

## A SHOCK TO THE NURSING WORLD.

The murder of Miss Florence Nightingale Shore, a nurse, trained at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, and a connection and godchild of Florence Nightingale, in the train between London and Bexhill, by an unknown assailant, has greatly grieved and shocked the nursing world, and the world in general. Warm sympathy is extended to her close friend, Miss Rogers, the Superintendent of Carnforth Lodge Nurses' Home, Hammer-smith, who saw her off on her fatal journey, to be summoned a few hours later to her deathbed, and who remained with her until, still unconscious, she passed away on Friday evening, January 16th, at the East Sussex Hospital, St. Leonards. After

the inquest Miss Shore's body was taken to Christ Church, St. Leonards, where a requiem service was held, attended by many nurses. The funeral took place on Tuesday, at St. Saviour's, Ealing, amidst every testimony of reverence and affection. During the war Miss Shore served in 1914 for a year with the French Red Cross, and from 1915 in Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service Reserve, being demobilised in 1919. At 24 General Hospital, Etaples, she exhibited great courage during air raids, and was awarded the R.R.C.

A Nursing Sister writes:—

"As one who had known Sister

Florence Nightingale Shore as a fellow-worker in France in 1914, during some of those first never-to-be-forgotten months of the war, the news of the tragedy which ended in her death last Friday, came to me with additional shock and horror.

"We were together in a Military Hospital attached to the Xth French Corps d'Armée on the Somme. The Hospital was in a commandeered Hotel, and had as clearing station a chateau close to Arras. We were a Red Cross unit of British doctors and nurses. Some of us had been nursing our British wounded from the Battle of the Aisne during September and October, and being then sent to the Somme, were joined by other nurses, amongst whom was Sister Shore. Here, in November, 1914, our patients, with the exception of a few British, were for the most part

French soldiers, with whom were many Colonials (Senegalese and Arabs), nearly all 'grands blessés' requiring most careful nursing. Sister Shore threw herself heart and soul into her work, and I can recall not only her energy in preparation as we equipped our improvised hospital—in preparation for the first wounded—but also her absolute devotion to them once under her care. She was in charge of a ward, which, like all our wards, consisted entirely of very serious cases. That which fell to my charge was adjoining, and I well remember our meeting in some dismay in the endeavour to count our dirty ward linen in the primitive and very limited space allotted as its common receptacle; for in those early days contrivance was our watchword. Everything



SISTER SHORE, R.R.C. (right).

With patient just decorated with Medaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre.

had to be made to "do," and pressed into the service. No duty came amiss to any of us. Nor when convoys of wounded arrived could anyone be off duty, sometimes either day or night. Indeed, ordinary off duty time, brief at the best, was in those days more honoured in the breach than the observance by many of us, especially those entrusted with most responsibility, and amongst those none was more entirely self-forgetting than Sister Shore. She lived for her patients, whose grateful affection was her well earned and best reward, and we all felt deep admiration for her devotion and high sense of duty, and her consistent goodness of character.

"An admirable and most capable nurse she had worked previous to the war as a "Queen's" Jubilee Nurse. She was very proud of her

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