

says Mrs. Chandler was always an angry

at "at ten months ne . But between his first ame very aggressive. y in the yard his local

things became worse. lit on the head to stitches to n he pushed a boy off a truck. The boy was ime, but school and ted with the scandal. m school when Larry nd they mounted in they reached the rate demeanor was always lie or steal; he was e was the best reader old flash a charming e shared his possess- hild who would play ater—"daily," stresses ild turn on a young- r than himself, with

fectionate and docile, chatter maddeningly. ral times a day, "Do er's invariable stanch you, I love you." ot know how to deal ild couple themselves. en to prefacing any in apologetic, "You'll eferred punishment rry ("Don't you want eep him indoors. She g him "insecure," and t to stick to cool dis- anger.

rosive anger swelled "The day Larry hit ump. " furious," fis te had just ; besides. I grabbed e first thing I could many, many times ely lost my temper. ed I choked him. I

ore less of the daily eak down. He told y." But living with e than nerves could on found he was y across the mouth Shut up!" before

d and helpless that other. Neither can lisagreement before ction was such that mpulsively, "I only fine a man as my oblems shredded rs. at Larry," says Mr. eaking all the time. one thing—put on d I'd be telling him ithout them. She'd ay, and I'd come t got so I hated to a few blocks of the uch I hated it. It rry. How can you a, and hate him at ay is, it happens.

d for help. They rist was beyond xiously confided atrician, but he ories. "Nothing grow it." e got worse. She school principal

time. She also tried earnestly to teach him the seriousness of his crimes. When he would ask, "Are you angry at me?" she would reply patiently, "No, I am not angry, but this is why I am irritated with you," and tell him.

She consulted a visiting school psychologist. He found she was still bathing Larry, now a big boy of eight, and even tying his shoes. He advised her that she was probably too close to Larry; she should try to free him from the bonds of maternal affection.

This was the first clue she had been given as to why Larry might be so troubled, and she tried hard to follow the psychologist's advice. She added withdrawal of affection to the long punishments. Every punishment now meant that a period of stern disapproval settled over the household.

The trouble was that nothing worked—none of it. Not the spankings nor the punishments nor the lectures nor the frosty atmosphere nor being commanded to tie his own shoes. Larry would go out the door to school in the mornings, burdened with admonishments from his mother, and by recess would find cause to sock a fellow citizen. The wrath of parents, teachers and school officials would fall once more on shy, anxious, hurt and baffled Mrs. Chandler's head.

One day she received a new summons to the principal's office. Larry had taken a pair of scissors and slashed the schoolbooks belonging to his enemy of the morning. Destruction of property had not previously been Larry's bent, and the school principal spoke to Mrs. Chandler with new exasperation. He implied that making a small boy behave was a simple matter for responsible parents; Mr. and Mrs. Chandler would have to mend their ways, assume their parental duties, and discipline Larry at home, starting now.

Mrs. Chandler has a conviction that he thought of her as "one of those bridge-playing mothers," but so deep was her reluctance to confide her emotions to a relative stranger that she took all this in meek silence. She said nothing of her own burden of misery and concern, and made her lonely way home. "I cried all the way. I had no one to turn to. Everybody in the world was mad at Larry, he was getting worse, and I didn't know what I was going to do."

It was only a few days later, when she was reading the back pages of the paper, that the words "Child Study Center" caught her eye. That a place with such a name existed in her own nearby city was of intense interest. "It was the word 'study' that hit me. That was what I wanted for Larry, to have him *studie*."

The Child Study Center of Philadelphia is a busy place. It is an arm of the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital, a research center that studies both normal and disturbed children, and its large specialized staff offers close therapy to some 200 families a year. When Mrs. Chandler telephoned that June day, she was told that its lists were already filled, the center closed during August, and perhaps she had better wait until next fall. With a quaver in her voice, Mrs. Chandler asked if she could talk to someone earlier, "just so I can hold on over the summer."

She was talking to Mr. Goetz Mayer, senior psychiatric social worker. "What is your problem?" he asked gently.

Mrs. Chandler's heart sank. How many times had she been told by Larry's pediatrician, "It's nothing serious!"

She needn't have worried. In the words of Dr. Harry G. Gianakon, director of the center, "In general, we accept any family's statement that they *have* a problem. Problems cause pain, and anyone who calls a social agency for help has usually been in severe pain for a long time. They know better than we that the pain—and the problem behind it—is real."

Mr. Mayer called back that afternoon to tell Mrs. Chandler that he had cleared an appointment for her.

At that first visit, which the center calls its



SHE KNOWS I'LL NEVER CHANGE!

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