

Konnarock, 11/30/55

Liebes Kind,

Tonight is another cold night, and it has been a long day. I have had only nine patients, which, to father at least is tangible proof that his practice is decaying. I fear that my satisfaction with my hours of leisure, and the ease with which I deal with the patients does not make him feel any better about it. It may well be that some patients are staying away because they prefer "the old doctor"; certainly the difference has been anything but minimized.

Father has stated that as soon as he has had his X-ray examination next week he intends to resume his morning office hours, without giving a reason, but, I presume, to salvage his practice. Certainly I shall be the last one to object, though I cannot see how the draft board can still consider me essential. Yesterday I talked to the clerk of the board and learned, somewhat to my horror that my being called up for physical examination is a direct result of all this interference about the deferment.

For some reason, which I do not clearly understand, I feel rather certain that I will not pass the physical examination. It remains to be seen. I will be able to drive to ~~Roanoke~~ Roanoke in my own car. In any case, my term of service could not begin before April 1. My present intention is to have Kirsch send the draft board the pertinent paragraphs of the expected contract, to let them decide whether they wish to defer me, or not. Father says he cannot abstain from working merely because of my deferment. I agree. And I feel that it would be wrong for me to try to get a deferment at the cost of spending a spring separated from you.

Mother and father seem actually to have decided on a trip to Europe, if it is possible for me to be here. I think this is an excellent plan; I only hope it will become real. At the moment, it is hard to tell what will happen. My non-medical work is progressing slowly. I must resume my practice of making written translation with notes on the metaphysics, otherwise I read only words. ~~THE~~ I have had little time for other reading, except Kierkegaard's whose way of thinking suddenly seems very familiar to me. My books from Germany have not yet started arriving.

I hope you are well, not sick, not overworked, not sad. I worry about you sometimes, but probably not as much as I ought,

Dein,

Jochen