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EDITORIAL.

"WINGS OF THE MORNING."

"Rise up, my Soul, from the depths of despair. Wake and arise! There is Joy in the air . . . Spread wide your pinions for heavenward flight—winged with your Wonder—your Hope—your Delight.

"Wings of the Morning—of Faith and Desire! Rise up, my Soul, for the sky is afire! . . . God's in the wind and the cloud and the spray; God's in the dark and the dawn and the day."

"Wings of the Morning," PATIENCE STRONG.

THE BOMB OF DOOM.

For weeks past those of us living in this district of the metropolis have listened for many nights to alerts—the crack of guns and the relief of the siren. In the morning, there was news of sorrow and destruction around.

On an early morning in February we were awakened by guns crashing overhead, the tinkling of glass, and then, almost on the threshold, the thud of Doom, as a high explosive bomb fell on a mansion close by, set it flashing in flames, with death in the offing and shattering surrounding houses. Fate decreed that this murderous bomb crashed on the splendid mansion directly opposite to the British College of Nurses, Ltd., with the result that our beautiful Headquarters was blasted savagely and riddled with destruction; stone balcony and windows—the inside walls, ceilings, doors and massive furniture tossed around like shuttlecocks—a grievous sight to those who had taken such great pride in its fittings and furnishing, which had helped materially to uplift our professional work.

The stairs stood, so up to the top we climbed to take stock of loss, and then we realised the chance of fate, or was it the organised resistance of the apparently inanimate? We know how many metals are in constant motion imperceptible to the human eye.

J'Y SUIS, J'Y RESTE!

First, we stepped into the room where, on metal shelves, the precious archives of nursing history for half a century are stored. The ceiling was partly strewn on the floor, but not one volume or parcel of the *Nursing Record* or *BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING* had moved an inch. *J'y suis, j'y reste!* A good omen, indeed. Then we sought, in the general melée, items of special value; and it is almost incredible that in the general wreckage, ruined by blast, that specially precious items still stood in their places.

Margaret Breay's *prie-dieu* and crucifix, the Chinese Chippendale exquisite antique memorial chair to Sister Elizabeth Kennedy, S.R.N., member of Council, whose tragic death was so great a sorrow to her fellow Council-

ors; the beautiful inlaid cabinet where the Royal Collection was formerly placed; "The Isla Stewart" Memorial bookcase, and its unique contents, all greatly valued; the historic Chippendale bureau-bookcase used by the Editor of this Journal for 55 years in pursuance of her labours in recording the uplift of the progress of the profession of nursing, unto these days of degrading; the antique mirrors over the fireplaces, and the beautiful crystal chandeliers, all were intact—not a crack!

When one saw large pieces of furniture hurled around in a general whirl of destruction—far beyond repair—everything covered with half an inch of black destructive dust, the wonder of the contempt with which these works of art had withstood the blast was indeed a marvel, and a lesson to those of faint heart.

Days of reorganisation followed in so far as it was possible—stones, plaster, debris were carried away; window frames filled in, not with glass, and the full damage of the Bomb of Doom fully realised.

What of the future? One little room at the end of the hall remains intact, and here the work must be carried on from day to day.

The Council of the College met on March 8th, and will now concern itself with legal and practical affairs. One thing is certain: not an iota of its programme, or of its duty to Fellows and Members will be lost sight of for a moment; and it may be that the future of the College will emerge from this blast with greater determination than ever, that its unique work for the Registered Nurses of Great Britain, in claiming that they shall enjoy self-government and financial security, will be attained in spite of the enemy abroad, whose policy of tyrannical control will be resisted with all the British pluck which instinctively inspires our policy—*J'y suis, j'y reste!*

In the mansion which was set ablaze resided fifty people—forty-five escaped—but, alas! five lost their lives.

By the grace of God there was no loss of life at the College.

THE TEST.

"It's not enough to dream great dreams, in silence set apart; it's not enough to pray with all the fervour of the heart . . . It's not enough to call His name in pious reverence, it's not enough to weep the bitter tears of penitence.

"For every rapture of the soul, the hands must work some deed—of service to the outside world—must fill another's need. . . . For every bliss of contemplation there must be an act—of good; a demonstration; and a balance, true, exact."

"Wings of the Morning," PATIENCE STRONG.

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