

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE NURSING RECORD

EDITED BY MRS. BEDFORD FENWICK, REGISTERED NURSE.

No. 1,849.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1923.

Vol. LXXI

EDITORIAL.

HOLIDAYS.

Most members of the Nursing Profession just now are thinking about holidays, the holidays they have just had, when they have returned with minds and bodies refreshed, and memories stored with pictures to be called up during the coming year, of lovely scenery, wonderful cities, works of art; of friendships made with congenial fellow-travellers; all these things enrich our lives and add to our happiness.

Or there are the holidays to come. Where shall the magic carpet take us? Limited by ways and means, which most of us in these days have to consider, there are yet many delightful holidays which can be planned to suit all tastes. For some a gay seaside place will appeal as providing the requisite environment; others find it "far from the madding crowd" in the solitude of lakes and mountains.

The first thing to decide is shall the time at our disposal be spent at home or abroad? Unquestionably, a holiday abroad has much to commend it. It need not cost more—it may, indeed, well cost less—than one spent in this country, yet the thorough change of scene, of food, of the people we meet, the interesting knowledge thus acquired holds a compelling attraction. We feel an indefinable elation and exhilaration as the boat casts off, and the shores of our island home recede. "The world is so full of beautiful things," it seems a pity not to adventure, and to see as many of them as possible.

But it may be, for one reason or another, we do not wish to cross the Channel or brave the uncertainties of the North Sea. Still, if we have enterprise, "this precious Isle set in a silver sea" holds innumerable possibilities. And do not let us forget that near its coasts are other islands supremely beautiful: the Isle of Man holds every variety of interest, in

lovely scenery of sea, lake, and mountain, of ruins, and museums of historical interest, of invigorating air, and delightful expeditions; the Isle of Wight is a garden of delight, and those who visit the Channel Islands and are untouched by their beauty, more especially by the splendour of the colouring, on land and sea, of Sark, must be unappreciative indeed of one of the fairest gems in the British crown.

If we do not adventure North of the Tweed what can be more restful than a holiday in the English Lake Country? We may leave the line, for instance, at Oxenholme, at Shap, at Penrith, and never see it again until, our holiday ended, we enter the train that takes us back to home or work, and, in the meantime, travelling by boat, or coach, or car, or on foot if we are good walkers, we shall have revelled in some of the most beautiful scenery the world can show. The grandeur of the lake and mountains of Wasdale, the peace of Crummock Water, the loveliness of Ulleswater, with its wonderful reflections, the serene beauty of Keswick, the attractions of Grasmere, more especially for lovers of Wordsworth, the beautiful valley of Mardale, the drive from Patterdale to Windermere, and others of equal grandeur and loveliness, are not only a delight when we actually enjoy them, but provide us with pictures which, stored in the back of our minds, can be brought out and enjoyed again and again when we have returned to great towns and cities. Not to know Lakeland is to miss a delight within reach of most, which we are the poorer if we have not enjoyed.

One thing which will add to our enjoyment is to "travel light." We need so little, we take so much, and find ourselves encumbered by unnecessary impedimenta. Then let us include in our equipment a faculty for enjoyment, and a spirit of adventure and enterprise, and then, come rain or shine—but shine for choice—the success of the holiday, which we hope will invigorate us for another year's work, is assured.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)