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## Editorial.

### The Lamp Still Shines.

ON January 16th, the townspeople of Walsall once again celebrated the birth, on January 16, 1832, of Sister Dora, in which the Mayor and Mayoress of Walsall, the Matron and Nursing Staff of Walsall General Hospital, and the Chairman of the Walsall Hospitals Management Board took part.

In addressing the citizens of Walsall, the Mayoress reminded all of the life of self sacrifice and devotion to duty of Sister Dora, and said:—

Sixty-two years ago the Statue, at the foot of which we are met to-day, was erected by public subscription by the people of Walsall, in memory of Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, better known and lovingly known as "Sister Dora."

Sister Dora was the first woman outside Royalty to be honoured by the erection of a Public Memorial.

In her early years she was a school mistress, but even at that time her natural gift of nursing asserted itself, and it is recorded that she was known in the village as a "ministering angel." Answering the call of the Nursing profession, she joined a Sisterhood, and entered a Church of England Home.

In 1863, Walsall Cottage Hospital, one of the first of its kind in the country, was opened in Bridge Street with eight beds, and two years later Sister Dora first came to the town and undertook the superintendence of the hospital.

Voluntary nursing was almost unknown at that time, the only voluntary nurses being those who had gone out to the Crimea with Florence Nightingale.

The nurses' uniform and the term "sister" were strange, and we are told that much prejudice and misunderstanding arose among the working people and the poor of the town.

Sister Dora, by her frank open manner and sublime eloquence, silenced suspicion, and won for the hospital the confidence of the public, and for herself the admiration and affection of all sections of the community.

In 1868, the hospital was removed to the present site, and shortly afterwards the town was stricken by a small-pox epidemic. Sister Dora took charge and, fearless of the risk she faced, devoted herself night and day to the nursing of those suffering from this dreadful complaint.

In 1875, occurred the Birchills Boiler Explosion (which is portrayed in the Statue plaques), and there are old people in Walsall who will remember the noble and strenuous labours of Sister Dora for the pain-wracked victims of the disaster.

It was afterwards realised that the hospital premises were inadequate, and the building of a new hospital was decided upon. It was intended that Sister Dora should open the new hospital, but she was unable to perform the ceremony owing to the illness which brought about her death on Christmas Eve, 1878. It was a day of mourning in Walsall, and working men who lined the route of the funeral cortège were seen to wipe tears from their eyes.

Sister Dora was one of the noblest characters who ever lived, and her devoted and self-sacrificing services among the sick and suffering of Walsall will never be effaced from the memory of our townspeople.

One who knew her says "that she had a fine intellect, a noble heart, and a saintly spirit."

Although we are proud that the name of Sister Dora is associated with our own town, we are glad to know that she is not forgotten by the people of her native village in Yorkshire, and every year a service of remembrance is held in the little parish church.

This year, for the first time, a wreath of ever-greens from the garden that Sister Dora knew so well as a child, has been sent to me to place on the Statue.

In conclusion, I would like to pay my tribute to the profession which Sister Dora adored—a number of which I am glad to see here this morning. We are all proud of our nurses for their magnificent work in our hospitals, institutions, and the homes of the poor.

We honour them for their arduous and devoted work for the sick and suffering.

*Enshrined in Walsall's heart her memory lives ;  
And still her life its benediction gives  
To this old town  
Men saw the love of Heaven in her eyes,  
And in her presence felt new hope arise,  
When smitten down.*

*So deft of hand, so quick to understand,  
Her slightest wish was sanctified command,  
To be obeyed.*

*She soothed and mothered them with simple wiles,  
Till men forgot their pains to win her smiles  
And ready praise.*

*She saw deep things that never could be told ;  
That made her wise and gave her heart of gold  
Its healing power ;*

*But O, the Mother-thought that made the deed so kind,  
And O, the magic touch that soothed the fevered mind  
In Death's dark hour.*

ARTHUR BROCKHURST, J.P.

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