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EDITORIAL.

HOLIDAY.

Since the beginning of the Christian era mankind has recognised the necessity of taking periods of rest from work, in order to allow mind, body and spirit complete recreation and recuperation.

In the early centuries these rest periods were known as Holy days, and they were kept in honour of the Saints of the Church. The eves of these Holy days were spent in fasting and special preparation, and after the early services of the feast itself, the day was spent in high festival with public merrymaking. Special and intimate ceremonies were held in the different villages and towns, and people were united in a way not known to the inhabitants of our present-day large towns and cities.

To-day, owing to the trend of the machine age and the tremendous hustle and bustle of modern civilisation, post-war weariness and the almost total absence of peace, Holy days are not sufficient to restore the necessary mental and physical balance required, and it has become the rule for workers to take a much-needed annual holiday, and to make a complete change of environment and occupation. Many, through no fault of their own, are not able to take the type of holiday best suited to them, and numbers of trained nurses may fall into this category. So, for their own especial benefit, we will catch glimpses of dream holidays, through the medium of pen and the printed word.

First, let us visit in spirit the invigorating Atlantic coast of Co. Donegal in North-West Ireland. Gaze, at your leisure, on the glorious bays of sparkling blue waters. Rest on the palest golden sands hardly touched by human feet and bathe in the gentle waves or in the warmth of the sun, or climb lazily up the steep sides of the cliffs and sit amongst the sand dunes and feel the soft caresses of the summer breezes. Here is, indeed, rest and peace! Upon the cliff, tops an entrancing panorama is spread before one's enraptured sight. Lakes of deepest blue twinkle amongst the rugged mountains, and the ever changeless sigh of the seas fills the air with softest music.

Here in another small bay amongst the rocks, large Atlantic breakers, rolling angrily forward, smash against the stony prison of the rocky coast, sending foamy clouds of spray high into the air. Noise of rolling thunder echoes around the caves, and one feels the pain of restlessness and fear!! Back into the sunlit heights amid majestic peaks our calm returns and all is well.

Some may prefer a visit to the lovely Sussex Downs? Away by the fringes of the wide sea, behind the busy coast towns, we seek peace and leisure high up amongst

the Downs. Sweetly the warm breezes blow through the ripening wheat; the hot sun beats down from an azure sky, and all around lies revealed a glorious vista of the rolling countryside of Sussex.

Lounging restfully amongst the waving grasses, come sleepy sounds of murmuring, lively insects. Fat bees drone lazily overhead, and from away in the distance we hear the plaintive cries of sheep and the lowing of cattle. Far away on the horizon we catch glimpses of the blue-green sea, smooth as a mountain lake, adding an intoxicant effect to the fine warm air.

Leisurely walks down cool lanes, through leafy woods and grassy meadows are available for the exploring spirits. To be "away from the madding crowd" is joy and wealth indeed and within the reach of all.

Younger nurses, eager for young society and anxious to leave sickness and abnormal people far behind, may choose to have sea and country; town, cinemas and shops, down on the Sunny South coast. For them—the crowds, the fun and excitement, and the complete change from discipline and order and from the comparative quiet of a hospital ward. Indeed, it is good that it should be so. For many others "home, sweet home" is best. And what for those of the sensitive, serious mind? Ever musing on the mystery of pain and suffering and of how little one can do to remedy such evils. Quiet days in the heart of the countryside with books for companions and a lovely garden in which to browse. A tiny church not far away for cloistered calm and questioning meditation; sweet music and soft lights, and order, peace and serenity.

Truly we all need holiday, we all need Holy days, too, so that our work remains a mission and not a burden; so that we are able to do good to our neighbours and help to restore health to sick bodies and calm to sick minds. May all our holidays be good, may they all bring happiness and joy, and may they come soon, whilst the sun shines.

Back from holiday, feeling like giants refreshed, there follows the business of settling down to the old daily routine. It is almost an anti-climax! The National Council will meet to get the affairs of the International Congress into preliminary shape, and in these matters we shall greatly miss the guidance of our wise and experienced Foundress, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, whom we are happy to state, is recovering magnificently from the results of her accident.

Examinations for coveted awards, will be upon us almost before we are ready for them, and the memories of glorious holidays will quickly recede into the past. But the results—we hope—will remain with us to add zest to our labours and success to all our enterprises.

G. M. H.

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