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EDITORIAL.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

We feel like apologising to our faithful supporters, in that our last issue appeared without the report of "Victory"—long awaited—and the personal notes it inspired; but we presume the issue of a monthly journal means inevitable disappointment when world events sweep up and over and are gone.

Such was fate last month—matter on the machine, and Victory Day, followed by national holidays—and,

these, but like bright flamingoes herald the return of peace and good will amongst the nations of the earth.

Buoyant crowds surround the floodlit Palace. From Admiralty Arch down the Mall gather more and more excited revellers. Packed in indescribable density stand the loyal citizens, come to demand the presence of their King. Oh, the pathos, the heart-rending, soul-searing pathos of that vast concourse of pilgrims. For the past six fearsome years untold hardship and agony have been their lot. Sufferings unmitigated, graft and toil, blood, sweat and tears have bowed their shoulders. But never



Photo]

THE PRINCESS
ELIZABETH

HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN

HIS MAJESTY
THE KING

[The "Topical" Press Agency, Ltd.

THE PRINCESS
MARGARET

alas! half a week passes, and, with it, the song and dance.

So that is that. But future generations of nurses must realise that the following picture truly reports the spirit of our people on the day of Victory in the greatest and most valiant City in the World when it learned that the splendid manhood defending righteousness were free to stand upright and lower their arms.

God Save the King.

V. J. DAY—1945.

The last strains of our ancient National Anthem have died away and our Beloved King has once again called his people to dedication and thanksgiving. Now the fading hours of this glorious Victory day are slowly merging into those of deep night, but not an ordinary, silent night! For it is Victory Night! Bright with flaming floodlights, noise filled with laughing, cheering people, inebriated with happy power and conquest. Rockets scream into the air, not death-dealing rockets,

their united will. They fought against the very powers of hell, withstood the fiercest onslaughts of the devil; gave in overflowing measure riches, comfort and priceless lives; yet still they laugh. Still they come, patriotic baubles in hand, to see their King. Is that all the reward they seek? Like good children—come for their dear Father's "Well Done." Yes, that is all they seek to-night.

How united is this people in its love of its constitutional monarch. Madly cheering at the gates of his throne, longing to show him how glad they are the war is over. Yet the conviction burns in each heart that again, yes even again, were liberty and freedom in peril of disappearing from the earth, they would go down to the depths to rescue them.

Not far away in Whitehall the gay and motley throng call for "Winnie." "We want Winnie—We want Winnie" was chanted abroad. Oh—yes—they wanted Winnie, but by their own deed they could not

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