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EDITORIAL.

"A WANT."

In childhood's day you will remember you often suffered from "a want" from one cause or another—a malaise of psychic origin. Mama and Papa had gone off to the Great Exhibition in London in 1862, leaving a void in the whole village, especially at the Hall, when even the dogs slunk around tails down, and the children were muted and obedient. There was "a want."

Then the mill field on the hill was one day golden with cowslips and the next even the swirling sails groaned audibly. The nearby housewives had been with clothes baskets and swept the field clear of colour; it was the season for the making of cowslip wine, a delectable delicacy with potent properties which wooed sleep. You gazed around and in spite of the lovely spires in the Vale of Belvoir, Bottesford, Bingham, Thorton, all pointing to an azure sky, the gold had ceased to glitter—there was "a want."

Then after hearing Papa (a fine scholar) declaim the *Iliad*, you thirsted to learn Latin, and were told "girls don't need dead languages." Dead! Fundamental, sonorous, vital—the very soul of speech! and throughout a long life there has remained "a want" which has never been satisfied.

Thus when we realised that our King and Queen had embarked in R.M.S.

Empress of Australia, escorted by H.M.S. *Southampton* and *Glasgow*, her escorting cruisers, and had sailed away to Canada, we realised a very grievous "want" indeed, the more so that their Majesties were not as they should have been, crossing the Atlantic in the battle cruiser *Repulse*, as they would have been had

Great Britain maintained her proud predominance as a maritime Power. Shades of the great Elizabeth—of Drake—of Nelson!

And that reminds us of another "Elizabeth" the heir-apparent to the Empire's Throne, the little Lady whose thirteenth birthday portrait adorns this page. Needless to say the parting from her devoted parents

for many weeks will create "a want" which it will be impossible to appease.

Her Majesty, it is reported, will communicate with her daughters every day and keep in intimate touch with their lives; but we may take it that with seas between, nothing can ease the longing of a mother's heart for the human touch of her child, nor the anxiety should sickness befall.

The welcome awaiting the King and Queen when once again, after their triumphant tour to the spacious lands in the West, they step ashore in Old England will be a thrilling triumph, which we opine will leave "no want."

All of which reflections prove the grip of the soul on matter. Love—Beauty—the solace of Sound—the Glow of Glory through the Ages—and that brings us to the conviction that bereft of the inspiration of the spirit, all things are null and void.

What of the inspiration of our life's work? Our right to knowledge and skill for the preservation of sweet and painless life and for the

struggle with disease? Faced again with the menace of ignorance and expediency those of us with vision, who won in the past the power to do our duty, must retain that power or sink into the pit.

It is incredible that the sick are of so little account in a land where hovers the spirit of Florence Nightingale.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH
ON HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

Photo]

[Marcus Adams

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