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EDITORIAL.

"I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED FRANCE."

Give me leave always to live and die in this mind, that he is not worthy to live at all, that for fear of danger or death shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

In a touching message from our Queen a few weeks ago, to the Women of France, she said, "I, who have always loved France so warmly, share your suffering today . . . In these sad days it is to the Women of France I wish to say just this, that your sorrows are our sorrows." The enslavement of France by Germany and Italy, with the connivance of traitors from within the gates, does not diminish the sympathy of British Women with the Women of France as expressed by our Queen. Those of us who have for years worked and played with our French sisters, in its gay capital and in the sunny south, realise their heart-rending grief that Paris, their very own *Paris*, the loveliest capital in the world, is once again profaned by the presence of the Hun.

Let us take heart of grace. Those of us who with Her Majesty love France, know that the French people will not long suffer the degradation of a conquered race. The time is not far distant when, inspired as were the Marseillaise, tramping from the south to the seat of government, to the sound of their triumphant anthem, they will rise and rend the tyrants who now defile the very air they breathe.

Do we not know that a woman of France was the most heroic and saintly being God ever called to arms? Is it presumable that the spirit of Joan of Arc will rest in Paradise when the honour of France is at stake? We know that it is not possible.

Her shining sword, emblem of power, justice and vengeance is sheathed, but it touched in life that other rapier of equal power which has from generation to generation kept green her glorious memory.

It is the pen, inspired by her patriotism, which will pierce the Powers of Evil, and bleed them to the dust.

THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

When we refer to the Editorial Table, how does it present itself to the imagination? We have been seated at not a few. In the Chair there is usually a man and one wonders just how he can pounce at a moment's notice on the "copy" he needs. Apparently, in the general confusion, this is not always easy, and we have in memory a charming fellow who, for a limited period, was the editor of a brilliant and progressive London daily—alas, too brilliant and progressive to last in the age of platitudes!

We contributed from time to time to the columns of this flutterer of the public peace, and well remember our last interview with evaporating genius.

Seated in silent contemplation before a mass of manuscript, over which apparently a hurricane had swept, we faced across the editorial table a gay and smiling youth who, in a fit of confidence, confessed that our MS. had been torn to ribbons by his dog—and swept into the wastepaper-basket, which, apparently, was the fate of budding genius.

"Here is the indiscriminating animal; come and beg pardon, Toppie," he said; and from under the table peeped a pair of eyes, which pleaded not for forgiveness but for commendation in that their owner had saved the writer from invidious abuse from the quack nursing Press of the day—the more vicious, the more lucrative to its proprietors!

Peace having been restored, the apparently irresponsible young man exclaimed:

"Good-bye, dear lady, I vacate this Chair to-morrow, a wiser and a sadder man; you are of the stuff which dies in the last ditch, I am not! Look me up in the happy hunting grounds." Alas, beautiful and brilliant creature, a few years pass and he has gone, let us hope, to a sphere where generous spirits bathe in light! We shall not forget to plead with St. Peter, when the time comes, for direction towards the happy hunting grounds, as all our truest friends in this world will surely await us there! But we have wandered from the Editorial Table.

To facilitate work, it should be neat and orderly. Genius does not always burn, thus when the right word eludes capture and the eyes are raised in quest—they should be met with inspiring objects.

As we make this claim when the heart burns with ardent sympathy, and gratitude to the legions of men who are dying daily that all we value in life may live, we face a lovely coloured print of St. Joan of Arc, St. Joan in shining armour leaning on her sword, standing in a field of daffodils, behind her the winged shadow of St. Michael, pointing the path to victory and martyrdom.

Then we turn to the portrait of "A French Hero Salutes," veritably the reincarnation of Joan of Arc. "Let us remember in this struggle," he pleads, "we are God's Chivalry."

From out these pictures the essence of valour in all its purity permeates space. Nothing that is of the devil can absorb it. St. Joan inspired by God's Chivalry animates that glory of the Holy Spirit in man which is invincible.

In these days, pen, paper and ink fade from vision on the Editorial Table—and God stands revealed.

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