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THE AUTHOR WITH HIS DOG, DAN

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*The Human Approach
to the Treatment of Crime*

BY

C. A. JOYCE

HEADMASTER OF THE COTSWOLD SCHOOL
ASHTON KEYNES, WILTS.



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Preface

THIS is a book about criminals, but only incidentally about 'crime.' I am much more interested in the rogue than in his roguery, and, as a consequence, the stories are all of people—nearly all young people whom I have known during my years in the Prison and Borstal Service and during my time as the Headmaster of the Cotswold Approved School. Many of them are my friends: they are in so many ways just ordinary people. I have tried to tell why it is that they have fallen into trouble, and to describe some of the ways in which we have tried to help them to pick themselves up and to start afresh.

Usually names have been altered in order to avoid possible embarrassment to those concerned. In one case I *have* used the name, because in this instance the good needs telling to offset much that has been said already to the contrary.

Finally, I want to offer most grateful thanks to my wife and to all my colleagues, past and present, in the Prison, Borstal, and Approved School Services—and especially in the Cotswold School and the London Police Court Mission—for the affectionate encouragement and forbearance that has made my job and this book possible. They have given much more than could have been asked of them at any time.

C.A.J.

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I

Meet the Criminal

OTTO was seventeen and a half. He was a burglar, and at the time of which I write he was also in Borstal. There is one further fact about the matter that is extremely important—he was by birth a son of Italy.

I had been appointed Governor of this particular Borstal Institution just prior to the War, and when the War came disturbances of all sorts crowded upon us rather thickly, but whatever happened, individuals couldn't be ignored.

Until Italy entered the War Otto had been singularly well behaved, and reminded one very much of the London sparrow—cocky, chirpy, and very cheerful. He even seemed to prefer bathing in the dirt to hot water! Then, as you will remember, the fateful day came when Italy declared war, and it fell to the lot of Mr Duff Cooper (later Viscount Norwich) to broadcast his views about it. I remember all the boys sitting at a meal, and Otto was particularly quiet. As the broadcast went on his brow furrowed a bit, and then suddenly came the words, "We know the Italians of old, and we know that . . . we can never fail to beat them on the field of battle."

Otto swung round and did a thing he had never done before; he smote the fellow sitting next to him fairly and squarely on the nose, saying, "Well, here's one you can't beat anyway."

From that moment on life became one long battle. Perhaps you realize that one of the most difficult parts of a Governor's job is that called adjudication. People break rules for so many

different reasons, and it always seems to me more important to know the reason for the offence than to discuss the offence itself.

Day after day and day after day Otto appeared before me with sickening regularity. Either he wouldn't work or he would be insolent, and we ran through the whole gamut of the things normally at the Governor's disposal—advice, more advice, admonishment, punishment, more severe punishment, and so on—until one evening he appeared on report for the second time that day.

I think I was tired, but I am quite sure that I was completely lost and bewildered as to what to do to prevent this wretched youth from continuing his policy of aggression. I should like to think I was tired anyway, because I said something that sounded particularly silly.

In his usual fatherly way Chief Officer Grist told me what the last offence was, and then I said, "All right, Chief, he can go."

At this Otto flared up again. "What have I got?" he asked. "Nothing. You can go."

"You can't do that," he stated. "You've got to give me a punishment of some sort."

And then I retorted, "Go away. I am sick and tired of punishing or dealing with some one upon whom it has no effect at all. I want to spend my time, if I can, doing whatever will make people see sense and plan their lives differently, but in your case it seems to be no good at all. So go away. The fact is, I've finished with you. I don't want any more to do with you at all—in fact I . . . I . . . simply repudiate you!"

Then I left the office and went home, and I told my wife that it was a great mistake to get over-tired because it merely succeeded in making you talk rubbish.

That evening when the Institution had settled down I went to my quarters and waited for the next burst of enemy activity. About half-past eleven there was a knock on my front door.

You can guess what I thought; a light showing somewhere or trouble of some sort. So, rather wearily, I got up from my chair, went along the passage, and opened the front door. Standing on the stone flags was Otto, in his pyjamas and with nothing on his feet. It was a cold night, and his teeth were chattering in his head. I half expected some violent outburst or even an attempted assault, but I could not leave the boy standing on the door-step in cold weather in pyjamas so I said, quite firmly, "Come in. Now what the devil do you want?"

To my astonishment his reply was, "I have come round to say that you've got to punish me. You can do what you like to me as long as you don't rep . . . rep . . . whatever it was you said to me."

We went into the drawing-room, and he sat in an armchair on one side of the fire and I sat on the other. You may think it sentimental, but I was feeling rather strangely moved, and we sat and smoked and talked while I tried to explain that I was not angry—I was just bewildered and worried. It ended with his statement that the last thing he wanted to do was to worry me, and he would give me an assurance that he never would do so again voluntarily. He never did.

Even in the middle of enemy activity, and even in circumstances such as those, it became abundantly clear to me once again that in the attempt to reclaim the people whom we call criminals there is only one answer: the relationship of two individuals who recognize in each other a genuine desire to help one another, or at any rate not to do one another an injury.

That story epitomizes almost everything that I have to say, and if straight away you have said to yourself, "I disagree with this sentimental approach to criminals and delinquents," then I think probably you will go on disagreeing all the way through the book. But you may not, of course, because sometimes this same relationship of which I speak means that one has got to be very hard indeed. It seems true that constant dripping wears

away a stone, but let it be equally clear that sometimes the stone can be made into the right shape with some very severe blows indeed. Nevertheless, whichever method one uses, the axiomatic truth remains. That is all that I want to make clear at the beginning.

Sometimes you get help from your opponent right from the start. Paddy was another student who was in Borstal at the same time. He came into my care because of his habit of getting mixed up with terrorist outrages at Tube stations. Within half an hour of his arrival he was brought to my office. What a charming person he was! Good-looking, well-built, but at that time looking rather strained. I thought he was uncomfortably nervous, and so it appeared, for before I could say anything he said, "And what would be going to happen to me now?"

I replied, "The first thing you do is to sit down and, if you smoke, have a cigarette. May I make it quite clear at the outset that I am not so much interested in what has gone by as in what is to come. There are only two ways—one rough and the other smooth—and the choice lies with you. I was transferred here and so were you; so it is just a matter of whether we propose to live peaceably together or not."

To my astonishment he asked, "Well, now, would you mean that I am to be treated fair?"

And I answered, "I hope so."

"Then," said he, "would it help you to know that I haven't any inhibitions, and me complexes is all in order?"

"Who the devil taught you that jargon?" I exclaimed.

"Sure," he said, "I've been examined till I'm sick of it, and I thought it would save you the trouble and me going through it all again."

We became very great friends indeed, and I'd like to tell you a little about him. On one occasion I had to fetch him from an outside hospital, and in order to make an official call I left Paddy sitting in the shooting-brake. I said to him, "If the policeman



SPORTS DAY AT CAMP HILL, 1937
Sir Godfrey Baring presenting the cup to the captain of the
winning House.

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QUEEN MARY VISITING THE COTSWOLD SCHOOL

Left to right: H.M. Queen Mary, the author, Mrs Joyce, Lady Cynthia Colville, the chaplain, and Lord Claud Hamilton.

Photo W. Dennis Moss



THE SENIOR PREFECT BEING PRESENTED TO QUEEN MARY

Photo W. Dennis Moss

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comes along because I am not parking in the right place, please tell him I shall be back in a few minutes."

My wife got back to the car before I did, and even to-day she laughs at Paddy's first remark, "Sure, it's a pity you've come, miss. I was so looking forward to telling one of those coppers who I am and where he got off."

He was a religious boy at heart, and it worried me very much indeed that he had been excommunicated for his offence. Not infrequently he would come to me and plead that I would see the priest and ask him if he could go to mass, but it had to be explained to him that that could only be done if he on his part was prepared to give an undertaking not to repeat the offence for which he had been sentenced. He would not do so because he had been brought up to be 'agin the law' in that matter.

At last the time came when we had to consider the question of release, and I said to him, "Paddy, would you give me a promise that you will not take part in this sort of activity against this country?"

"No," he said. "I can't do that, but I will give you two other promises. First, I'll take no part in anything against this country until we've finished with that — Hitler. After all," he continued, with a broad smile, "we can always reopen it again afterwards, can't we?"

The second promise he gave me was that he wouldn't use arms against the police. And so he was discharged, and for a long time after his release we always had a lovely Easter card expressing highly religious sentiments, and inside, "With remembrances to the Old Man and Mrs Joyce. See you in Church."

Things don't always, of course, work out as happily as that, and sometimes it takes not one, but two or three periods of training (or sentences, if you like to call them such) before a relationship is established that enables one to give a man or boy the chance to pull himself together.

You see, I believe that no Prison, Borstal, or Approved School

of itself ever reformed anybody. You don't alter human beings and human feelings because you have a fifteen-foot wall or an Order of Court. The man who goes to prison to-day is the man who wasn't in prison yesterday, and the girls and the women who are in custody to-night are the same girls and women who weren't in custody before. Why, then, do we suppose that they're any different from many of the rest of us? It is our job to make it possible for people to reform themselves. Further, it is a thing that comes from within, and that isn't my idea or yours. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." That comes from the greatest Book ever written, and I wish sometimes we could listen a little more carefully to its teaching, because I believe that if we did we should be able to do a great deal more to help the people who have committed offences, and, more important still, we should be able to save millions of others from ever committing them.

Of course, there must be Prisons and Borstals and Approved Schools, but that isn't to say that they cannot house communities which live together as reasonably and happily as the communities we know and in which we live ourselves. I have never subscribed to the view that you can't do this or that because of the place. The place can be a handicap, but no one disagrees with the fact that the best house is not, of necessity, the happiest home. The one unforgivable thing about any establishment (and I don't care whether it's a Sunday-school, an Approved School, or a Prison) is a lack of beauty and a lack of sympathy and understanding in the personal relationships.

Why did I do it?

SOME people prefer working with people, others with things. I made my choice, at last, because I met two great men, both of whom have since died, whose inspiration was infectious—Professor A. A. Cock and Sir Alexander Paterson. But the collocation of circumstances was not unimportant.

People do not always realize how much one's early days set both the pace and the position of one's future. The effect of the early upbringing and religious training that I had at home have never really departed. Both my father and my mother were Christian people, in the real sense of the word, and the tone of things can best be described by saying that in nearly eighty years no one has heard my mother say an unkind thing about anybody.

We were not asked whether we would like to go to church and chapel and Sunday-school; that was a thing that was decided for us, and although at times we were apt, in our later years, to rebel against the suggestion, we were not allowed to abandon the practice. I wish more parents to-day would insist on that sort of training, for, although when one reaches the age of eighteen one very often decides for oneself, it is important that the decision be taken in knowledge and not in ignorance.

Just prior to 1918 I had thought of becoming a parson, and had, in fact, started training to that end, but my service in the Army changed all that. There were certain other ways in which I could continue the work I had been doing among people with-

out taking the step of being ordained. It is easy enough to criticize parsons, but there are many of us who are incapable of doing their job efficiently, and ought, therefore, to try to help in a less important way as laymen.

When the War was over I joined what was then the very first beginnings of the Army Education Corps. It was an unusual arrangement; each one of us retained our regimental numerals and buttons, but we were attached to various regiments as education officers.

It was during this time that I took the special Army certificate which exempted me from matriculation, and though it is of apparently little importance, it did later, on demobilization, make it possible for me to take up one of the ex-Service courses. It was then that I had the opportunity to go to University College, Southampton (now the University of Southampton), and there I met Professor Cock.

Many things have been said and written about him, but no one can deny his dynamic personality, his unflinching faith in human nature, and his absolute determination to remove from education all those things that made it dull, unappetizing, and even unkind. To see him take a lesson was an experience not to be forgotten, and it would be right to say that there are thousands of men and women in this country who owe their present position to the inspiration of the "Little Man," as he was called.

Outside the lecture-room he was an unflinching source of friendship and social life. I remember that my first lessons in logic were taken sitting on the hearthrug in front of the fire in his study. What time he fidgeted with the fire with the aid of a long toasting-fork he expounded on Aristotle and the like.

Then, at a later stage, he invited me to go with him to Switzerland for a holiday, and in the party was Mrs Eveline Lowe, who later on became Chairman of the London County Council. One day I was sitting on a rock just above the Blau See, busily

engaged in feeding a goat with salt, when Mrs Lowe turned to me and said, "Young man, what are you going to do with your life?"

"I don't quite know," I replied.

"Why not go into Borstal?" she said.

And having passed it off with the usual jocular reply to such a question, I added, "Yes, I would like to think about it."

As a result she put me in touch with Alec Paterson.

Here again was a man of infinite vision and extraordinary ability. His influence upon the Prison and Borstal Services was immense. He came into it with boundless enthusiasm and a tremendous zeal for experiment. But most of all he had an unquenchable faith in the fact that if you trust people they do not, in the main, let you down. Of course, at the same time, he had the authority to put his opinions to the test, in spite of any opposition he encountered, and undoubtedly he became the complete antithesis of the popular idea of a Civil Servant. Security was the last thing he bothered about, and consequently one of the first things he achieved in the minds of the majority of young men whom he served. The 'open' prison system that exists to-day owes its beginning to Sir Alexander Paterson's vision in the nineteen-twenties, but even he would not subscribe to the view of some of the more modern people to-day who think that freedom and punishment are mutually exclusive. I have known the time when he was justifiably severe, and I think that is one of the things that made the rest possible.

It came as rather a shock to people, for example, to discover that he was not in favour of the abolition of capital punishment, and yet I never knew a man who took such infinite pains over the reformation of individuals.

I joined the Prison Service in 1922, and first went to Portland, which had just been converted from a prison to a Borstal institution. The people in it were no longer all old 'lags' but Borstal boys. It was a grim-looking place, as every one knows, and

yet it had a sort of rugged beauty about it by reason of the flower-beds and the lawns that rather set off the greyish-white stone. In the big halls there were still cells, and, stretched across the first landing, what used to be called the "suicide-netting." This was merely some strong wire netting that prevented people throwing themselves over the top balcony and crashing to the floor. It acted in much the same way as the net under the trapeze artists to-day. People who grumble about the present easing of conditions and the way the prisoners escape might consider whether an occasional escape is not a good alternative to the more frequent attempted suicide. At least it is something to think about.

Life in those days was extremely busy. Sometimes the work was hard and the hours were long, but there was a lot of good fun in it. It is strange that people who happen to be herded together for some reason or another will nearly always find something to give them mutual comfort, and there is no doubt about it that the most marvellous palliative is the sense of humour that crops up occasionally.

For instance, just imagine the parties marching out to labour on a grey morning. First of all on to parade, the roll check, and then the march past the tally-point. The marching tread of three to four hundred lusty young fellows aged about nineteen years, followed by the officer in charge of each party who, on reaching the tally-point, salutes the principal officer and does his cry of "Fifteen Party, thirty-two, sir," or whatever the number was in the Party. Presently along came the builders' party, who were going down the quarry to wheel stone; seventeen boys pushing their barrows in front of them, and at the end of the line an eighteenth, pulling his barrow behind him. The Deputy Governor, whose eagle eye very rarely missed anything, stood at the gate, and as the party passed he said, quite cheerily, "X, just as a matter of interest, why do you pull your barrow when every one else pushes his?"

“Well,” said the little cockney brightly, “I’ve been wheeling this barrow about for a month, and, to tell you the honest truth, I hate the sight of the b—— thing!”

On another occasion the Governor gave a talk in which he stressed the fact that the three things that enabled people to get on in life were courtesy, honesty, and work, and, “Let’s,” he said, “for the sake of convenience and because we don’t sound the H, remember the ‘C.O.W.’” Some weeks later we had some visitors, and an enthusiastic housemaster who was showing them round came across a young man toiling away in the cement-yard. As he passed, the housemaster said to the boy, “Well, you haven’t forgotten the old COW, have you?”

Like a flash came the answer, “No, sir. I heard from her this morning.”

Life wasn’t always fun, of course, and least of all in the days before benign autocracy supplanted pseudo-democratic government. At that time the Governor always was the Governor (and he was one of the finest Governors I ever served with), but there were things called Leaders’ Courts. Senior boys who were in charge of a group would meet together and deal with minor offences committed by other boys. A great many people think that self-government is a very good thing. They constantly ask why prefects should not have power to deal with other boys. My experience has taught me that it is a good thing that senior boys should have authority, but it is a bad thing when they have power to enforce that authority themselves. The interesting thing is that their punishments are very much more severe than any adult would dream of inflicting, and I for my part will have none of it. Mainly because of ignorance, young people are very much more inclined to be cruel than to be kind when they get power into their hands, unless they have been taught how to use it.

Usually in those days the discipline was very ordered and orderly, and if it had not been for some light relief I think

we should have all found it a good deal more trying than it was.

One of my happiest recollections of that part of my Service was the lovely Sunday afternoons when each housemaster or assistant took the house down on to the beach where we did everything from sleeping against a rock to paddling and catching all sorts of fish. Even that was not without its excitements, for I well remember a Sunday afternoon when one of our young men swallowed a dogfish alive as a result of an offer of two cigarettes if he would!

Those were the days when Borstal boys were dressed in brown for their first twelve months, until they achieved what was called Special Grade and their clothing was changed to blue. For some of those youngsters, getting their 'blue' was as great a triumph as it is in a university. It involved a good deal of effort, anyway.

In 1927 I was transferred to Wakefield Prison, where we used to have men who were sent from the surrounding prisons to serve sentences of six months and more. They were selected by the Governors of their own Prisons as being likely to respond to what was called the "Wakefield Experiment." There were very many educational classes and free-time activities.

The prison itself was a grim building situated, ironically, in Love Lane, which was bounded on one side by a factory and on the other by the railway. Even in those drab surroundings we managed to introduce flowers, gardens, animals, and birds. At one time I introduced an indoor aviary and a certain number of animals, including a baby fox, which had been completely lost and was unable to feed itself. The fact that it howled when the moon came up did not add to my reputation.

One day the Governor opened an address by saying, "Since Mr Joyce was transferred to this prison I have had reason to thank God that the elephant and giraffe are not indigenous to this country!"

I remained at Wakefield as a housemaster and education officer for about three years, and was then moved to Durham Prison, where I stayed only three months.

My next move was to take charge of the Boys' Prison at Wormwood Scrubs. This was a most interesting job. Upward of three thousand boys a year passed through that Prison, many of them *en route* for Borstal, and the work of Mrs Le Mesurier and her team of women workers was an outstanding contribution to what has now become axiomatic in the treatment of the young delinquent. I would commend to anyone who is interested the excellent book that Mrs Le Mesurier has written called *Boys in Trouble*. It reveals that many of the things that we now regard as 'new' approaches to the problem of delinquency were, in fact, in full-scale operation in 1930.

From Wormwood Scrubs I went to be Governor of Camp Hill Borstal Institution in the Isle of Wight, and there I remained for six years, until I became the first Governor of Hollesley Bay Colony, in Suffolk.

This was one of the experiments that we owe to Sir Alexander Paterson.

Hollesley Bay was an estate of 1400 acres, and we took it over from the London County Council in 1938. Mr Paterson (as he was then) asked me whether I would like to have a selection of the best of the Borstal boys chosen from other Institutions, or whether I would rather take with me some of the boys I had at Camp Hill at that time. I chose the latter, and two things stand out in my memory about it.

Obviously I could not take juniors, and equally clearly, if seniors liked to go then it meant that they would almost inevitably prolong the length of their sentences. One young man, having had this explained to him, decided to withdraw his application, but subsequently he buttonholed a Commissioner on his rounds and asked leave to restore his name to the list and to leave with the party for Hollesley Bay the following week.

I asked him afterwards, "What made you change your mind?" and the reply was an illuminating one.

He said, quite simply, "Well, I thought it over and I could not refuse the honour."

Those of us who went to Hollesley Bay in the first instance, both boys and staff, were volunteers, and we built up there an atmosphere that was almost unbelievable. Escapes were very few indeed, and during the early years we worked together with no arguments about overtime or anything of the sort. Everybody was prepared to give their own time and knowledge to the building of something that we felt was worth while, and I must say it was one of the happiest periods of my service.

So far as life in an Approved School is concerned my experience is limited to ten years in charge of the school where I am now. My wife and I often laugh about our coming here. It happened in this way.

While I was Governor of Hollesley Bay Colony we had, among the many visitors, a party of probation officer trainees who came for a week-end. They were in the care of Mr G. J. Morley Jacob, who is now the General Secretary of the London Police Court Mission.

You may like to know in passing that it is to the London Police Court Mission very largely that we owe our probation system, for in the early days the Mission used to maintain what were known as Missionaries. They were men with no special social training, but they had something that we ought not to lose sight of to-day; they had a Christian background, and they were men with a great zeal for helping people who were in trouble.

Anyhow, as I say, Mr Morley Jacob brought his charges down to us for the week-end. How extraordinarily things happen in life! Mr Morley Jacob caught a cold, and consequently could not return with his students on the Monday. Having had a day or two in bed, he was sitting in my drawing-room a night or two

later discussing our mutual interests in delinquents when suddenly he said, "The Mission is going to open an Approved School, and I should be glad to have any views of yours about it. If you can help us we shall be grateful."

So we fell to discussing this, that, and the other thing, including buildings, equipment, staff, and, most important of all, the actual training programme for the boys. Then he asked, "I wonder if you could put us on to the right man to be our first headmaster?"

I said, "I'll think about it and let you know," adding, at that time quite jocularly, "I might even apply myself."

Some considerable time later he came down again, and my wife always says that as the evening went on she became more and more bewildered. When Mr Morley Jacob had gone to bed she said to me, "Are we going to this new School?"

"Good gracious, no!" I exclaimed.

"Well, then," she said, "I think you had better say so, because you are giving the impression that you are thinking about it seriously." So we agreed that at the earliest opportunity I should make it clear that I was still wedded to my job in the Borstal Service and that any change was unlikely.

The next night the discussion continued, and when that session was over my wife said, "Well, I give it up! It is quite clear you are going."

I replied, "What on earth makes you think that?"

"Well, when you started again this evening you began by saying, 'If I were you I should do so and so. You could house so many boys here, you could house so many staff there, and you could make arrangements thus and thus.' Before you had been going twenty minutes you were saying, 'Yes, and I'll tell you what, *we* can build on to the end of the block there, and then *we* could move this and that. In fact, if *we* are careful . . .' and you went on like that with 'we' instead of 'you.'"

I had not realized it actually, but in point of fact I think it was

just the infectious enthusiasm of Mr Morley Jacob that really got inside me until I wanted to do something towards the new project.

So, ultimately, I resigned from the Prison Service, and on the 17th of July, 1941, I ceased to be the first Governor of Hollesley Bay Colony, and became the first Headmaster, of the Cotswold School.

3

What shall it be?

I AM not an expert on the treatment of boys before they arrive at an Approved School. There are a number of books on the subject, and I have made a note of these in the appendix for those who would care to know more about court procedure, the methods of probation, psychiatric treatment, hostels, and homes. But I feel compelled to make certain general observations arising out of discussions I have had with boys who have been through those various channels.

What is a boy's reaction to the modern Juvenile Court, for example? Every one to-day is aware that things have been eased in many ways, and the court is no longer the fearsome place that once it was. It does need saying, however, that it is possible to go too far in this direction, and magistrates who make their kindness appear to be what the boys would call 'sloppiness' are doing the boys no service at all.

Many boys are inclined to regard a Juvenile Court as nothing at all to worry about; on the other hand, there are occasions when some boys feel that the court is not fair. Now, that must seem strange in view of the fact that it is so much more understanding than it was, but it can be illustrated by an incident which occurred in my School on the occasion of the visit of a bench of magistrates. The chairman was talking to a boy of fifteen, and, among other things, he said, "Do you think courts are fair?"

"No, sir, they are not," replied the boy.

"What?" said the chairman. "I thought we were much

fairer than we used to be as far as you are concerned. Why do you think we are unfair?"

"Well," said the boy, "when I went up to court I expected to be punished for what I had done wrong, but when I got there a lady called me up to the table, and she said, 'Now, John, sit down and tell us all about it, because we should like to help you.' So I told her everything about it, including some things I had not told the police, and then, blimey, she gave me three years. That's not right, is it?"

From the boy's point of view that information had been obtained by false pretences, and, whether we like it or not, we ought to stop projecting into young people what we think they ought to think instead of listening to what they *do* think in fact.

On the other hand, one of my boys appeared before a Juvenile Court and was sent on remand in custody to Wormwood Scrubs. He subsequently wrote to the magistrate who had sent him there thanking him for what he called "a taste of what could happen" and saying how much more it made him appreciate the opportunity in an Approved School.

The boys do not, on the whole, remember very much of the chairman of the court or of his homily. They argue that they would much rather be told as bluntly as possible what the answer is. One boy said, rather pathetically, "I do wish that they would either punish or talk, but not do both."

I wish it were possible for the magistrates to divide their functions much more clearly. It can be argued that this is not possible, but I should like to rewrite that and say not possible *at present*. I should like to see firstly the magistrate sitting as a judge. I should restore all the panoply of the Law, including the dais, the Royal Coat of Arms, and the usher's "Silence! Their Worships." I should, moreover, have the policemen in uniform without exception. I am always amazed when I go to a court and the policeman appears in mufti. The boy, he, and I all sit in a room together for half an hour or so, and then, suddenly, the

policeman gets up, removes his tunic, and moves to the door. Sometimes the boy will ask, "Is he going home now?" and I say, "No, we are just going into court." And to the boy's astonishment the policeman reappears wearing a tweed jacket instead of his tunic, and into court we go. (Precisely what value that little bit of play acting has is, to say the least of it, obscure.)

Having sat as judges and been extremely formal, and even sharply severe, I would like to see the magistrates repair to their room, and then, and then only, unbend and become the very natural mothers and fathers that most of them are. It is then that I think they should use the boy's Christian name, if they use it at all, and it is then that they can express their sorrow and their hope. But in my opinion there is no virtue in doing that in open court, for I would submit, with great respect, that it is very often misunderstood and frequently gives rise to a feeling of frustration, both on the part of the boy and of his parents.

I feel that the powers of the Juvenile Court could be increased without injury to any of the people who appear before them. On the vexed question of corporal punishment, I believe that it would be a good thing if magistrates had the power to authorize the immediate administration of it, precisely as it is done in a School. I am not in favour of the re-introduction of the official birching for juveniles, but I am persuaded that in some cases it would be a good thing if the punishment could be exemplary, apparent, and immediate. Some people may argue that the wrong kind of magistrate would misuse the power, to which my answer would be, "Why appoint the wrong kind of magistrate, or why retain him?" It would seem to me that if their judgment is as poor as that suggestion implies, then they ought not to have the authority to send the boy away from home for three years. If that is done unfairly or unreasonably it will leave a much more lasting sense of bitterness than a mistake made in something less important.

On the general question of corporal punishment, I hope that

we shall one day find a better way, but we have not found it yet, and in the meantime I think there is abundant evidence to show that it is a deterrent in the best possible use of that word. I shall cease to believe in the deterrent effect of physical violence when I see little men hitting big ones.

While we are discussing the matter of courts there is one thing I think does need to be said. Magistrates have a very difficult job indeed, and I am sure many of them must wonder sometimes how far their decision has been right. I can only say that I have yet to come across a boy whose committal to an Approved School was an error. Sometimes the public is misled because they see that a boy has been sent to an Approved School after committing only one offence, but before people begin to criticize they should get hold of the true facts. For example, the commission of one offence often brings to light various circumstances that give clear indication of the need for the immediate removal of the offender from an unsatisfactory environment.

Probation can be misused if it is applied too automatically. A tremendous number of parents in this country are under the impression that the magistrates have no right to send a boy away if it is his first appearance in court. Recently a mother complained most bitterly to me about the unfairness of the bench. She said, "It is like their b——y cheek. They've got no right to send him away for a first offence."

"But, Mrs X," I said, "when your son appeared before the court on this charge there were eighteen cases of housebreaking taken into consideration!"

Her reply was illuminating. She said, "What the hell has that got to do with it? It was his first appearance in court, and he is entitled to probation."

I think on occasion it would be wise in an area where crime is on the increase if the magistrates could make it abundantly clear that the law of having 'one free bite' is not a law at all, but a mere figment of the imagination.

The relationship of the boy with his probation officer is in most cases an admirable one. I cannot subscribe at all to the view that has been expressed that there is a feeling of resentment between them. If you were to see the joy with which a visiting probation officer is welcomed by the boy or boys whom he brought to the School, it would leave you in no doubt at all as to the excellence of the work that the Probation Service is doing. Most probation officers are quite genuinely looked upon as family friends, and where this is not so it is generally due to a clash of personalities that just cannot be helped.

I always think it is unfair that when a boy is committed to an Approved School it should be regarded as a failure of the probation system. It is almost always a failure of the delinquent, and far too often people are inclined to say, "Look at the number of boys who have been on probation and are then sent to Approved Schools." The population of Approved Schools and Borstal Institutions are made up, for the most part, of people who have already shown signs of criminal tendencies. I should regard it as more surprising if the Approved Schools were full of people who had never been on probation.

The failure is very frequently due to the fact that the probation officer does not get the support of the parents in anything like the measure to which he is entitled. And the second thing is that far too often the probation officer has to look after so many boys that it is almost impossible for him to give them the individual attention that was envisaged by the Probation Act and by the magistrates who make the probation order.

There is much to be said about the place of psychiatry in the treatment of crime. The good psychiatrist is of inestimable worth and his work of great value, but many people to-day misunderstand the purpose of this comparatively new art, and have come to look upon it as an exact science, expecting it to work miracles.

Far too many courts refer boys for a psychiatric report when

there is no need for one, and a result of this is that instead of the psychiatrist having time to deal with the genuine cases, he is overloaded with people who do not need his attention, and thereby prevented from dealing adequately with the people who really want him. Many psychiatrists are so overwhelmed by persistent demands for diagnosis that they have little or no time for treatment.

I regard the psychiatrist as comparable, in the mental world, to the surgeon in the physical sphere. Not every one who has a pain in his stomach is thrown on to the operating-table forthwith and cut open; if he were, then a surgeon would operate on twenty people who had no need of his skill, and the twenty-first would die of a perforated appendix. We must be equally reasonable with the psychiatrist, and give him a fair chance.

I think that the 'general practitioner,' so to speak, in the social field ought to be able to give a preliminary diagnosis, and in most cases provide the treatment that will effect a cure. It is only when the general practitioner is bewildered that he should refer to the specialist.

Why is it that people imagine that a boy who to-day is an ordinary boy becomes a different person altogether to-morrow because in the interval he has stolen something? Sometimes, and in my opinion in the majority of cases, these boys get into trouble not in ignorance, nor by default, nor by reason of some mental disturbance, but because they have decided that if you want a thing then you must take it.

I refer something like 3 per cent. of my boys to the psychiatrist, but the rest I regard as being as normal as normal people are. There are many occasions on which a boy steals a cigarette because he wants to smoke, and not because his mother was beaten over the head with a cigarette-box while she was carrying him.

People must stop regarding psychiatry as the science that excuses you for what you have done wrong and give it its fair

place in the field of investigation, research, and treatment that it so rightly and properly deserves.

In some cases the psychiatrists themselves must accept the responsibility for the use of unintelligible jargon which the layman finds extremely irritating because it is so unnecessary. (I have an American friend who no longer believes in corporal punishment, but is very much in favour of a certain amount of physiotherapy with the cane!)

As far as the boys are concerned, they talk quite freely about their interviews with the psychiatrist or the psychiatric social worker, and very often they describe it by saying, ". . . and then I went and had my brains tested."

The Senior Courts are, in the main, extremely dignified and, I think, marvellously run. I hope we shall never depart from many of the old traditions. I do not agree with the people who think that the Assize Judge would do his work better if he were to sit in a sports-coat and flannel trousers.

There are times, of course, when it may seem tedious to laymen, but the apparent slowness is due to the innumerable safeguards that are provided for the unwary. The swearing in of a Jury is a good example. It seems to go on interminably. The charge to the Jury runs thus: "Members of the Jury, you shall well and truly try and true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar, whom you shall have in charge, and shall true verdict give according to the evidence, so help you God."

The story has been told of one Assize at which the members of the Jury were being sworn in by a somewhat irascible Clerk of Assize. When he reached number five it was discovered that the man was a Jew. He was, moreover, a Jew without a hat. His religious persuasion, therefore, not being obvious, the usher had not provided an Old Testament. Much to the Clerk's annoyance the Old Testament and a hat had to be sent for, and this held up the proceedings for some time. When it came to

the charge to the Jury it was clear that the learned Clerk thought he had wasted quite enough time and his charge, therefore, surprised every one by being in the following form:

“Members of the Jury, you shall well and truly try and true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar whom you shall have in charge, and shall true verdict give according to the evidence, so help you in eleven cases God and one Jehovah!”

It was always a matter of great concern to a prisoner appearing before a certain deputy chairman of sessions as to what sort of people were on the bench with him. The reason for this was that he always consulted his colleagues as to the sentence, and on a piece of paper would write laboriously and in a large hand “WHAT DO YOU THINK?” This note he would pass along to his colleagues on the right, and, having got it back, pass it to his colleagues on the left. The second time it was returned, his brow furrowed and his finger ran up and down the list—as though he was doing an account. He was, in fact, adding up the full total of everything suggested, ranging from six months’ hard labour, in the case of a sentimental lady, to the ten years’ penal servitude from the well-meaning, public-spirited Colonel Blimp, who thought that nothing less was appropriate. This fearsome total would reach something in the region of thirty-six years’ imprisonment, and he would then turn his hawk-like eye left and right and count the number of subscribers. Round the first total would go a bracket, and in front of it a divisor, the prisoner in the dock ultimately collecting the quotient.

I have very sincere admiration for all the people who are prepared to give their time, irrespective of their social or financial position, to doing a job of work that is arduous and often heart-breaking. Many people have criticized Lay Justices, but this is abundantly clear; they are absolutely honest, “indifferent” in the right sense of that word, and, in spite of human frailty, their decisions are more merciful than just.

4

How does it happen?

THE idea is growing to-day that people go wrong because they haven't any background of moral training to stop them. But it is not easy to give moral training to some one who has probably had a sort of anti-moral training for many years. Now when I say anti-moral I don't mean necessarily that he has lived in a world where there were no principles or no love, but these principles may have been provided very erratically—and, indeed, so may the love. In some cases there has been very little of either, and, what is more difficult, the principles may have been laid down by people whom the boy did not care much about and the lack of principles displayed most clearly by the people he loved. When that happens you are much more likely to follow the person you love than the person you do not like.

We ought to be clear about the causes of crime. Many mothers may be surprised and offended when I say that every child is born with criminal tendencies, and unless some moral training is brought into the picture quite early in its life it is much easier for it to become a criminal than to become an honest person. Every one is born with a thing called desire. It is an entirely natural thing, and it does not leave us, moreover, as we get older. Let us take a simple example; supposing we were in a room and I took off my watch. It might be that you had no watch, and so one of your reactions at the sight of mine would be, I wish I had a watch like that. There is desire, and the desire has nothing wrong about it. *But now let us suppose that every*

one else goes out of the room except you! There is then added to the desire a second constituent called opportunity, and where you have desire and opportunity coincident you will have crime unless there is a moral background. Of course, in your case you would run after me and say, "Mr Joyce, you have left your watch." But if you had no moral background you would say, "Here is my chance," and you would take it.

It is rather like the small boy who stood outside a greengrocer's shop looking longingly at a tray of oranges. Presently the greengrocer came out and said, "You clear off. I know what you are trying to do. You are trying to steal one of my oranges." And the boy replied, "No, sir! please, sir! I am trying *not* to."

There are thousands of boys and girls to-day who are being brought up without any moral training at all, and who, therefore, come to believe that 'I want' and 'I take' are the same verb; but before we go on to blame these children entirely hadn't we better admit that they are being brought up in a society that is much less honest than it ever was before? The multitude of regulations, the persistent shortages, and all the other things that lead to what we have now come to recognize by the loose phrase "the Black Market" all tend to militate against giving the youngsters any definite moral standard.

It can be very difficult, for example, for a boy when this sort of situation arises. Just after the War ended a father sat in my study haranguing his son along the following lines: "Why on earth don't you stop messing about and lead an honest life as *I* have done? Look at the example *I* have always set you and you don't try to follow it. Besides," he added, "haven't you got any gratitude? All last year didn't I pay eight shillings a gallon for petrol to come and visit you?"

When he had gone the boy turned to me and said, "Hark at that! Why don't I be honest like he is!"

And yet I am quite sure that that father meant every word he said.

During the War, and since, have you ever gone into a shop where a young girl stands behind the counter, and the conversation goes something like this, "Good morning. Have you any of my cigarettes?"

"No, sir, I'm sorry. We haven't anything in the place except Turkish."

Five minutes later some one else walks in, and from under the counter the girl produces some Virginian cigarettes. Oh, of course it's all right! We all understand that the first statement is only a fiction accepted by shopkeeper and customer alike. But what worries me is this; supposing that evening the till is a pound short, and when Father asks, "Have you taken a pound out of the till?" the girl says, "What, *me*? Certainly not." If presently Father discovers that in fact she has taken it, and says to her, "Now, don't you tell me lies," I think he would be very surprised if the girl turned round and said, "Well, I like that! You have been paying me to tell lies to everybody all day, and now you want to get hoity-toity because I tell one to you."

In the past men have always said, "Boys aren't what they were when *I* was a boy." But to-day I want to say, "*Adults* aren't what they were when I was a boy." When I was young grown-up people used, in the main, to set a good example, but to-day I should say this is not so true. Perhaps my contemporaries will agree that in our youth black was black and white was white, but it is worth considering how many shades of grey there are to-day.

People get on a train without a ticket, and they tell the ticket collector that they only got on one station back or they deliberately travel first with a third-class ticket. There seems to be a widespread opinion that railways and bus companies are like the Government, and if you can do them down so much the better! In connexion with the Customs or Income Tax there are a lot of people who say, "Well! the Government gets all it

can out of me, so I do not see why I should not make a bit out of it if I can." And then, the hardy old annual, "Well! I don't see what else you can do: everybody's doing it."

Then again, we do make such a fuss about people who steal money. But how about the people who steal time, who steal reputations and affection? Is it unfair to suggest that a great many of us are not quite as careful about the stealing of reputations as we should be about stealing material things? People make agreements and do not keep them, or undertake to do a job to the best of their ability, inwardly adding such phrases as 'as long as somebody is looking,' or 'as long as I think *I'm* getting a square deal.'

Just consider for one moment the number of things that would have caused much heart-burning when we were young, but which to-day are regarded as commonplace. Pilfering on the railways is one outstanding example, and so is the general attitude towards other people's property and other people's bodies. In so many ways to-day we are in the position of the boy who was taken to task by his probation officer. The officer concluded by saying, "You know, George, this is the third time this year that you have been taken to court. My dear boy, don't you know what good, honest, behaviour is?" And the boy said, "No, sir, *what good is it?*"

After all, honesty is not the best policy unless you believe in a hereafter, and there is little use in the repeated precept unless somewhere in the picture there is also a consistent example.

There is another thing: we have got into the habit of using euphemisms for ugly things. Will you just think for a moment how loth people are to use the word *criminal*—'delinquent' does not sound quite so bad. In the First World War men would have been horrified if they had been described as thieves, because, of course, they did not steal things; they 'scrounged' a little, and they 'won' things here and there, but that was not the same

thing as stealing! In the last War this was developed a little farther, and one soldier looking at another was heard to say, "That's a nice coat. Where did you liberate that?"

Similarly, I feel that it would be a good thing if the Press would stop glamourizing the word 'cosh.' People who carry pieces of iron pipe for the purpose of hitting a defenceless woman on the head are in a category that can be called by many very unpleasant names, and it is a great pity that youngsters should think it rather 'clever' or 'smart' to carry a cosh.

All the time I believe we are making it more difficult for the youngsters who are growing up. Let us start calling things what they are, and at least then we shall be somewhere on the road to recognizing them for what they are.

Then, again, we have removed a tremendous lot of help that used to come from various sources. I have no desire to go back to the days when the doctrine of hell-fire was preached, but I think we ought to be clear as to what we are doing in this matter. We have taken away the fear of hell-fire, *but what have we put in its place?* We have taken away the fear of the policeman and the Law. This again may be a good thing, *but what have we put in its place?* It is somewhat fashionable to-day to sneer at the exponents of corporal punishment. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is, we are told quite frequently, outmoded. Nevertheless, it cannot be disputed that whatever other results it may have, or it may be alleged to have, it certainly acts as a deterrent. I should abolish corporal punishment only if I were quite sure that we had found a better way, that is applicable in all cases. I find myself in no disagreement with the writer who said, "Those who cannot be persuaded by reason must be compelled by force." Let us abolish it by all means, *if we can find something to put in its place.*

First among the causes of crime I should place the unhappy home. In fact, I would go so far as to say that in all the years I have been in contact with criminals I have never yet met one

who came from a happy home. But home life to-day is very different from what it was when we were small.

In 1913 there were approximately five hundred divorces in the country; in 1947 there were upward of sixty thousand. I am not expressing any opinion about the rights and wrongs of divorce, but whatever one's views are about it, the fact remains that divorce is a sign of unhappiness in a home, and that is bound to have a repercussion on the people who live in it—especially upon the children.

I do want to make it very, very clear that I am not despondent about the youth of to-day. I think that *at root* they are as good as ever they were, but they do need a background of security and moral training. I have as much faith in youth as I have in the Brigade of Guards. But it should be added that my confidence in the latter would be severely shaken if they abandoned early training, reasonable discipline, and pride in tradition. Equally, if the young people of this country could be given those three things the response would be really positive; but we had better not blind ourselves to the fact that if we do not provide these essentials we cannot expect to get the same results automatically.

If our country is to regain the good name that once she had the community as a whole must take some responsibility for the standards that it is setting for those who are growing up.

Many years ago in a hotel at the top of a very lonely pass in Switzerland a friend and I dropped in for the night. At breakfast the following morning my friend said to me, "Can you lend me some money?"

"No," I said. "I thought you had plenty with you."

We sent for the proprietor, and my friend said to him, "Will you take a cheque?" "Certainly, sir," was his immediate reply.

Just before we left we saw the proprietor again, and my friend said, "Do tell me something as a matter of interest. You have never seen me or my companion before; why are you so ready to take a cheque?"

“Come,” said the little man, “I will show.”

He took us across to the bureau, opened a drawer, and there, just inside, were about fifteen cheques that had not yet been presented. Then he said, “I have been in this hotel for fifteen years, and I have’ never had an Englishman’s cheque dishonoured.”

The Cotswold Experiment

WE started the Cotswold School in July 1941. The War was going on, and there was a shortage of almost everything, with the exception of delinquents. The first year was a real battle. It would be impossible for me to over-rate the sympathetic and kind help that was given to us in the early days by the managers and by the Home Office inspectors. The staff who came to us in those early days were absolute Trojans too.

We took over what was virtually a farm. The mud was ankle-deep, and we had to improvise in every sort of way. Cooking was done in what was a laundry-room. You can imagine the sort of thing that went on. Tea brewed in a copper, an attempt to cook joints on an old Army stove, then the carrying of the food across a muddy farm road into a long room. The meal over, the carting of all the crockery back again, and the attempt to wash it up, very often in water that was, by this time, lukewarm. It was tremendous fun in many ways, but there is no doubt about it that, as I have said in an earlier chapter, only the common bond uniting us all made life possible.

When the London Police Court Mission took over the school it was necessary to keep the farm running until our first receptions were sent here.

Consequently we had sixteen boys from Kingswood Training School, who were transferred here primarily in order to help us out. They were preceded by some Borstal Boys from Usk. They came up with one of their housemasters, and once again

enabled us to keep the farm and the garden running until the day when our first genuine "Cotswold" boy arrived.

I have said that we took over what was virtually a farm; but there is more about it than that. Years ago it had been nothing but a farm, but just before the War it had been taken over by some people known as the Society of Brothers (Brudershof), who had farmed and lived on a community basis. When we arrived we found an old barn, the upper part of which had been converted most beautifully into an assembly hall. The lower half, however, was full of empty bottles and dirt, and our first job was to clean this out and turn it into our Chapel. The other buildings round the quadrangle were turned into flats and offices.

Round a second quadrangle were three separate houses made up of some twenty individual rooms, but before they could be occupied we had to bring the standards of plumbing and sanitation up to that required by the Secretary of State. This was all done by contract, which meant that for the first two years or more we were in a constant state of change, and always in a maelstrom of bricks and mortar and builders' paraphernalia.

Normally the School takes one hundred and fifty boys who live in the three houses. Each house has dormitories, a noisy recreation-room—that lives up to its name for the most part—a quiet recreation-room, bathrooms and lavatories, housemaster's office, etc.

The dormitories are small, no room has more than six beds, and most of them hold only three or four. I hate big dormitories, and people who are in favour of them might ask themselves how often they go into a hotel and ask to share a room with five other people, none of whom they have met before. If they don't do this, I think they might ask themselves why, and then a third question: 'If this is not what I want why do I suppose it is a good thing for other people?'

There is no doubt that there are some people who like to be

alone in order to be quiet or to read, and there is much to be said for the point of view of the young curate who, when asked by the Bishop at a Diocesan Conference whether he had enjoyed it, replied, "No, my lord, I haven't enjoyed it. I think the clergy are rather like manure; spread over a large area, most effective; but in the mass rather offensive."

The three Houses are named after St Andrew, St David, and St George, and the most important thing about them is that they are so different. Each housemaster is given complete autonomy, and within his own sphere he is exactly what the title implies: Master of the House. How he runs the house is his affair, subject only to the overriding consideration that he must not cut across the general rules of the School, thereby causing unnecessary friction or hardship.

In one house, for example, the routine is quite clearly defined. You get up at a given time, you go to meals, you wash, you play games, and you go to bed—all according to a time-table to which you are expected to adhere reasonably firmly. To put it quite shortly, you do as you are told, and life becomes a very ordered and secure sort of existence.

In another house the atmosphere is like any reasonably well run club. It is rather less spartan in its furnishings and in its discipline. Things are done much more by suggestion and request, and there is a good deal more freedom of movement. In this house it would be much truer to describe the housemaster's room as a study rather than an office, and perhaps that will convey to you the essential difference.

The third house is different again. It has an atmosphere of considerable freedom which would appear on the surface to amount almost to *laissez-faire*. The boys are very happy for the most part, but every now and again they do need riding on the curb for a week until they can be reharnessed with a snaffle.

Why should the houses be so different, and what is the purpose of the various atmospheres? It is because we need to cater for

so many different types of boys. When a boy arrives at the School I see him, and after some discussion I allocate him to the house-master who would best meet his particular needs. Here is a boy who has done as he likes for the past few years, and to whom discipline of any sort is complete anathema; it is necessary, as part of his early training, that he shall learn to do as he is told. Conversely, a boy who has lived his past life in institutions or surroundings where life has always been ordered for him may need, as part of his training, both the opportunity to do wrong and be corrected and the opportunity to stand on his own feet and learn to make decisions for himself. After all, boys are so different, and what would suit one would not suit the other. One or two examples will serve to illustrate what I mean.

On one occasion a brace of twins arrived in my study. One pair were called Peter and John, but for some reason or other in the School they were always known as Peep and Jeep. They were charged with stealing a harmonium, and at this first interview with them I asked them about it.

“Can you play a harmonium, Peter?”

“No, sir.”

“Can you, John?”

“No, sir.”

“Then do tell me, why did you steal one?”

At this question an absolutely beatific smile spread over John's face as he said, “Well, you see, we thought Mum could, so we took it home to see.”

They were a charming pair, with not an atom of vice between them, and apparently the reason for their being sent to the School was that the conditions in which they were living were not conducive to a very happy future.

It is ten years since they were with us, and I should like you to know that they have both earned a reputation of first-class order. When they were called up for military service the employer wrote to me, and said, “I have never had such good-

mannered and such hard-working boys in my life, and if you have any more like them, will you please send them along."

On the other hand, of course, George and Len were made of sterner stuff. They were sent to the School because they had strapped a railway-sleeper to a main line, and both had been examined at great length to discover what had led them to do such a dastardly thing. Various reasons were advanced, but once again when they arrived I asked the simple question, "Can you tell me quite simply why you did it?"

"Yes," answered George, "I can, and it is nothing very clever or difficult. Len said to me, 'I bet an express would cut one of those in two,' and I said, 'I bet you it wouldn't.' So, of course, we put one on the line to see."

Of the two, George had the greater perspicacity, and he really enjoyed life. Very often his cheekiness came perilously near impertinence, but it was never meant that way. I remember in Hall one night, talking about the school and saying, "I wish you chaps would get it clear that it is *our* School. They are not *my* lawns, they are *our* lawns. If you break a window you have not broken *my* window. If you spoil things in the School or if you give the public a bad impression it is not a matter that reacts on you only, or upon me only, but on us all. The responsibility is *ours*. And finally, *I* cannot make the spirit of the School what it ought to be. It is not my spirit, it is not yours, it is *ours*."

When Hall was over it was George who came up to me and said, "I think that was a very good talk." I replied, "Thank you," whereupon he added, "I suppose you would not like to give me one of *our* cigarettes?" I retorted, "I will, if you will give me one of our sixpences!" "There," said George, "I knew there was a catch in it." And then, as he looked out of the window, he saw my wife crossing the quadrangle, and, with a very perky smile, he said, "Never mind—I will go and take *our* wife home."

Sometimes a boy will want to change his house or we may

regard it as desirable that he should. There is no difficulty about this, and we do make changes whenever necessary.

People do not always react in the same way, and it is one of the things which makes me doubt the value of too much paper work. It is no good talking about 'cases.' They are individuals, and, of course, they react as differently as you and I would to the person and environment with which we are confronted.

The best example I can give of this is of a boy who was sent to the School with a report which said that he was violent, belligerent, and aggressive.

I must say that when he first came into my study I believed every word of it. He scowled, he would not smile, and not once during the interview did he add the word 'sir' to any of his answers. After I had been talking to him for some little time, I said, "Now, George, are there any questions that you would like to ask me?" and the following dialogue took place.

"Do they make you box here?"

"No."

"Do they bowl at your legs to make you learn to bat?"

"No."

"Do they shove you around?"

"No."

"Do they push you into the swimming-bath to make you learn to swim?"

"No," I said. "And there are two good reasons for that. The first is that we have not got a swimming-bath, and the second is that I would not allow it in any case. I cannot swim for the very reason that when I was young I was pushed into water out of my depth, and, as a result, I am an absolute coward where water is concerned."

The result of that remark was quite electrical. George got out of the chair, and said, "What did you say?" and I said, "That is why I am a coward where water is concerned."

"But," he asked, "don't you mind saying you are a coward?"

I replied, "What is the use? I am, so I might as well admit it."

"But," he said, with great vehemence, "I thought that was a thing you should never say."

Then I paused for a moment before saying, "What is all this business of being pushed arōund, made to box, bowling at your legs, and so on?"

And he replied, "That happened to me somewhere else, and if anybody wants to look for trouble then they can have it."

What was interesting was that we had no trouble at all with that boy for the most part, and people often used to say that they could not understand how it was that such a nice boy could be in an Approved School. It is only fair to say, of course, that the "nice" boy was not sent to an Approved School. At home he was all the things that he had been described as, and in an environment where he feared physical correction he took the initiative in order to make it clear that he was not as afraid as, in fact, he really was.

As I say, human beings react so differently in different environments that sometimes I wonder whether people who regard an employee as surly and un-co-operative would find any change if they on their part were to observe a little more courtesy and friendliness.

Up to the age of fifteen boys are in the schoolroom full time. Their educational programme is very much like any other secondary modern school, except that it also includes pure ethics.

I do not suppose for a moment that any one of our boys would know anything about Aristotle, but it is upon his works that their ethics lessons are based, and I am indebted to the late Professor Cock, who devised the scheme and who gave me permission to use it. I am sorry to say that the scheme is not always in use owing to changes in staff, but when it is we use a shortened syllabus abstracted from the main scheme, which is as follows:¹

¹ This scheme has appeared in *Moral Foundations of Citizenship*, edited by M. A. Pink (University of London Press, 1952).

AIM: To exhibit the general principles of conduct, public and private, which govern a happy community in its work and play.

CONTENT

THEME 1: The notion of an End and of a Supreme End. Illustrations from every activity known to the boys, their own and and their parents'. We do everything for a reason—*i.e.*, all activities are Ends.

THEME 2. The System of Values. Everything we do is worth while—*i.e.*, has value—at the time we do it. Different kinds of values—physical, economic, ethical, æsthetic, religious. In the Good Life all values are represented and realized to some extent.

THEME 3. Problem of Punishment:

1. Reason for punishment.
2. Offences punishable by the State.
3. Offences not punishable by the State but by public opinion and conscience.
4. Purpose of punishment. To restrain, reprove, improve, warn. Correction is ultimately self-correction.

THEME 4. Problem of Vocation. Is the "job" a vocation?

1. What "vocation" means: a calling. Who calls? Am I called to this or that vocation?
2. The obligation or fulfilment of vocation. (Arises privately and is so treated.)
3. Are there special vocations requiring special gifts and a special call? *E.g.*, The ministry, nursing, medicine, law, teaching, discovery.

THEME 5. The Right Use of Leisure.

This is a general deduction from preceding themes, and is finally best exemplified in appreciation of music, literature, the arts, nature. Happiness as the pursuit of the Good, the True, the Beautiful.

It will be understood that in the ethics class there will be no instruction in the generally accepted meaning of the word, but

the Socratic method must be employed, and the class will function more or less as a discussion group, the teacher acting as the leader or chairman. Each boy is expected to contribute something, and proposed solutions—even those agreed by every member of the class—must always be regarded as tentative. It is helpful if the conclusions arrived at are entered in note-books.

I have made special mention of this ethical teaching because sometimes people say, "It is not possible to do this with boys of *our* type." Fortunately this is no longer a matter of opinion, for it has been done with them. I have taken part in this instruction in the form set out with boys in a slum school, boys and girls in a mixed class in an orphanage, in elementary schools in the town and the country, with public school boys, and with boys undergoing Borstal training.

The question of the co-ordination of ethics and religion arises automatically during the discussion on happiness; the religious aspect of life is invariably brought into the discussion by members of the class. Many priests and ministers (including those of the Roman Catholic Church, the Church of England, and the Methodist Church) have acknowledged their indebtedness to the ethics lesson as a means of arousing in boys and girls an interest in religion, to which hitherto they have appeared to be rather indifferent.

I would earnestly recommend to the teaching profession a study of this scheme and its use. It has proved to be a wonderful success, both in its stimulation of interest among children and in its effect upon their living.

The general education, of course, is not entirely formal; among the many extramural activities that the boys have undertaken have been the following:

1. A survey of the wool industry of the Cotswolds.
2. A complete survey of the School Farm and its produce and disposal.
3. A survey of the Thames-Severn Canal that at one time ran

through the Cotswolds, but which, unhappily, is now derelict.

4. As an exercise of mensuration, handwork, and art combined, one of the groups has made a scale model of the School which is accurate in every detail.

I only mention these things in order to show that the academic is not divorced from the practical experiments, and some of the work is of a very high order indeed.

When a boy is fifteen he leaves the schoolroom and goes to work in one of the departments of the School. He may choose from the following: Farm, Garden, Builders, Carpenters, Engineers, Shoemakers' Shop.

Clearly he must wait until there is a vacancy in the department of his choice, but we now come to a rather important part of this industrial training. He may change his job once a month by written application, which must be endorsed by the head of the department the boy wishes to leave and also by the head of the department to which he wishes to go. When the time comes that he chooses a department that he has already experienced he can not change again, because he has now chosen in knowledge and not in ignorance of what he is undertaking.

We cannot claim here to have anything like the high standard of formal trade training that exists in many other schools. It is a very practical business here because we have an estate to maintain—there are three hundred and fifty acres of it—and there are all the jobs that run concurrently with the maintenance of old buildings and the erection of new ones. To take an example, our new library was erected, decorated, heated, and lighted by the builders', carpenters', and engineers' parties working in very happy harmony. The net result of the work is a building that is worth at least £2000. Similarly, the shoemakers not only do all the School repairs but they undertake outside contracts on a business footing, and they make boots, shoes, and all manner of leather goods; they even make their own footballs.

The farm has all the necessities for people who want to learn how to farm properly, including tractors, horses, and a pedigree, attested T.T. Shorthorn herd, and the gardens produce much more than we ever need for ourselves, and a large profit is made from outside sales.

All these things are only secondary to the moral influence that any member of staff has on the boy himself, and this must always take precedence over the industrial and academic training. That is why sometimes a boy will lose a job that he loves most and have to be for some time on another job, so that he may learn that skill at a particular trade or occupation is not the criterion of good living: we have no use at all for a clever engineer who is not honest.

If I had a boy who was capable of sitting for his General Certificate of Education and it involved putting him into lodgings for a week I would not let him go unless he could be trusted to behave reasonably during that period. This may sound very hard, but he *must* learn that first things *are* first, and in some cases the lesson is learnt very hardly indeed.

It is axiomatic, of course, that where there are no walls to hold people they must be held by interest, and it is for that reason that in the School we have no less than thirty-eight club sessions in every week.

Recreation time is used by the boys for such activities as they themselves choose, and the list of clubs which follows will indicate the nature and the breadth of the interests for which we try to cater. Here I must acknowledge with gratitude the fact that many members of the staff are always ready to give voluntary work, and it is because of the enthusiasm of the club leaders that the clubs themselves flourish as they do.

Whenever a member of staff has an absorbing hobby or interest he always gets a large following, and at the time that I am writing this nearly two-thirds of the School play chess. If we have a member of staff who is interested in good music he

attracts a considerable following. There is in this, of course, a lesson for the ordinary clubs and classes in the world outside, but I feel sure it need not be amplified by me.

There is one other feature of the School that I regard as of great importance. Boys are allowed to keep individual pets, and there is a piece of land of about three-quarters of an acre, including a stream and a pond, which we call St Francis' Corner. Here things live wild and naturally together. Geese, bantams, chickens, rabbits, guinea pigs, swans, all live amicably within the compound, and there are few prettier sights than to see the rabbits suddenly come out in the evening with their new families or one of the bantam hens appear for the first time with her brood of chicks.

The rabbits themselves will come up to the wire to greet visitors, always in the hope that they may beg a crust or something of the kind. Apart from its æsthetic value it has one other of great importance; it does at least get across to boys what is inherent in the remark, "There is a rabbit, *don't* throw a brick at it."

Boys are allowed to have a visit from their parents once a month. On the first visit the parents are expected to come to the School in order that we may meet them and that they may know something about us and the School itself. On subsequent visits the boy is allowed to go out with his parents for the day.

The following reception letter is sent out to every parent within twenty-four hours of the boy's arrival, and I include it here because it may indicate to the reader not only the factual things that exist, but also may show the spirit in which we try to provide them.

C. A. JOYCE,
HEADMASTER.



THE COTSWOLD SCHOOL,
ASHTON KEYNES,
NEAR SWINDON,
WILTS.

.....19..

Dear.....

Your son has arrived here safely, and the first thing that I want to ask is that I may have your help and co-operation in the training that is to be given to him. If in your letters you will advise him always to try and do what is asked of him cheerfully and willingly, there is no reason why the future should not be a happy one. He will be trusted in many ways and have a great deal of freedom, and I want him to feel that the trust that will be put in him here is an honour that he should appreciate and never abuse.

He will attend classes and improve his general education, and his religious training will not be neglected. On the other side of this paper you will see a list of the classes, jobs, and hobbies which he may join if he wishes.

The estate is a farm of 350 acres on which are horses, pigs, cattle, fruit-trees, gardens, and sports fields.

His housemaster is who will be glad to hear from you at any time, and especially if you have any suggestions that might help the lad here or when he is discharged.

He is allowed to write one letter a week at the school's expense; but if you care to send a stamp or two occasionally he may write more often.

When you intend to visit your boy YOU SHOULD WRITE TO HIS HOUSEMASTER ASKING FOR A VISITING ORDER BEFORE YOU COME. If you come without arranging previously to do so, you will in all probability find your boy out and your journey will have been a waste of time and money. I enclose a visiting order which explains how more can be obtained. A boy may not, without special permission, be taken anywhere by train, car, or other conveyance, and on the occasion of your first visit you should ask to see me personally, as I desire to make the acquaintance of parents of all our boys.

WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE PLENTY OF NOTICE BEFORE VISITING SO THAT I CAN MAKE THINGS AS EASY AS POSSIBLE FOR YOU?

Letters to the boy should be addressed in full:

.HOUSE,
THE COTSWOLD SCHOOL,
ASHTON KEYNES,
NEAR SWINDON, WILTSHIRE.

Except at Christmas time and on his birthday, *nothing should be sent to the lad except by permission obtained by writing to the Headmaster.*

In no case should money be sent, except when you are requested to do so by the housemaster when the boy has earned Home Leave. The boys receive pocket money which is quite sufficient for their needs. *Money must not be sent in.*

The only times a boy may receive parcels are at Christmas and for his birthday. *Parcels may not be sent at any other time*, and any received will be returned. This does not include packages of magazines, certain comics and newspapers. I should like to explain that

the reason for this rule is that there are so many boys who are in the unhappy position of having no parents nor a home, and I am sure that you will appreciate it would be most unfair if some boys were allowed to have money and parcels sent in while others had neither letters nor gifts.

Your son will explain in his letters any other rules and privileges of the School. His personal clothing will be returned to you if you will send a Postal Order for 2s. od. Any balance from the postage will be given to the boy. *In any case please complete and return the form enclosed, together with the medical form which is also enclosed.*

Finally, by hard work and good conduct he may reduce the length of time he need stay here, and he may be allowed home leave to come and see you. All details relating to Home Leave are explained on the form sent to you at the proper time by your boy's housemaster. You are asked to co-operate particularly in seeing that he comes back to the School on the day and at the time stated on the form.

It is in his best interests that I would ask for all the help that you can give in the way of advice and encouragement. I hope that he will do well, and that he will take this opportunity of laying the foundation of an honourable and successful life in the future.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

C. A. JOYCE,

Headmaster

WORK DEPARTMENTS

Farm, Garden, Building, Handyman-Engineer, Carpentry, Shoe Repairing and Leather Work, Domestic, Painting and Decorating, Schoolroom.

CLUBS

Rug-making, Choir, Stamp Club, Current Events, Film Club (Educational), Toymaking, Marquetry, Engineering, Model-boat Club, Gymnasium, Royal Horticultural Society's Examinations, St Andrew's House Club, St George's House Club, Games Club,

Padre's Club, Photography, Bookcraft and Basketry, Young Farmers' Club, Marionettes, Dancing, St David's House Club, Craftwork, Scottish Dancing, Scrap-book Club, Drama, Art and Posterwork, Music, Christmas Presents, Racing-pigeons, Pets' Club, Chess.

Most of our boys stay with us for a period not exceeding three years, and unless there is any very special reason the training is never less than twelve months. The length of time a boy stays with us depends entirely on how long it takes for him to assimilate the training that is offered, and it depends on nothing else.

One is always being besieged by various letters or visits trying to press for a boy's return home on all sorts of other grounds, most frequently "because it is time he was bringing something in." Our view is that he is not fit to leave us until he is capable of giving something out, and I think that really sums it up.

When a boy leaves the School ("on discharge" as he calls it) he is subject to the terms of a Licence for some time and is under the supervision of the School Managers for quite a considerable period.

This means two things: firstly that we are able to help the boy by a grant for tools or maintenance in lodgings, and secondly that we are able to recall or readmit him to the School if circumstances warrant such a course.

After-care of the boys is the responsibility of the School Managers, who may delegate it to any responsible person. It may be handed over to the children's officer, the welfare officer, or the probation officer, who reports to the School as often as necessary.

I have mentioned elsewhere that as far as our School is concerned the boys do maintain personal contact in most cases, and the results of the training over the past twelve years are shown below:

ONE THOUSAND BOYS

On 25th of June, 1954, the one-thousandth boy was admitted into the Cotswold School. The following tables show the School Roll at that date, the disposal of the remainder, and their consequent success or failure. It should be noted that the After-care period is the unexpired part of a boy's Detention Order, plus three years after that, or until the age of 21, whichever may be the shorter period. This is in accordance with the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, 74 1 (a) and (b). After this period (on average about four years) we are seldom informed officially of a boy's progress or of any trouble in which he may become involved. It must be noted, however, that we are visited quite often by old boys, even those who were with us in the very earliest days. There are, moreover, hundreds who keep in touch with us by letter and telephone, and there is in the School an Old Boys Annexe, which is kept in permanent commission for old boys who come to spend a night or two with us—very often unannounced!

The position, therefore, on the 25th of June, 1954, was as follows:

1. <i>School Roll</i>	2. <i>Trans- ferred</i>	3. <i>Deceased</i>	4. <i>Discharged by Order of S. of S.</i>	5. <i>Discharged or Licensed</i>	6. <i>Total</i>
139	72	1	5	783	1000

NOTES

Col. 2 relates to all boys who have left the School and whose After-care has not been the responsibility of the School. Some of them have committed an offence while absconding and, having appeared before the Courts, have been recommitted and sent either to other Schools or to Borstal. Others have been trans-

ferred to continue their training at some other School, either on our application or by order of the Secretary of State.

Col. 3 relates to a boy who died here in 1948.

Col. 4 relates to 5 boys who did not in fact come to the School at all. They were discharged by Order of the Secretary of State on the day of their committal.

Col. 5 shows the total number of boys who have been licensed or discharged from the School and for whose After-care the School still is, or has been, responsible. On this figure, 783, the total success or failure is based. What has happened to these 783 boys is shown in the following table:

1. <i>No. in Serious Trouble</i>	2. <i>No. in Minor Trouble</i>	3. <i>Deceased</i>	4. <i>Certified</i>	5. <i>Complete Success</i>	6. <i>Total</i>
125	85	4	2	573	783
15.95%	10.85%			73.2%	100%

NOTES

Col. 1 relates to boys who have been recommitted while on After-care, and in consequence have gone to Prison, Borstal, or another Approved School.

Col. 2 shows the number of boys who have appeared before the Courts while on After-care and have been fined, bound over, placed on probation, returned to the School, or conditionally Discharged.

Cols. 3 and 4 relate to 4 boys who died while on Supervision and 2 who were Certified as being Mentally Defective. As they had not been in any trouble they are included in the Successes in Column 5. One of the four boys who died was killed in action in Korea; 2 died of T.B. and one of pneumonia.

Some of the offences which come under the heading of minor

trouble are so trivial that they should not, in fact, count against the complete successes. They include fighting in the street, gambling, and riding cycles on the footpath. However, in consequence of these offences the boys concerned have appeared before the Courts during their After-care period, and have, therefore, "been in trouble." The picture is therefore painted as black as possible.

RECALLS AND READMISSIONS

1. <i>Readmitted or Recalled</i>	2. <i>Returned to School by the Courts</i>	3. <i>Total</i>	4. <i>Failed after 2nd Disposal</i>	5. <i>Successes after 2nd Disposal</i>
52	18	70	26	43 plus 1 now in the School
			37%	63%

NOTES

Col. 1 shows the boys who have been readmitted and the boys recalled by the Headmaster through the Managers. Readmissions are boys whose three years under the Committal Order have not been completed; Recalls are boys whose time is expired under the Committal Order, but who are still under Supervision. The latter may be recalled for a period of three months.

Col. 2 relates to boys who appear before the Courts again and are returned to the School by the Magistrates, usually at the request of the Headmaster.

Not all the boys referred to above have been in trouble. Some have been brought back while arrangements in regard to a job or accommodation can be made. Several have "recalled" themselves, not being able to cope with life outside.

All the 18 boys noted as having been returned by the Courts are included in the figure 85 in the table on p. 59.

YEARLY COMPARISONS

1. Year	2. Disposals	3. Transfers	4. Deceased	5. Discharged by Order S. of S.	6. Serious Trouble	7. Minor Trouble	8. Complete Success ●	9. Disposal Total
1941	9	1			1	Nil	8: 89%	10
1942	3	Nil			Nil	Nil	3: 100%	3
1943	50	2			8	6	36: 72%	52
1944	23	3			4	2	17: 74%	26
1945	80	5			9	6	65: 81%	85
1946	89	11		1	22	7	60: 67.5%	101
1947	50	7			13	6	31: 62%	57
1948	66	10	1	1	7	8	51: 77%	78
1949	74	7			18	10	46: 62%	81
1950	93	8			13	11	69: 74%	101
1951	66	5			13	11	42: 64%	71
1952	76	5		2	7	12	57: 75%	83
1953	81	5		1	10	6	65: 80%	87
1954	23	3			Nil	Nil	23: 100% so far	26
Total	783	72	1	5	125	85	573: 73.2%	861 139 on School Roll 1000

NOTES

Of the 85 boys noted in Column 7 above, more than two-thirds of them are now off Supervision and have done well. The other one-third are making satisfactory progress at the time of this report. This indicates 16 per cent. complete failure or, in other words, 84 per cent. success.

When boys have been recalled or re-admitted the year of their disposal as shown above is that in which they were placed out the second time.

It will be seen that the total figures shown above check with the first two tables of this report.

A ROYAL VISIT

It is not very often that one particular day in the history of an institution can be said to have had a lasting effect on the place as a whole, but in the Cotswold School this is indeed the fact. In October 1944 Her Majesty Queen Mary visited us.

The visit had been postponed on three earlier occasions, because we were having an epidemic of diphtheria, and when at last we did detect the unsuspected 'carrier' and were finally pronounced clear of infection we looked forward with great excitement—and with some trepidation, be it said—to Her Majesty's visit.

It had been arranged by telephone, and the Lady Cynthia Colville, who was the lady-in-waiting on that occasion, made it abundantly clear that Her Majesty desired the visit to be an informal one. Consequently Her Majesty arrived at the School without the galaxy of presentations and without anything in the way of an official reception.

I remember so well that the first thing that struck us all was the absolutely perfect timing. The Queen Mother was due to arrive at two o'clock, and it was precisely two o'clock when the car, preceded by two outriders, drove into the quadrangle. The detective opened the door of the car, and Her Majesty had arrived!

I remember so acutely the nervousness with which I was afflicted. As soon as Her Majesty had shaken hands her first remark was, "And where do we go now?"

I—presumably because I was so nervous—replied, "May it please your Majesty, I think the best thing would be if I were to take you round the School as if you were a new boy arriving here to-day."

At which Her Majesty exclaimed, "A new boy! Well, *that* will be a new experience!"

We started off in the waiting-room, and then across to my study, where the first comment the Queen made was about a

photograph of Sir Herbert Wilberforce which was hanging on my wall. It had been presented to me when I left Wormwood Scrubs, because I had had a good deal of work at the London Sessions, of which Sir Herbert had been deputy chairman. I remember the affection in the Queen's voice when she said, "Dear Sir Herbert. Now, where did you meet him?"

So the visit went on, and though scheduled to last about an hour it did, in fact, last very nearly twice that time. Everywhere we went Her Majesty showed the keenest interest, and her questions were of the most searching and knowledgeable kind. I think one of the most outstanding features of the visit was Her Majesty's interest in what might have appeared to be minor things—for example, "That, your Majesty, is the Sanatorium. It is just like any other sanatorium, and I don't suppose your Majesty wants to look through that?"

"Well," said the Queen, "is there anyone in there?"

"One boy," I replied.

"Then," said the Queen, "we shall go."

The passage was very narrow, and as I paused at the door the Queen said, "Please go ahead and show me where to go." I walked through into the ward and said to the boy, "Hallo, son, this is a great day for you: Queen Mary has come to see you." Her Majesty spent some minutes talking to him about his cold and temperature, and then we moved on.

I have explained elsewhere that one of the rules of the School is, "You may say what you like as long as you say it respectfully." I had told the boys that the Queen's visit was an informal one, and that they need treat her no differently from any other lady, save that the proper form of address was "Your Majesty" instead of 'miss' or 'madam,' but they were not to get unduly fretted about it.

We left the Sanatorium and passed to the Pets' Club, where there are two old railway-coaches that have been gutted in order to allow for the building of hutches for rabbits, etc. I said to

the Queen, "If you please, ma'am, that is the Pets' Club." To my surprise she replied, "Can we look inside?" We clambered inside, and there were all the various animals looking extremely happy and contented in their deep straw beds. Suddenly Her Majesty pointed and said, "That is a very peculiar-looking rabbit, isn't it?"

I didn't know what to say, but I had a strong feeling that, whatever else I did, I could not contradict a member of the Royal House; there was, therefore, a slight pause, and while I was endeavouring to gather my wits a small hand came between the Queen and me and rested on Her Majesty's arm for a moment and the voice of a fifteen-year-old boy said, "Excuse me, miss, that's a guineapig, not a rabbit!"

I almost closed my eyes in a sort of anguished supplication, but the next thing I saw was the Queen turn and look at her young adviser and say, "Oh, indeed? That was very stupid of me. I ought to have known that, oughtn't I?"

And the small voice replied, "Well, yes, I think you ought!"

Her Majesty smiled, congratulated the boys on their excellent care of their animals, and we passed on.

Those are just two incidents out of quite a number that were equally personal and friendly, and it was this that made the Queen's visit such a real and living force in the School. From that day until Her Majesty's death there was rarely a Quarter that passed without a gift of some sort arriving at the School. Sometimes there was just a slip, "I thought the boys would like these stamps," and on one occasion, years afterwards, Her Majesty's lady-in-waiting sent some pictures "which Her Majesty thought Mrs Joyce would like for her art class."

Throughout the School there are very many things that have come to us as a result of Queen Mary's visit, and I can only say that we are very sensible indeed of the honour of Her Majesty's gracious and long-continued interest and genuine sympathy in our work.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE COTSWOLD SCHOOL.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE, SHOWING THE HALL.



THE HALL AT THE COTSWOLD SCHOOL.

6

The Real Power

IF you were to ask me on what our training is based I should have no hesitation at all in saying that it is based entirely on the Christian religion. Now don't misunderstand this, please. I am not suggesting for one moment that either the staff or the boys are all living on a hundred per cent. Christian standard, nor, in fact, that all of them believe in it. I said it was the *basis* of our training, and so it is.

I believe that the only real power behind reformatory work is a religion of some sort. One of the questions that I always ask prospective members of staff who will be dealing with boys is, "What religion are you? I do not mind one bit what the answer is as long as you have some sort of belief that is genuine."

So far as the institutional life of Prisons, Borstal Institutions, or Approved Schools is concerned, I cannot make it too clear that example will always do a good deal more than the lending of books and the reiteration of pious precepts. For that reason I think every penal establishment of any sort should have its own residential chaplain.

I do not share the view that the chaplain can do some other job in addition. He has one primary responsibility, and I am quite satisfied that the right man is well able to devote the whole of his time to the one function for which he is engaged, without another job being found for him.

Sometimes people say, "But what does the chaplain *do*?"

"He does the job of a chaplain."

"But doesn't he have any other job—for example, librarian, the organizing of concerts, and so on?"

And I say, "No. If he is doing his own job properly that of itself will take him all the hours that he can give."

After all, no one comes along and says, "Who is Mr So-and-so?"

"Oh, he is the horticultural instructor."

"Well, what does he do?"

"He does gardening."

"But what else does he do? I mean, doesn't he take a confirmation class or the communion service on Sunday or anything of that sort?"

Now, that would sound quite absurd, but it is an extraordinary thing how many people seem to imagine that the chaplain cannot possibly be occupied in a full-time way, and so they find him all sorts of extraneous duties.

The Padre's task is a difficult one, since in the matter of any sort of religious training most of our boys do not start from scratch but from minus fifty. Within the last year a new boy arrived, and among the questions that I asked him (as always) was, "Did you ever go to church or chapel when you were living at home?"

"No, never," he answered.

"Did you ever go to Sunday-school?"

"No."

"Well," I said, "I suppose you have heard of Jesus Christ?"

"Who's He?"

So as a last shot I said, "Well, I expect you know some hymns, and if you will tell me what your favourite hymn is we will have it in Prayers to-night."

"Oh, yes," said he brightly, "I like hymns. My favourite is *Red River Valley*."

That is after many years of compulsory education, and it does make one wonder!

Scores of our boys have become attached to the Church, and in many cases have been confirmed simply by becoming "friends with Padre." In our School he is easily the most popular member of staff, and I would like to tell you one story which illustrates his appeal to the boys.

About eight years ago we had a young man who was convicted of violence and who continued to be violent. He assaulted members of staff on more than one occasion and finally made a savage attack upon an officer. Then, his temper having abated, he rushed off for sanctuary into Padre's room. During the talk with him the chaplain was trying to get him to see that if he went on with this business he might ultimately end up on the scaffold, and he said to the boy, "You really will have to take a pull on yourself. Just supposing at this moment you didn't like what I was saying and you picked up a poker and hit me on the head with it, and supposing you hit me harder than you thought and killed me; do you know what would happen then?"

Quite simply the boy said, "Yes, Padre, the other boys would kill *me*."

It was not the answer the chaplain expected, but I think it was truer than he knew.

It follows from what I have said that the first consideration, having once got our people housed and fed, is the provision of a Chapel. But I believe that a tremendous lot can be done, and is done, in the ordinary relationships between staff and boys.

So far as I am concerned I have never been in charge of any establishment without the introduction of a meeting at the end of the day when every one has to be present and where there is, in addition, an open invitation to all members of staff and their families to attend if they wish. For my own part I could never take *morning* prayers, because I cannot adjust the view that one can meet in those circumstances and subsequently go to battle on matters of discipline and so on. We have always ended our day

by meeting on common ground and in an atmosphere that is as friendly as it is possible to make it.

This is the procedure. At a quarter to eight the signal is given for assembly, and every one gathers in one central hall, where for a quarter of an hour there is free conversation, and some boys pull books or papers out of their pockets and read. At eight o'clock the Angelus is rung, and for one minute there is absolute silence throughout the place. Not infrequently a new boy will ask what this minute is for, and I always tell him that it is an opportunity for anybody who wants to say his prayers to do so undisturbed by either the noise or the attentions of other people. I am not suggesting for one moment that many of the boys do in fact use the minute for that purpose, but I am equally sure that one or two do.

I was once standing out by the racing-pigeon loft, waiting for some of the birds to return, when the Angelus rang. The three boys and I stood for a minute, and when the second bell rang to mark the end of the silence I said, "Before anyone else says anything would you mind telling me what you were thinking about during that minute?"

The first boy said, "I was thinking about my mother."

"So was I," I told him, "I always do during that minute."

"What were you thinking about?" I asked, turning to the second one.

"I was thinking to myself, Blimey, how much longer is this going to last?"

And the third one said, "As a matter of fact I was wondering why that particular tree is that particular shape."

Well, there was a cross-section, and I did not find it entirely displeasing.

In Hall, as soon as the silence is over, everybody sits down again and the chatter grows until I stand. They are extremely good about it. One never has to ask for silence, it just comes automatically, and then I talk for three or four minutes—never

longer if I can help it. The talk is followed by a hymn, and then we kneel down for short prayers, and finally the chaplain gives the blessing.

What does one talk about? Well, in the main it is on some topical matter, quite frequently suggested by a boy himself. Among the subjects that have been asked for I remember some of peculiar interest: "Why should you say 'Sir' to somebody you don't respect?"; "Is it right to pray for animals?"; "Why does it matter so much when people are called bastards?"; and on one occasion when one of our boys had died in hospital: "Do you think he knows that we are talking about him in Hall?"

Sometimes, of course, the topics are very much lighter, and not infrequently illustrated by a story.

It is important to realize that the good one does is very largely incidental. It is my honest belief that in these talks in our assembly I probably catch one person each night. The others are extremely polite and quiet, but *one* listens, and the proof of that is that over the years scores and scores of boys have written back from all over the world and have asked to be remembered in Hall. Sometimes they add, "And do you remember the night you talked about . . . (this or that)?" or " . . . the night you said so-and-so?"

Here are two actual examples that demonstrate the power that does come to people when they have an opportunity to think. The first is from a boy who was in the Cotswold School ten years ago. He sent me this letter recently.

DRIVER S., MALAYA

SIR,

Maybe you will remember me and maybe not, but I remember you very well. I feel that I must write and thank you for that talk you gave over the air.

You might be surprised to hear about it from out here, but at 7 o'clock last night we managed to get the B.B.C. Overseas Programme for the news. When the news was over a lady's voice

came over and said a Mr Joyce was to speak, and then my mind went straight to you, and much to my surprise, it was you. The same old voice. It was very clear, and I thought I was there in the brotherhood among you again.

You may wonder just what I am doing with my life. Well until a year ago I must admit it was nothing, and then I remembered you one night up in the Hall with the boys. You gave a talk on Only the Top is High Enough, so I started to study.

Sometime when you stand by St Francis' Corner think of me please, as my thoughts are always there. I have been out here nearly three years, so I should return to the U.K. early in the new year.

Well, Sir, if you will excuse the bad writing, I must close now, so once again very many thanks for all you ever did for me.

I remain yours most truly,

PHILIP

P.S. As a man thinketh in his heart, then so be he.

The second letter will strike a good many people with surprise. This is one of the occasions when, without hesitation, I am going to use a name. I do so because in so many articles he has been written off as a waster and as nothing but a brutal, sadistic person. It so happens that I saw the other side of that nature.

Neville Heath ended his career on the scaffold at Pentonville Prison as a result of committing two murders. That is the end of the story for most people, but, in point of fact, it goes on in a rather special way.

During his time in a Borstal Institution of which I was the Governor he showed a remarkable sense of leadership and a very strong strain of loyalty. Many scurrilous stories have since been invented and told about him during that time, but for once you may hear the facts. He was a good worker, and helped to tend the prize Suffolk flock with our shepherd. Day after day he went off across the heath unaccompanied, did his day's work, and returned, and during the evenings and at week-ends when we

had our various club activities he played games with extraordinary vigour or took part in the debates. In short, he contributed a great deal to the life of the community, and no one honestly could deny his value as a member of it. He was one of the first people to go out to tea in the neighbouring town when we started the experiment, with the idea of letting people know that not all the boys committed to Borstal were likely to be unpleasant, ill-mannered, and unreliable.

He left us and went into the Army, subsequently regaining the commission he had lost when he was committed to Borstal, and finally becoming a pilot in the Air Force, as he had been years before.

He visited us more than once during the interval prior to demobilization. Then came the ghastly news of his offences and the fact that he was in prison. The result, of course, could hardly be in dispute, but it was extraordinary how at that time no one seemed to be able to give him credit for the things that he had done positively.

I said earlier in this chapter that sometimes boys remembered what one had said at Prayers in Hall, and in his case the memory was obviously a very poignant one. This extract is from a letter which was written to me just before his execution:

I shall always remember the year at —, and (I think you know it too) I was really happy there. It is a great pity I did not remember the many lessons I learned there, but unfortunately my memory has always been abominably short, and I have usually paid dearly for it. However, all that is my fault and my fault alone. I have crammed an awful lot into twenty-nine years, and I think at times I have done a little good. You and your dear Wife and, perhaps more so, your ideals which we all worked so hard for once, occupy a very special corner of my long list of pleasant memories. I shall always remember 8.30 P.M. and the "Brotherhood of this House." In that, if I may say so, you have something which will never fail. I will be with you nightly at 8.30 for as long as you care to remember me.

I ought to explain that the prayers in Hall have always taken that short form that he quotes, "God bless the Brotherhood of this House."

On the night following the day of his execution I talked to the boys in Hall about it, and quoted the remark in his letter and then I said, "From now on we shall always add 'God bless the Brotherhood of this House—wherever they are.' I do not know where he is, but that is a thing you might discuss with Padre."

It is to me significant that in those last hours that young man should have turned his mind to something that we had always regarded as axiomatic in our training, and I believe that its value is much wider than we sometimes suppose.

I would end this chapter by stressing as strongly as possible to those undertaking any form of community work that there is a great value in a meeting together at the same time every day, because the memory of it provides subconsciously something to call on when the need is greatest. And another thing, for goodness' sake let us have specific teaching; it is no use laying it all on vague generalities.

I have found so often that a club or activity based on "a spiritual foundation" has used that phrase as a method of pandering to the religious people without having the courage to use the word religion. I remember once hearing some one say that it was no use trying to get religion over to young people, nor was it any use trying to get them to say their prayers. All that was necessary was to give them the concept of "Christ—the White Man." I disagree entirely.

When the people who believe in religion are happier, more attractive personally, and more sympathetic than those who don't I think we shall compel the youth of our time to repeat the ancient cry, "We will hear thee again of this matter."

The First Rung of the Ladder

HOME background and educational attainment vary considerably among our boys. On one hand the boy from a public school, on the other, the persistent truant or subnormal boy who is illiterate; and between these two, the majority whose standards vary as much as their physical appearance.

With such varied and difficult material to start with, the teaching of religion, *per se*, is almost impossible. I know that faith should be "caught and then taught," but the problem is so often one of presentation. How can we introduce the Faith we want to teach in a form that is acceptable and understandable? All good teaching must begin with something concrete and pass then, and then only, to the abstract, and so it is with moral and religious education.

Many years ago I discovered that there is one simple lesson that is easy to learn, and not difficult to practise, which produces positive results. It is that simple thing called courtesy. That is the first rung of the ladder that leads up and on until it ends in the Christian ethic.

One of the well-known dictionaries defines courtesy as follows: "COURTESY: Politeness of manners, especially accompanied with kindness and some degree of dignity." I like the dignity, because it removes all sense of patronage. Let us pause for a minute and see where this thing called courtesy can lead us, for I believe that if only we could bring up people to be courteous we could get rid entirely of delinquency.

'An act of kindness.' Can I snatch a handbag? Would that be an act of kindness? Oh, dear, no! Can I use violence towards anyone? Would that be an act of kindness? Certainly not! Can any injury or hurt be called an act of kindness? The answer is, No! And without developing that very far you can see that you would not be able to rob people of anything—money, reputation, time, or character.

A notice in the new boys' waiting-room at our School says quite clearly: "Visitors should find more courtesy than they are entitled to expect," and that, I think, is the essence of it.

You cannot walk round the School without every one passing the time of day, and I do not think you would get any distance at all up the School drive without some one coming along and saying, "Can I carry your bag for you?" or "Is there anyone I can find for you?"

What a difference it must make to a policeman or a probation officer who has travelled all day to bring a boy to the School to be greeted by some one who will say, "Good evening. Have you had a meal? Would you like a wash?" instead of "Where are the papers? Thanks very much. Good night."

The great thing about courtesy is that it applies to everybody; you cannot have one rule for boys and another for grown-up people. Boys do not walk on the lawns; neither do the staff. If I go into a boy's room he will stand up, and I expect him to; but if he brings his parents into my room he expects me to stand up too.

Within the walls courtesy pays as big a dividend as anywhere else, and in the old days in the Prison Service I never went into a prisoner's cell without saying, "Good evening. May I come in?" and I never met anything but the reply, "Please do. Won't you sit down?" I know that the cynic would argue that you would look extremely stupid if you got the reply, "No, you can't," but the practical answer is that in those circumstances one would have to say, "All right, if you prefer the Governor-

Prisoner relationship, then that's the way it must be." But, as I say, it never happened.

In the old days when one went round a prison no one ever spoke; in recent years to walk round is to be met by every one with a "Good morning" or "Good afternoon," and, although it may be argued that it is rather a bore to say "Good morning" hundreds of times every day, life is all the happier for it, and very often the tone of the greeting is an indication of the state of mind of the person who utters it. Mutiny and insurrection are often avoided if one knows in good time when people are out of sorts or off colour, and there is no surer indication of it than the way in which a greeting is given or returned. It is by such relationships that one gets to learn from the patient both the seriousness of the disease and the possible means of cure.

The unfortunate thing is that when our boys mix with some members of the ordinary general public they find it difficult. One of my boys who had just returned from the near-by town one Saturday evening said to me, "I don't think much of this good manners racket, sir."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I went in on the bus, and when we got to the crossroads stop two old ladies got in. I stood up and asked if one of them would like to sit down and one of them said, 'Thank you,' and took my place. Then a boy from the village, who was with his mother, stood up, but as soon as he did she pulled him down again and said, so that people could hear, 'You sit down. You have paid for your seat. One fool on the bus is enough.'"

Said my boy rather shyly, "I felt a proper fool, sir, and I don't think I shall be able to do it again."

Youth can be extraordinarily thick-skinned, but sometimes very sensitive too, and grown-up people must accept a measure of responsibility for the juvenile discourtesy, especially if we cannot be bothered to make positive response. One holds open

a swing-door of a shop and the lady sweeps through without a smile or an acknowledgment of any sort! Isn't it easy (and so human) to say, "Never again."

One of my boys came to me one day and said, "Why should I say, 'Good morning, sir,' to Mr X? He doesn't answer."

I said, "Because Mr X has no manners that is no reason for you to drop to the same level," and I think that is the only answer, because, whatever the attitude may be elsewhere, there can only be one standard really, and that should apply to us all. If we choose to surrender our sense of values that is another matter altogether.

A week or two ago we had a coach-load of visitors, and the bus driver said to me afterwards, "What nice boys these are. I cannot believe there is anything really wrong with them. Every boy who came up said 'Good evening,' and what is more, they called me 'sir.'"

What is interesting about it is that they called him 'sir,' not because they thought that he was any better than they were, but just because he was older and he was a visitor. I cannot help thinking that life itself in general would lose nothing if we restored some of these old-fashioned courtesies as a matter not of servility but of civility.

I am quite sure that children brought up in a home where courtesy exists will stand far less chance of being affected by the lack of moral standards outside, and for this reason I would ask all the young people who are thinking of getting married to make one more promise in addition to those they will make on their wedding day: "I will never be less courteous to my own wife than I am to other people's wives." "I will never be less courteous to my own husband than I am to other people's husbands." It sounds so very easy, doesn't it? But let me show you what I mean: if I were in your house this afternoon I might say, "Mrs So-and-so, I am awfully sorry to be a bother, but I have a train to catch and I wonder if we could have tea a little

earlier?" and you would answer, "Why, of course, Mr Joyce, it is no trouble at all." But if I am in my own home, do I take out my watch, gaze firmly at my wife, and say, "Are we going to get any tea this afternoon or not?"

Let me say that it may come as a bit of a shock to some one if you introduce it too rapidly. I heard once of two men who worked in the same office, and one afternoon one of them turned up with a large bunch of flowers. The other said, "Hello, who are those for?"

"They are for my wife."

"Oh, is it her birthday or the anniversary of your wedding or something?"

"No. I often take my wife a bunch of flowers. Don't you?"

"Don't be silly!" said the other. "I've been married for eighteen years!"

"Well," said the first one, "why don't you try it? I'm sure your wife would be very delighted."

On the way home that night the second man bought his bunch of flowers, and when he got home instead of walking straight into the house he rang the bell. When his wife opened the door he said, "Hello, darling, I thought I would give you a little surprise to-night, so I have brought you some flowers."

To his astonishment his wife burst into tears.

"Well, now what's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Oh," said his wife, "it's been a dreadful day! I've got an awful cold, at lunchtime I dropped all the dinner things, and now you've come home drunk!"

As I say, don't introduce it too suddenly!

I am quite convinced that people who are married can look forward to very great happiness if they will base their living together on the sort of foundation that recognizes the need for understanding and the necessary giving and taking in life. They will find that what is true of life as a whole is true of home in particular—that what you give you will get in greater measure.

Moreover, children brought up in this atmosphere will themselves absorb the essential spirit of a happy family, and I must repeat that in over thirty years I have never met a criminal who came from a happy home.

What I have said in this chapter comes from my experience in Prison, Borstal, and an Approved School, but all I have said applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to society in general. There is no home, no office, no works that could fail to be improved by this thing called courtesy, and the essence of the whole thing seems to me to be just this: In private life, in industry, nationally, or internationally, when we really come to sort it out everything depends on personal relationships.

Hillaire Belloc said:

Of Courtesy—it is much less
Than courage of heart or holiness;
Yet in my walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

And, most surely, so it is.

Punishment

I BELIEVE in punishment, and before any over-sentimental enthusiast gets under my guard about that, I should like to say straight away that the reason I believe in it is because I do not believe in closing one's eyes to evidence based on fact.

It is not a matter of whether one likes punishment or not—that is quite a different argument—but it is a matter of recognizing what exists, just as cause and effect exist. Punishment is entirely a matter of cause and effect, and if it is not, then it is the wrong kind of punishment altogether. I think it absolutely necessary to make it clear to people that we do not punish, but that it is possible for them to punish themselves. All the misunderstandings and grievances which arise as a result of punishment seems to me to be due to a misconception, and it begins in very early days.

I expect you have been present when a small child has rocked precariously across a floor and finally bumped against a table. There is a certain type of parent who tries to placate the child by slapping the table vigorously and saying, "Naughty table to hurt Johnny. Look, Mummy smack table." At which the child not infrequently dries its tears, and, having given the table a sort of leer that indicates 'serve you right,' returns to its toddling. Now I think that that is the beginning of the wrong idea. Surely one of the essential things for Johnny to learn is that if you walk into a table it will hurt, but it is false, and in my opinion rather stupid, to leave Johnny with the impression that the table walked

into him. It is that sort of child who grows up presently to believe that the wicked teacher beat him and the naughty magistrate sent him away. His own contribution to the events leading up to the particular disaster is too readily forgotten, and there is no doubt about it that there are far too many people to-day who have an imagined grievance due to the fact that they will not recognize their own contribution to the fate that has overtaken them.

Personally I have always tried to approach it on these lines. Often when a boy is reported to me for some misbehaviour the ensuing conversation is as follows:

“What would happen if you put your fingers into that fire?” I ask.

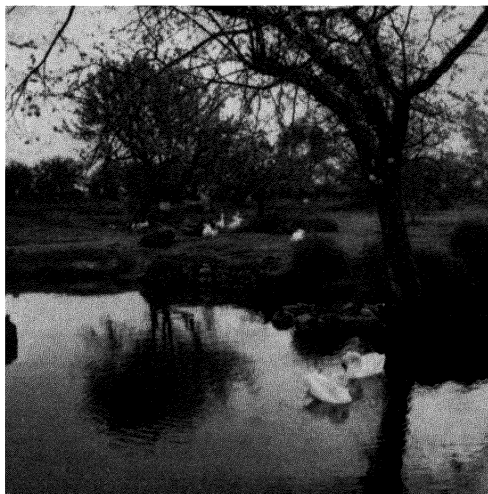
“I should be burned.”

“Whose fault would that be? Would you blame God, who made fire, or would you blame me, because the fire belongs to me?”

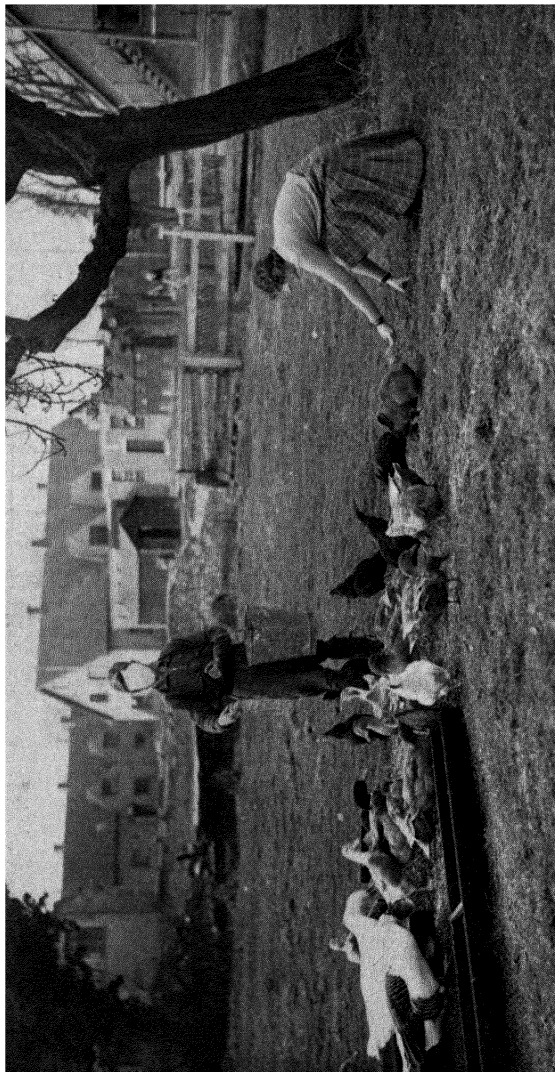
“No, sir, I should blame myself. It would be my fault for putting my hand in the fire.”

“Very well, then. You have just been reported for this offence, and I want to make it quite clear to you that I don’t want to punish you. The proof of it is that on this occasion I am not going to punish you, but if you do it again the answer will be just like putting your hand into a fire. It will be inevitably quite painful, but do not say that I did it. It is your choice entirely as to whether or not that happens to you in future.”

Most boys are quite ready to see the logic in this, and the psychological effect too is interesting. This point of view arose originally with me during the days when on occasion we used dietary punishment in Borstal Institutions. A rather tough young man was reported to me one morning for refusing labour—*i.e.*, refusing to work—and I awarded him three days’ bread and water. I went home at lunchtime, and it so happened that there was a particularly good lunch. As soon as I saw it I said to my wife, “I must go back inside.”



TWO VIEWS OF ST FRANCIS' CORNER AT THE
COTSWOLD SCHOOL, 1952



ST FRANCIS' CORNER

In the background are some of the boys' houses in the course of construction.

Photo by Dennis Moss

"Why?" she said. "Lunch is already on the table."

"Yes," I said. "But I must go, and I will tell you the reason when I come back."

I went down to the punishment cells, and there I saw P——. I said to him, "You will be surprised to know why I have come back, but I have just been home to lunch, and I did not like the idea of your sitting here on bread and water. You may now join your party and go to work."

To which he replied, "Not me. I told you this morning I wasn't going to work."

"Well," I said, "this is another matter. If you do not propose to work I really don't see why the cook should. Why should you stand idle all day while he slaves away in the kitchens to provide you with a hot meal this evening? Here is the answer: you will return to your party, and when you come in to-night at five o'clock you will have settled it. If you have worked you can come back to your own room, where you will find your dinner ready for you. If, on the other hand, you have done no work, then you will report back to the punishment cells where you will find a pint of water and a pound of bread. But listen! The decision is no longer mine. It is entirely for you to decide."

You may be interested to know that on that occasion he chose not to work, and consequently to have his bread and water, but as a result of the long conversation we had that night it never happened again.

I think it would help a great deal if parents, school-teachers, and courts could make it clear to the people with whom they deal that they themselves are not at all anxious to use any form of punishment, but that they cannot prevent the natural effects of conduct that is prejudicial to the happiness of other people. So in our School the matter of cause and effect is made abundantly clear.

The most hated punishment of all is that of restitution. You may be surprised to know that this is so detested, but I can assure

you that on many, many occasions I am asked whether I will inflict corporal punishment instead—my reply invariably is to refuse.

For example, if a boy steals twenty cigarettes he repays thirty. I expect you will ask, "Why thirty?" and the reply is quite a simple one. From his pocket money he will have to save the sum of 5s. 4½d., and this will take quite a time. I merely want to point out to the boy that the person from whom he 'borrowed' the cigarettes is as much entitled to interest on a short-term loan as anyone else. Besides that there is a rather pragmatic view; it reduces the theft of the cigarettes to proper proportions. It is rather stupid to pay for thirty cigarettes, ten of which you'd never had.

This applies equally to people who steal fruit. This has to be paid for at retail rates, whereas if a boy wants to buy fruit he may do so quite freely at wholesale rates, and he gets good measure moreover.

I am quite sure that when the day comes that stealing is reduced to a matter of 'borrowing' with a certainty of enforced repayment, it will cease to be the attraction that it now is for some people.

One day I was talking to the boys about the money they owed for various accidents in the School, and in particular money that was owing for breakages or for lost property. I happened during the talk to catch the eye of one of the senior boys, who favoured me with a very wide grin as a sort of reminder that he was due to go out the following month, so I added, for his benefit, ". . . and let me make it quite clear that no one will be discharged while he has any debts." The sequel is interesting. During the week before that talk a small boy from the North had been in charge of one of the cart-horses during threshing, and he had allowed his horse to get alongside a sack of wheat, which the horse had thoroughly enjoyed for the better part of half an hour. When he brought his horse in at midday this youth allowed it to

go to the water-trough as usual, not thinking to tell the farm bailiff what the horse had eaten previously. Those of you who know anything about horses will know the answer: the corn swelled inside the horse, and soon the horse was dead.

Following my talk, this youngster went up to the Deputy Headmaster and said, "Mr Petch, did you hear what the Headmaster was saying?"

"Yes."

"Well, man, if I've to pay for that horse I'll be here for a hundred years or more."

I had to relieve his mind about that, of course.

Among the other punishments that exist in the school there are some based on a similar reckoning. For example, our boys are allowed Home Leave twice a year, and in the course of a year they may have up to twenty-two days Home Leave. If a boy absconds he automatically reduces his leave by the number of days that he is absent from the School. This is a penalty that he can understand quite well, and it is explained to him in the very simple terms that if you are entitled to twenty-two days' leave and you take four of them, it is clear that you can only have eighteen left. In addition, the four days you have taken have been spent very often in acute discomfort on short rations when you might have spent them in the bosom of the family, who would probably have given you a great deal anyway.

This matter of payment is one of our major problems. We have so many boys who are under the impression that breakages and losses are of very little importance, and we get this sort of thing:

"What has happened to your cup?"

"Please, sir, I broke it."

"Well, then, you had better pay for another one."

"Pay for it! I thought I could get another one out of the Stores."

"So you can, but who will pay for that?"

"Well, I thought all those sort of things were provided by the Government."

It is extraordinary how often a boy seems to think that there is something called "The Government" that showers down coats, boots, mackintoshes, new windows, and so on. It is one of the lessons that a boy has to learn, and it might be well, perhaps, if it were learnt elsewhere as well.

I am always intrigued by a new boy's first 'accident' when he breaks a window. The odd slipper thrown in the dormitory being mis-aimed crashes through a pane, and I ask, "Now, what do you think is going to happen?"

"Oh," says he, "I suppose I get the stick."

And I reply, "Supposing you do, what happens then? We still want a new window."

Before he has time to get too bothered about it I always continue, "No, the only answer is you will go to the building instructor, tell him which window you have broken and how big it is, and ask him how much the glass will cost. Then you pay for it."

This, of course, is in fact a punishment, because it will deprive him of some privilege or another for which he would otherwise have been able to pay. If he has to pay three shillings for a broken window, obviously he cannot then buy his cigarettes or sweets or go to the pictures, but the essential difference is this. This is what would happen if it were done the other way.

"Jones, you have broken a window so you will not go to the pictures to-night."

"Well," says Jones, "I don't want to go to the pictures anyway. It is a rotten film."

There we have reached impasse. But if I say, "You will pay for the window," he knows then that he cannot go to the pictures, but that is because of something that he has done and not an imposition laid upon him by a splenetic adult.

The truth of the matter is that I absolutely hate punishment

of every sort, and corporal punishment in particular. We are always improving our methods of cure, largely, let it be said, by earlier diagnosis, but until a better cure is found I think we should be very stupid indeed to get rid of the remedy that father and mother found to be at any rate temporarily effective.

While we are on the subject of corporal punishment, perhaps we had better clear up one thing quite definitely. So far as the boys are concerned, they would prefer it to many of the other awards. Why? Because it is immediately over and done with. In my experience grown-up people are much more concerned about it than those who are on the receiving end. I had a good example of it a month ago. I was talking to the boys about birds' nesting, and I asked them all to leave the birds' nests alone, particularly a thrush's nest that was within easy reach in a willow by the stream. I had explained at some length about the care with which the bird had built the nest and her devotion to the whole problem of her eggs and youngsters. That evening a boy took one of the eggs. I sent for him and said, "I asked you to leave those eggs alone, but apparently you do not understand a request. I now give you a very definite order not to go near the nest again."

That evening he took another egg. I therefore sent for him again, and he was beaten. Having finished the unpleasant job, I said to him, "Now, leave the thing alone."

And he said, "I will never do it again."

I could not help saying immediately, "Why on earth couldn't you have said that before, instead of waiting until this stupid business happened?"

To my astonishment he flared up and in a very angry voice said, "It's all your fault. If you had beaten me the first time it would never have happened again."

The only quotation that I could think of at the moment was "Out of the mouths of babes . . ."

I expect members of the public would be very surprised if

they knew the views of most boys on the subject of corporal punishment, and I think they would be quite astounded to hear the views of some hardened old criminals on the subject of the abolition of capital punishment. As one old lag said quite recently, "I don't agree with the abolition of capital punishment because at present it stops a lot of fellows carrying firearms. Once they know that it cannot add anything to their sentence they will start shooting their way out." Then he added rather dramatically, "That will end in the police being armed and householders keeping shotguns handy, which only means that one of these days an honest burglar like me will get shot in the stomach! What's the good of that?"

Some people are extremely fond of the analogy between crime and disease, and I would ask, "Very well, is it not absurd not to ask the patient where it hurts most?"

Escaping and Absconding

I HAVE purposely used both words instead of only the more modern one of absconding because I deplore the habit of using words that make things seem less important than they are.

At the moment I do not want to deal with the moral problem of absconding, although I am not saying for one moment that it should be permitted or even tolerated, and I am far from being in agreement with the people who endeavour to belittle the effect of absconding upon the local inhabitants or upon the place itself. But I want to show the sort of person who absconds and what happens to him.

Very often a visitor will say to me, "What do you do with a boy who escapes or runs away?"

And I say, "I do not know. Before I can tell you the answer to that question it is absolutely vital to know *who* has run away, because the treatment is different in every case. Punishment of itself is no real answer for many of them, because their absconding is due to an inner condition that needs resolving."

The first thing to do is to discover the reason for the absconding. After all, people run away for one of two reasons fundamentally. They either run away *from* something or *to* something. Which is it? Very often I find that the boy who runs away is the boy who wants to get home, but you would be surprised to know that it is a person whose home is insecure who is most likely to run away to it. It is important to recognize that where the home provides real security and affection there is no need

to run away to it. I can explain this best by giving an example. Supposing there is a young man who is engaged to a girl who lives some fifteen miles away; he loves her very dearly, but he is not quite sure as to how far she will be able to survive his absence and retain her affection for him. Consequently he works it out as follows: "If I catch the five o'clock bus to-night I can be there by six o'clock, and although the last bus leaves at six twenty-five I shall at least be able to see her for a few minutes. If, on the other hand, he were perfectly sure about her, he would probably say, "That's rather stupid; to-morrow I have the whole day off, and I shall be able to travel in a leisurely fashion and have a long time with her. It is the uncertainty that makes it worth while doing the thing that you really realize is stupid all the time. Consequently, a boy whose home is insecure, although he knows that he will be arrested and brought back, feels it is worth while just to go and make quite sure that he is still loved and wanted.

The reason for absconding varies considerably. What is more important, so does the person. Ivor, a youngster of fifteen, had been in trouble several times, and just before coming to us had spent a period in a small hospital attached to a clinic. He had only been in the School twenty-four hours when he came to me and said, "This place don't suit me. I'm not used to getting up in the morning, because where I was we used to have breakfast in bed."

I answered, "Well, I'm sorry we can't alter the routine for one boy, so I think you will have to try to get used to it."

The objection on the second day was that, "Nobody ought to have to work unless they wanted to," but our horticultural instructor had other views! This again was explained. Some days later it came to my notice that Ivor had decided to run away and take with him a much younger boy, so I sent for him and said, "I understand that you are planning to run away. I would advise you very strongly not to do so because it will delay your discharge, and it may involve you in all sorts of

other unpleasantness. There is one thing I will make clear, however. If you run away yourself that is one thing; but if you take little Tom with you I shall take a very poor view of that indeed, and I think you will have to be beaten. So don't do it."

That night, just before I went to bed at midnight, I found on the mat inside my front door a rather illiterate note which read as follows:

DEAR SIR,

I have hopsconded to Birmingham,

Yours respectfully,

IVOR

(At least our standard of courtesy was maintained!)

The usual machinery was put in motion, and two days later both boys were returned to the School. Little Tom was returned to his house with merely the loss of two days' leave and a month's remission. I kept Ivor back and then I said, "You know what I promised you if you took Tom with you?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Very well," I said. "Bend over the chair."

At this Ivor retired to the other end of the study and sat down in a big easy chair.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"I ain't got to be 'it. They told me so at the clinic, and my father was threatened with Prison because 'e said 'e'd 'it me."

"All the same," I said, "I promised it should be done, and it will be done, so when you are ready you let me know."

I then sat down at my desk and wrote a letter. When I had finished I asked whether he was ready and he replied, "No." So I wrote another letter. In all I wrote *four* letters, and at the end of the fourth one in reply to my query he asked, "How long is this going on?"

"You will not leave this study," I said, "until what I promised has been carried out."

We had been sitting for nearly an hour and a half, but at that stage he stood up and walked across to the other chair. He bent over it, and as I stood up so did he, and with an accusing finger pointing into my face he warned me, "And don't you blame me if I have a nervous breakdown."

I answered, "No, I won't."

He then bent over, and I gave him the lightest possible tap, flung the cane into the corner, and said, "That's all."

Before I go any further I must explain that I knew that the boy was an absolute physical coward and that he could not stand up to any form of violence, even from his own mates. He was known throughout the School as a coward, and therefore the sequel was all the more interesting. He looked at me for a few seconds and then he said, "Can I tell the others that I've 'ad the stick?"

"Yes."

"Will you back me up when I tell them I've 'ad the stick?"

"Certainly," I replied, "as long as you don't tell them any more than that."

Ivor went back to his house, and, of course, was asked immediately what had happened. When he told them that he had been beaten no one would believe it; they just could not believe that so feeble a youngster could take it in such a spartan manner and, sure enough, three or four boys from the house at intervals during the next twenty-four hours asked me if it was true that Ivor was beaten, and I told them, "Yes."

Now from that moment he grew—not only in physical stature, but also mentally—and he became a really cheerful, bright, and hard-working member of our community. His subsequent history is even more interesting. He joined the Army, served abroad and kept in touch with me throughout, and finally he wrote to me to say that he was about to be married, and it would please him very much if I were to go down and officiate as his best man at the wedding.

That is an unusual ending to a story about corporal punishment, and I have only told it because I do want people to realize that there is no yardstick by which one can measure the effect of punishment when it is used as sensibly as we know how. What Ivor wanted was to be reinstated among his fellows on a basis of equality of toughness, and that particular episode enabled him to do it in a very short space of time, and, moreover, it set up between us the sort of friendship that is due to the sharing of a secret. It does not always work out that way. Sometimes corporal punishment has to be used quite firmly and severely because there seems to be no other way.

Another absconder was a public school boy. We had three at the time, and they were known as "the intelligentsia." One night Edward departed, and he was missing for five days. You can imagine that the whole School was beginning to argue along the lines that brains will tell, and quite frequently one heard it said, "Bet he's got away with it!" On the fifth day I had a telephone call from a police station in Middlesex, and the policeman said, "We have a boy here who says he is an absconder from your School."

So I said, "Put him on the telephone, please."

A somewhat lugubrious voice then said, "Good afternoon, sir. This is Edward speaking."

"So what?" said I.

"Will you send for me?"

"Certainly not," I told him. "You walked out of here, so you can walk in."

"But I haven't got any money."

"Then borrow some from the policeman."

Two seconds later I had an agitated policeman on the telephone again, "This boy wants to borrow thirty shillings!"

I said, "That's quite all right. I will pay it in at this end if you will let him have it."

About four hours later the London train steamed into Kemble,

and once again the telephone rang. The same lugubrious voice said, "This is Edward, and I am at Kemble station. Will you send the brake?"

Again I said very firmly, "No, I will not. You walked out; you walk in."

Two hours later I went and sat on the Cotswold bridge at the end of our drive, and up the drive came Edward. As he passed I said, "Good evening."

And he answered, "Good evening, sir."

He went straight on to his own house, reported to his house-master, and changed back into School clothing. I never mentioned the episode from that moment on. What was the punishment? The punishment was that the great Edward had walked back to his house, and the conversation went as follows:

"How did you get back?"

"Walked."

"Who brought you?"

"Nobody, I came alone."

"Have you seen the Old Man?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"*Good evening.*"

Nothing could have debunked the intelligentsia more rapidly or more effectively, and as a matter of fact it put the stopper on absconding for quite a while. After all, no one likes to begin by being tough and end up by looking a fathead.

An absconder always brings great disrepute upon the establishment from which he absconds. It is almost inevitable that he must either steal a car or break in somewhere to get food and clothes, and I think that sometimes we are inclined to take a rather too lenient view of it from the public point of view.

It has been said from some sources that we must regard absconding as part of a boy's training. That is as may be, but to the person who has suffered fright, shock, and loss, it is

little compensation, and it is even more difficult to attempt to justify it if some one has been injured.

'Open' training is a matter of high policy, and no one can dispute at all the value of the 'open' system. It has proved itself to be of inestimable value in the majority of cases, but we ought to recognize that it is not suitable for every one. It sometimes happens that either through human error in allocation, or through justifiable risk, or at a later stage through a change of heart in the person who was originally fit for 'open' training, that breakdown occurs and very unhappy results accrue.

There are people who argue as follows, "Why do you need filthy old Prisons like Pentonville and Leeds and so on when you have lovely 'open' places like Leyhill and Lowdham Grange?" I think they would be wise to recognize that for some people the latter can only exist because the former are in the background, and there are some people who might be tempted to behave unreasonably in 'open' conditions, but who are deterred from doing so by the knowledge that if they do there is something much worse in store.

I do not believe that the right way to stop escaping or absconding is to revert (which God forbid) to the old Prison yard with its sixteen-foot wall and all its attendant discomforts; I believe it can be reduced to very small proportions indeed by the exercise of public opinion and the tone of the institution itself, but we have not yet lived down either the necessity for or the efficacy of deterrence.

One night during the War a party of young men arrived at a certain 'open' Borstal Institution from a Reception Centre. It was always the practice to remove the handcuffs immediately on arrival, and they were told that that was the last time they would ever see a pair of handcuffs unless they asked for them by behaving in a manner that made their restoration imperative. I was doing my rounds just after midnight that night, and in one long dormitory occupied by thirty young men I heard one of

the new arrivals still talking to one of the older hands. Finally the new one said, "Is it really true that the doors are not locked?"

"Yes."

"Blimey, wouldn't it be easy to run away?"

"Easy? No, only b—— stupid."

That, I think, sums up the best possible attitude.

Among the younger element it is much more difficult. They are so feckless and unthinking, and will have all sorts of excuses for running away. Apart from wanting to get home, the most common one, I suppose, is, "I was fed up," followed closely by "Well, I got into trouble." They cannot for the life of them see that to superimpose a further packet of trouble on the top of the one they are already in is really no solution, but I believe that this is entirely due to the lack of early training at home.

Nowadays if you don't like school you just stop away. Unfortunately in some of the schools where the headmaster insists on a penalty for this offence he finds himself in trouble with the parents, and so there develops a sort of *laissez-faire* which makes it possible for the youngster to play one authority off against another without much fear of the consequences.

There are, of course, the odd people who abscond as a matter of bravado, and for those people the answer is that the expedition must be paid for. Recently I have started to add to the loss of leave a part of the charge for the transport that brings the boy back. I try to explain to him that I see no reason why public funds should be expended on bringing people to the School more than once.

I would like to stress again that the whole essence of the treatment of this disease must be individual, but this and adequate punishments are by no means mutually exclusive.

I think it would help us all to get this problem of escaping in perspective if we were to remember that there are occasions when escaping is regarded as a very creditable thing. Every one

will remember the epic exploits described in the book *The Wooden Horse* and many other exploits of similar calibre, but, after all, from the point of view of the erstwhile gaolers and the people in the surrounding countryside, I imagine their feelings must have been on a par with our own when it happens in this country.

In the prison camps during the War it was axiomatic that no one made any attempt to escape if he had given his parole, and I have sufficient faith in human nature to believe that the same thing could be possible among the criminal population. I will go further—it *is* possible, for it has been done many times.

The most important thing is that the authorities must keep the thing in proportion, and so should members of the public who, on occasion, lose no opportunity of making very large mountains out of very small molehills.

I remember when I was Governor of Camp Hill in the Isle of Wight a young man of nineteen escaped and took a rowing-boat. The local boatmen, being in the habit of locking their oars up at night, had left him without any means of propulsion, and he therefore took with him a large shovel with which, somewhat optimistically, he proposed to paddle the boat across to the mainland. In point of fact he drifted into the middle of the Solent, and the only effect of his 'paddle' was to spin him round in small circles until he was violently seasick. He was recaptured without difficulty, and I was even less surprised to know he'd been seasick when, on the following day I received an account from a small café on the sea-front alleging that the boy in question had broken into the café. At the end of a list, which included sweets, chocolate, buns, and slab cake, there appeared the astounding item of "36 bottles of mineral water consumed on the premises." I felt it was hardly so much a matter for the police as for the medical officer.

I had another boy about the same time who was only seventeen and a half, but extremely wiry. He was away for three

days, and was actually caught as he was endeavouring to leave by the ordinary boat from the Pontoon. When he was returned to us he seemed highly amused, and he said, "You are not very good at looking for people, are you, sir?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the day I ran away you were with the other officers in the forest searching, and do you remember stopping at the top of the Parkhurst Ride and saying to the Chief Officer, 'Which way do you think we had better go now?'"

"Yes, but how do you know?"

"I was sitting astride a branch of a tree right over your head."

He told me one other interesting thing: he had broken into a house, and, having taken what he wanted, had cooked himself a meal and brewed a cup of tea.

I said, "I should think you have got a nerve."

"You take it from me, sir," he answered, "if ever you break into anybody's house for goodness' sake don't tiptoe about, because that makes them suspicious. If you walk about quite normally and shut the doors in the ordinary way every one in the house thinks it is the other person."

When we went to court this was confirmed. The house was occupied by two brothers, and each in evidence said that until the morning he was under the impression that his brother was unable to sleep and had gone downstairs to make a cup of tea.

I should like to add one thing for the comfort of any householder who does hear 'noises in the dark.' If you have any reason to suppose that your house is at the moment occupied by an intruder it is not always wise to walk downstairs carrying a torch (which serves merely to indicate to the intruder precisely where *you* are). It is much wiser to get out of bed and drop your boots or kick over a chair. Do remember that the primary object of anyone who is in a building where he should not be is to get out of it without being caught, and any warning that you can give is accepted with alacrity for the most part. Many people

would prefer to 'have a go' at arresting the intruder, and what I have said above is addressed mainly to those who find that course impossible.

To sum it up, I have no more time for the members of the public who work themselves into a state of frenzy over some wretched person who is so unhappy as to try to find his way home than I have for anyone in authority who is prepared to exclude completely the feelings of those who suffer, through no fault of their own, during the process.

I think sometimes the public pays very dearly for its lack of interest in our penal establishments. Prisons need more good Prison Visitors. Borstal Institutions and Approved Schools can do with a great deal of help, and it is significant that wherever the public takes a real interest in its local establishment there grows up the sort of bond that eases the tension on both sides and makes for a very much happier community.

It might be a good thing if just occasionally people were to remember that only once did Christ ever refer to Prisons. Anyone can read it for themselves.

"I was in Prison, . . ." Do you remember how it ends?

Solitary Confinement

THIS is a forbidding title, and it usually strikes horror into the hearts of people who are the least bit sentimental. (I mean that in the nicest sense of the word.) The trouble is, however, that there are occasions when it is absolutely necessary to segregate people for one reason or another. Clearly one cannot allow an unpleasant dominant personality to bully, nor can one allow a persistent absconder to carry on regardless of the effect upon the general public and upon the institution itself, and thirdly there are people who, *for their own sakes*, need a period of solitude.

My thesis about the whole thing, however, is that so far we have been doing this thing the wrong way round! No one who is responsible for the administration of any penal establishment can deny the necessity for solitary confinement, but it seems to me that in the past we were barking up the wrong tree, and, indeed, in many of our modern establishments we continue to do so.

If you were to go into any prison cell at the moment you would probably find a room about thirteen feet long by seven feet wide and nine feet high, with a minimum of furniture, a minimum of ventilation, and very little that can be described as beautiful. Pictures are conspicuous by their absence, and so is comfort. I wonder what *you* would think about in those conditions? First of all, I believe you would be rather depressed, and in my experience depression is not very far removed from

resentment. The feelings that arise out of those two parents are likely to be truculent, bitter, and conducive to anything but right thinking.

Will you stop for one moment and think about any building you know that is supposed to induce thoughts that will lead to an attitude of kindness and reformation? Whatever religion you may hold, think of the church to which you normally go to worship or say prayers. Everything is provided to make it easy to carry out the injunction, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Now imagine trying to think of "Whatsoever things are lovely" in the room with the whitewashed wall, the little window near the roof, the uncomfortable chair, and the wooden bed; no pictures and no flowers. That is the sort of situation in which a monk or a nun would find it possible, by a process of introspection, to think as one should think, but we are not dealing with monks and nuns, but with people who have no such sense of vocation. So we make it even harder for them, and that seems to me to be quite stupid.

We ought to make it possible for people to be quiet and to think, for how else shall they work out the salvation that they are trying so hard to find in many cases?

It is for that reason that many years ago I devised something which I would describe as "solitude in beauty." Names don't really matter, but officially I call it the "Quiet Room" while the boys refer to it rather more colloquially as the "Jug." When it is necessary to lock some one up I do so in a room—call it a cell if you like, because they cannot get out!—that is furnished not merely comfortably, but almost luxuriously. There is electric light, an electric fire; there is a spring bed, a comfortable mattress, and a pink eiderdown; there is a carpet on the floor,

the walls have good pictures, there is an easy chair to sit on, there is a table at which you can write, and there is a bell you can push if you want attention.

You see the first thing of interest is this: instead of the person who is locked up being regarded as 'tough' the exact converse is the case: it is the *ordinary* boy who is tough because he does not have a carpet and all these other refinements, and it is, therefore, made apparent from the start that there is nothing brave or fierce about living on your own.

On one occasion I told a boy, who was somewhat of a bully, that if he bullied again he would have to go and live alone. He did repeat the offence and I took him myself over to the Quiet Room. On the way over his face was twisted into one long sneer, and he told me quite categorically, "I can take it!" When we arrived I opened the door, and he took one look at the room and said, "I'm not going in there."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why not?" he exclaimed. "Why, all the other fellows will be calling me a cissy!"

To which I replied, "So you are. Nobody but a cissy would find it impossible to live reasonably in the ordinary houses."

It was interesting that he continued his plea not to be put into the Quiet Room, and I agreed on one condition.

"If it happens again," I said, "you will go into the Quiet Room whether you like it or not."

It only remains to say that he did not repeat the offence for the rest of his time with us, though I must admit that that was the shortest cure I have ever known!

One of the absolute essentials in institutional treatment is the presence of the patient. That is why on occasion I use the Quiet Room for the persistent absconder. The best illustration I can give of this is that of a youngster of fourteen who absconded upward of fifteen times, and in the last resort I had to lock him up. During his incarceration a very earnest young man arrived

from a university and informed me that he was a student of psychiatry. He asked whether he could visit George in the Quiet Room, and naturally I agreed. Having seen the boy, the student came back to me and said, "I think you are wrong about George. He doesn't want locking up, he wants *loving*."

I replied, "How right you are! But I have got to have him here to love! I can't love him in Doncaster."

It is true to say that sometimes we impose far too great a strain on the patient (or the delinquent, as the case may be) by expecting him to accept voluntarily a treatment that he finds distasteful. There are some people in whom the urge to wander is so strong that nothing but physical prevention can hope to cure it.

Just occasionally, too, there is the question of the need for solitude that is recognized by the boy himself.

Harry F. is a good example of what I mean. In his early days here he would sometimes come to me in the evening and say, in his broad dialect, "Can I be locked up to-night, because I feels like running away?"

And I would answer, "Yes, you can go over to the Quiet Room and spend the night there."

This he would do, returning to work the following day until the mood came over him again a week or two later.

On one occasion I said to him when he made his request, "I am too tired to do it to-night. You will have to put yourself to bed."

So over to the Quiet Room he went, unbolted the door, and went to bed.

The following afternoon I said to him, "Who locked you up last night, Harry?"

He smiled and said, "Nobody."

"Why didn't you run away?" I asked. "You said if you stayed in the house you would."

"Oh, yes!" he said. "But then when I am alone I feels different."

I said, "Yes, how right you are. This running-away business is entirely a matter of how you feel. It is not a matter of anyone else preventing you from doing it. It is a thing that you can do by yourself. But the next time you want to go into the Quiet Room I am going to say, 'No,' because I am quite sure that you will be able to fight it out for yourself and still not run away."

He never absconded again, but I cannot help feeling that part of the reason was the sense of security and the opportunity for solitude that was made possible in the way that I have described.

II

Personal Relationships

SOME ONE once said to me, "But you are basing the whole thing on a matter of personal relationship."

I replied, "Of course I am!"

Any institutional life can only be measured in terms of the people who are living in it, and that is why I am much more concerned when interviewing potential members of the staff to know what they have in their hearts rather than in their heads and on paper. A good deal has been done in recent years about the training of people for social work. My own view is that the first piece of training should always be a practical experience of living in an establishment for a while in order to see whether the job likes the person and the person likes the job. If these two conditions are satisfied positively then by all means let us go on to the theoretical training, but, in my opinion, there is no value in theoretical training taking precedence if one is to discover at a later stage that the student can write an excellent report, but cannot understand the grievous heart of people who are unhappy.

A boy once cursed a member of my staff rather fluently, and went into his parentage somewhat inaccurately. He was reported to me for gross insolence, and I said to the member of staff concerned, "You didn't *really* hear what he said. The words he used were offensive and inaccurate, but if you could only have translated them correctly you would have heard him shout at the top of his voice 'I want my Mum.'"

Sometimes that is so, and it is very important indeed to realize that people who *think* they have a grievance behave as if they had one in fact, but it takes some experience to discern that, and even more to be able to cope with it.

I suppose one of the most interesting things in our job is the reaction of people to those in whose charge they are or with whom they come in contact during their training. During the last twenty-five years I have met many people whose lives have been changed merely because they wanted to deserve the praise or win the smile of some one else, and there are many things that men will refrain from doing if they think that some one would be ashamed of them.

Has it occurred to you that with an ignorance of human nature that amounts to something almost criminal, we segregate men and women and boys and girls in our penal establishments and hope somehow that they will find it possible to sublimate all their urges without any normal outlet at all? We occasionally have people who are convicted of sexual offences, but how on earth can they learn anything about the higher side of that facet of life unless we enable them to meet people who know how to deal with it? Very often such offences are committed through shyness in the first place, or through meeting girls who, far from doing anything to dissuade a weak boy, will actually provoke the incident that finally leads to trouble. It is absolutely vital that there should be people in our institutions whose standards are such that they evoke the highest possible admiration, regard, and affection in people who have these difficulties.

I should like to see more women on the staff of men's establishments and *vice versa*, and I think in our boys' schools we need more girls. I don't mean that I want a sort of criminal co-educational academy; the sort of girls we want in our work are girls who look young enough to remember what fun is, but are old enough to know when things look as if they are going too far. After all, I suppose we are all aware of the fact that particularly

during adolescence the most potent influence in any young man's life is the "love of a lady."

I appreciate that this is not an easy task for those who undertake it, but I have good reason to know that it is well worth while and most effective.

It is very true to say that a boy may begin going to the voluntary services in the School more for the pleasure of the company of some one he admires than for the higher motive, but that, in my view, is no handicap whatever. I think he is likely to be much more receptive to the higher virtue if he is already anxious to try to pull himself together for what some people might regard as a lower motive.

Of all the qualities, the most important in the people who are going to deal with their fellow beings is sincerity. They can be strict, they can be easy, they can sometimes be apparently unfair, but only so long as the people for whom they are responsible recognize that what was done was done honestly and in good faith.

The chairman of a bench that visited me one day stopped one of my boys and asked him what was wrong with the School.

"Nothing, sir, as far as I'm concerned. I'm very happy."

"Well," said the old Colonel, "there must be something wrong. For instance, is the Headmaster always fair?"

And the boy said, "No, sir, not always—but he *tries* to be."

That, I think, is the important thing.

I believe that one of the most vicious weapons in the hands of an adult is sarcasm, and I am always amazed that people attach so much more importance to the hurt inflicted on some one's body than to the damage that can be done to the mind. I wonder how often in schools or institutions people who have power are tempted to use sarcasm, either for their own satisfaction or because they feel the urge to use the power they have. It is one of the things that personally I would stress in all training colleges or in any place where people are trained to take charge of other

people. I do not suppose any of us can ever remember a time when sarcasm did any good. It may be clever, it may be apposite, it may be brilliant, but it will never heal or cure.

On the other hand, good-humoured and good-natured repartee improves relationships, and I have always held one rule quite firmly: You may say what you like as long as you say it respectfully. That rule may produce very frank criticisms—sometimes helpful, sometimes just a little disturbing—but it does more than that too, it gives a clearer indication of the feeling that exists between staff and boys than anything else could do.

Once, during the first visit of a new Inspector, we were passing through the Quadrangle just as two boys were having a friendly struggle. One was in the process of twisting the other's arm and, having suffered an additional twist, the victim, who hadn't noticed our approach, swore vigorously. I merely said quietly, "That will cost you sixpence."

With a huge grin my small cockney friend pulled out his purse, and, looking at the visitor—of whose official standing he was unaware—said, "Gor blimey, this ain't 'alf a school, this is. Got to pay sixpence to 'ave yer arm broke!"

There was one occasion on which the gardening instructor had been extremely fierce with one young man. We were at the time having a mission in the School, and every evening we gathered in the Hall and sang all the old choruses that belong to childhood. You know the sort of thing: "Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light," and so on. The following day Mac was up to his usual monkey tricks on the garden, and so was reprimanded by the instructor.

Finally Mac said, "All right then, I shall apply for a transfer to the builders."

"The builders won't have you," responded the instructor.

"All right, I shall apply for a transfer to the farm."

"The farm won't have you."

"Well, then, I shall apply for the carpenters."

"Listen," said the instructor, "can I make it clear to you that there is no question at all of a transfer for anybody who is as idle as you are? Nobody wants you."

'Ah! That's just where you're wrong," Mac retorted. "According to what I heard last night, Jesus wants me for a sunbeam."

For once in his life the gardening instructor was left completely speechless!

While I have been writing this I have had a letter; it comes from a lad whom I knew twenty years ago in Borstal, and I should like to quote from it:

"... It is quite a while ago since you came to my assistance like the man you are. Actually I have been ashamed to write, but the urge to write has been often. I would really appreciate a letter from you sometime. By gosh I deserved all that bread and water you gave me. You and Mr Grist are two gentlemen I particularly remember. Looking back none of you really deserved some of the names we called you. Not that you weren't aware of them..."

The story behind it is that Jim was one of the most difficult people, I think, that we ever had. He was an absolute rebel, and he fought tooth and nail against all regulations, and declined to co-operate in every sort of way. Punishment had little or no effect, and yet it was impossible to leave him loose among the others for very long at a time. In the long run he was discharged, of course, and I heard nothing about him at all for some years.

And then one evening we were invited out to dinner by a stipendiary magistrate, and during dinner he said to me, "This is the second time to-day that I have heard your name. This morning in court I had a young fellow up before me with the most shocking record I have ever seen. Witness after witness could say nothing good about him, and at last—almost in desperation—I said, 'Isn't there anyone who could say a good word for you?' and the man replied, 'Yes, there is one bloke

who would say something good for me if he were here, and that's my old Governor.' I asked him what the name was and he said 'Joyce.' Now, isn't that strange?"

I said, "Can you remember the name of the man?"

"Yes, his name was X."

"Oh," I said, "I know him well, and I am the Governor he referred to. He was a most awkward and desperate sort of devil, but one thing I will say for him: I don't think you will have an easy job in getting him to promise anything, but if ever he does make a promise he keeps it."

The subsequent history is interesting, because the magistrate reported this conversation in court the following morning, and X gave him a promise that if he could take a lenient course he would not regret it. And he has had no cause to do so.

The letter I have just received goes on to say that X is married, has two very nice children, and is now in business on his own account.

These are the things that make the job worth while, and I cannot help but think of the phrase that mentions "casting one's bread upon the waters."

At the same time I had another youth who was one of the chirpiest people I have ever known, and most of his life was spent explaining to people that what he said was really impertinence and not insolence. He played on the fact that I liked his cheery attitude, and, although he was on report on an average of about twice every week, somehow or other he managed to escape any really severe punishment for a very long time.

Then one day I said to him, "You know, Alf, the position is that the staff are beginning to think that you can do just as you like, because you take advantage of the fact that you know I like you in so many ways. Now I am going to give you an absolutely final warning: If you deliberately disobey any order during the next month and you are cheeky about it I shall come down on you like a ton of bricks."

The following morning when I went in the Chief Officer came up as usual, and said, "All correct, sir. Two reports."

I said, "Who are they, Chief?" and he told me; one of them being Alf himself.

It appeared that during the P.T. period that morning he had refused to roll up his sleeves, and had tried to take the rise out of the officer in charge. The adjudication took the following form:

"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

"I understand that this morning at the P.T. bell you refused to roll up your sleeves, and you were insolent to the officer."

Alf began his usual specious explanation, which I cut short by saying, "I don't want any further discussion. Did you refuse to roll up your sleeves?"

"Yes, but——"

I chipped in, "Very well. Three days No. 1, fourteen days No. 2, seven nights no mattress. Out."

I went down to see him every day, of course, during that period, and in the course of the conversation we had he told me that he never expected it would happen to him.

The long-distance sequel is the most interesting part, and demonstrates so clearly that although sometimes one has to resort to severe punishment it does not (as so many people seem to think) engender bitterness and ill-feeling. After he was discharged he went round with a travelling fair, taking part in the boxing-booth exhibitions, and from all over the country I would get a letter about once a month giving me his news, something about his successes in the ring, and a general picture as to how the fair was going. The letters always ended:

I remain, your loving friend,

ALF

P.S. Three days No. 1. Fourteen days No. 2. Seven nights no mattress. What Ho!!!!

I have often wondered where he is to-day (and if ever he reads this perhaps he'll write and tell me).

The relationship existing between the men themselves is of great importance, and very often the work of the staff is helped tremendously by some of the people whom they have in charge.

Some years ago at Wormwood Scrubs a peer of the realm arrived. He had been sentenced for a technical offence, which, in passing, he always averred was committed in ignorance, or at any rate unwittingly. He was a very outstanding personality, and at the time he came we were suffering a good deal of trouble due to a small gang of prisoners who were really 'bloody minded.' This man had only been in the Prison about six weeks when the ring-leader of the gang in question came to me and said, "We're packing it up."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, if that's how a gentleman can take it I don't really see that we've got much to grumble about."

There is no doubt at all that that man's attitude had a marked effect upon the other people in the Prison, and it was most interesting to see how one personality could impinge on so many others without it being done obviously or with any sense of personal pride.

The last of these personal stories is to me one of the most important because it bears out something that I have believed nearly all my life and still believe very firmly indeed. Simply this: that if only we could see what is good in anyone else's make-up and personality, creed or belief, we should find much more ground for unity than if we spend our life concentrating on the big differences.

At Camp Hill, in the Isle of Wight, every year, in common with all other Borstal Institutions, we had an annual sports day, and year after year Sir Godfrey Baring presented a cup to the winning house. He always followed the procedure of asking all the visitors to retire while he talked to the boys and to any

parents who happened to be there. He was always billed on our programme in the following way: "At the conclusion of the Sports the cup will be presented to the winning house by Sir Godfrey Baring, Bt., D.L., J.P., C.A."

During the year of which I am writing we had sent to us a very interesting youth of seventeen and a half whose education was very much above the average in one respect. He had been committed as the leader of the Young Communist Party in one of the biggest cities in this country, and the charge under which he was actually arrested was throwing stones through the window of the mayor's parlour as a protest against some regulation or other. When I saw him on reception I had reason to be glad that I had read economics. This young fellow began to talk to me about his aims and ideals, and he was able to talk at considerable length on the Marxian doctrine and many other things to do with the social structure.

I said to him, "Yes, but if you look at what Marshall says you will find that that contradicts the Marxian theory in that very matter."

To my astonishment he replied, "Yes, I know, but if you turn to Chapman you will find that that agrees with it."

To say the least of it I was taken aback, but I discovered one thing very rapidly: the teaching that he had had on the political and economic side was very much more thorough and effective than most of the teaching given in other Sunday-schools. That we can regret, but it is nevertheless a fact. We used to have many discussions, and it would be fair to say that we both enjoyed them, though our points of view were not by any means coincident all the time.

Then came the sports day, and this boy's father travelled down from the North to attend it. When Sir Godfrey asked the visitors to retire the father stayed behind and listened to what he said. From the sports-field he came straight to me and said, "I should like an interview with you for a minute or two."

I replied, "Would you please realize that I am terribly busy with over three hundred guests to see to, but if it is really urgent, of course, I can spare five minutes."

We went into my office, and he asked, "Was the man who spoke to the boys on the sports-field the Lord whose name is on the programme?"

"Well, he's not a Lord, but he is the person whose name is on the programme."

"I can't understand it," the father said. "Because if he is the man with all those letters after his name it is a funny thing to me that he should speak to boys in the way he did. He wasn't sarcastic, and he didn't look down on them, but he spoke to them like any father would."

"He is a father, among other things, but he takes a great interest in the boys in this institution, and visits regularly every month, apart from other times."

The father then explained that he could hardly believe that that was a possibility, because he would have supposed that anyone in that position would have despised boys like his son. It was one of the most interesting conversations I ever had, I think, and the result of the discussion with the boy afterwards made it clear that Sir Godfrey had done something by his ordinary method of approach that I had failed to do by a rather hard-headed stress of contrary economics. It is as I say, entirely a matter of individual approach—it always has been; I think it always will be; and, although in these days we are tending more and more to concentrate on paper qualifications, I am still convinced that the only possible hope is that we shall have people who want to do the job primarily from their hearts and secondly, if you like, with their heads—but the order is important.

Preparing for Work

YEARS ago young people always looked forward to the day when they would go to work. It was a sort of acknowledgment that one was growing up, and the feeling of pride in personal responsibility was a very great thing. But that isn't true any longer. For one reason or another people's attitude towards work in general has changed—and I think for the worse.

A year or two ago a certain young man of fifteen and a half was being brought to the School by his probation officer, and as their car turned into the drive Bill turned to his probation officer and said, "I'll tell you one thing: this place won't suit me at all."

"Now, don't be silly," replied the probation officer. "You haven't *seen* the School yet. How on earth can you know whether it will suit you or not?"

"Well, I know it won't. I've just seen a boy working without anybody watching him!"

As a matter of fact that particular young man did learn, among other things, to do the same thing himself, but I know that his attitude was perfectly genuine at the outset. Quite a lot of our boys have the same attitude, and it is one of the difficulties we have to face in their training. After all, why should you work when no one is looking, particularly if you can get just the same money whether you work or not?

When I first joined the Prison Service, and especially during my time in Borstal, I remember we were all trying very hard indeed to make conditions 'inside' approximate to those in the

world outside, to which people must, at some time, return but, my goodness, that is one thing we had better not try to do to-day!

I had one of our old boys back to see me a few weeks ago, and I asked him how he was getting on.

"Oh! I'm getting on all right, sir, but you are quite wrong about what you say about work."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, you've always said that the thing to do was to work just as hard when the foreman wasn't there as when he was. So when I first went into the factory I did work as hard as I possibly could, and then some one came to me and said, 'What's the matter with you? If you go on working at the rate you're doing you'll make it difficult for everybody else, so stop it.' And as a matter of fact, it doesn't make any difference because I'm earning"—and then he corrected himself and said—"I'm getting six pounds a week."

Now, here is the dilemma that boy faces. Am I to give up the job where I am urged to do less than I know is right for me to do, or am I to continue to do what I know to be right and suffer sneers (or even worse) from the people with whom I spend my working day? I am glad to say that I have known people who have decided to stick to their guns and do what they know to be right. They did suffer a good deal in the way of antagonism from their work-mates for some considerable time, but the most hopeful thing about it is that in the long run no one can deny that the honest person is right and the dishonest person is wrong.

Quite a number of reformers are young people, and, what is more important, most young people are reformers at root. As we grow older we tend to accept more readily old-established custom and tradition, but discontent is a sign of healthy adolescence, and, I believe, it is one of the things that we ought to train and use. After all, boys will tackle the carrying of a load of responsibility that would make older people much more

cautious, not to say nervous. Just exactly as you and I have seen a boy of fifteen or sixteen determined to carry a sack or lift a weight that is strictly beyond his power, so, on the moral side, I believe that he will accept the challenge of the people in industry to-day who say, "Nobody to-day wants to do an honest day's work" or "Everybody's out to dodge as much as he can." I should like to make it clear, though, that it is not just a matter of moral precept. I think these youngsters have first of all to be shown, and secondly offered the only thing that will enable them to stand (alone if necessary) for a while and fight the battle. So I sometimes say to my boys, "I think you may find it an extremely difficult thing to do, and you may be discouraged sometimes, but do try to remember that there are so many things that are worth while that we cannot do through our own human strength alone. It is not only a matter of what you believe but of how strongly you believe it. 'I can do all things *through Christ who strengtheneth me*'—but the second part of that statement, 'through Christ who strengtheneth me,' is the only justification for the first part."

I try to tackle it with my boys by establishing very clearly defined standards, and they are essentially personal. I deal with the matter in various ways, but mostly in the short daily talk at Prayers in Hall at 8 P.M.

Let me show you what I mean: one night I began by asking the boys if they would give me a list of the people who never go on strike. I had about thirty lists submitted, and the people mentioned most often were as follows, and in this order: The King and Queen, Clergymen, Doctors, Mothers. (In passing, don't you think that is an interesting list coming from Approved School boys?)

At a later stage I had a discussion with the boys as to why these particular people were unable to take an action that seemed to be generally agreed to be the right of every one else, and the answers are the boys' (not mine). They said:

The King and Queen could not go on strike, because it would disappoint so many people who had been expecting them to go and 'open' a road or a new building.

"The Clergy" surprised me a little, I must say, but again, the boys' argument was that if some one were dying and you sent for the clergyman it would be very wicked of him not to go—impossible, in fact.

Doctors, of course, were more obvious. They couldn't go on strike because, for example, "Mum might die."

And, last of all, Mothers could not go on strike because, as one youngster put it, "Don't be silly, who'd get Dad off to work?"

It became very apparent in the discussion that the common denominator of all these decisions was the fact that you cannot rightly disappoint or injure other people. That of itself is an extraordinarily good moral point, and I think it is one of the things that we can teach children to-day.

My own feeling about work on the whole, as with so many other things, is that we cannot do better than base our standard on the Biblical one. There it is made perfectly clear that the employer should pay what is right, and equally clear that the worker should give of his best.

The modern attitude of mind epitomized in the saying, "Well, every one else does it, so why shouldn't I?" I try to put before my boys by arguing like this: "What would happen if you went to work in a place where every one else was blind? Would you still say, 'Well, every one else can't see, so why should I?'" And young people see it quite readily when you reduce it to that rather practical level.

Surely the answer is what other people do is not *my* business, unless I feel that I have some right to put a better point of view. I believe modern methods and modern ideas are unlikely to stand the test unless they have as a basis the teaching of Jesus Christ, who was, after all, the greatest Teacher of all; but on a

I suppose all this sounds like a counsel of perfection, and a lot of people will say that the standard is much too high. *Well, no standard can be too high.* That seems to me to be one of the major problems; it would be much better for our young people if we recognized that standards are absolute and not variable, and given the challenge they would accept it. You may think I am unduly optimistic, but I have a certain number of facts to support the conviction: in most cases our boys do achieve the reputation for hard work and consistent service, and I often get testimonials from people who say in their letters, "What a good boy so-and-so is. I find him so willing and courteously ready to do what is asked."

The boy of whom I spoke at the beginning of this Chapter is now in the Forces, and has earned an excellent reputation. I could multiply his case literally by hundreds.

I am quite sure of this; it is not a bit of use sitting back and saying our children are going out into a society that is only nominally Christian; they are going out into a society that is nothing like as honest as it used to be; they are going out into a society in which work is regarded as an infernal nuisance and merely the way of getting the money that you want for other purposes. I am prepared to admit that all that is true, but the answer to it is to send out into that society young people who are ready to stand for what they themselves know to be right and, where necessary, to face courageously the opposition that they will meet. It not only can be done—it is being done, and I hope that no one who has anything to do with young people will give up in despair and agree to the acceptance of something below the best.

Not everybody will be fortunate enough to have a job they like. Not all of us find our job and hobby in the same sphere, but it does seem to me (and here I am going back again to the Bible) the real answer to it all is this: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." It is the difference between

saying "How little can I get away with?" and saying "I thought it would be a good thing if I did this or that for somebody."

So, for the boys, I sum up the situation something like this: The work that people do is their own personal contribution to the wealth of society as a whole. It must follow, therefore, that for anyone who believes in the Christian ethic that contribution must be as good as is possible, and there must be no question of short weight. That to me is the whole essence of the problem. No one, Christian or non-Christian, would subscribe to the view that a shopkeeper has the right to advertise his goods at, say, two shillings a pound, and, having taken the two shillings, supply only fifteen ounces. It is just as simple as that. Whether I get so much a year, so much a week, or so much an hour, it would seem to me that there is no argument on earth that can sustain for a moment the view that I should take that and in return give less than I agreed to give.

Surely that cannot be in dispute, and it is for that reason that I think we can say to our young people, "In your work at least as much, if not more, than in any other way you are bound to demonstrate the principle, or lack of principle, on which your life is built." I am all in favour of employers' liability, but I am equally in favour of the employees' contribution.

"Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good." Dishonest or scamped work is stealing; and don't let us talk about 'Industry' and 'Capital' and 'Labour' in general terms; let us be personal about it—if we dare! Can I, can you, go to work to-morrow saying: "Let *me* who stole steal no more, but rather let *me* labour, working with my hands the thing that I know is good?"

When men and women in prison are able, or are made, to work harder than they do outside it will be one of the longest strides ever taken towards real reform and rehabilitation. Idleness is demoralizing whatever side of the wall you are.

“A Life Sentence”

HAVE you ever stopped to think of the *real* effect of a sentence of Borstal training or of imprisonment?

Most people assume that it is the appearance in court or the period spent in custody that is the real punishment, but I have always felt that the most serious aspect of the whole thing is its permanence. I remember years ago an old lag who had made many, many attempts to get a job coming back to me at a certain Prison and saying, “I think it unfair; the judge gave me five years, but everybody else seems to want to make it a life sentence.”

In an earlier chapter I said that it would be a good thing if occasionally we were to consult the patient as to his, or her, feelings in the matter, and it so happens that I have been able to do that on more than one occasion. Quite recently I had a letter from one of my old friends who had been for some time in an Approved School and was subsequently committed to Borstal. I want to say no more about him personally except that he has made the fullest possible use of the opportunities afforded him since, and is now making a good success of his life, but in his letter to me he wrote as follows:

Inside this envelope you will find fifteen sheets of paper. If you have not the time and/or the inclination to read any of it I am, by now, old enough to understand such things without feeling distressed! Cast them into the rubbish-box unread, and in fact un-

opened. I don't want to waste your time in any way, it would be wrong of anyone to do that to you of all people, and yet I cannot help but feel that I may have put on paper, not something of an epic—oh, no, I know it isn't very good—but perhaps something that has worried other boys of my own age, and a small problem that you already know the answer to.

He is so right when he says “that has worried a good many people.” I appreciate that the realist and the cynic may say once again that I am taking a rather sentimental view of people who have got themselves into trouble, but the fact remains that the whole thing is so essentially personal that one cannot ignore the human aspect of it. It is for that reason that I have included the statement to which my friend refers in his letter. I believe that it will be of some help—in fact, of considerable help—to anyone who really wants to understand what is involved, and that is why I asked his permission to quote it. So here it is:

“I had always thought that my memory was pretty good, but then memories are funny things; past happenings that you feel sure you'll never forget always vanish from your conscious mind just when you want them, and all the other more trivial things stay right to the fore, so perhaps it is not so strange that I cannot recall the exact words that the judge used when he sentenced me on that April afternoon. All I can remember is that he said something about ‘. . . there being nothing else to do with me but to send me to Borstal for three years . . .’ I remember the choking feeling in my throat as he spoke these words, and I can also remember thinking to myself, ‘This isn't me he's talking about; it must be some one else; this *can't* be me.’ Then one of the prison officers standing beside me tapped me on the shoulder, and I walked out of the courtroom, down some steps to the cells underneath. The officer with me pushed me into the room and said, ‘Three years Borstal’—rather as if he were posting a parcel. At that moment my whole life was crumbling about my head,

and although I may not have realized just how much was slipping away, even I knew that this was the end of the trail.

“The sentence itself was no real surprise, for having been in trouble before, and been sent to an Approved School for three years when I was fifteen, I could hardly expect any other sort of punishment than Borstal; but even so, now that it had happened, it had hit me badly. I must have been in a very emotional state and very worked up, for I can remember very little else that happened that day. I saw my father for five minutes, and for the rest of the time I sat in a small cell with another lad of my own age, cursing the folly that had got me into this state.

“The other lad, who was also destined for Borstal, told me that he had already been there before, and that this time he wasn't going to stay there. He babbled on, and I took very little notice of him, and so we both sat there cursing our misfortune, one because he had been caught and sent to Borstal, and the other because he was being sent to Borstal for a second time and not to Prison.

“We must have looked a strange couple when, about six hours later, at eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived handcuffed together at the gates of the local prison. Having been on remand in this prison for the last week I was no longer curious as to what it looked like inside as I had been when I first arrived there. I knew of its drabness, its smells, and its people, and because I knew them I felt almost glad to get back into it once again, and when some thirty minutes later the door of my cell slammed leaving me alone for the night, I was happier than I had been all that day. When the light in the cell was switched off I turned over on my side on the prison bed and cried myself to sleep.

“I cried not merely because I was so unhappy at my present predicament, but also out of sheer relief at it all being over. The uncertainty of the last few weeks was gone, and my future, however sordid, was mapped out in front of me for the next few years. Nothing that I could do could alter it, and it was in

this resigned spirit that I fell asleep on that first night as a Borstal Boy.

“The months in Borstal passed quicker than I had imagined they would, probably due to the fact that after a little while I stopped worrying about dates and time, and merely lived each day as if it were my last. Each set of twenty-four hours became a small lifetime, and I mapped it out, trying to make it a little different from the last set. Once one gets behind the grey walls of a Prison one enters another world altogether. It is not a world of great pain or anguish; you are fed, clothed, washed, and made to work, but despite all this you live a ‘colourless’ life; without a doubt it is designed to be, for after all what punishment is there in putting a man in a place and calling it ‘prison’? You are not going to torture him (not physically at any rate), and you are not going to starve him, even though you may not over-feed him, but yet it is a punishment that is hard to explain to anyone unless they themselves have actually experienced it. This may sound rather hard, but it is true, because I have seen things happen in Prison that show only too vividly the amount of punishment that can be meted out to some one without a finger being lifted towards him. Many otherwise quite respectable people in normal life, businessmen, solicitors, and many other professional and non-professional men find themselves acting in ways that until they passed through the doors of a prison they did not even know existed.

“Although Borstal differs in many ways from Prison, I spent quite a considerable time in a large London Prison where I was able to see these happenings occurring daily. I saw them happening in Borstal as well, only there the inmates were only young people, young both chronologically and mentally. The discipline was not so strict, and the environment more open, but even so the greatest punishment of being in a Borstal Institution was not merely the confinement and the restrictions—to me they were no more irksome than those of a Public School—but the

utter degradation of the daily life; the small orbit around which the twenty-four hours revolved. You are so thrown in on yourself with so little of real lasting interest to do, so many hours of fruitless conversation about topics that are of no value, that one becomes touchy and irritable over the most trivial things. The slightest violation of the façade that one puts up to try to get a little privacy becomes a major affront, solely because there is nothing else in your life of greater importance.

“This then is the basic sort of life that I led for about two years. On top of it I had work to do, rules to keep, and a general existence to maintain. For two years I existed thus without much trouble, for since I had spent the greater part of my earlier life away from home at boarding-schools it was nothing new to me, and I was mercifully spared the agonies of homesickness.

“It is very easy to forget that while one’s own life may have ceased and become a mere existence, the life of others goes on outside just beyond that wire fence three feet high that marks the end of the grounds of the Borstal. Beyond that mythical wall over which so many lads stricken with homesickness leap in a vain attempt to find something that will not be there to find, people like my own family go on in the same old way more or less as if nothing had ever happened; the butcher still calls and so does the baker; there’s the six o’clock news to listen to, and the personal column of *The Times* to read; aeroplanes crash; dockers go on strike; and the boiler needs stoking every night. But these planets do not come within the orbit of one behind bars. However mythical the bars may be, one becomes so intent on living one’s own little life that it is hard to think that there is anyone left in the world that could possibly still love and want you.

“It is natural when you get into trouble and get sent away somewhere that you just don’t feel like seeing anyone at all—no matter how much they may want to see you. This defence may partially be shame for what you have done, but it is also because you yourself have already accepted the fact that you have done

wrong, you have been punished, and are, in fact, actually serving that punishment. To make contact once again with some one from your own family only means the reawakening of all that has gone before. But the trouble is that your family are still living in the past: your arrest, the trial, and the sentence are all still too vividly fixed in their minds for them to try and think of anything else, whereas you have already dismissed it as past, and have got down to trying to work off the punishment as set by the court. You know that you have done wrong, or at least you will admit that you were unlucky enough to be caught, and you tell yourself that whatever you say now will not alter the state of things, no matter how unpleasant they may be.

“ Contact with one’s family is, therefore, very unpleasant, and you avoid it at all possible costs. But those that you left behind when you entered Borstal are suffering as well: ‘And how is dear John?’ some relation will ask. ‘Oh, fine, fine,’ they will say, lying hard, ‘he’s just been posted overseas.’ ‘Has he now?’ continued the interested party. ‘You must let me have his address so that I can write to him.’ ‘Yes, of course,’ they mutter, quickly changing the subject, and mentally noting where they have sent their son to in case they should be asked again. It is not very amusing to live this continual lie to members of your family, and yet they dare not tell them.

“ But there comes a time when you realize that you are going to be set free again in the near future, and as the day draws nearer you start to wonder just what you will do to earn your living. The thought of actually having to work in order to live comes rather as a shock after the comparatively lazy life of Borstal. There you merely exist, and then work as an afterthought; if you work hard you will only tire yourself out, and there will be little to show for it at the end of the week as compared with the lad who has worked alongside you and has slacked each time the instructor’s back was turned; both you and he will get three meals a day, you will sleep on the same sort of beds, you will

wear the same sort of clothes, and enjoy the same privileges, and provided his slackness is not too pronounced he will leave the institution just as soon as you do.

“On the whole, therefore, I think that very few boys in Borstal work really hard; instead they merely work as hard as is necessary to satisfy the staff in charge of them, for they know that the State is paying hundreds of pounds a year to keep them where they are and that there is a most complicated set of rules laid down to ensure that they are kept both fit and healthy regardless, within reason, of the amount of work they do. It is not strange then, that the cruel, harsh world outside with its competition and cut-throat practices presents rather a dismal picture, for although it is true that due to the benevolent Welfare State it is possible to exist quite well without so much as lifting a finger, if one desires those little extras that make life that much more pleasant, and especially so after Borstal, then the cold hard fact is that you have got to find a job, work at least as hard as the chap next to you, and stick to it year after year.

“The protesting State that sent you to Borstal in order both to appease its wronged citizens, and also to warn others, is not at all keen to help you regain your position in life after you have served the punishment that it meted out to you. Instead it would much rather walk away and leave you to fend for yourself, for although much is talked about helping the young person just released from Borstal and Prison it is seldom that anyone can be found that will actually offer private practical help when the time comes that it is needed. Happily though, this situation is now being well looked after by the Boys' Section of the Central After-care Association, and theirs is the luckless task of trying to fit these punished and reformed lads back into a society again that is not prepared to accept them as normal citizens, even though these lads have served the sentence that society felt was just for the crimes they had committed.

“One Sunday afternoon in the middle of December, nearly

two years after I had been sentenced, I sat in the Governor's office at the Borstal where I was. This was no ordinary interview for, as I have said, I sat and talked to him. At any other meeting I should have stood in front of his desk on a small square of matting, but this time it was different for to-morrow, Monday, I was leaving the place and going home. I don't seem to remember exactly what we talked about on that winter's afternoon, but I do remember that as I got up to go he said to me, 'I think you'll understand when I say to you, "I hope I don't see you again,"' and then he smiled and held out his hand, and for the first and last time I shook hands with him, and said good-bye.

"That night as I lay awake on my bed I thought about my future. Two years is a long time, and so much had happened outside of which I knew so little; my family circumstances had altered so much since I was last with them, and the thought of it all made me begin to wonder whether I should ever be able to re-settle down in the family again, or whether this time I had been away too long for me to be accepted by them again.

"With all this new ground in front of me fraught with many obvious difficulties it was not surprising that I was almost frightened to leave my present life in Borstal which, although I disliked it, at least represented a life in which I was accepted by my fellow beings, and this was something I doubted I should ever be when I rejoined the normal world. To my family I was an unknown quantity that up till then had been of very low quality. It was not easy for them to forget at once all that had gone before. This was not the first let-down they had suffered from me, and it was because of these previous failures, that had resulted in my being sent to Approved Schools and Remand Homes, that I was now growing up in ways that were somewhat different from that of my brother and sister, and now this final plunge to Borstal and Prison made them feel that perhaps I would emerge as some one who could not fit into their life, however they might want me to.

“On the other hand I was getting ready to leave Borstal and feeling that I had put it behind me, my punishment was over and the case was closed. I was feeling bitter at the life I had had to lead during my stay in Borstal, and not a little bewildered at the future that confronted me. I was not particularly repentant for what I had done, either to society or to my family, but I wanted to start again and I wanted them to help me. However, on the other hand, my family regarded me with the deepest suspicion; I was hardly a gold-cup award to show off to my relations, and yet if I returned to the family I would, at some time or other, have to meet them again.

“Due to my past, my family felt that there was very little that they could suggest in the way of employment, and they were only too relieved to find that this problem was not to be theirs. In the end they took a seat further back and watched the proceedings. It was rather like watching a patient in a fever! There comes a time when the climax is reached, the patient’s temperature is high and the pulse is weak. In this position the only thing to do is to wait and see whether the patient will succumb or whether he will rally and defeat the germ. By substituting myself for the ailing patient, and my past delinquency for the germ, one has a fairly good idea of what the situation was like. All the patent medicines had been tried out long ago with no effect: warnings, probation, Remand Homes, Approved Schools, and now, finally, Borstal. To all this had been added a new drug, psychology, but neither this nor any of the other remedies, alone or together, could help me now. It was up to me to make up my mind as to whether I was going to succumb or rally round. I made up my mind fairly soon after leaving Borstal.

“It is now just two years since I left Borstal, and looking back over those two years I must admit that there have been times when even I was worried, but now I am quite sure—in fact there is no doubt in my mind at all—that the steady climb that has

been achieved over the last two years is going to be maintained. I have not got to where I am to-day merely by luck: it has taken much more than that. It has come as a result of hard work on my part, help from a good many friends both inside and outside the family, and particularly from my ‘shepherd’ at the Borstal After-care Association, without whom I should probably now be residing in Prison again. But on top of all this there is a reason of greater importance, that is that I have successfully managed to hide my past from any of my employers. Had I not been able to do this I should not have got on as well as I have: but keeping this secret from other people has meant that I am constantly on the lookout lest I should tell conflicting stories that might give me away. I must always be careful when giving dates in case they do not add up correctly. None of this is pleasant, and I would far rather have come out into the open and have told my employer where I had been and what I had done in the past, but this could not be. Had I been sent to Prison, that would have been different. Many people are sent to Prison for offences that are not ‘criminal’ at all, such as motoring offences, currency offences, customs offences, offences under D.O.R.A., and so on, and there are many of us who would sympathize with some one who said to us, ‘Well, old chap, you see I got pinched trying to get a case of brandy through the customs; damn silly thing to do and all that, I know, still—there you are! I did it, and I got caught; only trouble was that I couldn’t afford the fine, so I had to go to jug—and I lost the brandy!’ We would feel that he had been very silly both to have tried it and to have got caught, but we would not want to ostracize him from society even though he might have been to Prison. On the other hand you can only be sent to Borstal for a criminal offence (except in the case of persistent absconding from Approved Schools) and therefore Borstal has become a name tagged on to young people that have transgressed the law criminally, and have been considered in need of discipline and training.

"Thanks to the yellow press and the cheap films, Borstal Boys have become people whom you do not help. They are the cosh boys, the hooligans, the youths outside the law and beyond the range of human sympathy: you must treat them like the animals they are, beat them if you can, and if you can't, lock them up.

"I am not going to try and argue here whether this attitude is either right or wrong. I will leave that to rational-minded people to think out for themselves; but it is obvious that if that is the way society is going to feel towards them after they have been released from these places, then these same members must be prepared to take the consequences.

"How can we help young people like myself who have been released from Borstal? Let us be fair and see the two points of view. One day an employer gets two applicants for the same job: two young men wait outside his office to be interviewed for the post. The first young man comes in, and in the course of the interview tells the employer quite openly that he has just been released from Borstal. The second young man is interviewed, and he produces papers that show he has a good record of work from previous firms. They both sit outside the office and wait for the decision of the employer. Faced with that decision, and allowing that the two men had equal qualifications for the post, which of these two men would we choose? The ex-Borstal Boy, or the other with the good records from other firms? Be fair! You would choose the latter—of course you would. You run a competitive business: you are no philanthropist, you cannot afford to be; you can't take the risk of employing some one and then have him abscond with the week's wages. No! You don't employ the ex-Borstal Boy. Now, is the ex-Borstal Boy being harshly treated? First of all you agree he's got to be allowed the chance, and yet you are not prepared to give him that chance simply because you can't afford to; and yet if *you* cannot risk it then who is going to?

"If the boy goes to the next firm down the road will he meet

with any better luck? Well, he probably will if he does what I did—*i.e.*, not say anything about having been in Borstal and fill in the period by lying (and provided you tell a lie that has an element of truth in it, however little, it is very doubtful if the employer will question it).

“Once you have been accepted by some one it is up to you, and perhaps, like my employer, the employer of that boy will never have cause to regret taking him on. My employer pays me a good salary, and he feels that I am worth that amount for the work that I turn out. I am polite, I arrive on time, and as far as he’s concerned I am a good worker. Would he feel this and would he pay me that same salary if I told him I had recently been in Borstal, and that before that I had been in an Approved School? I don’t think so, somehow. For this very reason can anyone blame me for having lied as I have done in the past?”

“But if you are prepared to tell lies in order that you may be able to get employment and hold it, then you must also be prepared to tell lies to people that you meet in order that you may continue to be sociable.

“Since I was fifteen I have spent most of my life without any real friends. The other boys of my own age that I met at either the Approved School or Borstal to which I was sent were hardly the sort of friends that I should wish to keep up with after my discharge, and yet, since I had spent so little time in the family circle during those years, I had no other friends. Now that I am living alone it is natural that I feel very lonely and often long for the company of other boys of my own age. The trouble is that I never seem to be able to meet any other young people, and so I never even get started. It is probably true to say that I have not tried very hard, but then there is an underlying fear on my part which makes me very hesitant before joining clubs or societies in the hope of finding companions. This fear is, of course, about my past, for if I were to get very friendly with another chap of my own age the time would come when we

should both want to know more about each other, and when that time arrived I should have to decide whether I was going to continue the lie on to him, or tell him the truth. If the friendship was really real then nothing that I might have done in the past would affect it, but even so, once I had told him, my secret would have got beyond the confines of the family, and no matter how much I might like the other person whom I told, he would have his weaknesses just as I have, and it would be very easy for him to let the secret slip out in conversation with others—perhaps his own parents—by the passing of an innocent remark, and once that had happened there would be no stopping it. On the other hand, I might decide not to tell him at all, and once that happened there would be something between us that would result in the really true friendship I desire being false. Furthermore, once I had lied to him in one thing, there would always be the temptation to repeat it over something else that took just that little more courage to tell.

“Turning from mere friendship, let us consider the more important moral issues involved should I desire to get married. Let us then suppose that I fall very much in love with a girl and after a while we both decide that we should like to get married. As before, the question arises as to how much, if any, of my past I should tell her. If I am going to marry her then the only obvious and decent thing to do is to tell her the whole story long before we get to the state of wanting to get married. If, after having been told, she still wishes to marry me, then the awkward position arises as to whether she should pass this information on to her parents, for they, and all her other relations, will be very keen to know all about me. Would her parents be so keen for her to marry me if they knew I was an ex-Borstal Boy? I doubt it! But if she does not tell her parents then she is hiding something from them, and although it is true that her life after she is twenty-one is her own, would it not be better for her if she did discuss the position with her parents before she actually agreed

to marry me? If she does this then her parents will know about it, and this will make it impossible for my family to meet hers.

“Let us suppose that she does not tell them and that we get married and settle down to live our life: we may want to have children, and this too raises moral issues. Am I, as one that has been in trouble with the police and shown that I am not able to run my own life properly, a fit person to have children of my own to bring up? Who am I to tell others what to do and what is wrong and wicked if I have done all these things myself? Overshadowing all this is the continual worry lest the whole secret should come out into the open through some one else’s actions. Such a thing has happened before, and it would be a very bitter blow to have one’s past spewed across the front of a Sunday paper for not only one’s friends to read, but possibly one’s own children and their friends.

“At the moment, with all these doubts and worries that I have on this subject, I have become very hesitant about starting up any friendships, or considering the question of getting married—even if I were able to find some one who would be prepared to accept my offer knowing what my past is like.

“It is when you experience these sort of things that you fully realize the damage that your foolhardy actions of years ago have resulted in. The day when the gates were opened and they told you that you were free was not, as you had hoped, the end of your punishment; instead it was just the beginning of a punishment that, no matter how well you were to do in later life, would never leave you.

“To-day, as a result of all this, I am like a person walking across a frozen pond; at every step I take I hesitate to make sure that there are no cracks. The ice *looks* sound enough; I have taken all the precautions I can to guard against my slipping into the water; but I can never be sure that there will not be a sudden flaw in the ice that will quickly spread and bring me crashing through into the water beneath. There are times when I pause

and watch the others as they make their way round the pond on dry land to the other side, and it is then that one begins to wish that one could be doing the same, and then, realizing that it is too late and that it can never be like that now, you just take another breath, look carefully around and take the next step forward."

There is the story told by some one who has suffered—nay, *is* suffering—the experience.

I wish that we could allow people to expunge entries from their criminal records by reparation. Why may not people sometimes appear in court and say, "I am applying for the re-establishment of my character. Here is the person whom I wronged. He will tell the court that I have repaid with interest the injury I did him and it is now my intention to start again."

Are we never to forget a wrong once done? It is the difference between the brand of the scarlet letter and the attitude of Christ to the woman—" . . . go, and sin no more."

And for those of us who are prepared to prate about Justice, excluding the question of mercy for those who really try to make amends, I would recommend an examination of our own standards and our own past dealings, and under each of them to write Shakespeare's words:

. . . consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation . . .

14

P.S.

SOMETIMES the P.S. has been described as the most important part of a letter, and sometimes it may be used to emphasize the more important things in the body of the letter itself. I always enjoyed the soldier's letter home:

DEAR MUM,

Please send me £5 and the *Christian Herald*.

Your loving son,

GEORGE

P.S. Don't forget the *Christian Herald*.

Well, in this postscript I want to try if I can to epitomize what I feel in regard to the whole problem and to cover one or two outstanding matters of primary importance.

Crime, like charity, begins at home.

Now I do hope that all the people who have not been before a Court of Law will not stop reading on the grounds that "This does not apply to me," because the sort of parents I am thinking about are parents who are guilty of the crime of stealing from their own children.

The most important possessions to which a child has a right are happiness, security, and proper discipline, and any parent who deprives a child of any or all of these things is as bad a criminal, or worse, as those who actually rob money-boxes.

For the most part, the parents of the present-day delinquents are not themselves bad people; their failure has been due much more to sloppiness than to personal evil, and in a very great many cases the stealing is done in ignorance.

I think you would be very surprised to know how often a mother will sit in my study discussing her son and suddenly say, "You know, I can't understand it. I have never denied him anything."

She is under the impression that she has been as good as a mother can be, and seems very surprised indeed when I say, "Yes, I think that is where you are wrong. Life has a habit of denying us things, and part of our training surely should be to meet denial and learn how to cope with it."

Another very common remark is, "I can't do anything with him." That in itself is pathetic enough, but it is even more pathetic when it is not true but used merely as an excuse for the lack of necessary effort.

I came on a bus a few weeks ago, and a small boy on it said, "I want the bus-tickets on the floor."

"No, dear," his mother answered, "they're dirty."

"Oh! I want the bus-tickets on the floor."

And once again the mother replied, "No, dear, I told you they're dirty."

The child then set up a most fearful yowling and Father said, "Oh, give him the bus-tickets and keep him quiet!"

I am quite sure if I had said, "Excuse me, but I think you are doing your best to see that your boy becomes an unpleasant delinquent," both parents would have been offended, but that is how it starts.

I would never say 'no' to a child unless I had good reason for saying so, but if I did I would stick to it whatever attitude the child took up as a result.

The happy child is the one whose life gives a feeling of security, and a child's life can only be secure when it is enveloped in affection and discipline, and people who imagine that those two things cannot exist together are entirely mistaken.

Why do you think most boys find themselves in Approved Schools? Very often it begins by too many visits to the pictures

and too many ice-creams, and then presently Mother cannot afford four shillings a week, but the gas-meter can, *and does if there has been no elementary teaching of what we might call 'reasonable going without.'* So this sorry story goes on until presently the magistrate comes into the picture, and then there is heartbreak and sorrow in the family. •

Or again, a boy goes on having his own way and being allowed to do just as he likes until presently he 'doesn't like' going to school, so he stays away, and once more finds himself in an Approved School. But whose fault is it? I do not think it is always the child's fault; I think it is more often the fault of the people 'who have never denied him anything,' sometimes, in ignorance, believing themselves to be kind, sometimes through being too feeble, and sometimes too tired.

If only the parents who are so careful about their children in the matter of warm beds, dry feet, and regular meals would make equally firm and sound decisions about their moral welfare it would be true to say that most of the boys in Approved Schools would not be there at all. That is why it is so very important for young people to have some education in the art of marriage, and the bringing up of children, before they undertake its tremendous responsibilities and its unbounded happiness. It is an amazing thing that we recognize the need for training and education in all professions save the greatest one of all!

I wonder how many people there are who, reading reports in the Press or even the stories in this book, will be saying to themselves, Well, thank God it can't happen in our family.

That is not my experience. I have found that Prisons, Borstal Institutions, and Approved Schools are very like Rotary Clubs in one respect—you can generally find one from every profession and from every sort of home! They are, in fact, a cross-section of the community. In short, crime is not a matter of social class or creed, for it affects everybody.

The vexed question as to whether or not mothers should go

out to work is one of first-rate importance. It may be that for economic reasons it is necessary for a married woman to work, but, nevertheless, it cannot be said too clearly, that where the work affects the home life, some one and something is going to suffer. It can show itself in all sorts of ways, and perhaps one of the simplest is that in these days Mother and Father are so tired that they find it easier to give in than to give out. After all, how can the mother be expected to have the energy to satisfy an adult employer and a juvenile family? Of the two jobs it seems to me that the latter is the full-time one, and, as I say, although one may defend in particular circumstances the need for the married woman to work, it cannot be disputed, I think, that the results do not appear to improve what so many people have said is the background of our nation—the home.

While we are on this question of the mother, I would like to pass on a suggestion from an earlier assertion of mine that I never have met a criminal who came from a happy home. But how do you build a lovely home? It is not just a matter of a house, of course. I think that when people marry they all begin by meaning to have, and believing that they will have, the sort of home that no one has ever had before. I wonder if you would cast your mind back to the day on which you were married. I am quite certain that every adolescent who is going to be married believes quite firmly that in their case; "it will be different." I suppose we all believed on that day that we were starting a new life altogether, and that it was going to be absolutely marvellous.

You know the sort of thing I mean: other people may have quarrels, but *we* never shall; other people may be quick-tempered and rude to their wives, but *I* never shall. That sort of shot is not on the board. Of course not. So we went to church, and there we made some promises in which we thoroughly and wholeheartedly believed, and we came away feeling that a new chapter had been opened and that we were going to live happily ever after. But sometimes it does not work out that way, does it?

Perhaps one day some one is a bit short-tempered, or somebody else snaps. Perhaps he came home a bit later than he might have done or said something that upset the atmosphere, and somehow it was never quite the same afterwards. That is because the most hurtful thing in life is disappointment and disillusionment. Do you really, honestly, love a person just as much when he or she falls below your ideals? The answer of a lot of people is, "No, I wish I did, but somehow I can't forget the hurt or the sting or whatever you like to call it."

But these things need not really affect the relationship—what I call the fundamental happiness which ought to exist if two people are going to live together and make what we have decided to call "a happy home." I think that the main trouble is, as I have said before, that we set off with a standard that is not capable of human attainment straight away.

I should like to make it clear first of all that I do wish people would always get married in a church or a chapel. I am quite sure that they would find in that service something that you cannot explain—something which you will never be able to explain—but something that will make all the difference for the rest of your life. I believe young people ought not to be afraid to put all their affection for one another, all the hopes they have for one another, and the faith that they have in one another into the hands of the Greatest Love of all.

I have dealt elsewhere with the question of courtesy, but I regard it as so important that I want to repeat one part of it. Can we remind ourselves that there is no difficulty and no harm in saying, "I will never be less courteous in my own home than I am in other people's homes. I will not be less courteous to my own wife, or to my own husband, than I am to some one else's." It will go a very long way towards building a happy home.

I remember a very earnest young man once saying to a young couple who were being married, "I'm sure it will be a comfort to

you both to know that you are going into the battle together, and it is my earnest hope that all your troubles will be little ones."

That is one of the things that could be expressed differently, but I think that in most cases living together involves much more tolerance of the little things than the forgiveness of major issues. It always seems to me so much easier to forget something that is of major importance and for which an apology has been offered and accepted, but I wonder if you would feel with me that the little things that irritate are the ones that ultimately drive one to distraction and cause most of the difficulties?

We ought, all of us, to learn and agree to accept criticism, and to do so without being resentful or wanting to get our own back. After all, one is only criticized by two sorts of people—those who do not like us and those who do, and presumably the person we have chosen to live with does like us (or at any rate did so once). Therefore any criticism that is made by a person whom we like, or who likes us, needs to be accepted in the first place without question. The immediate answer of the cynic is to say, "Oh, I see! You want me to behave like a doormat or something, and whenever I am criticized all I'm to say is 'Yes, my dear, I am sure you are quite right, and of course I am in the wrong.'" Well, that isn't exactly what I do want, and I would not have any right at all to make any suggestion about this matter if it were not for the fact that I have seen it tried, and it really works.

I wonder if we could divide up this question of criticism under one or two simple headings:

First of all, will you join with me in assuming that the criticism made at home by some one we love is not due to any desire on their part to make us feel uncomfortable or to do us a bad turn in any sort of way? It must be due either to the fact that the particular thing criticized is irritating to such an extent that the other person cannot bear it, or that (because they are proud of us)

they do not like to see us doing something that lets us down in the eyes of other people.

It is a great mistake to put up with some irritation until one gets to breaking-pitch. Years ago I used to play bridge with some fellows with whom I shared digs, and we played over a period of two or three years. One night quite suddenly one member of the party leapt across the table, seized the fellow opposite by the throat, and said, "If you do that again I'll strangle you. I cannot bear it." Now what do you think it was that he had been doing? He used to smoke a cigarette by holding it in his mouth, and as soon as the ash got to be any length at all he would simply purse his lips and go 'pouff' and then in about two minutes time 'pouff' he would go again. Now, the first fellow had stuck this all the time, telling himself, I suppose, that it did not matter, that it was childish anyway, and so on. But how much better it would have been if much earlier in the acquaintanceship he had said, "I do wish you would not blow the ash off your cigarette."

It is the same at home. I expect you have some irritating habits and so has the other partner in the contract (I am quite sure I have), but the thing is that we do not realize the effect we are having on other people. Perhaps they are holding themselves in because they think that if they criticize it will cause trouble. I want to illustrate it by a simple example of the sort of thing I mean? Supposing my wife says to me, "I say, do you mind not whistling under your breath?" Now, is my immediate reply, "Well, I like that! Do *I* mind not whistling under my breath? What about the way *you* drum on the table all the time?" After all, would the right answer not be, "I'm sorry, I didn't know I was doing it. I know how aggravating it can be. Tell me if I do it again?"

All I am suggesting is that we can be franker and at the same time ease our minds of all the little pin-pricks that do make so much unhappiness. After all, there are two ways of saying,

"How much longer have I got to wait?" I know a household where the man is very often ready first, and his wife always knows when he is waiting because from the bottom of the stairs there comes a cheery voice saying, "Do you want any help with anything, dear?" To which the answer is, "No, thanks. I shan't be a minute."

An old prison officer once said, "I think if young people would take the two bears to live with them—bear and forbear—they would avoid a great deal of unhappiness."

In the last resort, I think we had better acknowledge that religion is the only really effective force in the realm of human behaviour, and if, in reading these stories of real people, you have recognized that personal relationships, built on that foundation, matter more than all the other facets of family and social life, then it is only a matter of translating it into practice.

While I was writing this paragraph the door opened and a young sailor from the Fleet Air Arm came in. It is four years since we have seen him, and he has come back to stay with us for a few days. This is not an infrequent occurrence: it is always happening, and that, perhaps more than anything else, will indicate the spirit of the relationship that exists between us all.

It was embarrassing once because a young man turned up unexpectedly with his newly married wife on their honeymoon. Having introduced me, he asked if they could walk round the School, and, of course, I said yes. Not knowing what he had told his wife about the capacity in which he was here I very carefully called him "Mr" for quite a time, until he relieved me of this anxiety by suddenly saying to his wife, "There you are, darling, that is the dormitory I used to sleep in."

What a great life it is! We need more people to come and join us in it.

A BOOK LIST

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