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## Editorial.

### Caribbean Triumph.

VERY EARLY in February, before the Spring of the year, our charming, petite and gracious Princess Margaret flew out from our cold, grey and wintry skies into the darkness of the night, and wakened in the sunshine and the glory of the romantic British West Indies. She left us beautifully gowned in a lovely shade of green, happily and excitedly looking forward, as a young girl should, to her experiences in one of the loveliest parts of our Commonwealth, 5,000 miles away from home.

Even though it was to be no holiday and the Princess had a gruelling time-table planned for her, she was so obviously glad that she was undertaking this truly Royal Tour that it was bound to be successful from its very outset. And so it has proved itself to be. From the moment her Royal Highness set her dainty foot in Port of Spain, Trinidad, to the time she re-entered Clarence House in the Mall, she has gone from triumph to personal triumph and bound more closely the ties that cement into one great family of free nations all the peoples of our Commonwealth and Empire.

What wonderful memories the Princess must have stored up for herself in years to come. Will she ever forget the sheer beauty of those glorious tropical islands; the vivid blue skies with scarcely a cloud to dim their

brightness; the clear, blue, calm, transparent seas and the wonderful rainbow fish that inhabit them? Memories of the marvellous trees and vegetation, in some cases growing down to the water's edge, and of the breathtaking loveliness of the silver-sanded beaches with wondrous vistas of mountains and far

horizons will surely remain with her forever. So much vivid and soul-stirring beauty cannot but leave a lifetime's impression on one so happily attuned and so sensitive to the glories of nature.

No doubt she will also remember the humid heat of the tropical sun which often must have been endured rather than enjoyed. Even though she occasionally visibly wilted, yet she never cancelled an official engagement, nor allowed the discomfort of the humidity to interfere with her Royal duty or programme. Whilst we at home, enduring almost Arctic conditions in our land, might have felt a little envious of Her Royal Highness out in the Caribbean Spring, might not she also have had wistful longings for a breath of our icy winds to temper the fierceness of the scorching sun she was experiencing daily? Extremes of heat and cold must be equally unpleasant, and both must be endured with



Photo:

Dorothy Wilding, London.

Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret.

fortitude and patience.

Then there were the receptions and the pageants, the introductions, the handshakes and the inspections. There were the cheering, crushing and following crowds; the singing, flag-waving and the gay music of the bands. There were the State banquets, the speeches, the photo-

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