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EDITORIAL.

THE CALL OF DISTRESS AND SUFFERING.

The heart of a nation may be judged by its national heroes, and we have only to consider those admired by the English people to realise its response to the call of Truth and Justice, of distress and suffering. King Arthur and his Knights of the Table Round—chivalrous, pure and bold—“whose glory was redressing human wrong”; Richard Cœur de Lion, the hero of the twelfth century, idolised for the successful and dramatic part he played in the Crusades; dauntless Samuel Wilberforce, to whom countless slaves owe their freedom, are men to whose names the nation has ever thrilled responsive.

Last, but not least, we remember the countless thousands who, with life opening fair before them, flocked to the Colours when, in 1914, the banner was unfurled, and the sword of the nation drawn from its scabbard to defend the civilisation of the world, and who fought and died for it so gallantly that all the world wondered.

We can be in no doubt, therefore, as to the feelings of the nation had it been kept informed, through the press, of the massacres of Christian men, women and children, because of their faith, in Asia Minor. No doubt it may have been considered expedient, owing to political exigencies, not to publish accounts of these massacres, but the *Daily Telegraph* has judged wisely in printing letters from its Athens correspondent concerning the reports received, by the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, of the ferocious persecution of Christians, especially Greeks. The reports come pouring in, we are told, from all the small villages in Anatolia. Turks order the Greeks to leave the villages, soldiers round them up into groups, and march them into the country, “a tragic procession of old men, women and children. The massacre

usually begins when the children are unable to walk, and cry and sob to stop. Then the Turks, after a few kicks and blows, simply strike them on the head with the butts of their rifles and smash in their brains. The mothers, compelled to see the ruthless murder of their babies, and unable to repress their screams and cries of indignation, are next struck down, and beaten to death. The Turks invariably finish their work by murdering everybody. . . . It is doubtful whether the Greek army, once it advances, will find even one Greek inhabitant left in any village of Asia Minor occupied by the Kemalists.”

The Kemalists are fanatical Turkish Nationalists organised under Mustapha Kemal. They hate the very name of Christian, are entirely without control, and their policy is one of complete extermination.

The wider the publicity given to these horrible outrages the better, so that chastisement for their crimes may be meted out by the civilised peoples of the world to a nation whose hands are steeped in innocent blood.

If we, as a nation, can stand by unmoved, and acquiesce in the murder of men, women and little children by a ruthless enemy because they profess the Christian faith, without attempting to help them, then indeed we have lost that passion for freedom which is the foundation of our national greatness.

At all events, the British nurse, who has no concern with political expediency, is to the fore, and we are glad to know that a unit of highly skilled nurses is proceeding immediately, by request, to Athens, so that their help will be available for the sick and wounded, who are sorely in need of it.

The Greek Chamber, in consequence of the reports it has received, has passed a resolution denouncing the Turkish atrocities against the Greeks before the civilised world.

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