RAGING YOUTH

INE!" says Jimmy the two-year-old.

"It isn't, it's mine; Mother, make Jimmy give me my harmonica," says Billy the four-year-old. A fight ensues.

Billy wins out and Jimmy screams until he is black in the face.

Mother comes. She may try several different ways to straighten out the matter. Usually whatever she does is wrong. She may spank Billy for jerking the harmonica away from Jimmy, thus starting him off on a crying jag and a temper fit of his own, possibly sowing the first seeds of inferiority and cowardice in her older child. She may hug and kiss and pet the raging Jimmy, thus insuring rage behavior on his part the next time such a set-to occurs.

If she is a wise mother, she will have prepared herself in advance for just such a scene. When her children are so near together in age, she will have purchased identical toys for both boys. When a scene occurs she will go quietly and get the mate of the toy in question, take both the toys in her hands, show them and when crying stops offer them to the young hopefuls.

Neither youngster is to be blamed for the scene. It is perfectly natural for every young child to reach out for any object that catches his eye. Young children are born positive—i.e., to reach out for nearly all objects. Seeing the harmonica in Billy's hands, Jimmy reaches for it. It is only after we have suffered grief at the hands of mother, father, nurse or society for reaching out for forbidden objects that we come finally to withdraw our hands or our body from these objects. If, now, we could charge Billy's toys with electricity so that he could play with them with impunity but so arrange affairs that Jimmy would get shocked with the current whenever he reached for Billy's toys, then Jimmy would soon learn to keep his hands off Billy's toys. But in real nursery life toys cannot be charged with electricity. A row begins when the older (or stronger) boy forcibly takes something out of the hands of the younger boy, pushes his hands or shoves him. Note that the older boy does not actually hurt the younger (no pain stimulus is present); he merely interferes with or hampers the movement of the younger.

This stimulus, hampering of movements and it alone, will bring out a rage response even in the newborn. They do not have to learn temper—they do not have to learn to go into a rage. It is inborn. In some of our first experiments upon the newborn infant we tried to find out whether it could turn its eyes towards a source of light without movement of the whole head. To test this we laid the child flat upon its back upon a mattress in a dark room. Immediately above its head we placed a very faint electric light. The light was arranged so that we could show it either to the right or the left of the
infant’s head. To keep the infant from turning its head, the experimenter held the head gently but firmly in his two hands. A soft cotton pad was placed on each side of the head so that the experimenter’s hands did not come into direct contact with the scalp. Even when very little pressure was exerted upon the head the infant began to cry and, if we continued to hold its head, it went into a real fit of rage.

The same thing happens when we hold the feet together or the legs. In no case do we exert pressure enough to cause real pain. The response is first struggling, then crying, if the holding or hampering continues, the mouth opens wider and wider, the breath is held sometimes up to the point where not a sound can be heard, although the mouth is stretched to its fullest extent. The body grows rigid and the face becomes first flushed and then almost black. Here indeed is a new find in the laboratory. Rage or temper is a response which is present in the newborn and its stimulus is holding or hampering any part of the body. In other words, the emotional situation is quite similar to that of fear. In fear, you will recall, only loud sounds and loss of support will at first bring out the response.

Nor will any amount of training ever completely eliminate the rage response. Watch the angry looks and fights which occur in crowds. You yourself will stiffen up when somebody jostles you or sits so close to you that you can’t read your paper. Watch the struggles of an individual who is tied up or locked up in a narrow closet. If you want an adult demonstration of this primitive reaction, try walking into a very crowded suburban car with a heavy suitcase that jostles and rubs against the people who are packed in around you.

In the newborn, temper is called out many times every day—in fact almost every time we dress, undress, or change them, unless we handle them very smoothly and carefully and quickly. The present mode of dressing a child seems eminently adapted to encourage rage behavior. After bathing him sometimes not too carefully from the standpoint of hampering, we put a tight woolen band on him. Then somehow without actually wrenching his arms off, we put on a woolen shirt with sleeves. Next we roll him and twist him into a diaper and bundle him up so that his legs are never free for the first eighteen months (at night for a much longer time). Then by a highly developed system of gymnastics we get a woolen petticoat over the head; then usually a white petticoat next goes over the head—if the head is still there! Nor does it help much to start the other way—by poking his feet through first. Finally we pull and twist him into shoes. Then we tug and pull him into a sweater. If the baby is going out, it must be pulled into a cloth coat with sleeves. And as the baby gets a little stouter the woolen things get a little smaller because of their various trips to the laundry.

The job of dressing becomes more and more of a gymnastic feat. Please understand that I am raising no quarrel with wool; it is very essential for the infant, so some medical authorities tell us. Nor have I very much to offer in the way of dress reform. I am merely bringing out the fact that dressing the infant with modern clothes gives us almost a pure experimental set-up for building in rage behavior.

So far we have talked only about the original stimulus to rage behavior. You will recall from my previous articles how fears and loves are built up in the home. Our experiments in the laboratory proved quite conclusively that we make children fear more and more objects and show attachments for more and more people and things. We call this a process of *conditioning*.

These new fears we call conditioned fears, the new loves conditioned loves.

Conditioned rages and tempers grow up in the same way. Here is a youngster in front of me whose movements I have interfered with from the day of his birth. In order to carry out a certain test upon him,
I hold his hands until they begin to stiffen. I shake him a little, sometimes hold his nose. This brings out the grasping reflex in the hands. I then slip a tiny stick into his hands. He grasps it tightly. I lift him and let him support himself over a feather pillow. Just the instant he begins to release his hold my assistant catches him. Nearly always he goes into a rage the moment this test starts. After three or four such tests the mere sight of my face drove the youngster into a rage. *I no longer have to hamper his movement.* A conditioned rage response has been built in.—John B. Watson, in the February *McCall's Magazine*.

**HOW "BANK SIGNATURES" DEVELOP**

Every now and then you marvel at some chicken-track or worm-fence signature that turns up in the office on letter, check, or bill of lading. It goes from hand to hand, perfect in its illegibility; and men wonder how signatures "get that way."

Well, what does lead to the indecipherable autograph, so common in business, so frequently attaching to banker, merchant, manufacturer, or railway magnate? The senior vice-president of a large bank gave his answer:

"The illegible signature may be due, of course, to actual inability to write plainly. Many a man of affairs, however, whose name stands for much on papers of various kinds, has worked out, at no little pains, a complex signature—one even abstruse and mystifying—with purpose to make forging it difficult.

"That, more likely than not, accounts for the scrawl which is supposed to represent a name. It need not indicate by any means the character of the general handwriting of its maker."

"Nothing to it," declared an assistant cashier, when the vice-president's opinion was quoted to him. "Some men do hold that forgery idea, but it's without foundation. On the contrary, the illegible signature is easier to forge than the plainly legible one. Any handwriting expert will tell you that, and any forger will confirm it.

"No doubt some men do devise unreadable signatures to beat the forger. But my own belief is that, in most instances, the illegible signature is simply the result of carelessness, not the product of design.

"Men whose occupation calls for much signing of papers, as checks, bonds, and the like—corporation officers, government officials—are prone to run or drool the signature into a mere scrawl, through making it hastily and perfunctorily when pressed for time.

"They let themselves form a bad habit, which becomes chronic. That's why so many highly educated men can't write their own names—so as to be read."

"Your second man is right as to the futility of beating the forger by complicating one's signature," said a bank teller known as an "identification expert." "Forgers find no unusual difficulties in duplicating the manufactured kind. I've often met with the belief, but am inclined to think it is held more largely by the older group of business men.

"There are various other causes of the wretched scrawls that pass for names. Perhaps most of the perpetrators grew into them quite naturally, without any set intent, simply because they never mastered legible signatures when in school and never tried later to overcome the handicap—if it be one.

"Then there is the occasional man who set about developing a signature that would be 'different.' In doing so, he fostered illegibility, something distinctive and eye-arresting, through vanity perhaps, or as an expression of individuality."

**Possibility for Improvement**

Suppose it dawns on a man what a wretched job of writing his signature is?