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EDITORIAL.

THE FESTIVAL OF VICTORY.

The memory of the Festival of Victory, on Saturday last, abides with the nation as of a jewel with many facets.

Its thoughts turned naturally to the sick and wounded—those who had helped to win peace, but at a cost which prevented their taking part in the public rejoicings. To them the King sent the following message:—

“To-day we are celebrating a victorious Peace, and amid the national rejoicings my thoughts, and those of the Queen go out to the men who, in the gallant part they have taken to secure that victory, have suffered and are yet suffering from the cruel hand of war. To these, the sick and wounded who cannot take active part in the festival of victory, I send our greetings and bid them good cheer, assuring them that the wounds and scars so honourable to themselves inspire in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen the warmest feelings of gratitude and respect.”

GEORGE R.I.

Beyond the wounded were the great army of the Glorious Dead, to whom, in a very special sense, the Day belonged. With a great price they won our freedom—those gallant boys, who, with life, and all it held of pleasure and promise, just opening before them, offered themselves as a willing sacrifice.

It was fitting that the Cenotaph in Whitehall should commemorate them, that the Empire's flags, and laurels bound with crimson, should crown the simple yet stately memorial saluted by their comrades-in-arms as they marched past.

The great procession was the more impressive because of its quiet restraint; in spite of the magnificence of the occasion, in spite of

the fact that never before had so many famous and gallant men been gathered together from all quarters to celebrate a great victory, it exhibited no elation. War is always terrible, and a war such as that which has just convulsed the world has left an indelible mark on those who have passed through it. Marshal Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, looked as if the sorrows of the world were graven deep into his heart, as if the burden of them were almost too great to be borne, though a smile lit up his kindly face as he acknowledged, manifestly touched by their warmth, the tempest of cheers which greeted him.

The men who rode and marched past, from the highest to the humblest, gave one the same impression. A great weariness was so evident in their faces that it seemed, in some cases, as if they must “rest for an æon or two” before it was removed. Can we wonder, when we remember that it was these men, and others like them, who presented a solid wall of flesh and blood, against which the guns, and the poison gas, and all the murderous inventions which the devilish ingenuity of an arrogant military power could devise spent themselves in vain?

It is a matter of pride to every member of the nursing profession that representatives of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service and of different sections of Military Nurses took part in the Victory March.

Nurses have for long claimed their right to care for the sick and wounded wherever they may be found, at whatever personal risk, but, until this war, when the dire need of the wounded compelled their employment right up at the Front in the casualty clearing stations, they have been relegated to the comparative safety of base hospitals. Now they have won their right to a place at the Front, ashore and afloat they have had their baptism of fire, and have proved themselves worthy.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)