



DEAR ABBY

By Abigail Van Buren

That letter from the mother whose adolescent son was "embarrassed" because he had to take a lamp treatment, naked, in the presence of a "young girl" made me see red.

The mother said her son was 17 and the girl couldn't have been much older. Well, she had to be at least 21 to be a nurse.

These people who think nurses and doctors take a personal interest in their patients make me sick.

I am a registered nurse and I'll never forget the time I had to perform a personal service for an elderly gentleman because no orderly was available. The man shouted, "I don't want no woman in here." I called my superior in and she said, "Simmer down, Dad, we are not women, we are nurses!"

And a few years ago I was in the room with the doctor and his male patient who had just come from the recovery room after surgery. His wife was present, too. Then the doctor said to his wife, "Would you please step out!" The wife replied, "If that woman can stay, so can I. I can do anything she can do!" Whereupon the doctor handed her a stethoscope and chart and said, "Fine, we're short of help, so will you please check all vital signs every 15 minutes, blood pressure, heart, etc. and request the lab for blood work, check all output and intake, etc." She certainly changed her tune in a hurry.

AN R.N.

DEAR ABBY: Our cat is to have kittens. My wife and I disagree on whether our boy age 4 years and 5 months, should witness this event.

We consider the child to be above average in intelligence and reasonably well-adjusted. He has already asked where babies come from. We would appreciate your opinion.

MR. AND MRS. M.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. M: I see no reason why the boy should not witness this event. One picture is worth 10,000 words.

DEAR ABBY: My problem may sound silly to you, but it is very serious to me. For some years now, although I am a male, single, and not considered effeminate, I have been wearing nylon panties under my outer male attire.

I like to sleep in baby doll pajamas and have a nice supply of ladies' lingerie, negligees, panties, hosiery, bras—the works, which I wear when I am alone. There is nothing "wrong" with me, but I like the feeling of these things next to me.

My problem is keeping a good supply of these items. No matter how carefully I launder them, they do not last forever, and I must keep shopping for them. Such articles are sold only in the ladies' departments, and they all have women salespeople. When I ask for pink panties (pink is my favorite color) in size 8 (I am rather hefty) I say they are for my "wife" but then my face gets as pink as the panties.

I have tried mail-order houses, but they are unsatisfactory as I like to see the merchandise before buying it. I don't care to divulge my secret to anyone, so I must do my own shopping, so I would appreciate any solutions you have to offer, as I do not like the embarrassment.

IN A QUANDARY

DEAR IN: Since you have already thought of all the alternatives and have rejected them, I can only infer that you aren't really seeking a solution to your problem—you just like to talk about it.

(Hear Dear Abby Monday through Friday at 9:30 a.m. over WROW.)