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## EDITORIAL.

### OUR GLORIOUS DEAD.

The observance of Armistice Day on November 11th, was happily planned so that everyone throughout the British Empire might take part in the commemoration of our glorious dead.

One and all would like to have been present when His Majesty the King, with befitting ceremonial, unveiled the Cenotaph in Whitehall, round which a wealth of lovely flowers had been placed; to have attended the stately funeral of the Unknown Warrior—with whom were commemorated all the unidentified sailors, soldiers, and airmen who have fallen in the war—at which the King himself was the Chief Mourner, while the pall-bearers included officers of the highest rank in the three Services. Thus was the Unknown Warrior borne to his rest, while thousands of his fellow countrymen lined the route, and accorded burial in Westminster Abbey, that high privilege granted only at rare intervals, to the most heroic, the most famous, the noblest of our race. And it is an honour which, with one consent, the Empire acclaims as fitting, for none can be too great, can any indeed be great enough, for those who responded to the call to arms when honour, freedom, and the integrity of the Empire were at stake?

Comparatively few could take part in these historic and moving ceremonials, yet all could identify themselves with them. For the King was pleased to approve that on Armistice Day there should be complete suspension of all normal business, work and locomotion throughout the British Empire, during the two minutes' silence commencing at 11 a.m.

Thus, over whatever territory the British Flag floated, there was a Great Silence, during

which our honoured dead were had in remembrance. Where they lie in the crowded graveyards of France and Flanders, in the depths of the sea, in Mesopotamia, in the Near East, in Palestine, Africa, or elsewhere, hearts were lifted up in loving remembrance of those so dear to us, in gratitude for their lives, and in thanksgiving for the heroism of their deaths, and many find in the words which have come down to us through the long centuries the most appropriate aspirations for those whom all had in mind.

“Eternal Rest grant them, O Lord,  
And let Light perpetual shine upon them.”

So all might participate in the Act of Homage, and of prayer which draws together those on earth and those in Paradise.

The seats in the Abbey were rightly reserved mainly for the bereaved, and for wounded and disabled members of His Majesty's Forces, and amongst those accorded this highly prized privilege were members of the nursing profession, for twenty seats were allotted to members of the Royal Naval Nursing Service, the Imperial Military Nursing Service, the Territorial Force Nursing Service, the Military Nursing Service for India, the Royal Air Force Nursing Service, and the British Red Cross Society, who have lost near relations in the war, and who have served overseas.

As we turn back once more to the everyday world, let us remember those others who freely offered their lives, and who are now asking not alms, but a place in the community where they may earn the means of support for themselves and their families. To them also we owe a debt of honour, and let us ever remember that upon every British man and woman the bounden duty is incumbent to ensure that the full debt is honourably discharged.

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