

to the community nurse. I firmly believe that not only the quantitative but the qualitative aspects of public health nursing, both the scope and the impetus of the whole public health movement would gain greatly by the simple expedient of following through consistently on the whole principle of the generalised nursing service. Let the public health or, rather, the community nurse be the answer to St. Paul's exhortation to be all things to all men. It is a large order, but she has filled large orders before and done it nobly."

Public health nursing is the newest branch of the profession, and consequently has had many advantages over its older sisters in hospital and private duty services; but let us not get away from the fundamentals of our work in becoming rigid in our interpretation of what public health nursing should be. First, we must wipe out that fatal line which threatened to grow thicker, and not have one public nurse in the field who confines herself to conversation and has swung so completely in the opposite direction that she now rather despises the public health nurse who cares for the sick and attempts to educate by example as well as by precept.

We are all in the field of nursing for one purpose, which is to maintain health and prevent disease, and while we have been calling ourselves health teachers and developing preventive techniques, let us remember that the very people whom we have been teaching have started to demand certain services to the need of which they have been awakened by the teaching which they have received. Health needs have become highly diversified, and no longer is the public health nurse who restricts herself rigidly to conversation able to convince as easily as the public health nurse who cares for the sick and educates by example as well as by precept.

It has already been made clear to us by the public that we cannot any longer continue to think of the "separateness" of preventive and curative efforts to reduce death and disease. Each contributes to the health of the individual and the nation; all are parts of the same entity. They do not always function smoothly, but if we are concerning ourselves with health we must see that they run as a team and have no dividing line between them. We must be prepared to meet the demands made upon us and not be afraid of change, or cling to something which we imagine increases our prestige. For this reason, we must have fearless leadership, and I will again quote from Dr. Purran, who says:—

"It is not that we do not think we are doing everything to gain popular support. During the last decade our techniques have included salesmanship. May I be forgiven for saying that sometimes it is too suave, too tactful, too self-conscious for effective functioning? I would only remind you that among the reasons why the light from the lamp of Florence Nightingale shone far was because she was known to be perfectly ready to throw it at anybody who stood in the way of righteous progress. She is remembered for the good works because she had a clear eye, a pungent tongue, and a heart so filled with wrath at needless suffering that she spared no one, no matter how highly placed, who might be responsible for it. Individually, there are few of us who can be Florence Nightingales. Our little voices would be lost in the contemporary din. Compositely, through the organisations which represent us, we can all have part in leadership. If we lead fearlessly, our good works also will be remembered."

So to achieve our goal that all may have an equal opportunity for health and good nursing and medical care, we should see that there is an increasing degree of whole-hearted co-operation between health officers, private physicians, public health nurses and the welfare agencies of the community.

[Reprinted from "The Canadian Nurse," September, 1939.]

## WHAT TO READ.

### MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

- "The Making of a Queen: Victoria at Kensington Palace." Eleanor Graham.
- "Richelieu: His Rise to Power." Carl J. Burckhardt.
- "Contacts and Contrasts." Lady Helena Gleichen.
- "Failure of a Mission." Sir Nevile Henderson.
- "The Russells in Bloomsbury." Gladys Scott Thomson.

### FICTION.

- "The House of Markku." Unto Seppanen.
- "Sad Cypress." Agatha Christie.
- "There Came Both Mist and Snow." Michael Innes.
- "The Swan of Usk." Helen Ashton.
- "The Chiffon Scarf." M. G. B. Eberhart.
- "So Frail a Thing." Helen Beauclerk.
- "Paris Gazette." Lion Feuchtwanger.
- "A Tale of Old London." Philip Lindsay.

### POETRY.

- "The Gate of the Year." M. Louise Haskins.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

- "Nemesis: The Story of Otto Strasser." Douglas Reed.
- "A Ring at the Door." George Sava.
- "Brother to the Ox." Fred Kitchen.

### A DEDICATORY POEM.

On the passing of one of our greatest poets, Humbert Wolfe, we may remind Bart's nurses that he wrote a dedicatory poem for "Rose Window," the book recently published by the Hospitals' Appeal Department.

#### St. Bartholomew's.

##### I.

Here in the South the oleander slashes  
the dark of the cypress with its brilliant stain,  
and bougainvillea in the huge sunlight splashes  
the flat white walls with incandescent rain.  
Here is the coast where all that daunts and dashes,  
all suffering, all regret and all old pain  
spring into Phoenix life from their own ashes,  
lying in peace, in beauty to rise again.  
This is God's work. A thousand years ago  
the jester of a king in England wrought  
miracle of mercy, where no flowers grow  
save in the garden of man's creative thought.  
The mist of suffering, the fog of fear,  
and none to pierce them till time breathed  
"Rahere."

##### II.

Like Shakespeare's fool in "Lear" you did use,  
Rahere, your jester's cap and bells to teach  
a king that there are dreams the great heart views  
that sceptred power seeks in vain to reach.  
You saw beyond the phantoms that confuse  
statecraft and intrigue, each infecting each,  
the distant mercy of St. Bartholomew's  
in the high accent of St. Luke's own speech.  
After a thousand years the dream still grows  
from strength to strength, from peace to further peace,  
and countless suffering salvation owes  
in humble gratitude on bended knees  
to the wise fool, who brought his heaven so near,  
that even death walks softer now,  
Rahere!

HUMBERT WOLFE.

d'Esterel, July, 1939.

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