

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

War, maker of dead-end-kids.

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More Christian Refugees Coming to U. S. Than Jews

Four years ago 75 percent of the refugees coming to the U. S. were Jews, K. Brent Woodruff, executive director of the American Committee for Christian Refugees, Inc., last night reported, but today the ratio is 40 percent Jewish to 60 Christian.

Speaking to the committee's board of directors in the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park, Woodruff said there had been an increase of 81 percent in the number of Christian refugees aided in 1940 and that \$300,000 would be needed for this year.

Special to the Times
New York

A LONG ISLANDER

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I
WAR, MAKER OF DEAD ~~END~~ KIDS .

.....

I read in the papers that there was a ^{41%} increase in juvenile delinquency since the war. In Bristol, the increase amounted to 50%. so I went to Bristol to find out how it had happened and what was being done about it.

Bristol is one of the four or five hardest "hit" places in this country. I drove between ruins for about half an hour. It was a ghastly sight, but mysteriously little damage has been done to "military objectives". Huge factories stand in the midst of ~~HHHHHH~~ devastated shopping districts, their towers busily smoking; work is going on at full blast in the harbour; none of the essential facilities have been crippled.

On my way to the Child Guidance clinic I pictured myself as a child growing up in these strangely exciting surroundings. Assume - I thought - assume, I were 12 years old; our house had been blown up and my school didn't exist any longer; ^{that} my father were with the forces and my mother ~~were~~ fire-watching, or working in a factory at night; I had plenty of time for myself and so had most of my friends. We go out in the blackout and play "robbers" in ^{what} ~~what~~ used to be our street. What an ideal, thrilling and stimulating play-ground its ruins ^{are} ~~were~~! Life had ^{was} been tiresomely "orderly" before all this happened; now the grown-ups ^{we} ~~has~~ smashed all obstacles on our way to adventure. When we ^{we} ~~had~~ played long enough, we ^{we are} ~~would be~~ hungry. There'd ^{is} be nothing to eat, though. Jimmy, the oldest among us, and our leader, had seen a ^{is} ~~bicycle~~ somewhere around here and I had ^{we} ~~seen~~ the Thompsons - that wealthy couple who lived in a villa a couple of blocks away - go out, a few hours ago.

I also know ~~where~~^{he} they had put their key. Surely their frigidaire ^{is} full of nice things. Now, ~~wasn't~~^{wasn't} it a bright idea for Jimmy to "Borrow" that bicycle, and for me to come along ^{to} show him the key and help him carry the stuff? With all this brave fighting going on about us we mustn't be sissies. And as for any "moral" objections any of us might raise: ~~we didn't know~~^{did any of us know} whether there was ~~not~~ going to be a blitz tonight and whether the Thompsons would find their villa upon their return? Wasn't it, therefore, very sensible for us to salvage a few things in time? As a matter of fact we'd better ^{take} not only ~~that~~ that silly food, ~~but~~^{but} ~~take~~ anything worthwhile taking. The Thompsons would not really mind. If there wasn't a blitz tonight, there would be one tomorrow; let's hurry, anyway.

No doubt that was the way I would feel and behave, if I were an "independent" child in Bristol.

Miss Dunsdon, the Psychologist of the Clinic, a serious, rather manish looking young woman, did not quite approve of my day-dreams ^{among} ~~between~~ the ruins. "The greatest increase comes from the class of child who is very dull, either borderline-, or high-grade-defective" she said; "some 52 % of our 'patients' - and we ^a manage to see two thirds of the entire Bristol-output - belong ~~into~~ this category. Now, you would not exactly fit in there, would you? These kids were 'difficult' even under normal ^{conditions} ~~circumstances~~, when they were properly being taken care of at home, when their schools were fully staffed and nothing ^{ever} ~~happened~~ upset their backward un-adaptable little minds. It is readily understood that existing conditions will throw children of this type out of their balance."

"Granted", I said, "but how about the remaining 48 %? They'd be the ones I'd be playing around with, I guess?"

Well if I did, I would probably be ~~being~~ successfully dealt with by the Probation officers and the Child Guidance Clinic. "46 % of all cases referred to us" the doctor said " are of normal, or even superior intelligence; unsatisfactory home-conditions, caused by the war, ~~when~~ ^{are} mainly responsible for their derailment. Some of them need ~~to~~ ^{be} sent to an "Approved School", for a period of nine months, or so. Generally ~~providing~~ ^{will} this ~~when~~ ^{will} suffice to ^{subsequently,} 'cure' them and they'll be alright, if - and there is the snag - if they can ~~be~~ ^{return} to a normal sort of life. Otherwise they are apt to start all over again."

And the remaining two %? What were they like? - They were genuine "defectives" and suitable ^{only} for "colonial life".

And what was being done about the entire problem? What was the procedure followed at present? How could further increase be avoided?

The present procedure was the following: children charged with some misdemeanor were brought to court where they were questioned and examined by a doctor. If possible they were released on probation, with all the rules and restrictions this implies. Otherwise they were sent to a "Remand-Home", where they ^{would} ~~be~~ stay for a few weeks till their second appearance ^a before court. They ^{would} ~~be~~ be sentenced according to the seriousness of their offence and to their performance in the Home. Mentally normal cases would be referred to the "Approved Schools", whereas no real solution had yet been found for the "dull and backward" majority of the juvenile delinquents. "Approved ~~SH~~ Schools" disliked admitting them, knowing ~~when~~ that they couldn't profit from the training and were apt to disturb the others. Colonies and institutions for defectives would not accept them either, as ^{their intelligence has} ~~was~~ not low enough

~~with intelligence to~~ ^{justify their admission} ~~to the Mental Deficiency Act.~~ The remaining alternative, Probation, was also unsatisfactory, as the parents of this type of child were usually rather "dull" themselves and failed to cooperate with the probation officer. Provision of residential special schools for difficult children was therefore highly desirable. Besides some of the "Approved Schools" might furnish special curricula adapted to the limitations of the very dull child.

I was still more interested ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ the not quite so dull child, with whom I had identified myself ^{among} ~~between~~ the ruins. Could anything be done with regard to ^{its} ~~the~~ particular juvenile war-delinquency?

Not too much, ~~as~~ it appeared, matters being what they were. But as twice as many offences were being committed in the winter months as in the summer, a wider provision of organized leisure and recreation for children in the winter evenings might help.

And did Doctor Dunsdon view the whole situation as a very serious one? Did she believe that the youth of England ~~was~~ was morally declining, in consequence of the war?

By no means, ~~however~~. Despite the increase in the child's delinquency ~~the~~ figures, ~~the~~ matters had not, objectively, reached a disquieting stage and probably never would. Everything depended, of course, on the duration of this war, on the measures taken as long as it lasted, and on the soundness of the post-war-world.

As two small thieves, aged six and seven, were waiting to see the doctor, Miss Dunsdon begged to be excused. Besides I'd better go and have a look at the Bristol "Remand-Home" and see for myself.

"It's up on Marlborough-Hill", I was told, "and a rather grim-looking place.
~~no~~ They do not expect you, ^{and} you will get the real, ~~rough~~, ^{unretouched} rough
picture, if you don't mind. "

I did not in the least.

to al uhl foreign news editor, newspaper pm, new york
from erika mann, newspaper pm london, temple bar 4343

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II.

CHILD-GANGSTER'S REMAND-HOME.

.....

The place on top of Marlborough Hill looked like a small fortress, gray, old, domineering and unapproachable. It was rather difficult to get in, and surely more difficult to get out of it. However, ^{Mr. Paine,} its Superintendent, had a friendly face.

He spoke of his "kids" and their offences in an amused and affectionate way. Most of them were really not bad at all, he asserted, though some of them happened to be "pretty tough, noodles". There were thirty-one boys here at present. Would I like to go over their files, before meeting them?

The "Dossiers" covered the crime, or crimes, committed in each and gave the delinquent's name and birth-place; case, they also showed some mysterious letters and figures. "Harry Williams"

I read, - "Bristol. Offence: *larceny + attempted flight*

Remarks: beyond control. CA: 13; MA: 9; IQ: 87."

Harry, I was told, had ^a managed to break into a shop and steal, a) as ^{much} ~~many~~ fruits, as he could carry, b) 6 Pounds in cash. Subsequently he had ~~he~~ ^{journeyed} ~~travaged~~ to Southampton and tried to escape on a boat, when he was caught.

But how about the letters and figures? They told the psychologists' story.

Harry's calendar-age (CA) was 13, -but he had been discovered to be not older than 9, mentally, (MA) and his intelligence -quota (IQ) was equally poor. 100 was supposed to be normal. "But really normal people would have

110" said Mr. Paine. Harry was a nice kid, though. ^[Paragraph 1] The crimes committed by

^{his} pals were mostly of a similar character as Harry's own achievements;

"Looting", "Shelter-Theft" "*Burglary*"

"beyond control." And almost each case was somehow related to difficult conditions at home in consequence of the war. The vast majority of the "dossiers" (25 out of 31) declared a gap to exist between the boy's calendar-age and their mental maturity. But ~~HH~~ seven of the lads were mentally ahead of their years and their intelligence was abnormally high.

"I am eager to meet Tom Jobson", I said, "what a little genius he must be. 'CA: 13,10;MA: 19,11:IQ: 147;' sounds attractive, doesn't it?"

Mr. Paine admitted that Tom was rather a wonder-child, though in a poor state at the moment. "He and Churchill ^{*emptied 30*} ~~and 30~~ gas-meters between them - it was quite a job. No, not Winston; he was with Roosevelt at the time; couldn't think of a better alibi. ^{*It was*} ~~This~~ little scoundrel here." He pointed at Churchill's "dossier". "You'll meet both of them; in fact, you may even meet Tom's mother, or so I hope."

There were two things I wanted to know, before joining the gang. ~~FFF~~ First: what and how were they being taught here? Was this a regular school and were they getting a normal education? - Well - not exactly. Mr. Paine was, of course, an approved teacher. But his two assistants were not. There existed a shortage of teachers. ^{*h*} We were doing our best, not too successfully, as it seemed. The boys were too uneven in age and intellectual level, and they came from too many different back-grounds. Some of the 10 year old pupils could neither read, nor write. When they were evacuated, 2 years ago, they were only eight and mentally not more than 5. It was not much ~~that~~ they had learned since. ~~HHHHHHHH~~ "Naturally we try hard to make them see

the light ~~there~~." - "And just how 'hard' do you try?" I asked, gliding into my second question. I knew that corporal punishment was officially permissible and even occasionally prescribed by the courts. Mr. Paine did not look as though he liked that sort of thing. Maybe it was necessary, just the same. "Do you ever beat them?"

"Look here". He produced the Home's punishment-book. "I have been here for three months and that's all I did in the way of birching."

The book's pages were empty, except two. By the middle of June somebody had been lying, swearing, ^{and} insulting the matron. This completed, he had run away, only to start lying, swearing and insulting again, when Mr. Paine caught him in a garage and ⁱⁿ his night-shirt. "Two strokes" I read. Last week another lad had seriously injured one of his room-mates by breaking a chair on his head - "and without any sound reason" Mr. Paine said. "I had to give him three strokes; they've done a lot of good in this case."

Generally, however, Mr. Paine did not believe in beating the kids, but had invented a little system, according to which each boy started the day with ten points to his credit, and lost one for untidiness or carelessness, two for lying or insolence, three for swearing, etc. Every Sunday 31 point-accounts were being made up and those who had lost the smallest amount of points were given all sorts of minor privileges during the week to follow. It worked very well.

They had just been having their tea and were standing about in ~~HHHHHH~~ groups, when we entered their living room. Despite our arrival they went on chatting and laughing, till they were told to sit down at their tables and be quiet. "This is the head-table", I was told; "these boys have ~~HHHH~~ lost only four points between them. Why, Tom, do you belong at the head-table? Certainly not! Off you go, or I shoot you!"

Tom rose slowly. He was tall, slim, and pleasant to look at. Straight brown hair fell ~~down~~ ^{on} into a light and intelligent fore-head; his grayish eyes were sad and absent-minded. He withdrew into the background, where he belonged, having lost 15 points this week. "He is worried", Mr. Paine explained to me; "it's Jobson, you know, our wonder-child. His father was killed in the beginning of the war and his mother married soon afterwards. He is very fond of his mother, but not a bit of his step-father who is seventy one. So he ~~stuck~~ ^{stuck} to his pals and to the streets and to all sorts of adventures, rather than to his home; eventually he picked out little Churchill to cooperate with him on the gas-meters. When it all came out, his mother broke completely with him. ~~He is but a spoiled~~ ^{For} ~~child who has been over since he came here two months ago.~~ That got him. ~~all his intelligence he is dull with depression;~~ He is bad at work, forgets everything, starts lying about it and getting ^{that} insolent. In fact, I can't keep him ~~HHHH~~, unless ~~HHHH~~ mother of his shows up here soon. I have written her about it; she is the only one who can give that boy a chance."

The Matron - ^{the} only female in this house - came in and announced that a woman and a girl ~~had been~~ waiting downstairs for some time. They wanted to see Jobson, but she hadn't meant to disturb Mr. Paine in his office.

"Well!". Mr. Paine sounded proud and happy. "Come here, Jobson!"

He did not tell him anything, but to go down and look at a surprise he had ready for him. Tom, looking rather stubborn, sceptical, and hostile, stepped to the door. He was as tall as I and anything but a child, despite his 13 calendar-years. ~~I~~ ^{from the} did not think the appearance of his mother would make much of an impression on this hard-boiled, handsome young thief. We went after him and watched ~~on~~ ^{from the} top of the stairs what happened.

When he saw his mother, he stopped ~~where~~ ^{where} he was, ~~on~~ the middle of the stairs, grasping the ~~bannister~~ ^{bannister}. He did not say a thing. The mother started crying. The little girl ~~on~~ ^{at} her side also cried. "Tom" the mother sobbed, "you are so big, Tom!" As ~~though~~ ^{if} that were anything to ~~we~~ weep about. Tom did not move. "What's the matter, Tom?" the little girl asked anxiously; "don't you recognize us?" She obviously thought that any odd thing could be expected from a convict in a prison. "Why did you do it?" she ~~asked~~ ^{added} incoherently. Tom, trying to hide his face from his mother, turned it towards us. It ~~was~~ ^{was} wet with tears. When he laid his ~~quivering~~ face ~~into~~ his arm on the ~~bannister~~ ^{bannister}, he looked neither ~~hard-boiled~~ ^{hard-boiled}, nor grown-up any longer; he looked like the forlorn ~~and~~ unhappy kid he was.

"Fine", said Mr. Paine, "that's all he needed; he'll have a ~~fair~~ ^{fair} chance, now. Let's go."

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