

Thursday, November 25, 1954

Morning

Dear Muthi and Page,

All The way home from school yesterday I thought of the letter that I would write to you to prepare you for the end of Jochen's internship, which we could see approaching. And all the way home I wondered whether Jochen had already gone to see Mr. Cathcart. He had, and now he was waiting for me, walking around the dark apartment crying a little.

Since the time of your visit he had been a little depressed most of the time with intervals of cheerful energetic work and a few very unhappy evenings. To guard against a deeper depression he had made various arrangements and plans for his six weeks on Obstetrics. With Ted Yang, the intern with whom he would work for the first three weeks, he worked out a schedule of night duty which would give them every other night off and avoid the strain of being on duty from Thursday morning to Saturday noon during the week ~~of~~ preceding a weekend off duty. He planned also that during his nights on duty he would not try to get any sleep, but would sit up reading and ~~wait~~ ready for each call that might come. In that way we hoped that he would be able to maintain the necessary aggressive attitude toward this demanding

routine of work. After a day and a night of work, however, these arrangements seemed quite inadequate and he felt unable to do any more. Mr. Cathcart has promised to rearrange schedules so that Tachen can stop ^{work} Friday morning. Today and tonight he is on duty and comes over to see me whenever he can for five or ten minutes.

He feels "queer", frightened by what he has done, but certainly not willing to go back. It will take a long time to get over the strain of the past five months, but I think that in the meantime he will be able to do ~~some~~ work of his own, I hope good work. For a week or two, while he is getting used to the change, he will go out to Bryn Mawr with me every morning and work in the library until I am ready to go home. I want to have him nearby where I can see him often, sometimes between classes. By the beginning of February I hope that we can move, either to Germantown if my parents want us, or to Bryn Mawr. I hope that you will want us to come home to Kennaroch for Christmas; I have been looking forward to that during the last week.

What we will do next summer and next year depends, of course, on the draft board, which Tachen must inform of his change of status. It is possible, but we think unlikely, that he will be drafted right away (as a medical officer, of course, unless they want to

imagine that he is a "security risk.")

Afternoon

Papa has just been to see us, bringing part of a turkey - and a good deal of anxiety. He felt that Tochen was acting irresponsibly, without a clear understanding of the results of his action either for himself or the hospital. So far as the hospital is concerned, Mr. Catcart, said that Tochen's work could be done without adding to the burden of the other interns. So far as the clarity of his own decision is concerned, Tochen wavers a good deal although he did not let Papa see how much. At one moment he feels sure that this is the only thing to do under the circumstances and that it was bound to happen, at another moment he wishes he had not done it, but fears that if he changed his mind he would only change back again. This uncertainty is very serious, and I doubt that it can be reinforced by going to church as Papa seems to think. His feelings are also confused; he likes the independence that has caused Tochen so much trouble and is one of his most essential qualities, and yet he fears that this independence is just an excuse for "having his own way."

Evening

Still more hours have passed; my letter is becoming a mere series of bulletins. Alex has been

to talk to Jochen and to Mr. Catcart and is now trying to find Dr. Dever Alexander, the Chief Resident (the one who told Jochen to stop working in the library and to go back to Anesthesia to learn something.) Mr. Catcart has been to talk to Jochen, and the result of it all is that he will remain and that perhaps arrangements can be made to give him some time off.

Friday Morning

Jochen has come back for a shower and breakfast and has returned to the hospital to help with a Caesarian section and then later to see Dr. Alexander. Evidently something has been said to the Obstetrical Residents, who have been much nicer to him during his night's work (without sleep).

One of the thoughts that troubled me most after he had decided to stop work was that now we could not come to Kennarock to stay for any length of time, no matter how much you might need our help ~~now~~ nor how much we might need you; and at the moment the latter seems more likely. Evidently it troubled him too. In spite of what was said when you were last ~~here~~ here, I cannot believe that some temporary arrangement for us to help you in your work (and for you in that way

to help us) would not be something that we all would want at some time in the future. Vague as it is, this is really the only positive goal toward which he can direct his energy in trying to finish the year's work. I know that you feel that plans must be made if such an arrangement were to be made; but how can we make ^{definite} plans considering Tachen's Temperament and considering the unpredictable demands of the army? We can do nothing about the army, and the only plans that Tachen can be expected to make now are day to day, week to week plans forgetting through the year. If Alex will help me, as I think he can and will, to keep ~~3~~ watch over Tachen and to encourage him and to prevent the strain from getting too great then I think it can be done. Whenever you can write, even a postcard, please do. I will try to write more often. My problem now is to try to get my school work done and to be at home more. I am thankful that there are only three more weeks of work until Christmas. If we cannot get time off to come to see you, could you come to see us in January? That is something to ~~make~~ work for too.

Love,

Margaret