

After Sixty-Five

By JANE ADDAMS

THE following statement was made of a young Frenchman, who, in the spring of 1914, recorded his last reflections upon life:

When we are young we do not immediately know where we shall hear those voices of our own time to which our virginal hearts will deeply and instinctively respond. They must come from figures of our own time, older than we are or they would not have found expression, but not old enough to have "arrived," so that we do not at once learn of their existence. Our teachers, as well as popular fame, thrust upon us the figures of the last generation, by whom they had themselves been inspired in youth, and these are, in general, precisely the figures to whom our instincts are most rebellious.

It is always difficult for a given individual to know just when he has become "a figure of the past generation" against whom youth's instincts rebel. But, after all, the young compose a smaller proportion of the world, year after year, as the prolongation of life increases, and we are authoritatively told that never before, in the history of mankind, were there so many people—both actually and proportionately—living upon the face of the earth who are more than 65 years old, as are living here at the present moment.

Not that we have done very much to be proud of with that increased span of life! In fact, the young people themselves in moments of exasperation, have been known to say that many of the follies of which they are accused in cabarets and other frivolous places are really carried on by older people who, dressed in the foolish clothing and the brilliant complexions of the young, are dancing and drinking to an excess that fills the actual young with dismay, and that most unfairly discredits "the coming generation." Doubtless these excessive imitators of youth are few in number although they may be considered symptomatic of a wide-spread tendency to prolong unduly the springtime of life.

Is it not possible for this newly enlarged elderly group, or at least for the individuals who compose it, to refrain from imitating another group simply because the latter possesses the natural glamour of youth; isn't it possible for each group to make its own contribution, if only because we know that the present moment—which after all must concern us more than the disappointing past or the iridescent future—is in the hands of the mixed lot of us; that we are of all ages and of all degrees of social usefulness; that happily the generations are never clean-cut, but are always inextricably mixed from the new-born babe to the admitted octogenarian.

If these mixed groups must push the world along as best they may, it is hardly fair for one of them to lazily pull out by pretending that it isn't there!

I am confident, therefore, that it is dangerous to insist upon simulating the ardors of youth for we may thus easily upset the balance; that if we carefully suppress all differences, even those inescapable differences of age, we run the risk of destroying a form of variety which has tried social value.

We are grateful for one thing which has resulted from the situation. The freshly accumulated group of the elderly at least avoid giving advice, and sedulously refrain from making critical comments upon the passing show. Perhaps this multitude of sixty-fivers and past sixty-fivers merely shirk from formulating their empirical knowledge, or they

may have never learned to reflect or their vision has never become sufficiently keen and purged to attract the favorable notice of the young. More likely, they have failed to demand the truth from life and are therefore disconcerted when they find that youth will brook no insincerity and is also most impatient of second-hand opinions and platitudes.

Even as I write these words, however, I reflect that there is always a chance that the garnered wisdom of the old may turn out to be no wisdom at all, and in its strategic position of domestic tyranny and general dogmatism, there is an awful possibility that the aged will retard all attempts at progress simply because such attempts necessarily imply a change in the customs with which they have long been familiar. I uneasily recall what happens in certain Oriental countries, where old age proudly claims all its prerogatives. During a journey I once made around the world, suffragist as I was, I became much discouraged concerning the influence of old women; those in China insisting that little girl's feet must be firmly bound, although the practice had been forbidden by law and hotly repudiated by all of Young China; the old women in India insisting upon purdah at home and veils in the street; although some of the Indian women were voting and sitting as members of the city council of Bombay; the old women in Turkey and Eastern Europe—but why continue this doleful recital, when it is quite obvious that if, or rather when, the old women actually do exert themselves they become a social menace, probably there is nothing more dangerous in the world than the leadership of prestige based solely upon the authority of age.

IN contrast to this Eastern attitude, I recall an eightieth birthday party, given in Chicago long ago, at a table garlanded with eighty roses and seating eighty guests. Some one asked the birthday child how she had always kept so young and she promptly replied, that it was because she had always adopted an unpopular cause; first the abolition of slavery, when, as a young woman, she had lived in the pre-war South, and then votes for women, which she thought would last her to the end. She explained that no one put you on a pedestal and treated you with respect just because you were old, if you were the advocate of an unpopular cause, you had to defend it, discuss it and take your chances with the wits of the young.

One thing is clear out of all the contradictions; that the salvation of youth is not only its own salvation but the salvation of those against whom it rebels, but in that case there must be something vital and big to rebel against, and if the elderly stiffly refuse to put up a vigorous front of their own, it leaves the entire situation in a sort of roseate mist.

Whether we like it or not, our own experiences are more and more influenced by the experiences of widely scattered people; the modern world is developing an almost mystic sense of the continuity and interdependence of mankind.

We are obtaining a new sense of unexpected but yet inevitable action and reaction between ourselves and all the others who happen to be living upon the planet at the same moment. It lies with us who are here now to make this consciousness—as yet so fleeting and uncertain—the unique contribution of our time to that small handful of incentives which really motivates human conduct.

Vollmer and His College Cops

By ANNE ROLLER

SUPPOSE a gunman waiting for Chicago to cool off or a crook driven from New York City by Police Commissioner Whalen's recent round-up wanders as far west as the Coast. He reaches Berkeley, California, and there gets into mischief. The chances are he will be swiftly apprehended by a university student in policeman's uniform. Should he belong to that blasé breed looking in vain for something new under the sun, he will find life jazzed up by being driven to the station in the policeman's private automobile on the dashboard of which is a radio for instant communication with headquarters. Identified by means of his handwriting as well as by fingerprints and Bertillon measurements, he will next face a new kind of third degree, a strange machine that neatly separates falsehood from truth in the story he tells. Then will come the doctor's office and the laboratory; finally a long visit with the psychiatrist.

Berkeley is on the bay of San Francisco. It is distinctly modern—a cross between a university town and an industrial city. Under August Vollmer, chief of police, college-trained cops of the municipal police force are attempting to apply the findings of psychiatry to the investigation, treatment and prevention of crime. During the fascinating week of my hobnobbing with them, chief and staff alike defined their jobs in terms of behavior problems with the major emphasis upon prevention of crime through treatment of problem children.

Not that mechanical aids to police efficiency are here neglected. Vollmer twenty years ago invented a widely copied system of signalling patrolmen by means of lights and horns and is at present experimenting with radio communication. The "lie-detector" machine that records tell-tale changes in heart action and breathing accompanying deception was invented by Dr. John A. Larson in 1921 while a member of Vollmer's staff. The Berkeley Police Department was one of the pioneer users of fingerprint identification introduced into this country from England about 1902 and Captain Lee of

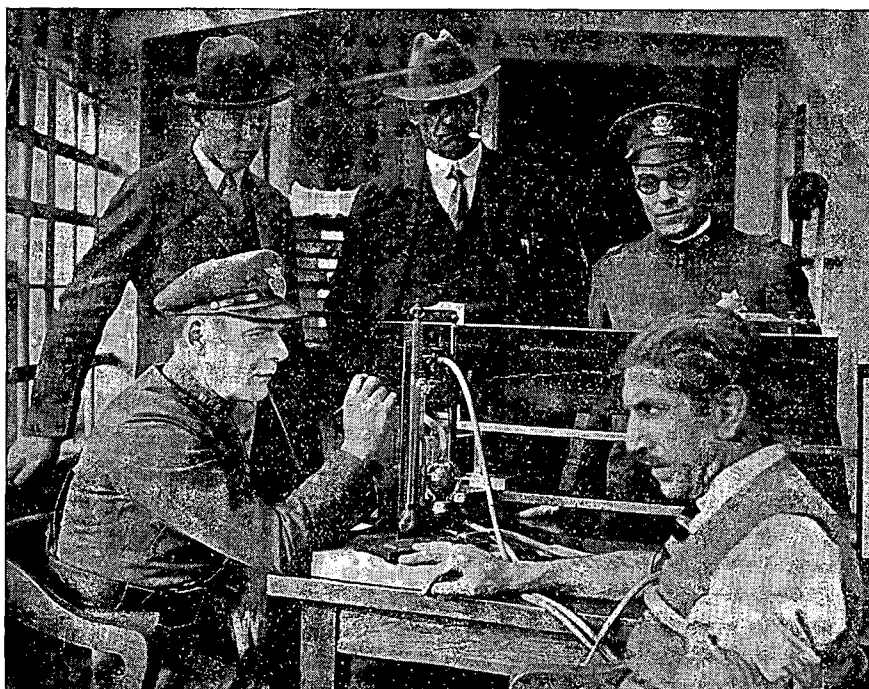
the Detective Division himself invented a system of identification by means of handwriting. The Record Division is a model of completeness, the *modus operandi* file for spotting criminals by their methods of operation, and the indexed records of recoverable articles sold to pawnbrokers being especially full. Microscopy and photography by experts on the staff search out the most minute clues, arrests in Berkeley burglaries being sometimes made on the evidence of a single hair.

Moreover, upon the simple mechanical fact that each patrolman drives his own car hinges the enormous speeding-up of arrests and the consequent close protection of homes and places of business. Last year arrests were made in 5,108 of the 10,174 complaints made to the department and \$23,076.72, more than one-third of the property stolen, was returned to owners. It probably is not accidental that Berkeley has never had a payroll hold-up, and so unerringly swift is the follow-up on house burglaries that the city has an unsavory reputation among crooks.

ONE night a woman phoned that there was a burglar downstairs. Within two minutes the policeman on the beat arrived, in another minute officers from the two adjacent beats joined him. The burglar had heard the telephone click but had not figured on electric signals operated by a switch in front of the officer who received the message, nor on an automobile to every beat. Consequently he lost his gambler's chance of escape. The nearest patrolman was half a mile from the house when the woman telephoned. When he saw his code signal flashing he drove

to a police telephone three blocks away, then to the house at a speed of thirty miles an hour. After each automobile has been equipped with the radio device so that patrolmen can get the red flash on their dashboards instantly and receive the message from headquarters through ear-phones the time element will almost disappear.

Noteworthy is the fact that this speeding-up of arrests due to automotive patrol is possible with a police force one-half that usually conceded necessary—



The "lie-detector" machine which records tell-tale changes in heart action and breathing accompanying deception



A scene from the movie recently made in Berkeley, California, in which Chief Vollmer and his staff played star roles for the Ben Wilson's Productions

one policeman to every two thousand inhabitants instead of one to every thousand—so that in spite of upkeep of automobiles, signal systems and other efficiency aids, Berkeley, with a population of 80,000, operates its police department at less than any other city of its size in the country, the total expense for 1927-28 being \$143,744.81.

But—here the trail leads past all familiar sign-posts into territory new to policemen—the where, who, how, are subordinated to the why and the why-not prevent. The story is told of four fires that destroyed four homes in the same neighborhood within a few days of each other. The only clue to the arson was a theory in the mind of the chief of police. From his office in the City Hall he detailed a group of patrolmen to interview every person in every house within four blocks of the area concerned. They were to arrest any feeble-minded individual living away from his own home. The patrolmen found just one such person, a boy of seventeen who had run away from his parents in Chicago and was living with a family near the scene of the fires. Upon being arrested he confessed to all four crimes.

CHIEF VOLLMER told me, on the afternoon he showed me the work of his several divisions while we talked of crime and crime prevention, that the story was true in every particular.

"How did you know that a feeble-minded person living away from home had set fire to those four houses?" I asked.

"See Gross' Criminal Psychology, chapter on Nostalgia," he replied.

This, in brief, is Vollmer's explanation. An incendiary fire is started usually by either a pyromaniac or a feeble-minded individual reacting to a state of deep dejection. Criminal psychology indicates that it is characteristic of the pyromaniac to scatter his fires, whereas the mentally depressed feeble-minded kindles them all near his place of dwelling. The natural inference in this case, since the fires were close together, was that the culprit was a feeble-minded person living nearby.

But why away from his own home? According to Gross,

subsequent psychiatric training at the University of California, the New York School of Social Work and the New York Child Guidance Clinic; and Chief Vollmer, this analytically-minded dreamer, is deeply engrossed in plans for a "research institute for the study of human behavior" which will probably become part of the University of California, the Berkeley Police Department being used as a laboratory.

It follows that a policeman whose point of view is that of a psychiatric social worker must himself possess an unusual degree of intelligence and emotional stability. No applicant is considered who has had less than a highschool education and most of the men have had college work, five being full-fledged A.B.'s and three Ph.D.'s. If he meets the educational requirements, the applicant must pass a series of physical, neurological, psychometric and psychiatric tests, after which he is interviewed by Chief Vollmer and City Manager Edy, appointment resting with the latter. Not more than five or six of a hundred appli-

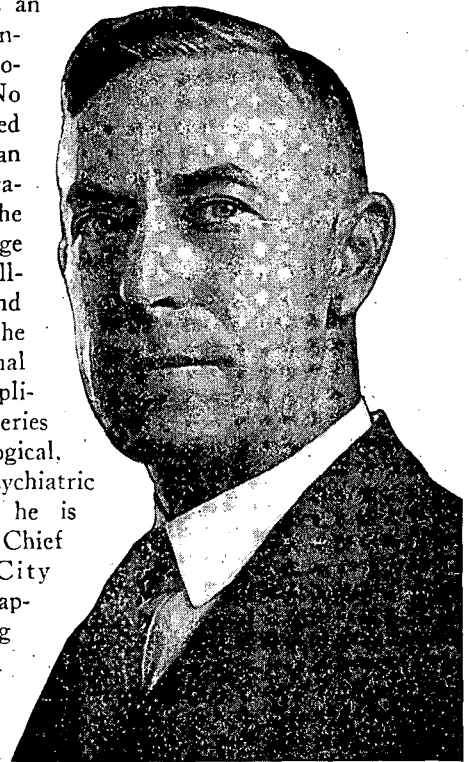


Photo by McCullagh, Berkeley

Chief Vollmer has organized something new in crime investigation and control

cants pass. The final report of the officer whose record case I studied, "a citizen of the United States between the ages of 21 and 30, at least five feet nine inches tall, weighing not less 150 pounds, was as follows: "Mental age 19; graduate highschool and business college, university two years; intelligence rating A, very superior".

REGARDLESS of whether or not they are taking courses at the university probationary officers must attend recruit training-school at headquarters six hours a week during their first two years of service, instruction including military drill and target practice; local geography and city government; criminal law and procedure; criminal identification; psychiatry; organization and administration; crime prevention in the case of juveniles and potential delinquents. Examination in these subjects must be passed not only by the probationers but yearly by all officers below the rank of captain.

In addition to the above, special lectures and study courses are given during the Friday afternoon staff meetings when physicians, psychiatrists, professors and legal experts are available.

"And whenever a great specialist comes out to the coast, we sandbag him and drag him in," said Vollmer. "Dr. Albert Schneider of the University of California established our first curriculum in 1907. About 1914, Dr. H. H. Goddard gave a series of lectures on feeble-mindedness, followed by Dr. Jan Don Ball of San Francisco on mental diseases. Dr. William Healy and Dr. Herman M. Adler have both been here and a number of the boys took Adler's course in criminology at the university this summer."

"How much emphasis do you place upon formal schooling before a young man comes on your staff?" I asked.

"All things being equal," he replied, "we prefer a college man for the reason that usually he knows how to study. But we have sometimes chosen highschool graduates with studious minds and good horse-sense in preference to college men with lazy minds. Not all our men have the same degree of formal education but all must study and keep alert."

VOLLMER himself has no academic degree, having served in his youth on scout detail in the Philippines, then as letter-carrier for the Berkeley Post Office, later as town marshal, and since 1907 as chief of police. But in his big sunny office with its etchings and oil paintings of California subjects are long cases of books that testify to the fact that he sets a diligent example in the matter of keeping alert. Have-lock Ellis' *The Criminal* stands beside Mary E. Richmond's *Social Diagnosis*. There are complete sets of Darwin and Spencer and a notable collection of works by important later biologists, criminologists, social workers and psychiatrists. He told me that he read on the average one technical book a week in addition to periodicals, of which his favorite is *Mental Hygiene*.

The unusual privilege was granted me of seeing the police officers together at Friday afternoon staff meeting. Thirty of the forty-five sat in a semi-circle, comfortable, at ease, chairs in many instances tilted back against the wall. With few exceptions they were men in their twenties or early thirties—clear-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, straight-limbed, husky and intelligent. There was no standing at attention when the chief entered the room, at this hour, as he had previously told me, all being equals and free to express whatever was

on their minds, with a complete fraternity of interest.

As he stood there in the center of the group, I took advantage of the opportunity to study Vollmer's sun-bronzed face. Keen grey-blue eyes, their gaze singularly direct, one moment stern, the next shy, pleading for understanding: "I want you to get this straight;" a wide mouth with a sensitive quiver at the corner; a square jaw, its firmness accentuated by straight lines in his cheeks. These the characterizing features of a man in middle life with well-shaped head and iron-grey hair, six feet tall, with the shoulders and frame of an athlete and the face of a college professor.

"Why are you interested in police work?" I asked a handsome youth after the meeting.

"The variety of problems," he replied, "and because of the chief, of course; there isn't a fellow on the force who wouldn't jump into the bay if the chief told him to! Besides, it's an honor to belong to the Berkeley Police Department."

An entire morning with Officer George Brereton, patrolman of a beat including parts both of the university residential section and of the West Berkeley industrial section, gave me an opportunity to find out what a college cop looks for and thinks about while on patrol. When he called for me in his shiny automobile my big policeman with gentle manners was wearing a dark business suit instead of the regulation khaki uniform. I was much amused when he gave as the reason that if the citizens of Berkeley saw me driving with a uniformed policeman they would wonder why I had been arrested.

BRERETON'S first job was to investigate a complaint turned in by the manager of a Telegraph Avenue department store regarding the theft of an awning. When he arrived at the store the complainant reported that the missing article had since been found in a vacant lot next door and pointed out a spot where the high weeds had been trampled and crushed. Apparently the borrower had used the awning as a bedcover during the night.

"Aha," said the cop, "so we have here a person who needs a place to sleep! Maybe an ex-convict bent on mischief, maybe only somebody out of wrok and down on his luck. Up to me to find out which and to do something about it."

Getting at the human problem the unsocial behavior and then doing something about it—this seemed to Brereton's chief concern, and as our conversation unfolded I concluded that his terse summing-up of the case of the man who needed a place to sleep expressed his whole philosophy.

"Patrolling a beat," he explained, as we drove slowly down the street and around a corner, "consists mostly of preventing trouble. That means looking for loiterers and persons in distress, keeping after business men about locks on their doors and lights over their safes, keeping an eye out for traffic hazards, broken watermains, unsanitary spots, watching pool-rooms and other places where gangs are likely to congregate, and so on.

"Protection and prevention, that's what we're for mostly, and the more we do, the less sensational crime we have to contend with. For instance, I try to know the youngsters on my beat, make friends with them and if I see tendencies that may lead to trouble, steer them towards the right help. A policeman ought to know the welfare agencies and how to use them. I'm thinking of a little boy in this neighborhood moron, leader of his gang, been in trouble several times—who is keeping fairly straight because he knows I have an eye on him. One thing I can't stand, though, is mothers

scaring kids by telling them the cop will get them if they don't behave! I want them to think of me as a friend they can trust.

"Same way with the habitual criminals on my beat. Of course, I have to know where they live, what their past record is, keep track of what they are doing. If criminals know they're being watched they'll be cautious about getting into mischief. But there's all the difference in the world between bullying them into good behavior and helping them want to go straight."

"How about curing their criminal tendencies?" I asked.

"That's an awfully difficult thing," he replied, "because the causes go so deep. If a person of a high degree of intelligence makes a slip, a profound inner change, something happening to his personality, may effect a cure. But so few criminals have a high degree of intelligence, or even a decent environment. If you can get at the kids when they first show delinquent tendencies, then you can often do something."

"How?" I insisted.

"Well," said Brereton, swinging slowly around another corner, "take the case of a burglar we picked up a year ago. One night I saw my signal flashing, 'phoned in, trouble in North Berkeley. Five or six of us went out, surrounded the house, found it had been entered, jewelry taken, man escaped, couldn't find anybody.

"**F**INALLY George and I made a wide circle farther away from the house, saw a man crossing under a street light, drove alongside, looked him over. He had on an army overcoat, wet from rain on one side only. We had passed a vacant lot where the grass was flattened out in a spot large enough to hold a man. Vagrant evidently, this might be our burglar. We asked him where he was going. He said to his brother's house, but couldn't give the street, seemed confused.. So I got out, pulled my gun and said, 'Stick 'em up!'

"'You've got me, boys,' he said and put up his hands.

"Well, I searched him, got his gun, jimmy, flashlight and the rings he'd stolen. We took him to the Police Station and found a record a mile long, burglary mostly, a few safe-blowing jobs; been in Leavenworth and most everywhere else; got out of San Quentin just the week before.

"I was interested in how he happened to be a burglar, so I sat down and had a long talk with him. As usual, the trouble started in his early years and his criminal career could probably have been prevented at the time he first got into trouble.

"When he was fifteen, he was apprenticed to a New England farmer who was working him for all he could get out of him. The boy decided to join the Navy. While the farmer was in town, he opened the japanned box in which the man kept his money, intending to take out three or four dollars owing him. He found a thousand dollars in the box. It was his first temptation. He took the money, went to Boston, lost it at races, wrote home. His older brother came in hot haste, interested in the disgrace to the family, not in the boy. Said his father never wanted to see him again, forbade his telling his mother good-by, bought him a ticket to San Francisco and washed his hands of him. The boy came West, fell in with a criminal gang, and by the time we got him in his thirties it was too late to do anything except send him up again.

"He had acquired a philosophical attitude toward his game

of beating the cops; it was easier than work and there was a thrill of danger, a contest of wits. If he won, he had enough to live on for awhile; if he lost, well, he was so used to the pen that he accepted it calmly. After a man's been sent up for the third time, there's little chance to change him. If this chap's father had been as interested in his son's welfare as he was in safeguarding his own vanity there'd probably be one less criminal in the world."

PUNISHMENT, as at present understood by courts and penal institutions, is of little avail in this policeman's opinion.

"Too simple—got to get back of the crime, understand human behavior. Sure lots of folks aren't safe to have around, got to be kept away from society, not for a short time and then paroled, but always. That's different, though, from our present assumption that we're all equally responsible for our acts, that punishment will cure us if we're bad."

I was curious to know what opinion he held on the subject of minimum educational requirements for policemen.

"It's too much at the present time to expect all policemen to be college men," he replied, "chiefly because salaries are too low and because nearly all police departments are controlled by politics so that highly trained men are not attracted. But even now I think all policemen should have at least a highschool education and should be given definite training in their police schools, studying not only their mechanical duties but also such subjects as psychiatry, educational psychology, social work. It goes without saying that they should be good physical specimens."

Among the college men in the Berkeley Police Department several are preparing to become specialists in the department, others hope to become police chiefs elsewhere, still others wish to enter the teaching field.

Brereton is among the latter. He acquired his interest in police work from his father, who left a professorship to become criminal investigator for the U. S. Forestry Service. Young Brereton entered the Berkeley Police Department at the age of 21 and during the past eight years has combined studying for his Ph.D. degree at the University of California with patrolling a beat. His ambition is to become a research professor in criminology, with an opportunity to study English and Continental police methods.

THE minimum salary for policemen in Berkeley is \$160 per month, the maximum, \$200. Each man owns his own automobile, cost of upkeep being paid by the department. Brereton, in 1927-28, covered 12,453 miles on 305 days at a cost of \$630.22 for gas, oil and repairs.

"What's your busy season for crime?" I put my final question as the cop was slowing down preparatory to depositing me on my doorstep.

"From September until spring on the Pacific Coast," he replied. "Criminals as well as millionaires migrate to a milder climate in winter. There's a definite economic basis for crime; in summer a man can get a job as fruit worker, sleeping out-of-doors, but in winter jobs are scarce, he's cold, he can't find a place to sleep, he resorts to stealing.

"Well, here we are. Afraid I haven't helped you much. You're very welcome, I'm sure."

On another day I called on Mrs. Lossing of the Crime Prevention Division. From the small reception office her secretary showed me into the children's room with its gaily painted furniture, cretonne

(Continued on page 323)

Our Town

Scene I. A prominent educator of national reputation is addressing a group in which the following may be discerned:

OUR perennial state senator, who is a network of nerves. He seems to devour a hand in an hour. But do not be deceived by this hyper-tension of muscles. He knows what he is doing and down there at the state house, he "knows the ropes" and loves them.

A little, bleary-eyed German of military pomp. The boys and girls call him "One, two, three, four" because through three generations he has taught calisthenics in the schools and has never failed to begin by saying briskly, with a short, sharp rise of the voice: "All ready, now, girls and boys! One, two, three, four!"

The county superintendent of schools—a giant with a little pig's head. He is dull, ignorant and egotistical but must be recognized as a pioneer, for some of our remoter communities are as primitive as Tibet sounds. He makes long, dry, boastful speeches and then disconcertingly asks "How was it?"

The president of our local college—a Ph.D. in psychology. His complete detachment and lack of egoism are almost beyond belief. His taste and dignity are unerring.

Sister G. of our Catholic college. A clever woman, trained at Columbia in psychology, she loves contacts with the outer world and is bravely trying to adjust herself to the denials of a nun's life.

An old school principal whom the town clutches to its bosom in a violently protective attitude. "Oust Miss C. and I remove my child from school!" is the ominous threat.

A thwarted historian, lawyer and senator, whose hopes for a brilliant career were choked off by an inferior wife who created a town scandal during a period of violent insanity. Crushed, he retired into a shell and has remained there ever since.

A Jewish mother who attends all these affairs with a bland Cheshire-Cat expression on her face. She loves nothing better than to discuss in detail her problematic children whom she frankly finds it a drudgery to bring up. She consults every one but never tries out the advice obtained.

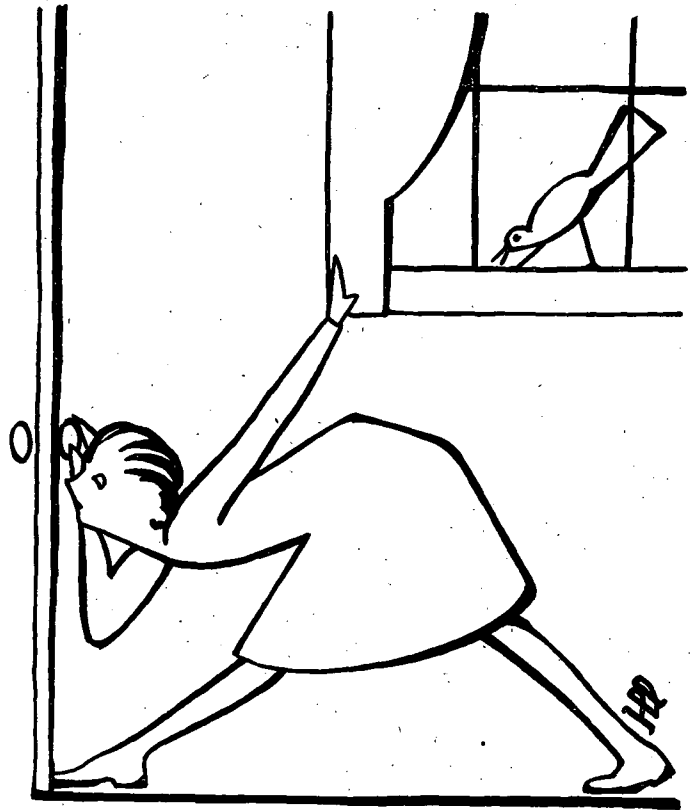
The president of the Woman's Club and the earnest type. She "feels very strongly" on every subject.

Our brilliant, fascinating, devastating Socialist. Forceful and charming, and utterly immoral.

An invalid young man who, through incredible physical suffering and the disappointments entailed by illness, has remained a stimulating, philosophical and charming individual.

Our "grande dame du monde." With an unquestionable distinction of bearing, she does not, however, quite command the reverence she expects. Her conversation, sprinkled with such bits as: "When we were in France with Rodin," "I have so many lovely things, it troubles me that I cannot share them with others," does not quite "get by" with us.

The Hoosier Juvenile Court judge—long, lanky, with



Drawing by Helen B. Phelps

revolting physical mannerisms, but nevertheless fascinating. He is shrewd, lovable and grossly egotistical.

A journalistic couple—clever, original and popular. Their animation and artistic taste just a little strained.

Another teacher who lost, in some unaccountable way, the protection of the town but was resourceful in shifting to Americanization and from that to Child Psychology. She commands the admiration of an impressionable if confused following.

An Episcopal dean who is famous for his eloquent speeches and equally famous for his neglected family.

A man who leans back and has a smile of solid-gold teeth—a director on our College Board, particularly valuable there because of his knack in handling legislators.



Scene II. The annual meeting of the Board of Charities is being held. The following are among the faithful attendants at all such meetings:

A SWEET, elderly lady who was one of the founders of the Y.W.C.A. and whose interest in a religious education for young girls has a Gladstonian tinge.

A mother of seven children, who for all the apparent completeness of her life, remains strangely un-sublimated and spends tremendous energy in Christianizing others.

A man who, unfortunately for him, combines a strong public spirit and a knack for raising money. He has been shouldered with the responsibility of raising funds for at least five organizations besides his church. His somewhat baffled expression is not, however, due, as one might suppose, to the struggles of wringing money out of grudging givers, but to his bewilderment over the crop of queer, un-