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EDITORIAL.

"ALL'S WELL."

The year 1941, the third in which we the British nation from all the world over, has stood as a fighting force, practically alone, facing the most barbarous onslaught on the Soul of Man, will soon be an epoch of the past. A few days and the New Year will call to us for more strenuous effort in God's service than we have given hitherto. Are we ready? Are we prepared to sacrifice life and all our worldly goods in this stupendous struggle? If not we have not yet attained to the standard of self-denial necessary to win the war, of which such a glorious standard is ours in the fighting forces of the Empire. The sailor men, the land forces, the buoyant boys in the air, all in God's service—here to-day and gone to-morrow. Just for King and Country, and a clear conscience. To die in the service of humanity and for the most splendid national traditions the world has ever seen.

Surely such an example will inspire every British woman to stand shoulder to shoulder with their husbands, lovers and sons.

In this particular we uncover to the women of Russia whose heroism is already an epic.

Let us record the blessings which have been ours during the past year.

First, the great and selfless example of our King and Queen. Loyalty, that first of kingly virtues, has been the inspiration of their ceaseless devotion to country and people, and they have our love and loyalty in return. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth are awarded sovereign power by right and not by courtesy, and the country realises that they live and die with us if needs be on blessed British soil.

Then it has been decreed that our Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill shall be a man of genius. Nothing less could serve our needs. Inspiration, courage, tenacity of purpose, and certainty that victory belongs to the British people in the present struggle and for ever and ever. Do they not love God and honour the King?

"Good Hope. Greetings."

Then the Nurses are specially blessed that from furthest Empire and the great Dominions we follow the flag. Where our sick and wounded are on all battle fronts there are we, and greetings are reaching us from many lands. From South Africa our colleagues remind us that "All's Well!" and that the romance of the year took place "Where sky-way and sea-way were burning the blue." Their card headed "Rendezvous, August,

1941" is lovely, white sea-gulls flying through clouds flecked with grey. Following our editorial remarks will be found a record by "Audrey Brooke" of an item of soul-stirring history, which we cannot resist placing on record with whatsoever is lovely.

RENDEZVOUS.

AUGUST, 1941.

*Sea-gull, did you see them—
Battleships of grey
Meet in no-man's-water?
Did you pass that way?
You who over oceans
Shriek your travellers' tales,
Did you see "Augusta"
Meet with "Prince of Wales"?*

*Sea-gull, did you watch them
Sail so silently
Eastward, Westward, trysting?
Sea-gull, did you see
Stars and Stripes and Ensign,
Each man's oriflamme?
Did you see the Bull Dog
Meet with Uncle Sam?*

*Did you see the warship
Pass the convoy by,
Laden ship and escort
Dark against the sky?
Did you hear the whisper,
"Churchill passes here?"
Did you see the signal?
Did you hear them cheer?*

*"By wind and by water, through storm-clouds I fly,
My floor is the ocean, my roof-tree the sky!
And I, the white sea-gull, saw Churchill sail by."*

*"I wheeled and I circled and farther I flew,
Where sky-way and sea-way were burning and blue!
I watched the pale dawn-mists till Roosevelt sailed
through."*

*"When grey ship met grey ship I flew overhead,
When Old World met New World I heard what they said.
I watched them—a sea-gull with pinions widespread."*

*"I heard what was whispered, I saw what befell,
And that is my secret. Yet this I can tell,
I heard a man call from the masthead, 'All's Well!'"*

AUDREY BROOKE.

The Deanery,
Cape Town.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)