

M. L. P. - age, 20 - race, white (French) - vocation: housekeeper, nurse's aide and cook - married but divorced - Catholic religion.

The patient is slightly obese with a round face and long, curly brown hair. She has a child-like smile and sparkling eyes, which make her seem very friendly and outgoing. The following is the patient's own story:

Early Childhood

I was born on Sept. 14, 1934, in the City of New Orleans. I don't remember my father very well because he was killed in an auto accident when I was four. My mother died before that, I am told, in a mental hospital. The name which my parents gave me was _____, and I think that I would like to get that name back again if the possibility of marriage doesn't present itself in the near future. I had five or six brothers, none of whom I now know.

I was adopted by a well-to-do Catholic businessman at the age of four. He was an engineer, owned quite a number of small farms down south, and also was a gambler. Up to the age of seven, though, I spent most of my time living on the various farms he owned. I would stay awhile with one family and then move on to the next. I liked to stay at some of them very much, but others I hated.

One of the early experiences I remember is a Negro baptism that was given to me by a group of Negroes along a river. They had just baptized someone else, and then they asked me if I wanted to be baptized too. I said, "Yes," so they took me and dipped me way under the water. Ever since that I was afraid of water. My stepfather later tried to teach me how to swim, but I never could learn how because I was so scared.

My foster father was strongly Catholic. Naturally he had me baptized a Catholic. I can remember that I used to go to Holy Communion twice a day and think that I was really being good on account of that. But the family used to scold me for thinking that. I just didn't understand at all.

At the age of 7 my father had me come for a time to his home in Omaha. My foster mother wasn't there though--for some reason he had left her down south. My dad wasn't home much either, often going to Chicago on business. So I spent most of my time living with his relatives in Omaha.

School Days

But this didn't last long. While I was still 7 my foster father sent me to a Catholic boarding school-- _____, where I was until the 7th grade. I sort of liked it there. The nuns were very kind and motherly. They noticed that I tended to go off by myself, so they were very happy when they saw that I enjoyed playing with the boys. I was a regular tomboy. I enjoyed roller skating and playing all sorts of games. I could pretty well keep up with the fellows, and never was afraid of them. Sometimes I would get little infatuations with boys, or form close friendships, but I never really had a crush. I don't know what it means to be in love. I've never been in love--guess I must be different that way.

After I left the academy, I returned home for awhile. Foster father was in Chicago most of the time now, so I was left in the care of two old maid aunts. I had lots of aunts in Omaha, but these two were especially good to me, and I liked them very much. But when my dad would come home he would sometimes be

disappointed to see me in jeans. I didn't like to wear the long, frilled dresses they put on me, and liked to run around in jeans like the other girls my age. One thing I remember clearly is that my foster father used always to say that he had gambled with me, and was wondering how the gamble would come out. Later on he used to tell me that he thought he had lost the gamble. I often thought of that. My foster father and the P. family had lots of money, and they wanted to raise me to be the "perfect lady."

I wasn't home very long this time either until I was sent to another Catholic school. Here I really had a hard time. The nuns were stern here and maintained strong discipline at all times. They had my father's permission to do whatever they thought necessary to correct me. They were bent on making me a young lady, and to this I was strongly opposed. I became quite mixed up about myself. I didn't trust anybody. I often crept away by myself and read books. The sister that took care of me was Polish, and was she big! One night I had to stay standing all night because I wouldn't apologize for something I had done. I just would not give in. They wanted to break me down. Another time I was spanked with a ping-pong paddle. I was never hurt so much in my life. Just think of being spanked hard with a rough-surfaced ping-pong paddle when all you have on is a thin pair of pajamas. They used to take most of my privileges away from me here, too. The things they knew I really liked to do, like roller-skating and tap-dancing. I had to talk to some psychiatrists or psychologists every week, but at this time I was pretty wary of them and didn't tell them much.

After two years at N., and at the age of 14, I came to Chicago with my father. Here he put me in the R. School for girls. I got along fairly well. I developed a strong interest in biology and also in geometry. During this time my father was furnishing me all the money I needed. I wore nothing but expensive clothing and was quite a little snob. I also enjoyed the retreats we had here, and went to Holy Communion once a week. In the fall when I was aged 15 I tried real hard to win the lead part in an operetta, and I did. My foster father came to see me in it and was very proud.

My only close girl friend here was a 16-year-old girl who had everything I didn't have. She was very mature for her age, very sexy. She knew how to act around boys and knew how to dress and take care of herself, too. With all the money I had, I got us a private room, and you should have seen how we decorated it! We got nothing but the best furniture and pictures and carpets. This girl friend of mine drank and carried on a little more than I knew about, so the sisters began to lecture me about being her friend. We used to have real late pajama parties with some of the other girls, and sometimes we would go out in a little group to some "out-of-the-way" places in Chicago and return late at night. This girl taught me a few things about sex, but I was really pretty innocent yet at this time. I spent a lot of time praying and studying the Bible all during my childhood. I used to wonder sometimes why I felt the way I did in my body, but I remained pretty innocent at this time. My girl friend used to try to take me along home with her, but the nuns forbade that.

In the meantime, my foster father had got married again. During the summertime he took me home with him. My second foster mother had a 17-year-old son whom she had had long before she married my father. You should have seen how disgusted my father was when he saw how well-furnished my room was. The nuns had seen this and had really raised the bills for him to pay. My dad told me he was disappointed in me because at first he had got such good reports on my behavior. They gave my new brother the task of taking care of me that summer and of showing me around. I thought he was quite a square and didn't enjoy being with him at all. It was this summer that I became firmly convinced that my family didn't really love me. They were just raising me out of a sense of duty.

In the fall I went back for my second year at R. My dad had put in a complaint about the high prices, so they lowered them a little. But once when I was sick I can remember that my mother came to see me in a mink coat. I just knew what would happen, and it did. The nuns saw the coat, and up went the prices!

This second year I didn't get along as well as the first. I was pretty hard to keep track of. I was starting to get acquainted with some boys in the neighborhood. One time I remember a group of us went to a carnival with a nun as chaperone. I stole off and enjoyed the carnival with one of the boys I had got to know. That was just awful! I got lots of lectures from the nuns on my conduct and was seeing psychiatrists again. But I got through the year and was home for most of the summer.

Then my foster father sent me up to G., at the age of 16. This was to another farm he owned. I was supposed to help the mother of 7 or 8 kids take care of the family and house there. I didn't enjoy my stay at all and remember that I used to get into my bathing suit and go swimming, or lie under a tree and read a book. I always liked to read a lot. Finally I got so tired of this that I took a train to Chicago and home. My father at this time was involved in some heavy gambling and was in a poor mood. He had a lot of contract engineering to take care of. So he hustled me off to the G. Home where I stayed for 1 year. This was a sort of Catholic detention home. We were supervised closely here.

The first thing they did to the girls when they came into this place was to divide them into those who were virgins and those who were not. There was the Sacred Heart group (they wore a sacred heart), made up of those who had had intercourse, and a St. Ann's group. I was a virgin, so I was in the St. Ann's group. One group hardly ever saw the other, because there was a high wall of separation between us. We only saw each other in line as we went to eat and returned from eating. Here again I talked to some Catholic psychiatrists. A psychologist gave me all sorts of tests. I still didn't know much about sex. They would ask me questions like, "Have you ever come to a climax?" and I wouldn't know what they were talking about.

We were treated pretty good here. Once I tried to escape, but I wasn't punished for it. They seemed to understand. Then I met another girl who was pretty wild. She taught me how to use a knife; you know, if some boy should come after me. She was the only real friend I had while here. I was teased a lot by the other kids. I had always been teased and found it hard to take. I guess that's why I had preferred often to be alone. I got tough, though, and soon they let me alone. Some of them were really afraid of me. This wild girl friend of mine had an older brother who would come to visit her once in awhile. We liked each other. I guess I became a little infatuated with him.

One of the things I hated most of all here was that there were a lot of queers in the group. They were always getting one another. When one of the girls would approach me I would get scared. I think it was partly because of this that I finally succeeded in running away.

I got away all right, but it wasn't long before I was picked up and sent to Juvenile Detention Home, Chicago. I stayed here for about one month and was really upset and scared. I asked my dad to help me but he coldly refused. He told the officials, "She got herself into that mess, and she'll have to learn to get herself out."

Then a 29-year-old lawyer named Tom and his wife, Helen, who were interested in helping people like me, took me out of the Home and took me to live with them.

Here I was put on a \$5.00 a-week allowance. You can imagine how that was for me after I had been used to having all I wanted to spend! They tried to encourage me to get out and have some fun and get to know people. I was still pretty green behind the ears, but didn't go out because I didn't know many boys and because I wanted to do well in my studies.

One day at school my teacher saw me writing a letter to Juvenile Detention Home about my parents. She grabbed the letter and talked about it in front of the whole class. I complained to the superintendent about that, and the teacher was dismissed.

Tom continued to encourage me to get acquainted with boys even though I didn't get interested. One thing I didn't like about him was that he kept putting his hands on me. His wife was going to have a baby. I didn't care for this at all. He also said his wife was frigid. Anyway, he kept encouraging me to go out with boys and "have a good time." So one night I went to a dance, stag. A nice boy brought me home and we had a nice talk on the way. He said that the fellows at school were interested in me because I was cute and they wanted sort of to get my number.

After that I started going out with boys quite a lot. I and Carol, one of my friends at school, often double-dated. This went fine until Tom started restricting me. This was because I didn't get up one morning to make his breakfast. He would always tell me "Now be sure not to stay out so late that you can't make it up in time the next morning." He would always make sure that I had on a tight girdle whenever I went out. Just before I left he would feel of me to make sure I had a girdle on. One night I went out without a girdle on and came home pretty late. When I didn't get up the next morning on time, Tom told me I wouldn't be permitted to go out with boys for awhile.

This was just about Christmas time and I was 16 years old. You can imagine how I felt. I felt coupé up. Then Carol called me and asked me to come over to her place, on Christmas Eve. I told Tom I was going and he said, "No!" But when I explained that I would only be going over to Carol's home and would be home early he let me go.

When I got over to Carol's she took the car and we picked up some fellows. I had a real romantic-looking football player who I thought was real handsome. Then we stopped at Carol's home for a little while. But we finally got tired of this, so we dumped these fellows and took the car once more. This time we picked up a couple of sailors. We went dancing with these fellows, to the Aragon. Imagine me in my woolen skirt and sweater! After that we stopped in at another place and did some more dancing. Then one of the fellows suggested that we go to their hotel to continue the party. It was getting late and I wanted to go home, but Carol said I should come along. I argued awhile, but finally gave in. We went up to the hotel apartment. The boys had some wine and we started drinking it and fooling around. I wasn't getting into too much trouble until some more fellows came in. There were six fellows there then and just us two girls. I didn't want to drink anymore and told them so. One of the fellows said, "Let's fix her a real drink." But Carol said, "O, no, you better not do that. She's a virgin, you know." But they just kept kidding around, and said, "O, who do you think you're kidding?"

A little later Carol and I were alone in the bathroom. I was scared. She said, "O, it can't hurt you to let loose a little bit. There's nothing to it at all. They won't hurt you." Carol had been showing the boys a real good time, and I hadn't been holding my end of the deal up. I had the fizzing drink the boys had mixed for me in my hand, and I asked Carol if I should drink it. "Sure, go ahead," she said, "It won't hurt you."

We went back into the room. I drank the drink, and it really hit me in a hurry. It was a Spanish fly. I was doped. After that I couldn't resist any longer, so that was that.

I didn't wake the next morning until almost noon. Carol and the boys were gone. Soon a couple of the sailors were back though, and accused me of taking their money. I told them they could search me, and they'd find nothing on me. They did. Then when they didn't find anything on me, they left to find where Carol lived. She had taken them for everything they had.

When I called Tom he was furious. I tried to tell him I had just stayed overnight with Carol. I didn't get home until 10 o'clock that night. I guess he could see in my eyes right away that I had been doped. He said right away, "You've been doped!" He wouldn't even have me in the house that night--he took me back to the Juvenile Detention Home in the middle of the night. They could tell too that I had been doped, and started to round up the fellows who were responsible. I had a lawyer, but I told him that I went along with it willingly and that I wasn't doped, so they couldn't prosecute the fellows. They actually found a couple of them.

The court knew that I had been a virgin, so they thought that was in my favor. They were pretty sure that it was something I had been roped into too, so they decided to give me a break. They sent me to a good children's home. I was treated pretty well here. I escaped once but they brought me back and didn't treat me harshly for it.

Under their direction I began to take nurse's training at St. P's Hospital, at the age of 17. I started working in the diet kitchen. I stayed there on month and then ran away with another girl. We left all our clothes behind and took off for Texarkana, Ark. As soon as we got there we got ourselves a room. Then I got a job as a car hop and my friend got a job as a telephone operator.

Both of us were very popular with the fellows and lived quite loosely. I thought I had better get married before I got into serious trouble, so I did. I became pregnant almost immediately but was divorced in four months. My husband thought a wife belonged in the home, but I wanted to have fun. I wasn't really ready to settle down. Our sexual relationship wasn't satisfactory either. I've never really been able to enjoy intercourse because I tense up so. My husband knew this, and it made him feel bad too.

During the divorce proceedings my mother-in-law and her friends tried to get the coming baby for her son by trying to show myself to be an unfit mother. But I outsmarted her. I went to live with the Salvation Army when I left my husband. It sure was hard to live with all those old maids for so long, but I finally got the divorce on grounds of incompatibility and also the custody of the child.

I stayed with the Salvation Army until I'd had my baby. I then left the child in the care of a rich family in Texarkana, and left for Chicago. Later on I gave my husband custody of the baby. He had still been trying to patch things up between us. He really loved me, I guess. But I never loved him.

At Chicago I began to work at the E. Hospital as a nurse's aide, under the supervision of Miss Brown. They gave me a place to live, work to do, and studies to take. At the same time I got re-acquainted with the "sexy" girl I had met at the R. School for Girls. She had a pretty good set-up now. She was somebody's mistress and was being furnished with all the clothes she wanted. I started getting a perverted outlook on life about then. I decided that it was about time I grew up and stopped being taken for a ride by everybody else.

I was going to take care of myself from now on. I would make my own way. The idea of being a wife and working for a living didn't appeal to me much anymore, even though I did like some of the work I was doing at E. Hospital.

So I started running around, going to dances and drinking. I enjoyed dancing most. One of the members of the group with which I was running around had a real lush apartment where we used to spend some of our time. Sometimes because I had been out so late I would miss work. My usual excuse was that I had been to see Tom, whom I did see once in awhile. But everybody knew what I was really doing. There was lots of gossip about me going around. But I went on like this for the spring and summer of 1953, until I went out one night with a Northwestern student in Evanston, the boyfriend of one of my girl friends. He was a real nice looking fellow, a blond, and we liked each other, so late in the evening we got alone together and that was that. I became pregnant for a second time. I knew that he was the father-to-be because I hadn't had much intercourse during this time. Most of the fellows with whom I went out knew that I liked to dance more than to have intercourse, so when I wasn't willing they usually took "no" for an answer, knowing they could always find a girl more willing around the corner. He knew it too, and offered me marriage. But I couldn't see basing a marriage on a mistake, so I didn't take him up on it. He was glad about that, I think.

Of course I had to leave my job at E. Hospital, so I moved to the "Y" and got a job at St. E's Hospital. Once while I was there I called Miss Brown. She knew right away what had happened and warned me that I would not be able to stay at the "Y" long. I worked a couple of months at St. E., but fainted one day and of course they found out what was the matter. I lost my job, the "Y" found out and they told me that they couldn't have people like me staying there. They gave me a couple of days to find some other place to stay, though.

The first place I found was the home of a hypochondriac woman who never did anything but complain about her ailments. She had a son in Downy and kept talking about him. She always talked as if he were coming home, but he never came. I don't blame him. I couldn't stand listening to her problems all day because I had enough of my own. So I found another home, this time in Northbrook, where there were four children and one baby. I liked my work here quite well. I mostly had to care for the children. On my days off I often did nothing but to watch movies. Sometimes I went to three or four movies a day. It was a little hard on the eyes, but that's what I wanted to do. I was trying to get away from something, I know. I felt pretty small about the scrapes I had got myself into. I wasn't taking very good care of myself, either. The doctors kept insisting that I watch my weight. They told me that I had high blood pressure and that I was gaining too much weight. You should have seen me--I was bulging way out (gestures with hands). I weighed all of 200 pounds by this time. I was really in something of a dazed condition. I was living in my own world, and I didn't think anyone else was observing me. I was also doing a lot of thinking about life.

It was only a couple of days after I had my child that I was up and around again. I was always the get-up-and-go kind outside of this hospital. They took my child and had it adopted. They really have a wonderful way of dealing with that now--they even match the genes, and they get the parents for the baby to match its appearance.

BEGINNING OF THE DISTURBANCE

Discharged from the hospital, I was employed by another family as a housekeeper and cook. Here I was treated well. Soon a sister of my employer said she liked my cooking very much and offered to make me her cook. So I moved to the new place and became a full-time cook. I liked my work here too, but I started having some trouble. All this time I was still feeling very guilty and beaten, and just wouldn't trust anyone. But at this house I was staying upstairs in what I thought at first was a private room. But I soon found that there were about three other keys around that would fit the door. This family had a 21-year old son. He was a funny sort of person. There was something wrong with him--he must have been a dope addict or something. At least sometimes he was entirely different than at other times. Of course he heard all about me and thought "Here's a girl after my own heart." He thought I was just another slut that could be made for the asking. It hurt to have him and the others think of me that way. One night he and a friend came into the room to get some beer his mother had hid in my closet. I was in bed and had been sleeping. They woke me and started fooling around. I told them I had just had a baby and begged them to leave me alone. So after awhile they went away. But he kept acting that way when he was around me. I used to take the family Dachsund out for walks just to get away from him. Then I soon noticed another thing. There was about \$50 missing from my checking account at the bank. I was sure that it was one of the family who had done this. I finally quit the job by just walking out of it, without notice. The first thing I did was to go to the Conrad Hilton hotel and get a room there. Then I called the lady for whom I had been working and apologized for leaving without notice. But it was too late for me to go back then. When the bell boys saw me I guess they thought I was some prostitute. They kept trying to talk to me and to kiss me up in my room or when we were alone in the hall. But pretty soon they noticed that I wasn't that kind of a girl, and some of them really tried to help me. One of them said he thought I should go to live with his sister, that he thought she could help me. They were all paying a lot of attention to me in one way or another. When I would leave the hotel to go for a walk they would tell me "We think you should take a cab." They would hail a cab and put me in it and I would go for a ride. Once when I was in my room a bell boy was coming to see me about every 10 minutes. I think they were afraid I might jump out a window or something. I started getting alternate laughing and crying spells. One day when I was laughing hysterically I looked at myself in the mirror. The sight scared me. Suddenly I remembered that my mother had died in a mental institution. That thought kept sticking in my mind. I grew panicky. I began to cry loudly and then screamed, "I'm going out of my mind!" Some of the bell boys came in and saw me, but didn't take me very seriously. Then one of the ladies in a neighboring room told them, "This girl is really sick. You better call a psychiatrist." When the psychiatrist arrived I was in a dazed condition. He began to talk to me, asking me some routine questions like, "Who is the president of the U.S.?" Soon he had me a little settled, and then he left. During this time I had an awful lot of dreams about the Blessed Mother. As a child I had always been devoted to the Blessed Mother. I had said most of my prayers in her name. I remember that at this time I asked myself many times what this experience was to mean to me. Could it be that the Blessed Mother wished me to join a convent? But certainly no convent would want to make a nun out of me with my record. That just couldn't be it. What was it then?

I began to conceive the idea that the Blessed Mother wanted me to be her page, to give a message to the world. This was about election time. I decided to go to a tavern and start my preaching. So I took a cab, but because it was election night all the taverns were closed. Finally I found one open, and I started preaching to the people I found in it. I can't remember my message entirely, but here's what I do remember:

The world is coming to an end. It is time for all men to become brothers or to perish. The United States must make its peace with Russia or the whole world will be lost. All religions must come together and join in one united movement. The center of this movement would be, of course, the Catholic Church. The end is imminent and the time is urgent. It all has to start by everyone's being nice to one's neighbor.

Before I finished preaching some nice lady took me and got a cab. She told the driver to take me back to the Conrad Hilton. When I got back that evening they were having a big Ecclesiastical Convention at Conrad Hilton. Fulton Sheen was in town, and Cardinal Strich was to be there too. I went to the gathering and heard Fulton Sheen speak. His speech was something about the future of the world depending on the youth of America. They had to come through or all would be lost. I remember that I felt that everything he said was intended directly for me.

I left the meeting and went up to my room, on the 18th floor. But I only stayed there for a little while when I decided that I wanted to talk to Fulton Sheen. I came back to the meeting and began to demand that I see Fulton Sheen. Of course, I had no appointment, so they didn't let me see him. They said I'd have to go and see the manager. I saw him, but he gave me no satisfaction.

Next I went and sat in the Cardinal's chair at the head of a banquet table prepared for a banquet, and the group was going to hold a banquet there later that evening. Several waiters and others came and told me, "You're going to have to get out of there," but I wouldn't move. I told them that I was a page of the Blessed Mother. Finally the hotel manager came and told me to leave. I still refused. The next thing I knew two policemen came in and grabbed me and carried me out. They took me to Cook County Psychopathic Hospital.

THE PSYCHOPATHIC

Really, before they took me to Cook County, they took me to jail and brought me before the judge. I was really excited now. I was sure the world was coming to an end. I thought the judge was God and that he was judging me. Then, after they had brought me to Cook County, I was placed in a cell where there were all kinds of dope fiends writing and screaming around me. When I saw all of this I thought certainly I was in purgatory. I never believed that hell and purgatory were places where people suffered physical pain as much as they did mental torture, and this looked like it was it to me. One of the first things they did was to give me a sedative. Paraldehyde, I think it was. I must have been awfully violent, so that they had to jab the needle into my arm. It burned something terrible. Then I thought I was in hell. It wasn't so much the bitterness of the burning pain I felt in my arm and all over my body. It was more the feeling of utter hopelessness that overcame me. You've never experienced anything like that. You don't know what it means to feel completely and hopelessly lost. That's the way I felt, just for a few minutes.

After a couple of days I began to get settled a little more. But when I was brought to Cook County Psychopathic Hospital I had taken all my clothes off, and wouldn't put them on again. I thought since it was the end of the world there

there was no longer any need for clothing. Some things struck me funny though. Most of the other people at the hospital had their clothes on. And when I looked out of the window I saw that all the buildings were still standing there straight and tall, instead of blowing up as they would at the end of the world. I didn't know what to think. I knew that I was wrong about something, but I just didn't know about how to get things right. I was in a complete daze. It is all like a very bad dream now.

Another thing I remember about this time is that I had the feeling that I was being sacrificed like Christ. I first got this feeling when they stretched out my arms and legs over the bed to tie me in restraints. I was getting all sorts of ideas then. One thing I knew--I was not the Blessed Mother herself, for she was a virgin and I was not.

E. S. H.

After a couple of days I was taken to Elgin. Things cleared up a little for me while we were driving on the bus. When we came to Elgin and I saw the hospital entrance sign, I knew where I was going. I knew that I was wrong, but I had to stick to my story until I could know something for sure.

Here at Elgin I have been helped a great deal. I was a little scared of Dr. M. B. and didn't talk much to her. Dr. B. got me to talking about myself. He helped me to realize that I had quite a guilt complex and that this was bothering me so much in spite of myself. But most of all probably the group discussions in which I participated during the summer helped me. I didn't contribute much to the discussion, I know, but I was pretty much awake while this was going on. I was constantly putting myself in the place of the patients he talked about, and I began to see that I wasn't really so different from others, but that many other patients had gone through experiences like mine. And by understanding the explanations given for these things in the group discussions, I was able to understand myself better.

I've recovered my balance now, but I don't think this is over yet. Out here the psychiatrists talk to you and they think you're all right. But I'm not all right. Not yet. I still can't help remembering the realness of it all. It wasn't just a case of mental illness. It's left me trying to figure out its meaning. It's made me think that there's more to life than just getting married and having babies. And it makes me wonder what does happen when a person dies. I felt that this thing was so real--that I was really in touch with something very real.

My attitude toward religion has changed also. I always thought that the Catholic religion was the only one worth being interested in. I used to be taught some things about Martin Luther or John Calvin and ask myself, "How can these people be so stupid as to believe that?" But when I attended Protestant services here I found that the Protestants really believe in the same basic things as we do. When I first came here, it was two Protestant chaplains, Clarence and LeRoy who talked to me and helped me the most. Clarence used to tell me that the important thing was for me to talk about the things I feared most talking about. I began to realize that this was true after I had attended a few group discussions.

One thing I know. That is that I am really quite immature sexually. I've got to be fussy about who I go out with and careful about who I marry, if I get married. The next man I marry will have to be a very understanding man or I never will get adjusted sexually. Men, I guess, think that just because a girl is big she likes to be pushed around, and handled roughly. When this happens I actually get all tensed up and become afraid. I never really have enjoyed sex.

I did a lot of running around, and this hospital is where it got me. I was hurting myself all along, but I know too that I can do it very easily again. I have to admit that I still feel resentment against my stepfather and mother for the affection they didn't give me. All of the psychiatrists told the nuns, "This girl has never known what it means to be loved and cared about." Because I didn't know what it meant to be loved or to love, I had to go running around with others for affection. And I got it by engaging in a cheap sex relationship.

One thing this hospital experience has taught me is that I have to accept people as they are. All my life I have tried to set my own standards, and have asked people to meet these. That got me into trouble, I have got along here with my fellow patients, and that is sometimes a pretty hard thing to do. I also realize that I have to trust people.

FUTURE PLANS

Miss Brown is making plans for me now to continue my nurse's training under her guidance. Right now she has a hip injury, and I won't be discharged until she is recovered. She wants to supervise me pretty closely, though, and doesn't want me to go out on dates at first. I don't think this is the answer for me, and I'm hesitating about going out under her care. What I would like to do is to go to New York, where I have some friends willing to take me. If I went there, I could complete nurse's training in two years and perhaps do some modelling on the side. A third alternative is one suggested by Dr. L. Ho thinks we might be able to work something out with a cousin and his friends in Omaha. There's a doctor and his wife there, two Cretan Grads, who might be able to help me. I wrote to them and told them about my case. They answered with lots of understanding. One thing is sure, I do not want to leave the hospital until definite arrangements have been made.

M. T. P. was interviewed in the Chaplain's Office on Nov. 29, 1954. She was thruout friendly and co-operative. She answered questions freely and frankly. She often smiled at the ideas and behavior she reported, but she showed unusual insight and at no time was the affect inappropriate.

Q. I was much interested in the story you told the other night at Dr. Masserman's seminary and I have wanted a chance to go over the experience with you. One thing on which I was not clear was how the thing got started. Was it right after your baby was born?

A. No, my baby was born April 1. It was about April 16 that my thinking started to change. That was when I began thinking of religion as a way out.

Q. As I remember it, you prayed a good deal at this time.

A. Oh, yes. I prayed a lot. You see at this time I wasn't working any more, so I spent lots of time praying and reading the Bible.

Q. What do you mean by praying?

A. It means lifting one's mind and heart to God. It's conversation with God.

Q. I suppose you were sleeping all right.

A. I slept very fitfully during this time. Some of the doctors gave me something to make me sleep, but that didn't help because I fought them off.

Q. When did you say the acute disturbance began?

A. It was really on the 18th, I think, that I lost control. I wasn't working then any more. It was then I started getting all kinds of new ideas.

Q. How did these ideas start?

A. They started as ideas about myself. I began to think that I was really a very important person. I kept trying to figure out who I was, but it was too much for me. I began praying directly to God, too. Before that I hadn't thought of God as a person, but rather just some supreme being.

Q. And then you began getting all sorts of ideas?

A. Well, I don't know. It was like every thing was starting new. It was like being re-born, as if I were to be a completely different person. At first I would wonder, "Who am I?" "Why am I here?" I would lie awake for hours just thinking about this.

Q. Perhaps you thought you were other persons too.

A. No, not that I can remember. I felt very unworthy to be the page of the Blessed Mother because I had lived such a wild life.

Q. You were speaking of being re-born. Did you ever have any ideas of having lived before?

A. I felt as though I had seen most of human history. I had seen all the suffering and problems in the world. I felt as though every one's problems were on my shoulders.

Q. Did you think you had some special message?

A. Yes, as I was praying I kept asking the Holy Ghost to descend on me. I always had a picture of the Holy Ghost descending in the form of a dove. And while I was in jail I kept praying and I felt that the Holy Ghost was giving me the words. It was just as though the words came pouring out.

Q. Did you hear any voices?

A. Yes, I heard a nun, one of my favorite nuns when I was taking Latin in school. She was saying to me, "It's all right, M. T. It's all right." Then other nuns spoke to me and then some of the saints, telling me which virtues to practice.

Q. Did you ever hear God's voice?

A. No, I never did feel that I had reached God the Father in prayer. But I did hear the Blessed Mother.

Q. What did she say to you?

A. She told me to go to sleep and get some rest.

Q. As I recall it, you had some idea about saving the world.

A. Yes. I can't remember everything about my message, but it was something about Russia. When I was in the Cardinal's red chair, I kept saying that Russia had to be saved or the whole world would be damned. This came to me that day I was up in my room.

