

When detailed chart
of his disease and
other



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

When I entered the hospital through a big hall I found that there were a large number of rooms on the left and the right. The rooms were neat and tidy and there were separate arrangements for out-door and in-door patients. In the corridors of the hospital there was a great bustle and activity. Doctors and nursing sisters in their white uniforms were moving up and down.

At a short distance, there was an operation theatre, fitted with most modern appliances. Outside the operation theatre, there was a set of stretchers and wheeled chairs. On enquiry I learnt that this was the Casualty Ward where those who are victims of accidents are treated.

After making enquiries from certain people I found the General Ward where my friend was lying. As I entered the General Ward there were cries of groan with pain and rows of beds were laid out on both sides. Here every patient was numbered and on his bed was hanging a detailed chart of his disease and other things.

My friend was on bed No. 48 and when I reached him, I found a small gauze box and a temperature chart by his side. He was now recovering from his illness and was slowly getting back his strength. After remaining with him for some time, I decided to visit the other wards of the hospitals.

As I moved out, found that there was a female ward in which women in-door patients were treated. Then there was the Infectious Disease Ward where patients suffering from contagious diseases were kept in complete segregation and nobody was allowed to visit them. I also saw the Radiological and the Pathological laboratories where doctors were busy X-Raying the patients and examining their stools, urine, blood, etc. There were

a large number of menial servants mostly sweepers. But I was pained to see how they were mostly sitting in the corners and chatting, negligent of their work and duty. All this gave me an idea of utter suffering and I could not resist feeling that if all the people attending on our patients in the hospitals do their work with responsibility, the hospitals will become really a boon for the society.

But it appeared that although people were moving about and there was a great show of being busy, as a matter of fact, they were not doing anything in particular. From their faces I could find that there was no sympathy. All appeared to be so mechanical that while it went on, it could not give even a bit of sympathy which a man in suffering requires the most.