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EDITORIAL.

THE PEOPLE'S DEMONSTRATION FOR PEACE.

On July 29th, all over the world, the peoples will hold great processions and demonstrations to express their overwhelming determination that there shall be no more war, and to send out the united cry, "Never Again." In France, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Austria, Czecho - Slovakia, Hungary, Switzerland, Spain, the United States of America, this cry will go out. In all the big towns of Great Britain schemes are being carried out. In London there will be five great processions converging on Hyde Park, women of all classes, political groups, and religious bodies will unite and join with some of these processions, and the contingent representing the profession of nursing, the members of which have come so near the horrors of war, will send many voices to swell the great cry for peace. War, always terrible, is no longer the hand-to-hand fight, in which flesh and blood fought with flesh and blood, and the best man was the victor. It is now a fight in which flesh and blood is called upon to engage in a struggle with an unseen foe, who hurls from a distance the most devilish mechanical implements of destruction that science can devise.

Read the noble words in which Marshal Pétain, the heroic defender of Verdun, described at a banquet given in his honour—conjointly with that of M. and Mme. Poincaré—by the London Ladies' Committee of the British League of Help on Saturday last, the conditions endured by its heroic defenders.

"Under a hurricane of shells and in a whirlwind of mud and iron, flame and gas baffling description, the combatants fought their dogged battle for every inch of ground, not knowing what was going on around them. Before the physical body was inevitably destroyed the nerves were worn out and the spirit crushed. In this hell it was only the highest moral obligation dominating the instincts of our men which held them to their ground. Our determination sprang from a

pure source than that of Germany, who served an ideal of might and pride. We were fighting for our very soil, for our wives, our children, and for that civilisation of ours without which life itself would be unendurable. On the battlefield of Verdun bayonets may be seen rising from the ground fixed on rifles still grasped by dead hands. They mark the trenches in which the battalions of la Vendée, one of the old religious provinces of France, were cut to pieces. The men who fought there, under a terrific bombardment, remained unflinching at their posts and waited for death, praying aloud like the martyrs of old. The majority were killed or buried alive by shells. The bayonets which bristled from the trenches, now the tomb of these heroes, tell their own story of the fierce determination displayed by these workers of the soil, resulting from their high sense of duty, and their ingrained qualities of patience and endurance."

Who that has stood on the heights which surround this picturesque city on the banks of the beautiful Meuse, and visited the forts of Vaux and Douaumont, realising somewhat the superb valour and unconquerable spirit of its defenders, can fail to realise the brutality of modern war, or to pray, standing on this holy ground, for the time when war shall cease. No man should be called upon to endure what these heroes suffered, and nurses especially will re-echo the words of Marshal Pétain:

"For all time, the women and children of France will scatter over your graves, as over ours, the flowers of the battlefield, in the stems of which flows the blood of those departed heroes. In future days around the same sanctuaries the people will meet, brought together from your country and from ours by memories which are one. Such meetings will serve to draw our two nations ever closer by ties of grief and sorrow, which bind more firmly than those of triumph. May the living, remembering that the dead so generously shared all sacrifices, be determined in the struggles of peace to help each other with the same confidence."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)