen vocational training classes, a job placement bureau and a Junior College program offering transferable credit units. With emphasis on individual instruction, these former drop-out students are experiencing for the first time in their lives, the real thrill of achievement." *

The school now handles the most difficult cases in the department. A new psychiatric unit for one hundred emotionally explosive wards is staffed by a full time psychiatrist, clinical psychologists and social workers

* C.A. Kuhl - Supervision Education
Youth Authority Staff News, 1971

who give individual attention to those boys in need of treatment. With case loads of only twelve boys per therapist, these lads now receive the understanding and adjustment they have long needed. A well-rounded athletic and recreational program helps fill the former dead periods after dinner, and all boys are urged to participate in the intramural activities.

After recently spending two days at Preston, I was impressed by the relaxed atmosphere and the understanding relationship that exists between the boys and staff. I left with a definite feeling that truly this institution, after all these years, had at last come alive.

Whittier, now The Fred C. Nellis School for Boys, has also undergone extensive changes in buildings and program, and for the last twelve years, with the addition of more professional staff, has been functioning on a broad progressive scale of early adjustments, rather than extended detention.

In addition, the old Ventura School for Girls has been abandoned and a new school for girls built on a new site, one of the most modern in the United States.

Two Reception Center Clinics, North and South, give careful study to each ward and determine the type of program and institution to which he should take training for release. Four additional institutions for boys and girls,

and five conservation camps for boys 16 to 21 round out the department's program.

Parole has been strengthened with smaller case loads and closer supervision, together with intensive staff in-service training throughout the entire Authority.

The second Director of the Youth Authority, Heman Stark, another veteran in the field of probation and community organization, worked steadily towards a more hopeful approach to the reduction and control of delinquency. He too urged identification of children in the early years of childhood when anti-social behavior patterns can be adjusted without harm because far too many children in need of help are allowed to drift until it is too late and detention follows.

For several years the Youth Authority has experimented with a shorter stay in the State Schools. When the time was reduced from two years to 6 to 9 months, dire predictions were made that trouble would follow, but nothing happened.

Meantime, in spite of enormous expansion and earlier release, all Youth Authority facilities were seriously overcrowded. Per-capita costs at Whittier have risen from \$750.00 a year in 1931 to \$4,800.00 in 1969, and the increase is based on the theory that if the boy is not adjusted here, the State must repeat the expense at Preston

where the per-capita is just as large, and perhaps later in San Quentin and Folsom. This situation is not confined to California, for it is found to exist in even greater degree across the nation.

We fully realize today that the more we build institutions, the sooner we fill them up and keep them filled, because the "facility appetite" is never satisfied. It's always the easy way out, but if we continue this policy we can eventually build ourselves into bankruptcy.

It costs eighteen million dollars today to build a prison for 1200 men, and that's only the down payment. It will cost an additional \$1,800,000 dollars a year for the next seventy-five years to feed, clothe, supervise, control and train a constant population of 1,200 men. Soon there will be expansions and over-crowding. To take one new inmate in we must take one inmate out, and this goes on and on until the prison is ready to fall apart, a stupid and costly program.

We spend more than Twenty Billion Dollars A Year...on what? Detection, detention, custody and treatment of those who get into trouble - and yet in spite of our best efforts, 65% to 70% of the men and women released from most of the prisons in America are back in prison again within five years. We spend almost nothing on primary prevention.

We can't close our institutions overnight. We will always have some, but over the next twenty-five years, need

we continue to worship blindly at the shrine of custodial care? True, it's comfortable to find a place to get these difficult behavior cases off our hands, and the institution is always there. As a result we lock up 50% to 60% more than need to be there, while too many of those who really should be detained are seldom apprehended.

How much is Twenty Billion Dollars? Do we really know? Since it's too large a sum for us to grasp, let us look then at just One Billion Dollars. Recently a mathematician figured out that if a man stood before a large hole in the ground and dropped one twenty dollar bill into that hole every minute of the day and night, week after week, month after month, year after year, it would take him ninety-five years to drop one billion dollars into that hole. If we were to witness such a procedure we would quickly declare that person insane to waste so much of our money by dropping it into a hole. But that is exactly what we have been doing with most of our funds in detention.

As I look back to the Reformatory at Monroe, Washington, to Preston and Whittier in California and the many institutions I have visited or surveyed across the nation, I still feel the darkness that existed in those earlier days of brutal treatment, political patronage, ignorant unqualified and untrained personnel; the almost total absence of any program of adjustment for the young people incarcerated

there. The greatest stress was placed on "protection of the public" with little thought or effort on preparation for release and the eventual return to the local community. To a large extent this still exists across the nation.

There is no protection in punishment, purely for punishment sake. It's an expensive and unrewarding philosophy because under its grim program too many boys and girls emerge worse off than when they entered, only to be returned again and again until they reach the prison and the costs of this procedure are beyond belief.

Then, why not begin to change our methods by reaching these people before they get into trouble? We must start sometime, why not now?

True, we cannot reach our goal in one great effort, but must take it step by step, cautious steps, but brave ones. It calls for courage to take more calculated risks with these children and adults in trouble. Most of them don't want further trouble, but desire to live in a normal community atmosphere, to be accepted instead of rejected, to be able to earn an honest living, raise a family and contribute constructively to community life.

Sixty percent of our troubled children have been accurately classified as "Social Delinquents." They are not emotionally disturbed, but are rebelling against unsatisfactory home and community conditions that you and I have allowed to develop and have failed to clean up.

We must stop wringing our hands in despair and begin to throw out those antiquated methods of the past that do not work and retain and rarify those that bring light to these dark corners.

Thousands of experiments have been tried and many for a time proved successful. Then some unfortunate thing happened and in our fears we discard the new and return to the old system. It's more comfortable to do that to avoid temporary criticism. As a result our research shelves across the nation continue to gather dust on thousands of worthwhile projects that will work again, if we will give them a chance. We have the tools. Why not use them?

The sad fact is that as we study these cases of the offenders we can follow the threads of behavior clear back to the early years of childhood when their anti-social behavior patterns were clearly forming into hardened acts of conduct that called for immediate attention by society in the form of changing attitudes while there was yet time.

It was the school that recognized the needs of these youngsters and wanted to do something about them. Unfortunately society has been unwilling to furnish the necessary clinical facilities that should be available in every school district in America to make these adjustments possible.

The day is here when we must take some of the billions we now spend on secondary prevention when it is too late, and properly equip our schools and social agencies to help these children in their hour of need.

Today America stands at the crossroads and faces two alternatives. We can continue to build more institutions to place people after they get into trouble...or we can change our methods now by reaching these children in the early years before the trouble occurs.

"But he who knows how to cleanse the current of a stream, begins by clearing out its source. And he who would strengthen the end of a process must commence by making its beginning correct."

Laoist Inscription 203 BC

CHAPTER XVII

Several of our States are realizing that a change is imperative, that in spite of our best efforts in corrections, we are in large part failing in our endeavor. These dedicated people need help and an understanding support to explore new methods, especially in the promising fields of prevention before our youth gets out of control.

The population explosion in 1955, found the California Youth Authority faced with a huge backlog of 1100 juveniles waiting long periods in Juvenile Halls and County Jails to be admitted to State Institutions. But all institutions were crowded beyond capacity with no vacant beds, causing a furor of criticism from courts, police and citizens for an early solution. At an administrative meeting of the Director of the Youth Authority Parole Board and Staff, three courses of action were decided upon.

1. Try to secure funds for low case load experiments with intensive treatment in the local community in place of commitment.
2. Shorten the length of stay in institutions.
3. Accelerate efforts to have more cases handled through probation at the local level.

It was determined that without such planning the State faced a contemplated construction of at least seven additional institutions by 1968-69, involving tens of millions of construction funds that would have set the same old pattern of correctional programming for the next century, unless new methods were discovered.

Since 1961 the California Youth and Corrections Agency* has been experimenting with a promising new approach called "Community Treatment" in place of detention to try to offset the costs of institutional care. The study has met with astonishing success and is strongly recommended by the Presidents Commission On Crime and Delinquency Prevention.

Jointly financed by the National Institute for Mental Health and the State of California, the Community Treatment Project is a combined experimental and demonstration research project designed to study the feasibility of substituting an intensive program in the community for the

*California Youth and Adult Corrections Agency
Richard A. McGee - Agency Administrator
Heman Stark - Director Youth Authority
Walter Dunbar - Director Corrections

traditional State training school programs, with selected California Youth Authority wards. The first units started in September 1969 in the urban areas of Sacramento and Stockton and continued through August, 1964.

"Since the recidivism rates following release from State training schools across the country remain relatively high, it is evident that far too many of our institutions are not fulfilling their functions. We had no reliable method to determine which boys should train in an institution and those who would respond readily to intensive treatment in the community.

The project hoped "to determine the feasibility of releasing selected non-violent Youth Authority wards directly from a Reception Center to a treatment control program in the community. They would at the same time, compare this type of treatment with that of similar types of wards in an institution. A further aim would be to try and develop specific treatment plans for both groups in the different settings."*

"The typical wards selected for the experimental group, both boys and girls, were just under 16 years old, Caucasians, committed for burglary or theft including auto, came from a lower class family, low normal intelligence, almost three grades academically retarded, is attempting school, dislikes school, has school problems." **

-
- * Marguerite Warren
Director Community Project
California Youth Authority
- ** Community Treatment Project. Second report. First Year of Action and Evaluation. California Youth and Adult Corrections Agency 1963.

After developing this careful method of selection, 173 wards were screened for possible inclusion in the project. Then by random assignment, 50 wards were placed in the experimental group for community treatment, and 81 in the control group for institutional treatment. Case loads were reduced to eight per officer for the treatment group to assure close supervision. Selected wards were assigned to Community Agents according to their "Social Maturity Level," namely--lowest, middle, or highest. It was assumed from the start that the lowest social maturity group would prove to be the most difficult to adjust. The Community Agent assigned to this lowest social maturity group gives the following description.

"This ward's relationships with other individuals are centered on whether they give to him or deny him. He does not get too emotionally involved with other people. The whole world centers in him and around his needs. His needs are paramount and when they are unfulfilled he blames others. He is unrealistically optimistic about his future. He oftentimes seems to be resentful, depressed, discouraged and confused. His dependence is enormous, using all to gratify his infantile needs. He is extremely impulsive and often has poor control over himself. His relationship with his peers and others is often destructive."

We have failed to adequately equip our schools to successfully cope with these lowest social maturity pupils.

"This is not an intellectually 'dumb' individual, but he is emotionally impoverished. Academically he tends to be a poor achiever and is passed from one teacher to another, and from one grade to another not always for his benefit but often to the relief of his harassed teacher."

This passing on to another grade when he is not ready for it or able to do the work -

"triggers his impulsive reaction - lashing out towards students and teachers, he petitions all to throw him out. His attention span is practically nil; he often is tardy at school, despite the fact that he lives three blocks from school and is sent off at seven o'clock in the morning to a nine o'clock class. Given any authority in the school situation (such as a crossing guard) he becomes a bully. During remedial reading sessions he is apt to wander off to another room or heckle his fellow students or annoy the teacher by asking permission to go to the toilet every five minutes. In the regular school situation he is a regular toilet petitioner, rarely coming back in a specified time, wandering about the halls aimlessly."

And what of the families of these boys and girls?

Do they too present serious social problems?

"Of the first five youngsters worked in this category, four came from Caucasian lower socio-economic families. One came from a family of high income, but it closely approximated the cultural and social level of the other four youngsters' families. All had or have parents or parent-figures in authority who have been extremely brutal, neglectful or inadequate. These parents have been convicted of such offences as hit and run, battery, failure to provide and prostitution. One youngster's parents have been convicted of drunkenness, assault with a deadly weapon, failure to provide and other offenses. In all of the families there is cultural

deprivation, a non-emphasis on education, and a notable lack of church attendance. All of the families give the impression of being isolated from the dominant values of society."

Just how do these parents act under such pressures?

"The parents, beleaguered by their own frustrations and inadequacies, are often brutal, both physically and otherwise; they are hardly able to give consistent kindly supervision. One child's stepfather would lock him in the closet and scratch on the door, telling him that the rats would eat him. To add to the confusion, these youngsters usually come into contact with a variety of foster parents. In the case of Harry, placement in eight different foster homes and one near adoptive home was sandwiched in between detention in a variety of juvenile halls. It is little wonder that all of these youngsters demonstrate a great deal of emotional confusion, unstable social behavior and poor impulse control."

There exists in the mind of the average citizen great confusion as to just how the "strange acting" child should be handled.

"The general community sees this youngster as a hopeless person, but does not view him as particularly criminalistic. He is more often a petty thief, occasionally he may steal a car, or commit a burglary, usually led by a more droit individual or group. He may steal from his parents, foster parents and siblings, and in the opinion of this parole agent, is less likely to become a graduate of our adult penal institutions, but may eventually be committed to a mental hospital, or as an adult be a frequent visitor to our Municipal Courts for a variety of petty offenses."

It is apparent that this type of individual gives those who endeavor to supervise his activities a very rough time.

"He attacks his family, welfare worker, and probation officer, through his impulsivity, uncontrolled acting out, explosiveness, emotionally charged relationships and unmeetable demanding behavior. His guilt feelings are minimal and his ability to create guilt in others is maximal. Since he is the product of an economically impoverished welfare family and emotionally impoverished parents, he does conjure in the professional middle class workers, feelings of pity, despair and guilt. He is costly in terms of money, patience and man hours. Since his own family is in large part the source of his trouble, he must be placed in foster-home settings or intermittently in detention homes. He needs to be fed, clothed and medically attended. The formalized agency may tend to pass him horizontally on a county level to another agency, depending on the services and wealth of that particular community, or may pass him to a higher governmental agency for foster home care and specialized treatment."

In so many cases it would appear this type of lad has been forced to live in a social vacuum.

"He is difficult to relate to and since he can not readily enter into a conversation outside of his own needs, the worker may gain a sense of loneliness and be ever eager to pass him on to someone else. Irresponsible, hostile and rejective parents or parent surrogates have withheld love and approval and have denied him the socialization he so much needs. He tries through infantile acts to force his parents and immediate environment to gratify him."

To begin with, the treatment goals of the Community Treatment Project had to be tentative, for - -

"there was a great deal of skepticism as to our ability to work with this lower maturity youngster. We hoped to reduce the pressures of his social drives and develop in him some minimal measure of conformity by strengthening his self control. Further we would try to reduce his sense of isolation and rejection through a warm personal relationship and we would protect him from being scapegoated.

Consideration was given to his placement in a group home or tolerant foster home away from his own difficult family group."

Most agencies in our communities are pressed to the extreme to find suitable foster homes with the result that too often they feel obliged to settle for what they can find. In the Community Treatment Project, however, great care has been given to the selection of only those foster homes that showed signs of understanding and a willingness to develop new skills. For example -

"One of our group homes, now in operation, accommodating low maturity youngsters from the ages of 13 to 18, is operated by parents who have long passed the test of maturity and ability to work with youngsters of this type. The foster parent, a carpenter, earning approximately \$500.00 monthly, is a fairly strict individual, but has ability to impose strictness in a kindly manner. The foster mother can be pictured as an unsexed, plain housewife, who has raised five boys of her own. They attend church, but more importantly, they are involved in the social affairs of their church and involve the foster children in turn. They raise bees, can fruit, go hiking, search for rocks, make occasional trips to the mountains and involve the youngsters in all these activities. They are not compulsively clean, but believe in a relaxed standard of cleanliness. They place demands on the foster children, but these demands are not unrealistic and are geared to the individual ward. These people are sufficiently mature to allow several parole agents to intrude upon their routines and have been sufficiently secure to allow the natural parents of these wards to make demands upon them and intrude upon their home life."

In this group there is much social interaction within the family.

"Group home members eat together and do things together as a family group and to encourage each member to find for himself a positive place in the family configuration." *

The success with the low social maturity group looks promising if we think in terms of eliminating delinquency. But they will remain a long term responsibility for society through the help and supervision of local community agencies following release from the Youth Authority. These young people are now alone in the world because the family has faded away. They are marginal individuals who cannot long hold a steady job.

*"We have a young man, now 21, who has not been in trouble, but must soon be released by the Youth Authority because of his age. He will need someone or agency to which he can turn if things fail to work out and they don't seem to work out for him very long. He is not a capable individual, but not dull, has limited social skills and is poorly socialized, although he is much better than when we got him.

It is clear to us, however, that these low maturity cases do not need an institution, but can easily become institutional cases for life. They become hospitalized easier than any group we have. Their needs are so great they must have a protective environment. It remains then of the greatest importance that these cases be handled in the community instead of an institution. This can be done at half the costs. In fact, it is rather hard for us in the project to find any group who cannot be handled in some way in the community."

What cooperation could the Community Treatment Project expect from the local community?

"An important question raised early in the project concerned the willingness of the study communities to accept the immediate return of wards so recently 'expelled' as intolerable in the community setting. It was also important that they not only tolerate but be willing to help in the effort."

Since over half of the selected cases had caused trouble in school, the administrators, teachers and counselors were contacted in advance and became sold on the experiment before it started. The same held for the police and sheriffs who were at least willing to give it a try.

Assurance was given that the supervision would be close indeed and that any child accepted back in school would immediately be removed if trouble ensued. School staff members have been enthusiastic about the strong attitude the Community Agents have taken to control the wards' behavior when accepted back by the schools.

"Tommy, age 13, a middle-maturity case and a clever manipulator, was being considered for permanent exclusion from school at the time of his commitment to the Youth Authority. Prior to the commitment offense, Tommy had been arrested 7 times, the first at age 10. He had never cared much for school, but for the past two years had become an increasingly difficult problem. School authorities reported that he had been in trouble for being defiant in class, truancy, fighting, and setting fires in the rest room. During Tommy's last 6 days in school, he had been given 28 written disciplinary reports.

In several conferences with school authorities, including the Assistant Superintendent of Schools, the Supervisor of Attendance and the Counselor from the Junior High School Tommy had been attending, the Community Agent and the Supervisor were able to persuade the school district to allow Tommy 'one more chance.' The agreement was based on the understanding that the Community Agent would assure immediate action to control the ward's behavior. On the day prior to Tommy's re-enrollment, he was present at a conference of all of his teachers, his counselor, the principal and vice-principal

of the Junior High School and his community agent. The handling of these manipulators called for a 'get tough' policy, making the child realize you really care about him because you are going to control him whether he likes it or not.

Rules were defined concretely and Tommy was advised by his community agent in front of all of his teachers that the slightest infraction would result in his being sent to the office, his agents being called, and Tommy being placed in a detention situation.

During his first day in school, Tommy tested the situation by 'sassing' a teacher, was immediately picked up by the Community Agent and put into detention for a week. During the six months' period there were two additional rule infractions: name-calling and bullying. Each of these infractions led to an immediate call to the Community Agent and a period of detention for Tommy. In spite of these disciplinary actions, the school system is tremendously impressed with both the degree of determination on the part of the Community Agent to prevent misbehavior and the relatively good behavior on Tommy's part. Tommy is still frequently called into the school office, but it is most often now for commendation on his good school behavior.

It should be noted that the methods of controlling Tommy, a child who has no internal controls and is totally dependent on external controls of his behavior, are specific to this type of boy. The methods of handling a more mature ward (for example, one with internal controls) would be quite different." *

How do girls react to this Community Treatment Project?

"Two women agents were assigned to girls' cases. Out of the girls handled in the first three years, only one has failed and had to be removed from the community and placed in an

institution. She did not get into serious trouble but refused to abide by the rules and regulations and failed to show an appropriate attitude towards supervision and treatment.

The case of Martha was entirely different. She was committed to the Youth Authority at the age of 16 for forging a credit card at a large department store. She is a Negro girl, brought up by white adoptive parents, who insisted for years that she was not Negro and adopted her with that understanding. It was quite obvious to others that the girl was Negro, but the adoptive parents kept insisting that she was not. Here was a real identity conflict because everything this girl could observe told her she was Negro and by accepting herself as a Negro meant being banned by this extremely prejudiced family who were otherwise very fond of her. When finally convinced the girl was Negro, the family labeled the child "bad" because all the signs that she was Negro to them meant "bad." A very unfortunate situation. As a result the girl became a serious problem as she struggled with 'Who am I'? 'Am I worthwhile or am I not'? 'Is being a Negro bad!? 'I was not considered bad before, so why now'?

Soon she was running around with the toughest boys in the high school and showed signs that she was deeply disturbed. It was then that she used the forged credit card to make herself look better by getting some very fancy clothes. She was removed from the white home because her adoptive parents could no longer accept her as their child.

A good foster home was found and she adjusted well there. She is a very attractive girl, is doing well in school, is very popular, has accepted herself as a Negro and has a part-time job in a department store. She has been in the Treatment Project eighteen months, is a happy well-adjusted girl and is now eligible for discharge from the Youth Authority."

Twenty-five out of the fifty treatment groups were placed in temporary detention for various reasons and all but five were later returned to the project. The latter were placed in an institution.

The staff reports that wards who looked the "worst" to them in the initial staffing sessions, have later proved to be more amenable to management in the community than some of the better-appearing wards. Nearly all have required strategic foster home placement with almost daily contact from the Community Agent. The staff also stated that 25% of the cases they had declared ineligible for the project could, in their opinion, have been handled successfully in this program.

America is desperately seeking other methods of treatment in place of so many unnecessary commitments to institutions. If successful, this experiment could well become an entering wedge toward a more rapid nationwide reduction of our institutional population to the "hard core" twenty-five percent who do require close custody and by attempting to treat the rest in the community setting. It could eventually make unnecessary the building of additional institutions. Expensive? Yes, but it's a billion times more expensive to continue as we are.

"Fortunately, an active program of community interpretation continues to be an important part of the Community Treatment Project. Discussions focused on the program in general and on specific experimental wards are held

frequently with law-enforcement agencies, probation departments, welfare councils, schools, recreation and youth agencies, service clubs and citizens' groups.

Press coverage, both in the experimental communities and in other California cities, continues to be favorable. It is our impression that the program is viewed by the communities as a bright hope in the generally discouraging picture of delinquent rehabilitation, and is recognized as a solid attempt by reasonable people to find a solution to a serious social problem. While relationship with schools in general, have been excellent; a few school administrations have felt that special favors were being requested for Project cases and have reacted negatively to this. This issue has arisen primarily when the Project was trying to prevent expulsion of a troublesome boy in a school full of troublesome boys." *

What are the costs of the Community Treatment Project as compared with institutional treatment?

"Including the contribution, both of the State of California and the National Institute of Mental Health (which included treatment supervision, consultants, school tutors and school supplies) to the action program, the monthly per-capita costs in 1964 was \$178.00, as against the per-capita cost in Youth Authority institutions for Juvenile Court committed wards of \$350.00 per month."

The real measure of the soundness of the Project depends largely on how many succeed upon release and how many fail.

"It appears from violation material that the experimental (community) group, as a whole, is doing better on release than the control group, in fact the revocations of the experimental group have been at a rate that is approximately half that of the juvenile parole population at large and has already demonstrated its feasibility as an alternative to institution care."

But more important is the demonstrated ability to safely protect the community - in short, the Community Treatment Project is well in control of its assigned wards who are eventually discharged without the lasting stigma of an institutional record.

Much to the surprise of the Project staff, the low Social Maturity group made the best adjustments while the middle maturity manipulators and the high maturity acting out neurotics have been the most trying groups to control in the community. They were originally looked upon as the most hopeful cases, but many of their anti-social behavior patterns were so set that it took long hours of counselling and supervision to readjust.

The results of the first three years of this Project have been so promising that it was extended an additional five years, made possible by the National Institute for Mental Health and the State of California.

"We hope to be able to definitely determine what it is about the Project that results in a different success with some types of children. We plan to extend the Project into a three-way experimental design instead of the present two-way in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

San Francisco Juvenile Court wards will be declared eligible for the Project under the present Community Treatment plan. We feel that 75% of the boys and 90% of the girls could now be considered eligible for community treatment in place of institutions. Once eligible, they will be arranged in a random assignment into the three-way breakdown.

One-third will go through the regular Youth Authority program.

One-third will be treated under the present Community Treatment, using the delinquency sub-types social maturity levels.

The third alternative will be another community program that will again be skipping the institution. This one will not be built around the treatment model, but will be a guided group experience similar to the Provo and Highfield Essexville model.

This affords an opportunity to look closely at what contributions the Treatment model is making: Is it advantageous to skip the institution; can these programs be run in other communities that are now urban and perhaps more gang-oriented than we now deal with? We will be answering the questions: What is it about these community programs that increases success with certain types of children and makes it possible to radically reduce our institution population?" *

Again a high powered committee on the youthful offender was appointed "to study and analyze all facets of the youth and adult offender phenomena in California, to re-examine the assumptions on which the earlier construction decision was based and to specifically consider alternate proposals."

In February, 1963, the Committee presented its first report on "The Youthful Offender in California," an exhaustive, constructive, courageous analysis of the problem, and due to the apparent success of the Community Treatment Project as an alternative to institutional care, recommended the planning and construction of only three institutions

* Marguerite Warren
Community Treatment Project

instead of the seven formerly recommended to meet the projected needs, a savings of \$72,000,000. if the committee report was adopted.

By June, 1966, more than 600 wards of the Youth Authority were being treated in the Community, making it unnecessary to have constructed an extra institution and a half to provide beds for them if these services had not been available, a savings of near \$20,000,000.

Other recommendations included a more intensive clinical treatment in the reception centers, strengthening the foster and group home programs, the establishing of a system of hostels for older youth in urban communities and to provide a continuation of psychiatric case work to wards on parole in the community; a bold, logical, solid program.

Other States, facing the same problems, unfortunately still see no other way out except to build and built more institutions to house the hordes of delinquents descending upon them at a continuous cost of untold millions.

Ohio urged the construction by 1967 of six permanent institutions and three training camps for juvenile delinquents at a cost of forty-three million. Especially emphasized was the need for expansion of staff and relief of overcrowded conditions at the Boys' Industrial School.

In Louisiana, the Judge of the Baton Rouge Family Court warned that the State faced "the worse holocaust you have ever seen," unless immediate steps are taken to alleviate the deplorable conditions at the State

Industrial School for Colored Youth in Scotlandville. Designed to handle 400 delinquents, the population is over 900 and the school has faced drastic budget cuts. Local residents, alarmed at the 70 escapes since January 1964, and other major incidents, demanded that the facility be moved.

In Michigan, presiding at a recent conference on youth, former Governor Romney cited "Michigan's outstanding accomplishment" in planning and accelerating the completion of new facilities for delinquents, which this year will have increased the capacity of State institutions for delinquent boys - 80 percent over what they were three years ago.

No doubt these were needed by the various States, but this will never solve the delinquency problem because it is again too late.

A more promising course of action has been suggested by the California Delinquency Prevention Commission, that the State provide an annual subsidy of three million dollars to local communities for the purpose of developing primary delinquency prevention programs similar to that of the New York Youth Board and the Illinois Youth Commission.

At that time, the California Youth Authority was spending less than one point one (1.1) percent on delinquency prevention out of an annual budget of \$32,000,000.

"Darkness was on the face of the deep
And God said - 'Let there be light'
And there was light."

Genesis I: 1-2

CHAPTER XVIII

"Since so small a number of offenders are caught and convicted in America, legal punishment can no longer be considered a major factor in the control of crime." * For example, only 27% of reported armed robberies in the United States are actually convicted and the record in other kinds of thefts are not half as good. Delays and backlogs of cases in our courts have never been as high in all history.

"If you look at the record for 1969, recently released by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, only 18% of the Nation's burglaries were cleared by the police - 18%. That means that when someone burglarizes your house, it is 5 to 1 that he won't get caught. And he knows that if he is caught, by some fortuity, he can

* Austin MacCormick
Executive Director Osborne Association
New York

tinker with the legal system for two years. Now that is no deterrent.

The legal system isn't working. It is like a scarecrow in the field that doesn't scare the crows anymore because it is too beaten and tattered, and the crows are sitting on the arms and crowing their contemptuous defiance." * A sad commentary, but so true today.

"In 1970, a study of the slowing down of the court system in the city of New York, revealed by the New York Times, an estimated backlog of 350,000 to 500,000 cases; due in large part to Judges repeatedly granting requests of defense attorneys for postponements and continuances, a time-worn practice that frequently ends in bargain-counter pleas - and due to these delays, hundreds of these offenders cannot be found when their cases come at last on Court calendars." **

In 1952 we suggested that "our courts could safely double the number of cases now granted probation, which means serving a sentence in the community under close supervision and thus capitalize on the normal reaction of contrition which follows almost every conviction. In this way, many more promising first-offenders would be able to make restitution for the wrongs they have

* Attorney Edward Bennett Williams
U.S. News Report - September 21, 1970

** Austin MacCormick - Centennial Congress
Cincinnati, Ohio - October, 1970

done, at the same time support their families and avoid the lasting stigma of a prison term. Furthermore, if the use of probation were increased only eight percent in each county in California and adequate supervision provided, it would keep approximately one thousand men out of prison each year." * That would have represented a saving of \$5,701,000 each year. But nothing happened.

In his recent book "The Crime of Punishment," Karl Menninger states, "Our judicial system remains incredibly backward and the legal scientists, lawyers and judges bear some blame for this." **

What happens when courts across the nation grant probation?

The Court addresses the defendant. "I could send you to prison for having committed a felony, but have decided to grant you probation. You will be placed under the close supervision of a probation officer....." Now the Judge is fully aware of the fact that the officer already carries such an excessive case load of 150-200 cases, he can not possibly spend more than six minutes a month on each case. It is high time our judges used the power of their office to insist that adequate supervision be furnished to correct this dangerous situation.

In November 1964, the California Board of Corrections released an exhaustive study of "Probation Supervision and Training. The most important recommendations of this

*Prisoners Are People - Kenyon J. Scudder - Doubleday '52, Page 274

**The Crime of Punishment

Karl Menninger, M.D. - Viking Press, 1969 Page 94

study dealt with the necessity for more adequate supervision of probationers, still woefully lacking, and more adequate training and certification of personnel working in probation. This encouraged the Board of Corrections to support the Youth Authority in an effort to obtain a State subsidy for youth and adult probation based on a percentage of decrease of commitments to the State.

First, the Youth Authority determined how much money could be saved the taxpayer if each of the fifty-eight counties in California reduced both its juvenile and adult commitments to the State by a maximum of 25% each year for the next ten years. Such a reduction would mean that 16,004 youths, plus 17,678 adults not in need of institutional care, would not be sent to institutions, but instead safely placed on probation in the community if adequate supervision, including some form of community treatment were provided.

The total operational cost for Youth Authority Ward, including capital outlay is \$4,000, assuming he successfully completes parole.

A reduction of 16,004 wards over the next ten years would save the Youth Authority.....\$64,016,000.

A reduction of 17,678 adults to the Department of Corrections would save..... 100,780,600.

A 25% reduction per year in correctional intake, both juvenile and adult, over the next decade would save the taxpayers of California.....164,780,600.

Since these figures are accurate, how could we take action? This question, also answered by the study, called for a greatly enriched performance program of probation supervision, then woefully lacking in all counties because of a shortage of funds.

The study suggested a "performance principle" to make funds available to the counties out of savings at the State level, to initiate special supervision programs for selected non-violent juveniles and adults who could safely be retained in the community on probation. This would cost the local taxpayer nothing, if the county's overall reduction of uncommitted cases reached 25% or better because the State could well afford to plough back to the counties \$4,000 in subsidy for each case from the \$164,780,600 the State must spend during the next decade if this is not done. This would still leave a savings to the State of \$23,532,542 and a possible additional \$550,000,000 after 1975.

A State subsidy of \$4,000 for each uncommitted case is 28 times the cost of probation supervision today, and would enable counties to greatly enrich programs of supervision, crime control and more important, primary prevention. This proposed bill established an incentive goal for reducing commitments ranging from 1 to 25%. No county participating in the program (and reducing its rate of commitments) could receive less than \$2,000 for an uncommitted case, nor more

than \$4,000 to adequately finance the local performance program.

There was some doubt on the part of the legislature as to the soundness of this bill and an extensive study followed. The more they studied these actuarial figures, the more promising the bill seemed to appear and in 1965 it finally passed both Houses without a single vote against it. Then the problem arose - how was it to be financed? Fifteen million dollars had been appropriated to the Youth Authority to build two more juvenile institutions of 400 beds each. If the subsidy plan was a success, these two additional institutions would not be needed. Director Heman Stark took a calculated risk and returned the fifteen million to underwrite the probation subsidy program. The legislature made it very clear that it expected increased protection for citizens and a more even administration of justice. It expected counties to rehabilitate, thus reducing the need for commitments to the State correctional institutions. This would afford probation the opportunity to experiment with smaller case loads, treatment typologies, classifications and other activities that promised real returns for new local efforts. By April, 1970, forty-eight of the fifty-eight counties had submitted applications for probation subsidy.

Just how would probation subsidy work?

- * "County A - annual commitments (juveniles and adults) average 23.
This year, County A commits only 13, a reduction of 10, or 43.4%.

Percapita cost of institutional treatment \$4,000 times 10 equals \$40,000 State subsidy to County A. to be spent on improved probation supervision.

County B - annual commitments (juveniles and adults) averages 453.

This year County B commits only 327, a reduction of 126, or 27.8%.

Percapita cost of institutional treatment \$4,000 times 126 equals \$504,000 State subsidy to County B.

County C - annual commitments average 765. This year

County C commits 731, a reduction of 34 or 4.4%.

Per capita amount \$2,535 x 34 equals \$86,190 State subsidy to County C."*

By 1970, the Probation Subsidy program has met with astonishing success. Of the 46 counties now participating, 42 have reduced their commitment rates between 30 and 50 percent for the year, with maximum earnings amounting to \$14,316,569 returned to the counties, to be used exclusively for improved probation supervision and treatment.

** "From 1965 through 1970, as a result of this program, 10,837 boys and girls, men and women, have been placed under close supervision on probation, who otherwise would have been committed to California institutions and prisons. Now there are many vacant beds and some institutions are being closed. In this same fiscal year, 625 staff persons assigned to special supervision programs, will be serving 25,000 probationers in California with case loads of fifty or less, some as low as ten to fifteen per officer."

Recently the State of Washington adopted a probation subsidy patterned after California and similar programs are being considered by Iowa, New York, Texas, Canada and England.

* Robert L. Smith, Deputy Chief Delinquency Prevention California Youth Authority

** George Saleebey, Deputy Director Community Services California Youth Authority

The value of this research has resulted in a current move towards management of offenders in community treatment in place of institutions. Staff and taxpayers are now looking, with increased confidence, towards half-way houses, work furloughs, and subsidies to county probation departments to exert greater efforts toward primary prevention, perhaps through county departments of community services, similar to Los Angeles with its delinquency prevention function to include a human relations function, a gang rehabilitation function and others in the area of social adjustment or social psychiatry.

For example - In the winter of 1960, a notorious juvenile gang in Central Los Angeles was exploding in continuous episodes of violence with six juvenile murders in nine months. "A sub-group of the gang were responsible for most of the violence. It was divided into two cliques, one around a housing development, the other a city park. The latter was deemed the most troublesome. A detached street worker (Group Guidance Worker from Los Angeles Probation Department) was assigned to work with this clique of 43 members (Spartans). The other clique was to be used as a Control Group with almost no service given (33 members) (Gavilanes, Mexican Americans, East Los Angeles). A study plan of six years was divided evenly into "before" and "after" periods.

Spartans were more in need of services than other sub-groups of the 300 gangs in the Los Angeles area because of their violence, and also representing the highest initial correctional costs - - Juvenile Court, Probation, Youth Authority, County Jail, Superior Court, prison, parole, juvenile arrests, detention, juvenile probation, adult probation (costs per month).

Results of the street worker contact - reduced costs over 3-year period of each of the 43 gang members by \$3,241 (per member) - savings total \$139,263, a savings of \$45,000 per year for the gang. The case worker - half-time at a salary of \$6,000, saved \$45,000 in costs each of 3 years.

The small costs of group guidance are returned many times over in savings to the County and State in lower expenditures for arrests, court hearings, detention and supervision. A delinquency-prevention service of this nature more than pays for itself and should encourage much further activity in research and development."*

Several other States have approached this problem in realistic ways. New York, Indiana, Ohio, Washington, Colorado, Pennsylvania, New Mexico, Georgia and Virginia have, in recent years, provided some support for local probation programs.

The National Council on Crime and Delinquency reports that in 1958, twelve Indiana counties had no probation services and thirty counties only part-time services. Today, probation services of a high quality exist in all Indiana counties. **

*Los Angeles County Probation Dept. Research Memorandum 65-3
A Cost Analysis of the Effectiveness of the Group Guidance Program.
Stuart Adams, Roger E. Rice, Borden Olive. Jan. 1965

**News Letter, National Council Crime & Delinquency, March '65, Vol. #3

In a broader program, New York has been able to develop staff, provide scholarships for training probation officers and improve training curricula for probation personnel including a new research program. **

The next vital step must be to induce probation departments and juvenile courts across the country to screen more carefully the children they now detain in Juvenile Halls and Detention Homes by insisting that detention be approved only as a last resort.

Recent changes in the Juvenile Court law in California brought through careful screening, a startling reduction of 4,400 unnecessary detentions in less than one year.

A most distressing situation existed in Los Angeles County, which held an average of 1200 children in detention each month with the facility so over-crowded that for the last ten years, 350 children have been forced to sleep on mattresses placed on the floor each night between the beds of other children. In the morning these same mattresses were shoved under the beds so there was room to move about. And yet when these same children in detention appeared within a week for their initial court hearing, more than 50% were released to the care of the parents. It would appear that most of these detentions were an unnecessary expense to the county and that many of the parents would have been willing and able to have produced the child in court at the proper time.

A survey of the situation in 1958 by Catherine M. Dunn of the California Department of Social Welfare revealed: "The Intake and Detention Control Unit at Juvenile Hall (Los Angeles) now performs a minimum amount of screening on referral of cases and is extremely limited in the exercise and control over detention. Its emphasis is on the legality of detention, the compliance with police requests (to detain a child), the accuracy of petition filing and calendaring of cases for the Court." *

In short, almost every case at that time, was accepted for detention.

"One reason for the overcrowded population in Juvenile Hall is the fact that police bring children to detention because 'that is a certain way to get quick action.' Thus, the police bring more and more children to detention, and Intake is more and more pressed." **

After the report was completed, an honest attempt was made by Intake to screen these cases carefully and to deny detention except in urgent cases. This caused an uproar on the part of the police who then appealed directly to the Court. The latter ruled that the Intake Department would cooperate with the Police or personnel changes would be made.

Since this was done in the presence of the police, the morale of the probation officers struck on all time low.

"Why try and stop an avalanche"?

*Second Quarterly Report, Placement Study Los Angeles County Probation Department. Catherine M. Dunn June 26, 1959 P.5
**Summary Report by Catherine M. Dunn P.15

A final recommendation of the Dunn report called for a coordination of services between the Probation Department, law enforcement, schools and social agencies to stop duplication of efforts, to work in harmony with each other in an effort to bring aid to troubled children before they get into serious difficulty. While some recent progress has been made, hundreds of children each week continued to sleep on the floor.

As late as 1969, Los Angeles County still faced the same old problem of excessive intake with an all time high - 1,796 children because of inadequate screening and was forced to build branch Juvenile Halls in other areas of the County and unless the policy was changed, these too would soon be crowded far beyond capacity, a convenient way to sweep an unpleasant social problem under the rug. But what of the children involved?

"Locking up children charged or suspected of offenses before an adjudication, probably does more to contribute to the army of habitual criminals than any other procedure. It is difficult for an adult, who has not been through the experience, to realize the terror that engulfs a youngster the first time he loses his liberty and has to spend the nights or several days or weeks in a cold impersonal cell or room away from home or family - - - the experience tells the youngster that he is no good and that society has rejected him. So he responds to society's expectations, sees himself as a delinquent and acts like one."*

*The Challenge of Crime In A Free Society.

President's Commission on Law Enforcement, 1967

A recent court case has played an important role in controlling the unnecessary use of detention when on March 17th, 1970, a petition was filed in the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles County, alleging a sixteen-year-old minor had sold marijuana to two police officers and was taken into temporary custody pursuant to an arrest warrant and in spite of his parents' assurance that he would appear for further proceedings, he was taken to the County Juvenile Hall to remain there until the detention hearing in the Juvenile Court. The youth's attorney offered to show that the young man was a good student at a local high school, no disciplinary problems, and none before arrested. The attorney further showed that under the circumstances, the youth would not present an imminent danger to himself and others. But the Judge said, "Anybody who sells marijuana or LSD is detained here until his regular hearing." No doubt the Judge was sincere in his decision, but it conflicted with the State Welfare and Institutions' Code, Section 626, which states - "In determining which disposition of the minor he will make, the (Intake) officer shall prefer the alternative, which least restricts the minor's freedom of movement, provided such alternative is compatible with the best interests of the minor and the community."*

*California Welfare and Institutions Code 602

An appeal was filed in the Supreme Court, which after several weeks, issued an order directing that the minor be released from custody until the jurisdictional hearing in the Juvenile Court. Later this Court declared the minor a ward of the Court and placed him in his parents' home under the supervision of the probation officer, Harold Muntz, Assistant Chief Probation Officer of Los Angeles County states -

"This case has added muscle to the accomplishment of what has been our objective, namely to individualize the treatment of minors and to assure there are valid reasons for detention before any child is placed in custody. No longer can the police bring children in for detention, because that is a certain way to get quick action." Now all admissions to Juvenile Hall go through the centralized Intake and Central Control Office of the probation department. Judges and Commissioners of the Juvenile Court and police agencies have agreed to the same rules the law requires and by which the probation office governs itself. *

This, together with many new innovations too numerous to mention here, have brought about, for the first time in many years, vacant beds in Juvenile Halls and more intensive case work in the community in place of unnecessary detentions." Mr. Muntz concludes-- "No single effort or short-term program has brought about these changes and it will, of course, require constant vigilance to keep from falling back into our old ways. However, we believe we have made a very significant

*Harold Muntz, Assistant Chief Probation Officer,
Los Angeles County, California, Jan. 1971

break through, that we have convinced enforcement agencies and some parents that our Juvenile Halls are not dumping grounds, that we are using services in a much more intelligent and effective way and that our efforts are bearing fruit, much to the credit of all parties concerned and a savings of millions of dollars to the taxpayers."

"If we take these kids out of the community," says E. Kenneth Kirkpatrick, Chief Probation Officer of Los Angeles County, "and institutionalize them, we might change their attitudes, but then you dump them right back into the old environment and they revert right back to their old attitudes." *

If Los Angeles County, with its enormous spread of population, can lick this problem, other counties and states throughout the Nation can accomplish the same results, namely to use detention for minors only as a last resort.

After fifty-four years, working in this field of correction, I am convinced that in spite of the best efforts of many dedicated people, no child is completely rehabilitated in an institution where seven or eight trained workers minister to his needs. Perhaps the best we can hope for is to change his attitude and endeavor to instill in him a determination to mend his ways.

*Probation Department Juvenile Cases in Sharp Drop - Jack Jones, Los Angeles Times, Feb. 7, 1971.

But real test comes when he reaches the streets and stands face to face with reality. Now in place of the seven or eight people who tried to help him, he must rely on one lone parole officer who may have such a large case load he probably cannot see him more than once or twice a month and then only for a brief conference.

"As we look at the 200-year reign of the penitentiary, the prison, the jail, the reformatory - - - as a base of treating offenders and curing criminality, we now recognize it as a failure in need of great modification." *

Why then not adopt the "Community Treatment" and the "Performance Program" formula before commitment? If we fail, we still have the institution for that 25% of hard-core cases that really need confinement. Also, let us not forget that whether we like it or not, our laws are so drawn that ninety-eight percent of the children and adults we confine will some day return to the communities from whence they came, to their homes and to their loved ones, if they have any. They will be full of fears about the reception they will receive. Will they be ignored as unworthy and shunted aside to soon find themselves in trouble, or will each community be willing to recognize and receive them as their own by extending the help and understanding they must have? There is nothing finer than the love and loyalty of a good mother for her offspring, no matter what may have happened.

*How Can We Promote Penal Progress?

Prof. Myrl Alexander, Center of the Study of Crime, Delinquency and Corrections. The 4th U.N. Congress on Prevention of Crime and Treatment of Offenders. Kyoto, Japan 1970.

It is reported that two men were riding together on the train, entering New York City. One was a minister who sat next to the window. The other was a pale young man with a tense expression on his face.

For a long time neither spoke, then as the train reached the outskirts of the city the young man said, "I'm on my way home, but I'm not sure I'm going to get off. You see, sir, I've caused my folks a lot of sorrow, so I wrote mother I was coming by and if they wanted me to return, to just tie a white rag on the cherry tree in the front yard. If it wasn't there, I would understand.

You see, Sir, we live beside the tracks and the train goes right by our house, and now I'm so nervous I'm afraid to look."

The minister said, "It's all right, son, tell me when we get there and I'll look for you."

"It's the third house in the next block," the boy whispered.

The good man scanned each front yard and suddenly grasping the boy by the shoulder, pulled him toward the window. "Look, son, look! The whole tree is white with ribbons!"

We must cause society to realize that these anti-social problems of crime and delinquency stem from unsatisfactory home and community conditions as well as

our own apathy and that good things occur only when the people act. Then and then only will we witness a gradual fading of the darkness of our own ignorance as it gives way to the brighter light of new methods in the challenging field of corrections and the focusing of our attention to those unsavory situations which exist and flourish in each local community in America, conditions that breed delinquency and crime. As we clean them up, we will be forced to identify at an early age those children who need help and bring it to them, thus making it no longer necessary to lock so many men and women, boys and girls, away from their freedom.

INDEX

- Abercrombie, Captain 107-109
 Adler, Herman 304-307
 adoption 236, 239-240
 adult offenders 36, 358, 381, 397
 Allen, John 332
 American Congress of Corrections 194
 American Law Institute 365
 American Legion 174, 179, 183, 292-3, 303, 337
 athletics 137-139, 142, 217, 261, 277-280, 300, 369
- Barstow, Vera 271
 Bebergol, Fred 304
 behavior patterns 62, 75-76, 253, 258, 267, 370, 374, 378-387,
 390 (see also: discipline, emotional problems)
 Beswick, Donald 212
 Binet, Alfred 41-42, 48
 Biscailuz, Eugene 94, 96-97
 Blake, Samuel 336-337
 blind, schools for 179
 Bogardius, Emory 334
 Borden, David 186
 Boy Scouts 194, 251, 260-262, 283-284, 286, 292-293, 351
 Boys' Town, Nebraska 351, 353-355
 Brainard, Dr. 204
 Breed, Allen 368
 Bridgman, Olga 51
 Brown, Thomas 56-57
 Brown, Warner 69, 74, 77, 81-83, 182
 brutality 5-6, 63, 66-69, 75, 104, 143, 218, 220, 341, 343,
 346-347, 349-351, 354, 356-363, 372 (see also: discipline,
 emotional problems)
- California Edison Company 320
 California Institution for Men (Chino) 121, 163-164, 302
 California State
 - Assembly 353
 - Board of Charities & Corrections 119-120, 146
 - Board of Corrections 396-397
 - Board of Control 71, 122, 142-144
 - Delinquency Prevention Commission 393
 - Department of Architecture 277, 281
 - Department of Corrections 397

Department of Education 84, 211, 215, 368
 Department of Institutions 178-179, 231, 263, 268-270, 304,
 314, 340, 351
 Department of Penology 330
 Department of Social Welfare 404
 Personnel Board 351

Purchasing Department 315
 Welfare and Insurance Code 406
 Youth Authority 361, 365-368, 370, 376, 384-385, 387, 389,
 391-392, 397, 402
 Youth and Adult Corrections Agency 377-378.

camping 281-283, 286-287, 291, 351
 Catalina Island Company 282, 287
 Catholic Big Brothers 299
 child guidance clinics 192, 201-203, 302, 331, 374
 citizen committees 325-326, 328-330, 340, 342
 civil service 170, 325, 338, 342, 360, 363
 Cochran, Frank 96-98
 Commission for the Study of Problem Children 193, 201, 203, 263
 community attitudes 9, 23, 143, 170, 282, 308, 332, 348,
 352-353, 357, 373-374, 376, 381, 389, 409
 community organization 370
 community treatment 199-202, 366, 373, 377-379, 382-391, 397,
 401, 409
 conservation camps 370
 Coogan, Jackie 247-279
 corrections 51, 246, 364, 376-377
 costs 281, 370-372, 377, 388-389, 392-393, 396-400, 402
 courts 51-52, 92-93, 96, 148, 193, 199, 202, 226, 230, 334-
 335, 343-344, 354, 366, 376, 389-390, 392, 394-396, 402-407
 Cox, William 348, 351, 355
 "credit system" 126-128, 197, 368 (see also: release procedures)
 crime control 394, 398

Dalton plan 214
 Dana, Richard Henry 244
 De Maupassant, Guy 244
 demonstration projects 377-391
 DeMussset, Albert 200
 dependent children 243
 depression (1930s) 333, 335
 Derrick, Calvin 51, 61, 90, 219
 detention 214, 402-408
 Deutsch, Albert 100, 356, 358-361
 Dexter, Walter 308, 325, 329-330
 discipline 61, 67, 69-70, 75, 77, 115, 122, 126-130, 355-356,
 361, 366, 386

discipline (continued)

- at Preston 141, 152, 154, 162-167
 - at Whittier 191, 196, 213-214, 216, 218, 232, 241, 265
 - at Ventura 204
 - (see also: Lost Privilege Cottage)
 - Dobbs, Harrison 302, 358
 - Downs, Geneveive 253
 - dramatics 253-260
 - Drinkwater, John 254
 - Dumas, Alexandre 244
 - Dunn, Catherine 404-405
-
- education, inmate 16, 35, 40, 42, 199, 211, 214-215, 242, 253, 265, 368
 - Elks Club 292
 - emotional problems, inmate 204, 225-247, 250, 258-259, 276, 367, 373
 - escapes 17-29, 32, 46-47, 61-62, 64-66, 73-76, 89, 93, 113-115, 117, 122, 155-157, 159-160, 162-163, 194-195, 217, 393
 - (see also: runaways)
 - evaluation of inmates 37, 103, 197, 216-217, 232-233
-
- feeble-minded 169, 204
 - Fenton, Mrs. 199
 - Fenton, Norman 198-199, 201, 203, 302, 331-332
 - Fitts, Burton 303
 - Flanagan, E.F.J. 351-354
 - foster homes 201, 242, 275, 383, 387-388, 392
 - foster parents 238-240, 383
 - Folsom Prison 96-97, 327, 371
-
- gangs 401-402
 - George Junior Republic 51
 - girls, problems of 143, 204, 218, 386-387
 - gonorrhoea 230
 - Gould, Arthur 85
 - grapevine, institutional 76
 - group treatment 391-392, 402
-
- halfway houses 401
 - Heller, Walter 82, 87
 - Hicks, William 56-57
 - Hines, Frank T. 186
 - Hjelte, George 203
 - Holton, Karl 343-347, 365

homosexuality 103, 191-192
 honor system 352
 Hoover, Herbert 288, 291
 hostels 392

Illinois Bureau of Juvenile Research 304
 Illinois delinquency program 358-361, 393
 Indiana delinquency program 402
 Indians, American 57-58, 93-94, 141-142, 150, 173-174
 industrial schools 179, 211, 255 (see also: training schools,
 state)
 influenza epidemic (1919) 104-106
 inmates:
 attitudes of 31, 35, 77, 233, 263, 379-387, 390, 408
 bosses 99-103, 125-126, 164
 later life 241 (see also: recidivism)
 at Monroe 10-11, 15, 42-49
 parents of 74, 192, 235-40, 242, 245, 255-258
 at Preston 88, 141-142, 150-157, 161
 at Whittier 189-91, 194-196, 224-30, 251-260, 314, 352
 (see also: escapes, runaways)
 Institution for the Adult Blind 304
 institutions, juvenile 354-357, 363, 365-367, 378-379, 388,
 391-393, 397-400, 408-409
 interagency coordination 366, 382, 385, 389, 405

jail, county 273, 402
 Jensen, Earl 178-180, 183-185, 190, 204-206, 270, 277, 304-313,
 325
 Jessup, Roger 337
 Johnson, Hiram 303
 judges, juvenile court 226, 336, 343, 347, 354
 juvenile delinquency 31, 179, 357-358, 370, 373, 392
 juvenile hall 242-243, 273, 376, 403-408

Kennedy, Rex 326
 Kilgore, William 266
 Kirkpatrick, E. Kenneth 408
 Knox, Elmer 184-185, 187, 220, 299, 316, 319, 321-323

Ledbetter 173-176
 Lee, Edwin 180
 legislature, California 192-193
 length of stay, 126-128, 197-198, 368, 370, 377
 Leonard, Charles W. 360
 Levia, Willie 349-350

- Lincoln, Abraham 255, 258
 Lindsay, Ben 350
 lobbying 170
 Los Angeles City and County
 Board of Supervisors 334-338
 child guidance clinic 192
 courts 335-336, 343, 354, 406-407 (see also: courts)
 Harbor Commission 285
 Juvenile Hall 403-407
 Parks and Recreation Department 203
 Police Department 94, 404
 Probation Department 161, 333-339, 343, 365, 401, 407-408
 schools 85
 Sheriffs' Department 93-94, 333
 Welfare Department 334-335
Los Angeles Record 326, 330
 Los Angeles Rotary Club 263-264, 266, 334
 Lost Privilege Cottage 223-224, 232-234, 241, 243, 250, 262,
 279, 348, 352
 Louisiana juvenile institutions 392
- MacCormick, Austin 356
 marijuana 406
 medical supervision and care 105-106, 118, 224, 244, 249, 258,
 262, 268-269, 313
 Mellinkoff, Helen 351
 Menninger, Karl 396
 mental hospitals, California 167, 178-179, 204, 304, 306
 mental retardation 92, 179, 199, 204
 Merriam, Frank 348
 Mexican-Americans 113, 159, 161, 401
 Michigan juvenile institutions 393
 military schools 247
 monitor system 100-101, 244, 367 (see also: inmate bosses)
 Monroe Reformatory (Washington) 1-32, 52-53, 57, 59, 61, 63,
 100, 169, 179, 372
 Moore, John 245
 Moreno, Bennie 349-350
 Morganza State School (Pennsylvania) 363-364
 Noss, Charles 294, 311, 323-324
 Mother Lode 54-57, 70, 78
 Muntz, Harold 407
 Murphy, Elmer 320, 325-326, 328-330, 333, 340-342
 music 1-5, 34, 253, 263-266, 270-272, 286-287, 299
 Preston School band 159
 Whittier Harmonica Board 247

- National Child Welfare Commission 327
 National Council on Crime and Delinquency 333, 402
 National Institute for Mental Health 377, 389-390
 Negroes 113, 133, 176-177, 388, 393
 Nelles, Fred C. 138, 142-145, 179-181, 183-184, 188-189,
 191-192, 194, 197, 207, 218, 220-222, 260, 280, 299, 316
 Nelles, Fred C. School (see: Whittier State School)
 nepotism 158, 316-317, 319, 321, 323
 New York State juvenile correction program 41, 393, 403
- Oberlin College 181
 O'Brien, D.J. 330
 Ohio state juvenile institutions 392
 Olson, Culbert 348, 350, 353
 oral history 242-247
 Osborne Association 348, 351, 356
Our Rejected Children 100
 overcrowding 361, 403-405
- parents & family 74, 192, 235-240, 242, 245, 255-258, 270-271,
 357, 380-383, 403, 406
 parent-surrogate 246
 parole 36, 92, 101, 134-136, 197-198, 211, 370, 389, 392,
 402, 409
 patronage 9, 16, 89, 119, 143, 169, 303, 313, 315-319, 322,
 327, 337, 340-341, 347, 351, 358, 367, 378 (see also:
 politics)
 Pearson, Ben 320
 Peixotto, Jessica 180
 Pennsylvania juvenile program 362-364
 Perkins, 296
 personnel 128, 130, 136, 139, 148-149, 151, 16, 164, 190-192,
 207, 213-217, 225, 234, 298, 351, 403 (see also: superinten-
 dents, and staff under Preston and Whittier Schools)
 pets 289-297
 play 137-141, 276, 286-291, 293-297
 police 209-210, 237, 254, 262, 274, 310-312, 366, 376, 385,
 389, 402-406
 politics 303-308, 320, 325, 329, 335, 341, 361-362 (see also:
 patronage)
 Potter, Franklin 353-354
 President's Commission on Crime and Delinquency Prevention 377
 Preston School of Industry 52-171, 218-220, 225, 231, 244,
 276, 327, 367-372
 self-government 90-91, 125, 147, 351-354
 staff 73-74, 83-85, 115-118, 122-124, 130-131, 136-139,
 143-144, 148-151, 162-166 and 190-192 (detail officers)
 trustees 64, 83, 85-91, 116, 121-124, 130-135

prevention 373-376, 384, 393, 398, 401-402
 prisons 10, 36, 61, 96-97, 101, 146, 163, 177, 203, 327, 371,
 399-400, 402
 privileges 222-224
 probation 51, 334-336, 366, 370, 389, 395-398, 402-404
 probation officers 254, 272, 336
 probation subsidy program 393, 397-400
 psychologists 42, 69, 81
 psychiatric problems 52, 167, 177-178, 224-225
 psychiatric treatment 355, 367-369, 392
 Psychopathic Association of Southern California 204-206
 public opinion 170, 373 (see also: community attitudes)
 public schools 202-203, 225, 245-245, 267, 366, 374, 379, 385,
 389, 405 (see also: education of inmates)
 punishment 62-69, 73-74, 77, 91, 104, 148, 151, 162-163, 166,
 218, 220-221, 341, 373 (see also: brutality, discipline, Los
 Privilege Cottage)

Quinn, John R. 337

reception programs 101, 249-251, 279, 352, 369, 378, 392
 recidivism 36, 101, 211, 358, 378, 389
 recreation 137-141, 200, 203, 217, 249, 263-265, 276-283,
 285-286, 369, 389
 rehabilitation 31, 138, 389, 399, 408
 release procedures 126-128, 135, 197-199, 216-217
 research, juvenile 181, 193, 199, 212, 302, 374, 377-382,
 385-391, 401
 Ricciardi, Nicolas 212
 Rieger, Paul 263, 267
 riots 143, 218-219, 357
 Robbins, 228-229
 Rolph, James 303, 312-313, 316, 322, 324-326, 328-330, 333,
 340-342, 348, 359, 367
 Romney, George 393
 Root, Elihu 365
 Rosanolf, Aaron 351
 Rotary Club 210, 247, 263-266, 271-272, 329, 331
 runaways 222-234, 249-252, 261-262, 275, 341, 348-349, 352-
 353 (see also: escapes)

Sacramento Bee 329

Salvation Army 154, 157

San Francisco

Adult Probation Department 334

Board of Supervisors 313, 318, 329

San Quentin prison 148, 163, 177, 203, 327, 371

- Scott, Joe 299-302
 Scott, Robert 343-344, 347, 354
 Scudder family 112, 248, 309, 312, 333-334
 Scudder, Kenyon
 Chino superintendent 101, 163-164, 302
 and family 112, 248, 309, 312, 333-334
 Los Angeles Probation Department chief 161, 332-339
 Monroe vocational assistant 7, 12-13, 36-48
 Preston career 52-53, 78-99, 123-168
 U.S. Veterans vocational adviser 168-178
 University of Southern California instructor 178
 Whittier School superintendent 179-208, 224, 230-240,
 269-270, 278-281, 304-328
 and wife (see: Scudder, Rebekah)
 World War I service 78-9, 82-88, 107-111
 Scudder, Rebekah 3, 8, 11, 49, 52-56, 60-62, 69-72, 79-83,
 90, 105, 103, 109, 112, 124, 132-135, 145-147, 158, 168-170,
 180, 183, 186, 194-195, 200, 205-208, 246, 247, 270-275, 283,
 298, 302, 310-312, 325
 sex perversion 350-351
 Shaw, Frank 336-338
 Sing Sing Prison 61
 Smith, Al 288-289
 Smith, Claude 323-324, 327, 330-332
 Smith, William A. 324
 Snyder, Dr. 84-85
 social agencies 366, 405
 social work 241, 246, 360
 spinal meningitis 244
 spoils system 343, 360, 363 (see also: patronage)
 Stanford-Binet intelligence test 41, 51
 Stanford University 181, 198
 Stark, Heman 370, 399
 state hospitals 92-93, 167, 179, 204, 340 (see also: mental
 hospitals)
 Stevenson, Adlai 360
 suicide 224, 349-350, 356
 superintendents (of state institutions) 9, 14, 68, 81-83, 104,
 143, 146-147, 221, 258, 304-305, 313, 341-348, 351, 356-357,
 360-363 (see also: Smith, Claude)
 Sutter, John 58
 Sutter County Sheriff 154-157
- Taft, William Howard 365
 Terman, 182, 198-199
 testing
 intelligence 41-45, 47-49, 159, 161, 182, 199
 psychological 51-52, 82, 87-88, 92, 167, 366

Toner, J.M. 313-329, 341
 Toner, "Sonny" 316-317, 319, 321, 323
 Traeger, Sheriff 94
 training schools, state 37, 211, 225, 358-363, 378, 392-393
 treatment programs 302, 355, 367, 372, 378-388, 391, 399

underprivileged children 263

United States

Army 107, 337
 Board for Vocational Education 106, 146, 168, 171, 182
 Children's Bureau 302, 327
 Coast Guard 283
 Navy 283-284
 Veterans Administration 246
 Veterans Bureau 171-172, 176, 181, 292, 303, 337
 Veterans Hospital (Palo Alto) 178
 University of California 18, 49-50, 69, 82-83, 180, 304
 UCLA, Department of Education 180
 University of Chicago 302
 University of Southern California 178, 329, 334

Van Emery, Norman 192

Vaughn, William 293

venereal disease 230

Ventura School for girls 204, 218, 369

veterans services 171-172, 176, 178

vocational guidance and training 7, 12, 36-39, 43, 73, 84-85,
 92, 106, 171, 172, 178, 182, 199, 210-213, 215, 281, 285, 368

Washington State Reformatory (see: Monroe Reformatory)

"white blackbird" 200

Whittier, California

Boy Scout District Council 260

citizen attitudes 208-209, 282, 348, 352

College 308, 329, 332

Murphy Memorial Hospital 268-269

News 320

Police Department 209-210, 353

Whittier State School 138, 142-145, 179-372

Bureau of Juvenile Research 181, 193, 197-199, 302

brutality investigations 343-353, 365

inmates 189-191, 194-196, 251-260, 314, 352

school program 214, 253-260, 327

staff 180, 183, 188-197, 241, 292-293, 332, 341

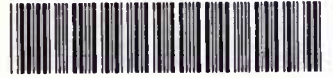
trustees 320-326, 328-330, 333, 340-342

younger boys 190-191, 199-200 (renamed Fred C. Nelles School)

Williams, J. Harold 181-182, 197
Winnetka Plan 214
Wood, Dwight 13, 16, 18, 23-29
Wood, Walter 336-337
World War I 50, 61, 78-79, 82-88, 107-111, 171, 301, 337
World War II 245
work assignments 15-16, 40, 42, 60, 62, 72, 75, 105, 129,
230, 251, 258, 277, 285
Wrigley, William 281, 287, 291

Young, C.C. 178, 180-181, 184, 193, 303, 305, 308-309, 312
younger boys 190, 199-203

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C091966349

