

*Class in part  
in ~~united States~~  
Latter. Winter 25-26*

*Edna M. Hedberg*

A TRAINED NURSE'S EXPERIENCES AT TAIKU, CHosen

It has been said that there is nothing new under the sun, <sup>JAN 1936</sup> but there are at least new varieties of the same old thing. Strikes are not unheard of in Chosen, but for the patients to go on strike and threaten to go home when I took the privilege of giving the medicines from the friends and relatives, and made it the duty of the nurses, was a new one on me.

One afternoon I gathered up all the medicine bottles from the various stands and floors and placed them in the medicine closet with a schedule for giving. The next morning from all sides we were greeted with the indignant complaints of patients and relatives alike saying that they had been given the wrong medicine and that they would not remain in the hospital if the medicine bottles were ~~not~~ returned to their tender care. Needless to say, they were, pronto, with the resolve that next time we tried anything like that it would be when the patients entered, in which we have been more successful.

If you were to ask the <sup>u</sup>nurses or patients how I spend my time I am afraid they would say I spend most of it in interfering with their ~~manners~~ comfort or leisure. One evening when I turned off one of the lights in the men's ward in order not to have a glaring unnecessary light shining right down in the eyes of the patients, I found that instead of conferring a favor I had grievously insulted them. A funny little old man from the country seemed to voice the sentiment of the crowd when he sat up and indignantly demanded how he could sleep if he did not have a light. I wanted to ask him how he had managed all the fifty years of his life before he knew anything about electricity, but I refrained.

This would not be a complete account of my activities of late if I did not add that a great deal of my time is spent in ~~managing~~ running around with a sprayer in one hand and a can of insect germicide in the other in an effort to keep our freshly painted walls from looking like a battle field. As for the bugs, there is no exterminating them. "Men may come and men may go, but they go on forever."

Lest you think I also am going to go on forever I will relieve your minds by stopping at once, but since this is a personal report I cannot refrain from adding that I have had my hair bobbed in the past year. I know of nothing that could be more personal.

Clara M. Hedberg, R.N.

Personal Report.