A case in point. Freddie is eight, and passionately attached to his mother, who in fact has earned his devotion. But Freddie's father has taken a new wife, and they have an idolised tiny daughter. Freddie is not allowed to see his true mother nowadays, because of her profession—this is not our only case where a "professional lady" has shown herself a psychologically good mother. But so little of this can be explained to Freddie (in ten years he will understand, but it may be too late then) and so inconsolably, without enjoying it, without knowing clearly why he does it, Freddie reaches out towards his lost love, towards the warmth and attention which no one can spare him. He is called a problem child and indeed is a bad case, because he was only six when all this misery started, and in some dim way he realised then that people would at least take notice of him if he poured ink into the carpet, and used the kitchen hammer on wash-basins and mirrors. Freddie had found *some* solution to his problem.

The Thieves

Freddie is the type of problem child we mostly have to deal with, though not all are as intelligent and affectionate as he is. Most pitiful and unpleasant are the thieves, because their unhappiness has a bitter, in-turned quality, and eats at them like a canker; when the loneliness of the world becomes too much for them they can't, like the rebels, find relief in "bashing" someone; instead they sneak off in their misery and steal some little object (cigarettes, lipsticks, nail files—rarely money), and hide it. Tax them directly and they will deny the theft, but stay talking with them for a while and they will come closer to a confession. Oddly, what they confess is often not the literal truth, but the fantasy which they themselves accept, of having been *given* the object.

Alice is a girl-thief in her 'teens with a most faithful "boy friend" who showers her with gifts which have included many gee-gaws originally mine! In an imaginative essay recently, Alice lit up the tragedy of her case with the light of unconscious humour: when "Jack" and she breakfasted on their "honeymoon" the meal was served to them by Alice's (more attractive) young sister—the very person who, in displacing Alice so entirely from her father's affection, has thereby made her a thief.

By now you will see more clearly what we mean by problem child. You may want to know, "What can be done for these children?" The answer is not very hopeful. We do what we can, and indeed the casual visitor is frequently impressed by our patience. Yet I myself am not a patient man, and the persistent loving-kindness which so impresses the outsider is just something which can be wrung from anyone in the continued presence of pain. We do what we can, and for some we can do nothing (the girl-thief mentioned above will probably die in an institution, because she lacks the intelligence to make a final solution of her own problem, and no man could give her such consistent love as to "keep her straight"). For most we can do a little, if only because we provide them with a trouble-free home; to some few we have given a chance to work out their own salvation, and they have achieved it.

I will not speak in detail of these cases because they include personal friends. But I can say this, that a boy who has been a rebel, and who has been won over by friendship without being broken in spirit, makes a better man than does the white-haired boy.

The Case of Len

In speaking thus, I'm thinking of boys like Len. Len was sent to us because he was too tough even for the schoolmasters of the West Coast. To-day, he is at work and voluntarily boards with us because the institution is home to him. Len and I put the gloves on sometimes, and though I'm his old teacher, the symbol of authority, he joyfully gives me every last ounce of punishment — readers who are themselves teachers will recognise the freedom of spirit which that implies. On the other hand, the same lad has felt free to forgo, surreptitiously, a favourite pudding, when muddled serving had left me without a dessert. It needs no child-psychologist to infer from such a pair of incidents, many times duplicated, that here we have the makings of a *man*.

Same Old Story

The key to understanding the problem child is this: the life-history of wayward children, delinquents, criminals, neurotics, and anti-social folk generally is, with exceptions, the *same* story told again and again. So vital to the child is the need for a strong and stable affection, that any failure to meet this need compels the child to extort adult attention in some way. The rare gifted child may achieve this through scholastic success; for most however anti-social behaviour is the only way. You think a moral is creeping in? It is. If you can't spare much affection for your child, choke him. It's kinder, that way.

BEECHAM BANS WOMEN FROM NEW ORCHESTRA

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM has just formed another orchestra—his sixth—and it gave its first concert in Croydon, London, just three weeks ago. According to *Time*, Sir Thomas gave as his reason for the new venture: "There is no existing British orchestra of a high enough standard to maintain my reputation."

The new orchestra is known as the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and Beecham has announced that it is the highest paid in London. He has engaged for it some of Britain's best musicians, but no women.

"If a lady is not well-favoured," he said, "the male instrumentalists do not wish to play near her. If she is well-favoured, they can't." His own young wife is both well-favoured, and a concert pianist, and Beecham quickly added, "Not that I don't think women are good musicians."

The orchestra's first programme consisted of Tchaikovski's symphonic poem *Romeo and Juliet*, Rossini's *William Tell* Overture, Mozart's *Symphony in C Major, No. 36*, and Delius's *Over the Hills and Far Away*. *The Times* said that the impression was of "vitality rather than virtuosity."

The new orchestra is to give fortnightly concerts for a season of eight months, and then will probably tour England and the Continent, eventually visiting the United States. Beecham says that 60 or 70 American cities have invited him to bring an English orchestra to them.