

Oh! for a Solomon to come along to help us in our nursing deliberations; to help us to make our profession more attractive to the young people of today. Who can successfully publicise for us the grandeur of service to sick people; the joy of nursing sick babies and children who reward their benefactresses with dazzling smiles and gorgeous gurgles? Who is to tell them that though money matters, it does not matter at all by comparison with the eternal rewards of living a truly noble life, spent in the service of the poor, the sick, the orphan and the widow?

If the Government withholds from nurses their rightful and well-earned conditions of salaries and service, it is not perhaps so catastrophic, although difficult to bear with equanimity. In spite of all that is done to us, nurses still have the best of it, for they are essential and priceless labourers in the nation's vineyard.

BEWILDERED.

## Book Reviews.

### Modern Surgery for Nurses.\*

By F. Wilson Harlow, M.B., F.R.C.S.

A SUBJECT ON WHICH it is almost impossible to keep up to date. Revisions, additions and elimination of obsolete matter *must* go on all the time. Hence this third edition since 1948, and a healthy sign for any publication on modern surgery.

Reference is made easy by heavy print at each heading, and illustrations are excellent.

A most comprehensive Text Book, in fact, several books in one volume. Invaluable to both Student and Tutor.

\*Published by William Heinemann (Medical Books), Ltd., 99, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1. Price 27s. 6d. net.

### The Nursery School.\*

By Katherine H. Read.

A FULL UNDERSTANDING of child psychology is undoubtedly the first essential in the nursery nurse, teacher and to prospective parents.

This book, however, also gives one a fascinating picture of the many different types of children, and could be read with pleasure by any child lover or student of human nature.

Knowledge is power, and a complete understanding paves the way to success in helping the child to become a useful citizen; apart from easing one's own task. Whether all the methods advocated here in the care and training of the young will bear fruit, remains to be seen in future generations. We live and learn!

Intellectual development, hygiene, food and clothing are all important, but character formation equally so.

Photographic illustrations of the children are charming.

\*Published by W. B. Saunders Company, 7, Grape Street, London, W.C.2. Price 28s.

D. B.

### Florence Nightingale House.

NURSES ARE REMINDED that once again emblems will be on sale in hospitals, etc., on May 12th, for the benefit of Florence Nightingale House, 173-175 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5. This is a residence for nurses of all nations taking an Administrative or Public Health course in this country.

Florence Nightingale's birthday is the day chosen for the wearing of the emblems, which cost 1s. each, which appeal we sincerely hope nurses will support in every way possible.

A service is being arranged to take place at All Soul's Church, Langham Place, London, W.1, on May 11th.

## A Spring Duckling.

A BITTERLY COLD WIND blew through Kew Gardens in the middle of March. A bright sun shone through a patchy blue sky and the grass was looking green and springy. Strange knobbly-shaped buds were sticking out from black and barren branches. The evergreens looked dark and dusty as if awaiting the touch of a Spring Fairy's broom.

I sat in a quiet spot, right in the path of the winter sun's rays, shielded from the blades of the icy wind. The swans and ducks were lazily stretched around the banks of the lake. There appeared to be no other human in sight. Quietly I withdrew a bag of cake-crumbs from my carrier, and immediately on hearing the rustle of paper, a small fat robin appeared on the seat beside me. He cocked his head on to one side and a bright beady eye surveyed the bag and me. At his silent command, I scattered crumbs and out from the bushes came blackies, blue-tits, a gorgeous missel thrush and the inevitable sparrows.

The greedy blackies started a fight and all the other birds flew away in fright, leaving the conquerors in possession. When all was quiet again, back came the robin, this time with his girl friend. Once again I attempted to feed them, but again the blackbirds defeated me. As I sat and mused, I espied two large fat beautiful ducks waddling towards me accompanied by one large duckling, bringing up the rear. He was a lovely sight, and quite obviously his parents thought so too, for they would not allow him near me. By a series of well aimed jabs at his slender neck, his father made him lie flat on the grass with his neck stretched flat, whilst they imperiously approached me and demanded the contents of my bag.

I was glad to oblige, for I did not relish the idea of a few more jabs from those fierce looking bills, particularly as my gloves were in the carrier. Having fed the brutes, I cautiously advanced to survey their offspring. Never have I seen such a perfectly beautiful duckling. He was quite large, with a gorgeous dankly-brown coloured coat of down softly falling over his back. Underneath this downy coat, gleamed lovely coloured feathers of butterfly blue and green. No princeling clothed in ermine was more richly clad.

He raised his graceful neck from the earth and looked up at me curiously. He was about to move when his father viciously jabbed him down again and glared balefully at me, meanwhile standing over his precious offspring in a menacing and protective attitude. As I made no attempt to move, the parents gave him a signal, and the three of them waddled off back from whence they came. Other ducks and swans approached me, but as I'd nothing left to give them, they departed again with suspicious looks in the direction of my empty carrier.

I walked in the direction of the river, leaving the gardens behind, and followed the tow path to Richmond. Pearly white pussy willows lay snugly on their branches, and sticky buds were forming on the chestnut trees. Although still very small, welcome signs of Spring were everywhere visible and for awhile again, I felt happy and lighthearted and looked forward eagerly to Easter and Summer holidays. But just to remind me that winter still had some days to run, icy blasts blew through my coat and chilled my enthusiasm and quickened my pace.

But there is no doubt at all that in the short space of four or five weeks, Kew Gardens will be a riot of blossoms and flowers, and that Spring will be at her most beautiful best. One will be welcomed there most heartily with a well-filled carrier with tit-bits for the ducklings and swans.

G. M. H.

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