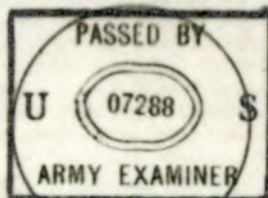


No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To Cpl Dorothy Shields A 203711
Hq Det Wac --- 4443 SCU
BKS 1323
Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia

From

Pfc Edward Foran 32975789

(Sender's name)

541 Base Hq AB Sq (RS)

(Sender's address)

APO 966 c/o PM San Francisco

(Date)

Dear Dot,

PART I

8

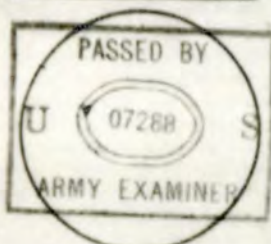
Dot, it was so good to hear from ^{you}. Please don't think you might write too much. I enjoyed this last letter so much that I was sorry it had to end. Do let me know the results of your investigation.

Why am I critical of Military Psychiatry? Dot, I suppose I am still evaluating things in terms of civilian standards. We read many high sounding articles on classification and you know the practical aspects as well as I. If the Army fully recognizes what it is saying in the circular we have in mind, why doesn't it commission such individuals. Freedom of expression and opportunity for responsibility which are essentials to the practice of sound psychiatry are not apart of the enlisted man. Secondly, how is it possible for new recruits with backgrounds of salesmanship or poverty practice psychiatry? Assume one of them happened to have functioned under a favorable T/O and is a first three grader. One must follow his decisions. Thirdly, how many general practitioners of medicine have suddenly become psychiatrists through chance? Another point, I understand psychiatry was supposed to have been functioning at induction centers. I was asked how I felt toward girls and if I ever fell on my head. I answered OK to the former and NO to the latter---and so I was mentally sound. To go on---I spoke to a psychiatrist a little while ago and obviously, there is no attempt at therapy. It was a wholesale project. I know of another so called psychiatrist who is now learning about psychiatry. Then again, how is one to treat an upset individual and then sleep with him that evening or pull KP the next day. Another circular indicates quite clearly that there is a need for clinical psychologists. The functions they are to perform are the very things I practiced before going to Fordham to teach. I am interested, willing, and anxious to do that work. However, these men are commissioned through the Adjutant Generals Office and I am buried out here putting all my training and experience to use in the practice of KP and taking care of clerical details which would have interested me if I had just completed grade school. There is public welfare. I was interested in that but it would appear as if I were more valuable to the service if I never practiced a profession I know while others were given a year of training to do this very work even though they might never have heard of public welfare until now. Vitriolic? Dot, I am but I can't help it. I wish it weren't so but I have had many strange feelings over the past six months---hate, hopes, despair, helplessness, bitterness, glad to be alive. They have been deep---reaching the very depths of the soul.. My only consolation lies in the fact that I have known a few others who have felt the same and to know that helps immeasurably. I have lost perspective temporarily at least but I shall regain it and when I do I suppose I shall have gained much strength. I certainly hope so.

Dot, it would be wonderful to be home but I can't seek reassignment just to get home. If I ever do go into Military Psychiatry, I shall feel a responsibility to my patient, to myself and to my profession and I must see some factors present which would not prevent me from meeting those responsibilities. My present experiences and speculation are not conducive to that frame of mind whereby I might be of help to others.

V-MAIL

No.



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To
Cpl. Dorothy Shields A 203711
Hq Det Was---4443 S C U
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Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia

From

Pfc Edward Foran 32975789

(Sender's name)

541 Base Hq AB Sq (RS)

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c/o PM San Francisco

(Date)

Part II

At times things are so unbearable that I am tempted to do anything for a change with a hope it might be better.

Last evening, I sat beneath a clear, blue, full moon sky surrounded by a beautiful green landscape. It was eight in the evening. I was on pass such as it is. Sat on a curb for there was nothing to do except to return to a group of GI's who were trying to out shout the next fellow. It seemed they couldn't agree as to the best State in the Union. Well, a few minutes later a dog came along to put his head on my lap. He was a friendly fellow--perhaps he recognized we had a lot in common. We watched a few Japs go by and suddenly there wasn't a soul in sight. It was awfully dark and everything seemed unfriendly except my pal. It was the first time in months that I was able to find quietitude and, Dot, I didn't want it nor did I want the noise that was awaiting me. You see, Dot, I was transferred via plane to another island. There needed a 275 and so it was I. Some of the 275's with whom I came over are ever so much worse off. They were in on our latest conquest out there in the Pacific. Well, Dot, I thought and thought. The past was pleasant but torturous in terms of the present and the future is so uncertain. I convinced myself that I ought to be grateful that I am alive and that I ought to be willing to sweat it out. When My leave was over and back to camp there came that drive to want to do something worth while resulting in a renewed effort of banging my head against a stone wall. However, it seems as though I may accept my role with the prayer that it may not be much longer. The thing that makes it awfully difficult is the fact one never has an outlet. After doing your job, what is there and its the same every evening-----surrounded by good hearted, well-meaning, rattled brained, loud mouthed, thick skinned, uncouth fellows.

Dot, what does this letter mean? I don't know. I hope it makes sense. It seems I am too tired to think things through with continuity or sharpness. Thus, the reason for this scattering like letter.

Your guess was correct. I had wanted you to know about it. Dot, I have spoken with you as I feel but I feel sure that my thought will not color your decision for if I thought they might, I should be hesitant to speak this way. It just so happens my experiences have been consistently unpleasant and I am tired of it all. Oh, yes, I almost forgot. I had an interview with a general and he offered me a general's appointment to OCS. I was referred to the adjutant in order to pick up the necessary papers for him to sign. However, it was then explained that general's appointment were no longer authorized. How did I manage to get the appointment? I don't know. Desperation accounts for things at times. It was good to hear his reaction and his comments. Instead of saluting, he stood up and shook hands wishing me the best of luck. What happened I was transferred to another command and I am again back where I started. Yep, my new home is---541 Base Hq AB Sq (RS), APO 966, c/o PM San Francisco. Fate was again at work Too late and a transfer at the wrong time plus other changes that are going on.

Dot, the very best to you. Write again--12 pages next time or six today and six tomorrow. Regards to Billie. How's Decker? May be seeing you in rehabilitation. Goodnight Dot

V-MAIL

Ed.