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## EDITORIAL.

### MESSAGE TO NURSES FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The Minister of Health announces that Her Majesty the Queen has asked him to convey to nurses a message in the following terms:—

### MESSAGE FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

*"My thoughts go out to the women who, in this third year of War, are serving the cause of humanity in every branch of the Nursing Profession. May you be granted strength and courage to carry on your selfless labours, and may you find your reward in the gratitude of those to whom you minister."*

In order that the message may be widely circulated, it has been printed in most artistic form, the message on a blue ground, surrounded by a blue and gilt ribbon. A very lovely portrait of the Queen in off the shoulder Victorian bodice, with crown and necklace of diamonds, surmounts the "Message," which is signed "Elizabeth R." in exquisite calligraphy.

This work of art has been placed in the Royal Mementoes Section of the British College of Nurses, to be suitably framed at a later date.

### HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

*"A sweet attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks;  
Continuall comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospel bookes."*

*Spenser.*

The people of Walsall are happy indeed that they possess a shrine at which they may express their love and gratitude to one of the most wonderful women who lived and died for them, a woman of a splendidly sympathetic and buoyant nature, the late Miss Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, long since known as "Our Sister Dora."

Annually on her birthday, January 16th, people of all classes assemble to pay homage to her memory by placing flowers in her honour on the beautiful statue which they have erected on the Bridge.

Following the custom happily established, the Mayoréss placed the first garland of flowers on the statue on behalf of the inhabitants, followed by Miss Swain, the Matron of Walsall General Hospital, and Miss Hall, Superintendent of Queen Victoria's Nursing Institution. The Mayor, Councillor C. S. Moore, after referring to her outstanding career in attending the sick and suffering,

said: "In these fateful days, in thinking of Sister Dora, we must also do honour to the profession which she adorned. We are all proud of our nurses to-day for their magnificent work in our hospitals, institutions, and the homes of the poor. When we read of the self-sacrificing, devoted and arduous work of the nurses in our 'blitzed' cities and towns, we are filled with admiration, and I am glad to be here to-day to pay tribute to them."

Alderman Ingram (chairman of the General Hospital), supporting the Mayor, paid tribute to the splendid work of the one whose memory they were honouring and of the subsequent good work performed at Walsall's General Hospital since the days of its Cottage counterpart.

A wreath of laurel and flowers were also placed on Sister Dora's grave in Queen Street Cemetery.

Sister Dora worked at Walsall Cottage Hospital away back in the last century, 1865-1878. She was beautiful in body and soul. Her devotion to the sick, the charm with which she expressed it, has never been exceeded by any saint, which she never professed to be. She loved serving sick people, and gratitude for such service has been, and will be, her reward from generation to generation. We repeat, Walsall is fortunate indeed to possess its Sister Dora.

In the "Isla Stewart Memorial Library," at the British College of Nurses, will be found a copy of that rare work, "Sister Dora: A Biography," by Margaret Lonsdale, published in 1888.

In her honour, this little volume is exquisitely bound in rose morocco, tooled with gilt.

It is an intensely interesting memoir by one who knew her well, but fails to present the true greatness of Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, who was one of those rare beings possessing at all times a fullness of joyous life, which she lavished on her fellow creatures, thereby securing their ardent devotion. Indeed, "she had a charm of strange device."

It is worth recording that amongst all the proposed monuments to the memory of Sister Dora, the working members of the population most desired to raise a statue in her honour. They wished her to live, not only in their hearts where no memorial of her indeed is needed, but in the minds and before the eyes of their children and children's children. In the recollection of her life among them they feel pride. They wait strangers to share and to ask when they see the statue, "Who's that?"; and then they can reply: "Who's that? Why, that's our Sister Dora."

*"No true crown of honour can be given,  
Until we place it on a funeral bier."*

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