

We devoutly hope that when the little Prince Charles in his turn rises to his royal heritage to serve with unflinching duty for the benefit of mankind, that the happiness, beyond price, of the cherished home life shall be ever his.

A. S. B.

## Editorial.

### Christmas, 1951.

DECEMBER IS WITH US ONCE AGAIN. We know it by the sunshine and frost, the cold, crisp air; the star-clustered night skies lit by an opal moon, and by the lilt of children's voices singing carols at our doors. As we peep at them through our curtains, and see a circle of happy faces with small, piquant red noses, little blue hands clutching flickering Christmas lanterns, we note the hopeful looks in the direction of lighted windows and doors. We cannot disappoint the scamps, much as we threaten to do so!

Inside our warm rooms; the holly and mistletoe grace the pictures, Christmas cards overflow from mantelpiece and desks, glistening fir trees, brilliantly illuminated are weighted with gaily wrapped, mysterious parcels. Glowing coals shed welcome warmth from shining grates and there is a general air of expectant happiness abroad. As the Eve of the Great Festival draws near, we muse with joy on the happiness to come. Already we catch the strain of Christmas Bells sounding over snow-clad moors and dells, and over smoky cities and towns in countries of most of the world. Children everywhere, starry-eyed and impatient are counting the long, long days before they can happily unload their bursting festive stockings, desperately hoping that Father Christmas has not forgotten!

It is difficult to appreciate that already another fleeting year has sped away since we last sent Christmas Greetings to our friends at home and abroad. Wonderful events have duly slipped into receding history, and the glamorous Festival of Britain is now a gleaming highlight in the Hall of Fame.

Our sails are trimmed and set for the venturesome journey into the unknown paths of 1952.

"Peace on Earth to Men of Goodwill" was sung by Angelic Voices in the calm and utter stillness of a glorious night nearly 2,000 years ago. Peace was definitely promised if only men would fulfil the one condition of good will towards one another throughout the world.

And as yet there is no Peace on earth, the only conclusion we can draw is that there is no goodwill, and for this we have only Men, and not the Angels, to blame.

Herein lies the challenge for 1952, unmistakable and for all with eyes to see. We must seek peace and pursue it, and make strenuous efforts to preserve it in our homes, and in our spheres of work, be they hospitals, offices or factories, shops, canteens or where ever they may be. These little, blessed units of Peace, could leaven out the strifes of the whole of this country. Their healing and soothing properties might then spread far beyond our shores into the world around and bring about the end of wars and rumours of wars, with new hope to stricken mankind.

With the advent of true Peace, all nations of the world could settle down and set their homes and national

affairs in order. Food and little luxuries would be more plentiful, travel would be unrestricted; taxes and prices could fall, whilst poverty with austerity be chased from the earth, and happiness supplant fear and misery. Let us all pray for this gift of peace this Christmastide and may its blessings quickly be enjoyed by all of us. This is the Christmas wish of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING to its many and scattered readers and may God bless them all, in 1952, and in the years to come.

G. M. H.

### Ring Out Wild Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

LONGFELLOW.

### Sciatica.

By L. Goddard, S.R.N.

A painful affection of the sciatic nerve, it is really a neuralgia of the sciatic nerve, due to various causes.

The majority of cases are due to inflammation of the nerve, the result of exposure to cold and wet, rheumatism, gout and injury.

Every case of sciatica needs the most careful diagnosis and should be regarded not as a disease in itself, but more as a symptom of perhaps other causes.

The nerve may be pressed upon by different forms of pelvic tumours, or by pregnancy, an overloaded rectum, or an extra large stone in the bladder.

There may be pressure upon the nerve from aneurysm, new growth or an old standing injury during labour or upon the nerve roots in the spinal canal from sarcoma.

Typhoid, influenza, and some other fevers may leave sciatica as a sequel.

Sciatica occurs more often in men than in women, and during the latter half of life.

The symptoms are unilateral pain in the course of the nerve, shooting down the back of the thigh, and often referred to the toes.

Tenderness is present on pressure, especially over the nerve in the centre of the buttock, the middle of the thigh, in the popliteal space, or on the dorsum of the foot.

The limb is often kept slightly flexed, and the pain is felt whenever extension of the leg is attempted and the nerve stretched.

It may be very severe indeed and constant or variable in its occurrence, sometimes there is wasting of the muscles of the calf.

At night the pain may be excruciating, but more often when sitting. The knee jerks are active, but the ankle

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)