

EARLY ROLE OBSCURE

Social Work Pioneer Retires After 43 Years With Hospital

By Fred Poland

A LIVELY, outspoken but friendly and understanding woman who saw social work emerge from the period of "charity in kind and kindness" to the modern concept of showing individuals how to adjust their own affairs has just retired after 43 years of service with the Montreal General Hospital.

To Merge Departments

She is Miss Clare Gass, who leaves the post of director of the Social Service Department at the Western Division. The hospital said no appointment of a successor is planned. As a measure of economy, the social service work at the Western Division is being merged with the Department of Social Service at the Central Division under the direction of Miss Avis Pumphrey, the present director. Service will be maintained at the Western Division.

In her sunny Crosse street flat where she has lived for 33 years—she remembers when "cows grazed in a field where the Forum stands now—Miss Gass reminisced about her long career.

"I come from a little place you many never have heard of," she said, "Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia. And I'm going back there to live next year."

Trained at General

Miss Gass began her career as a nurse at the General. After a decade of nursing at the hospital and a period of overseas duty as a nursing sister, she joined the Family Welfare Association, taking part time lectures at McGill School of Social Work in its first year of existence.

She took special training in medical social work at Simmons College School of Social Work in Boston.

In 1923, when the Western Hospital was amalgamated with the General, Miss Gass became the Western Division's first social worker.

"We hardly knew at all what the role and function of the new department should be," she said.

"The doctors didn't know what was wanted. The patients didn't know what was wanted. The administration at first thought we should collect more money by finding out what patients could pay.

Began to See Needs

"Then, in doing, we began to see the needs of the sick person and how we could help the doctors and the hospital. We learned to help the patients by letting the doctors know what the patients were suffering from socially.

"Thirty years ago, investigation of the environment of the patient—housing and the economic status, was reported to the doctors.

"Behavior was also important but the patient as a person was left more or less in the background, as the busy doctors did not have time to interest themselves in the intricacies of the why and the whereof of the patient's behavior.

"Then, with the depression years, the lack of food and clothing seemed very important in the cause of illness and we emerged very slowly as this stage, too, came to an end.

"Then, with the growth of modern psychosomatic medicine, the person and his reaction to the affairs of living became very essential in modern medicine. The medical social worker became a part of the treatment team in the hospital setting."

Community Role Noted

Miss Gass recalls with pride the important role the Western has played as a community hospital.

"The people round here considered it their hospital. They pull-



MISS CLAIRE GASS

ed their children up to good health just by attending at the clinics regularly. Now some of those children are bringing their children to the hospital."

"As one of the pioneers who laid the foundations of medical social work in Canada, Miss Gass is a past chairman of the Eastern Canada District of the American Association of Medical Social Workers.

"We had formed a Montreal association and when the A.A.M.S.W. was founded, we joined as a group, which was called the Eastern Canada District," she explained.

Miss Gass is also a charter member of the Canadian Association of Social Workers, which was founded in Montreal.

BANK OF ENGLAND REPORT



BLIND MATTERS: Françoise Marchand, left, who is taking over as director of the social service department of the C.N.I.B., talks things over with Miss Gass, who is the department's acting director. The social service department has been reorganized to provide extended services to the blind.

Blind Persons Said Cheerful Lot; Have to Avoid Overprotection

There's no one more cheerful to work with than blind persons, two social workers agreed yesterday. The trouble often comes not so much with the sightless as with the sighted members of the family.

"The tendency is to overprotect the blind," Miss Gass, who has been re-organizing the social service department of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, said in an interview. Françoise Marchand, who will take over as the department's director in May, said that often it is the parents of a blind child who have to be re-educated more than the child himself.

Difficult Lesson

"It's hard to let a blind child walk into a wall, or grope around a room by himself," Miss Marchand said. "Yet that is exactly what parents have to learn to do if the child is to become self-reliant."

The same thing applies to an adult who goes blind, the social workers said. First, the family protects them too much, then sometimes neglects the sightless person when their care begins to become too much.

Both Miss Gass and Miss Marchand have had wide experience in

social work about the city. In the newly organized social service department at the C.N.I.B., they deal with sightless persons ranging in age from new born babies to octogenarians.

Slower Tempo

The world of the blind has of necessity a much slower tempo than that of sighted persons, Miss Gass said. The main difficulty is to become adapted to a strange new world once sight is gone; economic troubles are often secondary though very real.

"We deal with people from all economic levels," Miss Gass said. One of the most popular services of the department is its talking library, she said. These are recorded books and magazines which are supplied free of charge to the blind. Each person is entitled to 20 volumes a year. It's a service aimed to help those who for one reason or another have not learned braille.

Miss Gass and Miss Marchand enumerated some of the work they have done since the beginning of December: 415 pieces of clothing distributed; fuel arranged for 14 families; 29 new cases provided with white canes; special training arranged for 12 students; supplements to pensions arranged for 15 persons.

Wide Variety

Other activities include helping families to move, providing vitamin pills, arranging for transportation passes, etc.

"There's a lot of variety in this work," Miss Gass said. "But one thing that keeps recurring is the difficulty blind persons have getting along on their \$40 a month pension. And very often blindness is not just something wrong with the eyes, but other parts of the body as well, so that a sightless person often has more than just the one handicap."

This year, the annual campaigns of the C.N.I.B., the Montreal Association for the Blind and the Association Canadienne Française des Aveugles will be joined in one big drive in April.

SOCIAL CASE WORK HELP TO PHYSICIAN

Cure Frequently Depends on Readjusting Conditions of Patient's Life

TEAM SPIRIT IS NEEDED

All Departments in Hospital Must Co-operate If Good Job to Be Done, Nurses Told by Miss C. Gass

There is nothing new in the recognition that a patient may suffer from physical disorders all because of wounds of the spirit, fevers of the mind, moral degeneration, fatigue, sorrow, remorse or worry, yet this knowledge does not penetrate into the practice of every physician. Though the medical textbooks teach these facts, yet in the rush of clinical work they very easily may be forgotten, declared Miss Clare Gass, head of the social service department, Western Division of the Montreal General Hospital, yesterday. She spoke at a symposium on medical social work held at the afternoon session of the Association of Registered Nurses of the Province of Quebec, which closed its sixteenth annual meeting in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel last night.

In summary, Miss Gass defined the primary purpose of a medical social service department as the furtherance of the medical care of the patient by means of medical social case study and treatment. The method, she said, is that of assembling and analyzing data and the outlining and carrying through of a plan of social treatment correlated with the medical treatment. This entails case work method with the individual patients and necessitates a knowledge of the patient's family and community relationships.

These facts as presented to the physician by the social worker are often as important in making the medical diagnosis as in making the social diagnosis, said Miss Gass. In its public health aspect, also, it is necessary that social adjustments be made before results in health improvement can be attained.

It is strictly true to say that only a fragment of the patient's personality appears clearly at the hospital, said Miss Gass. He has left a large part of himself at home, or elsewhere, but his disease he brings with him. The rest may be forgotten under the conditions of hurry in the hospital.

The old-fashioned country physician, the general practitioner of the village who saw the patients in their homes or at their work, was less likely to forget the man, less apt to focus blindly on the disease. But in hospitals, Miss Gass noted, it is impossible for the physician to enjoy such comprehensive understanding of his patients without the help of the social worker, who acts as the interpreter of the patient and his home life to the doctor, and as the interpreter of the doctor and his scientific treatment to the patient.

The social worker brings the social history to the doctor and when the diagnosis is made and the treatment planned, she enters into that planning. In the great majority of cases, said Miss Gass, the patient will not be completely restored to health unless his personal hygiene—the conditions of his work, his diet, his hours of rest, and his mental and emotional activity are changed. These in turn often are impossible without first readjusting and improving the economic, domestic and spiritual conditions. Conversely, the social histories sometimes help to simplify the case for the doctor.

Modern public health work, beginning with the campaign against tuberculosis, has been centred about the idea that the patient must understand his own troubles and the ways to combat them. The medical social worker must be thoroughly trained in the science of casework method, Miss Gass pointed out, preferably in a school of social work.



our form at "Edgehill" Windsor V.O.
1905
Drawn By Blanche Hall

Mrs. H. Aline Paice - Mrs. Paice began her service as a nursing sister in the Canadian Army Medical Corps from 1917-1918. She became interested in welfare work and later in medical social work beginning her career as a medical social worker in 1925 at the Royal Victoria Hospital. She later became Director of Social Service and held this position for twenty years. Mrs. Paice has been active on various committees in the Association, has taken a major interest in the education for medical social work and in the development of the training program for medical social workers in Canada.

Clare Gass - Miss Gass began her career as a nurse in 1912. After a decade of nursing in the Montreal General Hospital and a period of overseas duty as a nursing sister, she engaged in social work. In 1923 she became the first social worker and later, Director of Social Service of Montreal General Hospital. This position she held until her retirement in 1952. She was responsible for instituting the use of medical social workers in the Canadian Army in World War II. She has given distinguished service and contribution to medical social work, the development of Medical Social Work Education in Canada, and service to the Association.

THE NEWSLETTER

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COMMENTS OF THE JUDGE MR. ARTHUR BOURINOT
ON POETRY ENTRIES.

The poem judged first is simple in language and its stanza form is more original than the other entries, which is very much suited to its topic. It is a pleasant and sincere poem.

The second poem has a good rhythm and a pleasing lilt to its lines and shows imagination and a power to convey it to the reader. The third poem presents a simple picture to the reader that is pleasing. It would seem, perhaps, that the rhymes have occasionally led the writer on instead of vice versa, but that is a difficult problem in a verse form of this kind.

AUTUMN

By L. Clare Gass, of the Edgehill Club

Summer is gone, the leaves are falling,
Gentle spirits, calling, calling —
Voices quiet, unafraid:
"Come let us sleep,
The couch is laid."
The Ivy leaves drop slowly, and caress
The old grey walls, that they were formed to dress:
The narrow willow leaves whirl to the stream,
And join the current's flow, as in a dream:
The red and golden maples rustling, fly
To weave their wondrous carpets with a sigh.
The little leaves that softly fall like rain
In quiet woods, where squirrels quest again:
The leaves that laugh and have a sense of fun,
And gambol with the wind in gloom and sun:
The leaves that flutter gently to the ground,
Like wounded birds, and die without a sound:
The leaves that cling to earth and still are seen
All dead and brown among the next year's green.
All these content that they have done their part,
Wing home to mother earth's courageous heart.
Summer is gone the leaves are falling.
Gentle spirits, calling, calling —
Voices quiet, soft and low
"Now we will sleep
Beneath the snow."



LS.

ADDRESS REPLY TO
THE SECRETARY, MILITIA COUNCIL
HEADQUARTERS,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

AND QUOTE NO.

DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE

OTTAWA, May 18th, 1921.

Dear Sister Gass,-

There has fallen into my hands a copy of a verse written by yourself, namely, "The Exodus from Remy". It is, I know, enormously appreciated by the Nursing Sisters, especially those who had the experience of 'exoding'. I am writing to ask if you have any objection to the publication of this rhyme in our Department of the Canadian Nurse.

Not knowing your present whereabouts I am directing this enquiry to your home. With kindest regards, believe me

Very sincerely yours,

M. Woodvaldy

Nursing Sister Clare Gass,
Shubenacadie,
Nova Scotia.

Matron-in-Chief,
C. A. M. C.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

I join with my grateful people
in sending you this memorial
of a brave life given for others
in the Great War.

George R. I.

Clare Gass liked
to write stories and poetry

X

THE WITCH
OF THE
SHUBENACADIE.

by

L. CLARE GASS.

1951

CHARLES HUNTINGDON, --EARL OF WHITECROFT

m.

Margaret Hawthorn
1717

Margaret B 1719

m

Alexander Carol
1737

Alexander Carol
b 1738
in England

Charles Carol
b 1739
in England

Faith Carol
b 1749
in Nova Scotia.

Drowned in the
River, 1762

m
Mary McLean
1765

Alexander Carol
1766

John Carol
1786

Charles Carol
1815

Alec Carol
1845

Margaret Carol
1875

m

James Barbour
1910

Rev. Charles Barbour
1911

*The Caddells +
in Barbours*

The April sunshine was steady and warm: the new grass of the surrounding fields was fresh and green: the year was 1941.

The hearse moved slowly down the long drive from the house and was followed by the shabby livery-taxi which carried two people:- a thin freckled faced young country girl and a smartly groomed New York business man.*James Barbour's attitude appeared unmoved and detached, but the girl's coloured handkerchief was mussed and wet, and periodically a quiet semi-repressed sob disturbed and eventually irritated her companion into turning his light blue eyes in her direction.

At last unable to bear it any longer he said, "Don't worry Janey about Mum, she was glad to go. She could never have stayed on the farm without Bob and when the Germans killed him, she did'nt want to live any longer."

Then, hoping to turn the girl's thoughts away from the silent coffin in the hearse in front of them, he continued, "You know we had sold the farm anyway and now you are going to stay with 'the Minister' it will be much nicer and better for you in the village until Wilfred comes home. Mum has left you all her nice linen and china and the furniture you know, to start your house-keeping and by the time Wilfred gets here you will both have saved lots of money for the other things. Don't cry Janey!"

The girl turned her sad reproachful eyes towards her companion - her stranger cousin, whom she had scarcely known until his recent return for his Mother's funeral. The tears welled forth again!

"It is'nt Mum or Bob or me" she said, "but Oh James, it's the curse, The Curse will be out! The last Barbour's will have gone from the River and the Carol's nets will be full of fish!"

"Don't be a damned superstitious fool Janey," said James Barbour, "this is the Year 1941, not 1841."

At 7 p.m. one evening two weeks later, the Reverend Charles Barbour, with a backward glance over the tidy garden and his half finished digging, turned his reluctant feet toward the house. He loved his garden,

* (affectionately
dubbed "the minister"
by his family)

but his wife had called him to supper and must not be kept waiting. He removed his muddy shoes in the scullery, put on his house slippers and washed his hands at the scullery sink.

When he reached the dining room his wife was already seated at the table and was removing the cover from the savoury smelling meat pie in front of her. He bent and kissed her cheek as he passed, but receiving little or no response, said "What is the matter Eleanor? Where's Janey?"

The third place at the table was vacant and a newspaper lay ~~in~~ the empty chair.

As he sat down at the table, the Reverend Charles Barbour looked across at his wife. She had not spoken, but as she passed his laden plate to him, she sighed heavily.

"Don't worry Darling" he said, "it will all come out alright if we have a little patience, -where is Janey?"

"She is lying down in her bedroom with a headache and no wonder" said Eleanor.

"Honestly Charles, I have done my best. I thought she had cheered up! I don't understand her. She was sunny and sweet all morning and helped me hem and put up the new curtains in the front room and we talked and worked so happily. After lunch she went to the Post Office for me, apparently ascontented as could be. When she came back, she first put your letters on your desk in the study and then came into the living room and sat down to read the Truro Gazette. The next thing I knew she was crying and sobbing again. Nothing I could say or do would stop her. She cried at intervals all afternoon and when I questioned her she said ~~it~~ ~~was~~ something about 'the fish in the River'. It doesn't make sense Charles! Is the girl crazy? I don't understand her, do you?"

"Sure" said the Reverend Charles, "I understand her. It's her family pride that's hurt. I read it too. It's in the Gazette on the front page. I'll show you!" He took the newspaper from the vacant chair and read, "A stupendous run of Shad and Gaspereux."

appeared in the Shubenacadie River this week. Nothing to equal it has been seen in the River for over a hundred years. Reminds us of the old days, when in Halifax, the hungry thousands of refugees from the American War zone relied on our River for their supply of fish at this time of year.

"There it is you see" said the Minister.

"Well I never!" said the exasperated Eleanor, "if you think that explains anything, I wish you would enlighten me! I still don't understand."

"No Darling" said the Reverend Charles, "I suppose you don't; but you've been the wife of a Barbour for two years, ^{now and} so since you were born in Ontario, it's time we explained our peculiarities, Janey and I."

"In the meantime, don't you worry about Janey. She's all right!"

He rose from his chair at the end of the table and very quietly gave thanks for what they had received; then said, "While you are washing the dishes Eleanor, I'll light the fire in the living room and bring in some logs. We'll have a lovely evening, just you and I in front of the fire and I'll tell you one of the best legends of this countryside! It's called 'The Witch of the Shubenacadie'. You'll like it."

"You know my Mother was a Carol, a descendent of 'The Witch', ^{he said} and when you hear our legend you'll understand, my dear."

"Well, I hope so" said Eleanor, ^{but} ~~and~~ the worried look ^{had} left her as she carried the supper dishes into the kitchen. There was something a bit 'fey' about these Barbours and Carols, she thought; but the Reverend Charles was a great comfort to her just the same.

Though Cousin Janey at the moment seemed queer - unnatural & Charles said it was natural & right it must be so. She knew she could trust him.

On a stormy winter's night in the year 1719, a solitary horseman urged his weary horse forward on a lonely shore road in England on the coast of the North Sea in the County of Northumberland.

The wind was almost of hurricane proportion and the rider was in great haste, for sudden fear and a

The Story

premonition of trouble had descended upon him as he left the door of his last patient, five miles away from the fishing village and his own home.

Charles Huntingdon, Earl of Whitecroft was a physician; he had studied at Cambridge and later abroad, after which he had taken a post at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London.

This urge to practice medicine had almost alienated him from his father, the late Earl, who wanted him to remain at home and take his place on the Estate.

Charles however had given up his work in London and returned to Whitecroft during his father's last illness and had taken over his father's obligations and his title at his death two years ago.

Shortly after his father's death, Charles had returned to London to marry the young daughter of his friend and chief, Doctor Hawthorn, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and had brought his bride to Whitecroft after their honeymoon.

The past year had been one of great happiness, interrupted only by these periodic lapses into medical practice in the village and through the countryside; at which times ^{there} ^{the care} he would appear to forget his duties to his estate and his wife, but was indefatigable in his study and care of the sick persons under his observation.

It was the thought of his young wife, Margaret, who was nearing her confinement which had brought him away from a dying man whose malady interested him greatly and with whom he would ordinarily have preferred to spend the night to watch and study the symptoms of a rather obscure disease.

The fact that his servants did not know to what part of the countryside his medical rounds had taken him and that he had been away from his home since early morning, made his return urgent. Fear became panic as at last he crossed the bridge and spurred his horse without mercy up the hill to Whitecroft Hall.

Lights ^{shone} from every window and confusion reigned as he entered the house.

Margaret had gone into labour early in the day and search around the countryside had not located her husband.

Rathamal

there

*at the present moment
however*

shone

The faithful servant and housekeeper, Alison Turner, and the midwife were frantic as the birth of a healthy baby girl had been followed by uncontrollable haemorrhage, and the young wife had collapsed into unconsciousness shortly before the Earl entered the house.

All his knowledge failed to provide any remedy and within the hour his young wife was dead. From that day Charles Huntingdon became a stern, silent, disturbed man. His sense of guilt even in later years when he was old and alone, never left him. All his lifetime he practised his profession and carried out the obligations laid upon him by his estate, but he was never again a happy man. Day by day he grew more self centred and unapproachable.

The result of this tragedy was that his little daughter Margaret grew out of a lonely childhood into a strange solitary adolescence.

The fisherfolk at the foot of the hill, sympathised and understood her plight and tried in their simple ways to help her, but her rank and her father's attitude raised a barrier which they found almost impossible to surmount. They feared the Earl and were suspicious of his harshness with their many superstitions and crude health habits.

The child from her babyhood was beautiful; fair and delicately formed, but tall and strong of limb. This however gave her father no pleasure. Margaret was part of his feeling of guilt and as such was only something towards which he had a stern duty, for he knew that had he been properly attentive to what he considered the perfectly normal pregnancy of his young wife, she might still be alive. He had become too much absorbed in the abnormal so that the normal had no interest for him. However, in spite of his knowledge he could do nothing about it and he was a bitter, lonely man.

Nevertheless, he supervised the child's first lessons conscientiously, but when she was eight years old he arranged that she should go each morning to the old Vicar in the village who taught her mathematics,

↳ Greek and Latin in an absent-minded fashion and allowed his housekeeper to feed her cakes and milk during the lesson hours. + to tell her fairy tales + local legends ^{which she tried to read more serious subjects}

From the beginning Margaret was an excellent student, but later it was her father's medical library which provided her with the intellectual food which her fine mind required. Although there were many other books which she read avidly, it was the medical books which fascinated her. She had too, imbibed a great deal of the folklore of the Border country and her own county of Northumberland, which was rich in tales of adventure and unusual happenings.

had been

these

There was one legend she especially loved. It was the story of ^{as a child she} Bertram of Bochal, the lover of Isabel who was seized by a Scottish chieftain and carried off to his castle. It was a sad tale, for the lover in ^{his effort} trying to rescue her, had killed both Isabel and her brother who was also trying to save his sister. With youthful melancholy Margaret would brood over the happenings in the long ago. + as she grew to adolescence her mind became ^{which especially} tuned

The secret automatic well on

The were Two other tales ~~that~~ fascinated her ~~were of quite different variety~~. One, the sad ^{story} of the young and beautiful bride who during the game of hide-and-seek at the wedding festivities, had hidden in the oaken chest and had never been found until fifty years had flown and ^{when} the chest was opened. The other tale was the legend of the wild geese which each year came in their season and destroyed the crops of a neighbouring countryside, and had at last been banished from the district by the good St. Ethelfrid's prayers. St. Ethelfrid was her favourite saint at this time, ^{though his miracles did not seem to her greatly}

his

If her father knew what she read, he paid no attention, except when she questioned him about medical ^{subjects} subjects.

As the years went by, the Earl became more and more absorbed in ^{his} this medical research and practice and ~~consequently~~ was away from his home hours and days at a time; consequently the child was more or less free to do as she willed.

From her eighth birthday her special friend in the village had been Joel Turner, the fisherman brother of the Earl's housekeeper Alison Turner, the only mother substitute the child had ever known.

hoped to life history than its days

different to other stories of witch craft prevalent in the village

Joel's wife had died in childbirth, but her baby had died with her, so Joel felt a real interest in the motherless child on the hill. On her ~~sixth~~ ^{eighth} birthday he had planned with Alison, that as the Earl was in London, she and the child could spend the day with him in his fishing boat ^{to go with her} to his daily offshore fishing.

and go with him

To Margaret it was a day never to be forgotten. From that time the boats, the fishing and the fishermen became part of her life. Joel taught her to make nets, to row, to swim and much of the lore of the fishing craft, of which he was a master. He also told her many tales of the sea and of the time when as a young man he had sailed before the mast.

By the time she was sixteen she was as much at home on the sea in storm or shine, as any of the boys in the village. Those happy days on the boats, were to be for the rest of her life a beautiful memory - all the more so because they came to a sudden end.

When Margaret was fifteen, the old Vicar who had become very frail, developed pneumonia and although the Earl did all in his power for the sick man, he died at the end of the second day.

It was Margaret's first real grief. Many days she spent pouring over her father's books in search of some remedy which might have prolonged the old man's life. She even questioned her father as to how he had treated their old friend, but did not get much satisfaction on the subject from him. ^{ac} He only said 'the Vicar was old and had little resistance.'

She was however very interested when the new incumbent arrived in the village and went with her father in state to call on Mr Wilmott and his wife.

The Wilmotts had previously lived in London and Mrs Wilmott especially, found conditions in the village very primitive. It was not many months before she became obsessed with the idea that Margaret's free and easy life with the fisherfolk was not only very unbecoming in an Earl's daughter, but also a very dangerous state of affairs for a young girl.

This matter she felt obliged to present to the Earl and when she had succeeded in thoroughly alarming him, he forbade Margaret's going to the village at all except on her visits to the Vicarage.

The result of this episode was that the dullness

of Margaret's life became almost unbearable and her emotions on the subject were such, that she developed a real passion of hate for the Vicar's wife and an obstinate, surly and critical attitude toward her father.

and also
 During the years that followed she was much alone and spent all her days with her books, in sewing and remodelling for herself her mother's many lovely old gowns which had remained untouched in her mother's room since the young wife's death. These dresses delighted her child and one evening having donned one of them, (a pale blue taffeta) for dinner, Margaret startled her father into attention by her loveliness. He said nothing, but he at last realized he had a very beautiful daughter and that as she was now nearly eighteen, the time had come when he would be obliged to do something about it by making plans for her future.

The next day he therefore began ~~plans~~ and preparations for a prolonged visit for his daughter and himself to London.

Not long after he had made the^s decision, one of His Majesty's frigates put into the harbour for urgent repairs. As there was sickness on board the boat, ~~of~~ + the young Commander, Alexander Carol, appealed to the village for help and medical aid and the Earl offered his services. As the repairs were not completed for almost a month, it was inevitable that Whitecroft Hall should see something of the Ship's Captain. The result too was inevitable!

Alexander Carol fell in love on the first evening *as* he sat opposite Margaret at her father's dinner table and Margaret thought she had met no one so wonderful and entertaining. After this they met at every possible opportunity and before the month was out Alexander had asked the Earl for his daughter's hand in marriage; had been refused and ^{had} sailed away.

Margaret was inconsolable and her father was horrified that she would consider a man whom he called 'a common sailor of low birth', a fitting match for the daughter of an Earl. He then completed his plans and took his daughter to London - but Alexander had given Margaret his mother's address in that City, ^{so}

later
 The two young people later met secretly at Mrs Carol's home, were married secretly and left London for the South of England, where Alexander's ship was in Port,

The Earl refused his forgiveness and would not see or hear explanations from Alexander's mother. He ^{then} gave up his newly acquired London residence and returned to the North and Margaret's letters ^{frequent at first} remained unanswered.

For the next ten years Margaret lived under rather unsettled conditions in the South of England and in France, moving from one place to another.

Her husband came and went as His Majesty's Ship allowed, yet during these years there was never a rift in their fundamental happiness. This was really the first affection and close relationship that Margaret had known. Her husband's love and dependability gave her a feeling of security ^{which} that she had not previously had and as she was well schooled in finding her own amusements and occupations she did not find his absences at sea too distressing.

Their first son Alexander was born in 1738 and the second boy Charles a year later.

In 1749 Carol's ship was posted to the Expedition for the founding of Halifax in Nova Scotia and Margaret, although pregnant at the time, made the journey full of hopes and plans for a fuller life in the New Country where she and her husband looked forward to his retirement from the Navy and to the making of a real home together.

For a time after their arrival in Nova Scotia, with the rest of the settlers, they lived on board the Ship in Halifax Harbour, until the new town houses were built and ready for occupation.

On the day after the move from the ship to their house, Captain Alexander Carol was sent with a reconnoitring party of sailors into the forest, which densely surrounded the town. The Indians were treacherous and Alexander was one of the party to be killed.

The years that followed were the most terrible in Margaret's long life. Her baby girl was born shortly after her husband's death and then came the struggle to provide for herself, her two boys twelve and eleven years old, and an infant.

Her pride during this period prevented her from appealing to her father. He had refused to communicate

had

with them during her husband's lifetime and she felt she could not ask anything from him now that her husband ~~was~~ gone.

Alec her older boy was a great comfort to her and a tower of strength. He soon obtained remunerative work in the dockyard and Margaret herself began her long pilgrimage to success by becoming the nurse and midwife in the new community where illness was prevalent, especially among the poorer type of settlers, for whom the housing conditions were very primitive.

See →
"Roger Sudden"
by
Thomas Raddall.

But the hurt to Margaret's pride and her affections had gone deep and she gradually became the silent detached person that her father had been before her. Only with her own family and with sick people did she display the warmth of her fine personality.

She had several offers of marriage in these early days of the new town, where eligible wives were few, but she either ignored or denied these offers till she was no longer popular and only wanted in the community because of her skill and knowledge and general usefulness. Her success in her chosen work was phenomenal. She frequently succeeded where the doctors had failed. Her knowledge was profound and she sometimes questioned the doctor's wisdom.

From an Indian whom she had befriended and nursed back to health, she learned of the native plants and herbs and used this knowledge to good effect. She acquired real skills in minor surgery and because of her success, the doctors whispered in jealousy, but left her alone because she was useful; though on many occasions she did things which seemed to them unorthodox but which were successful in helping the patients.

Treaty of
Aix La
Chapelle
1748
ceded
Louisburg
back to
France.

Soon the whispers grew louder 'she was a witch'. 'She produced supernatural effects by the agency of evil spirits'. Such was the gossip, though the last trial for witchcraft in England had taken place in 1712, in New England persecutions were still rampant.

The boy Alec, so like his mother in stature and appearance, was already a great favourite in the town. He was both successful in his work and popular among the citizens, but he loved his mother deeply and was afraid for her. *for he heard the whispers & knew more of the underlying ignorance & superstition of the people than did his mother.*

As the years went by, he became more and more devoted to Margaret and his home. He was strong and competent and frequently pleaded with his mother to give up her nursing and midwifery and allow him to ~~to~~ assume full financial responsibility, but sickness to her was now like steel to a magnet and she could not give up her chosen way of life.

Expulsion

of

Acadians

1755

Still the whispers grew, and in 1760 when after the expulsion of the Acadians, the call went out for settlers for the interior of the province where the scattered acres of tilled land on the rivers were in danger of going back to the virgin forest, Margaret's sons applied to take up land on the Shubenacadie River.

War with
France
from 1756
until
Treaty
of Paris
1763.

A Fort which was to be built at the junction of the Stewiacke and the Shubenacadie, was needed to protect the proposed high road across the province and the building of this Fort would give work to the settlers till the land could be surveyed and allotted and homes prepared.

On a fine Spring morning in 1761, the party of settlers embarked in boats and canoes and journeyed across the lakes and down the Shubenacadie.

Alexander's hopes were high, for Mary McLean's father was among the settlers and Mary was "the only girl in the world" for him and something told him that she knew it. ~~X~~ The journey was pleasant and uneventful; the river was beautiful, but the dense forests which came down to the water's edge seemed awesome and menacing. The party journeyed with the detachment of soldiers assigned to the Fort project under the command of one, Captain Perron, and there was no trouble on the journey from the Indians. One incident only marred Margaret's peace of mind.

X paragraph

James Barbour, a young man of Alec's age, who was in their canoe, picked a quarrel with Alec on their second day out and they almost came to blows which were ~~only~~ prevented by the wisdom of young Charles, who intervened on his brother's behalf. But James Barbour was surly for the remainder of the journey. He too had eyes only for Mary McLean. ~~X~~ There was in their boat also an elderly man called John Anthony, who after the quarrel

Paragraph

did his best to keep the party amused and interested with tales of the countryside and his experiences while a member of Colonel Gorham's Rangers. Everyone in the boat became greatly interested in this man and in his stories. They felt that the tales gave them a better understanding of the wild country in which they were travelling and the many difficulties with which they would have to contend in their new life in the forest ^{and} on the River.

Swift ✓
An incident however occurred when the party reached their destination and ^{they} were disembarking near the place where the Stewiacke River, a narrow ^{run} ~~surly~~ stream, runs into the Shubenacadie. Here about fifty yards below the junction with the Stewiacke there was a ford on the Shubenacadie, the only crossing place on the long river's course, and that only at low tide.

X paragraph
Part of the ford was made possible by a small island in the middle of the river and on this island it was decided to build the Fort. ~~X~~ Margaret had listened with interest to the discussion which centred around the choosing of the site for the Fort. When the decision to build on the island was reached, she suddenly entered into the conversation between Captain Perron and his engineers. She said quietly and without any appearance of self consciousness "It is not wise to build there. That island will be washed away in time by the tides. She had seen signs of erosion on one side of the island as the canoe passed that point and she had had a feeling of nostalgia remembering the erosion under the cliffs in her native village in England. Now she remembered the story of John Anthony's description of the terrific force of the high tides in the Shubenacadie and of the damage they could do. ^{she could imagine the force of their}

impact on the river island
The men looked away and said nothing in answer to her remark. They did not like the interference of a woman in matters which belonged to their men's world; but specially they were suspicious of this woman. How could she know that an island would be washed away?

Alec, who had heard his mother's remark broke into the conversation. He said he had heard that the tides at the mouth of the river rose to sixty feet, but at this point they seldom rose higher than twenty feet.

No more was said at the time, but later it was decided to build the Fort on the mainland at the point which had been called Pierre Hebert by the departed French Acadians.

James Barbour had also overheard the conversation but he said nothing until evening when he repeated the story with embellishments and spoke of the 'Witch woman's prophesy about the island disappearing.'

In the days that followed the work went well in the little clearing at Pierre Hebert. The small log house which had been built by the Acadians was given over to the women of the party and the men slept in the open until the log huts, which would form part of the Fort buildings were ready for their use.

The land surveyers too worked speedily and large tracts of land on both sides of the widening river to the North were allotted to the various families of settlers, as were also the lots on the narrower river to the South.

Before the Autumn there were new clearings started in the dense forest along fifteen miles of the River and the families housed in their own log cabins.

in some places
The new homesteads were usually five miles apart and all on the River shore, but separated by dense woods; the old Indian trails, frequently overgrown along the river banks making the only road of communication between them, so that transportation of all supplies was accomplished by boat.

Margaret had taught her sons all she knew about boats and their father's training also stood them in good stead, but the River was treacherous with its high tides and unpredictable currents. It taught its own special lessons the hard way. There were several drowning accidents among the settlers during those first months.

The River, however, was teeming with fish; the soil in the old dyked clearings near the Fort was extremely fertile and the growth so rapid during those long summer days, that the whole countryside was a source of wonder to the newcomers. *as they thought of the rocky terrain of the Halifax district*

The Carol's allotment on the West side of the River was on the high ground of a cliff with a level top, ten

miles below the Fort. Their cabin had been built on ^a this point of land which overlooked a rough stretch in the River where the rapids in mid stream were swift and beautiful. ^{and}

These rapids on an incoming tide became a reversible fall with high waves like the waves of the ocean.

Below, the Gypsum Rock cliffs began and in some places rose to a great height. Further down on the East bank of the River, on John Anthony's allotment, a big black cliff, which the settlers named Anthony's Nose, jutted out into the swift stream. A wide red sandstone cliff on the opposite ^{also} West side, sandwiched out into the ^{river} stream and the two cliffs caused great tide rips which produced whirl pools at this point on an incoming tide. These whirlpools ^{made} caused the red mud of the River to whirl and spin around in the pools, when at the head of the tide the first great wave made its rush up the River.

Here the tides were particularly dangerous for the fishing boats and it was at this place that two fisherman had been lost in learning to navigate the River.

Still, the River teemed with fish; shad, gaspereux and salmon and hungry Halifax, still waiting for the English government to settle its war with France, clamoured for fish. A government collector now came regularly to Ryan's Creek, near the McLean's cabin, and the money received from this source of income soon put the new settlers on their feet financially.

Among the most successful fisherman on the River were the two Carol boys, who by the beginning of their second summer were strong full grown men, benefiting greatly from the outdoor life which now was theirs; Alec, fair and graceful like a Norse god and Charles dark and heavy like his father. Alec, the versatile type, had made friends with the Indians of the district and had learned many of their crafts and both boys excelled in the making of nets and boat building.

Their cabin on the hilltop above the rapids was not long in providing a real home for the family under Margaret's guidance and her little daughter Faith was growing into a happy normal girlhood and was a great joy to them all. Margaret had planted a vegetable and herb

garden and a small field of flax and for the first time since her marriage felt settled and at peace.

Soon however the old calls came for this capable woman - a sick child in a distant homestead - a broken leg at the Fort - a dying Indian in a nearby camp. Once during that first winter a tale spread that she had brought a dead child back to life. The truth had been that she had promptly put this child, who was in a convulsion into a warm bath, immediately on her arrival at the neighbour's house, but this explanation never accompanied the story. Though certainly the child's life had been spared by this treatment, the current gossip said that Margaret had used methods of witchcraft and that she practiced other dark secrets in her ~~lonely~~ ^{solitary} cabin on the hill.

On one occasion also when she had isolated old John Anthony in his cabin and stayed to nurse him through what she considered an infectious illness, she was censored severely and spoken of by evil tongues as "immoral" and a "witch". This was chiefly because she would not allow any of the more or less kindly intentioned visitors who appeared at Anthony's clearing, to enter the cabin or help with the old man while he was ill.

By the end of the second year on the River, the settlers living habits had organized into certain routines. ⁴ Although there was ^{as} yet no church or preaching nearer than Halifax, Sunday was a day of rest, or for visiting neighbours. *So that some degree of social life was developed in the district.*

To the North of the Carol's allotment, the McLean homestead had been built in a fair meadow near the mouth of a small stream which ran into the Shubenacadie. Here the River was very different in character from the rough water at Carol's Falls. There were great stretches of marshland ^{which} required huge dykes, which the Acadians had been so proficient in building, and here at low water the River became a small stream running through red mud flats, all the way down to a ~~great~~ cliff ^{the} which inhabitants had named Admiral Rock. Below the Rock it became a swift River, shallow and wide till at Carol's point the rapids began.

the 500 ft

Above the McLean's holding and on a dyked marshland, the young man James Barbour had his home. His parents still resided in Halifax, but Barbour's cabin was one which had been built by the deported Acadians and lay in the midst of cleared land which had in the past been tilled by its former owners.

James Barbour lived there alone but continued to hope that his young neighbour, Mary McLean, could be persuaded to share it with him as his wife. James spent a great deal of his time at the Fort and was not particularly interested in cultivating his land. He preferred fishing down stream in spite of the fact that he disliked the Carol boys and frequently met them on the River and sometimes quarrelled with them about nets and fishing rights. He also did some trade^{ing}, both at the Fort and in Halifax and had by these means made a good deal of money.

Trading

On his way down the River to fish, or on his return James very frequently landed at the McLean's wharf and Mrs McLean who was sorry for the young man in his solitary cabin was kindly and hospitable. She invariably asked him to stay for a meal and he, nothing loathe, spent many an evening under the McLean roof.

Mary's thoughts and affections however, turned only to Alexander Carol and by the end of the second year on the River they had planned for their marriage in the approaching autumn. The big happy family in the McLean household were pleased about the betrothal; Margaret too was glad as she had grown very fond of Mary McLean, but James Barbour's disappointment seethed within him. He tried on several occasions to discredit the Carol's by lurid tales of Margaret's witchcraft, but Alec's reputation with the River folk was such that discredit by this method was impossible and James became desperate.

and

a few

One day in August, Alec and his mother had gone to an Indian encampment, five miles distant^{and} inland in the forest; Charles and his young sister Faith were spending the days with the McLean family on a berry picking expedition to collect their winter's supply of blueberries. The Carol homestead was deserted. About three o'clock on this lovely summer afternoon, James Barbour on his return up river with the tide had rowed stealthily

towards the shore above the rapids and landed at the Carol's wharf. He climbed the cliff side without noise and after looking around the deserted clearing he returned by the same route as quietly to the wharf. Here on the rising tide Alec's boat lay straining at its moorings. He pulled his own boat away from the wharf and tied it to an overhanging tree in the shadow of the bank, then returned to the wharf and jumped into Alec's boat. Taking a small tool from his pocket, he pried up a board from the bottom of the boat and from underneath removed two wooden pins. As he was replacing the board and its covering, he thought he heard a boat in the rapids, so with a quick furtive glance to reassure himself that the boat floor appeared undisturbed, he ran quickly to the bank where his own craft was moored. He threw himself down under some low lying bushes and pulled his ~~own~~ boat further into the shadows. As he did so, an Indian canoe passed the wharf, scarcely disturbing the level stretch of water in a full tide and with little or no sound from the movement of its paddle went on its way up the River in the hot summer sunshine.

When the sun was nearing the horizon, Margaret and her son returned to their home and after supper, finding the cabin still too warm for sleep went outside and sat together on the edge of the cliff, watching the moon rise over the River and the long shadows shortening on the water below. They had not spoken for some time when Margaret said -
 " Dear son, it is so good to be in this peace and quietness. God has been very good to us ^{and} I want to speak to you once more about your Grandfather's request. Perhaps you should go home to England."

A recent communication from the lawyers in England had occupied their thoughts for some time. The Earl of Whitecroft now in his seventieth year and feeling that his end was near had at last made an approach to his eldest grandson. He urged him to come home to Whitecroft to live there with his 'Solitary old Grandfather' and to take over the estate and title at his death.

A stipulation however that went with this request was very disturbing to Alec. His grandfather was determined that Alec must give up the name of Carol and legally adopt his mother's maiden name of Huntingdon instead. This proviso both Margaret and her son had emphatically refused and in any case Alec was not keen on leaving his new home on the River.

There was however in Margaret's heart a great longing that Alec should go to see his Grandfather and the country of his birth. She herself had received no invitation to do so, but felt that she and Charles could manage their affairs in Nova Scotia and that her father now needed someone of his own flesh and blood to be near him. She however, wished Alec to make his own decision and did not want to burden him with her desires, and when at last he said "No Mother, I love this land. I do not wish to live in England and I cannot forget that Grandfather has treated you with a great neglect," she again became silent. Shortly afterward they left the Cliff and went in to bed.

Rest that night was necessary, no matter what the future held, as Alec had planned to go down river at four o'clock on the morrow to fish on an outgoing tide. Margaret's sleep ^{however} was restless and she wakened toward morning from a dreadful dream and panic seized her.

In her dream which was of boats and the River and struggling with the tides, she had seen her son drowning in the whirlpools off Anthony's Nose. She had called out in her sleep and had wakened, but still the terror was with her, so she arose and tried to quiet her trembling limbs. As the dawn streaked the Eastern sky she raked together and lit the sticks in the kitchen fire and prepared the breakfast.

When Alec had eaten she tried to dissuade him from going on the River. She knew of his hatred of the gossip of her witchcraft, so she said nothing of her dream. Alec felt his mother's anxiety but thought it just a whim - he had none of her fears of the River, and hoped she was not ill. She who was never ill, reassured him on that point, but still pleaded with him not to go.

He had on the day previously missed a good run of salmon and was determined to fish as he felt they needed the money which the salmon would bring, so in the dawn ~~of the morning~~ his boat slid away from the wharf and soon was out of sight, while his mother from the bluff above watched until a bend in the river hid him from her view.

All went well as ⁱⁿ the calm outgoing tide Alec passed Anthony's Nose on the ~~West~~ ^{East} and the lovely red cliffs of the ~~East~~ ^{West} shore.

western

opposite

The salmon were so plentiful that it required little effort as he fished all morning and after eating his lunch on shore, he waited with his loaded boat for the returning tide.

The 'Bore' of the tide was enormous as it passed his landing place and ^{when} after he pushed his boat off shore ~~and~~ the tide took him out into mid stream with little or no effort from his oars. As he again came ^{ahead} of Anthony's Nose and started to navigate between the whirlpools, his boat with its heavy load and the missing wooden pins, began to sink.

No human effort now could stem the strength of that tide and the great whirlpool on his right dragged the sinking boat to its centre, ^{and} Margaret's dream was a tragic reality.

Margaret waited and watched on the shore till dark though she knew that her son was dead. *would not come.*

When the last streak of the red sunset had left the sky, she returned to the cabin. The silent forest behind seemed dark and menacing; her two living children had not returned from their berry picking. She was alone in a great dark world and ~~the~~ darkness swept down and enveloped her ~~wilting~~ spirit.

On the following day when Alec's body was brought home by two neighbouring fishermen and they repeated the story told by the Indian of having seen James Barbour in the Carol's boat, Margaret's control left her. She rushed from the cabin and out to the cliff's edge and with a loud voice called down God's curse on the Barbour, screaming in her agony of mind the hope that no fish would come to this River while there was a Barbour on its shores.

Subsequently, public opinion was such and threats so persistent, that James Barbour was obliged to disappear from the district and his homestead was deserted for many long years.

Not until 1815 - fifty years later, - did James Barbour's son, with his family, come back to the homestead clearing to build anew and to reclaim the land. From that time until 1940, the Barbour family again became part of the River community, but never during ^{until they return} these years had the fish been plentiful in the Shubenacadie and fishing as a major industry disappeared from the River.

about

and

waiting

*since then
in return*

In 1941, with the death of the elderly Mrs Barbour, the Aunt with whom Janey had lived, and the sale of the property, the last Barbour had left the River and the fish had returned in abundance.

"So," said the Reverend Charles to his wife, "you can't expect that Janey can take this lightly. For me of course it is different, for I am a Carol as well as a Barbour." *Then he continued*

"I understand the ^{significance} reason of the Carol curse, as did my ancestor Charles Carol. He, when a suitable period had elapsed after the death of his brother Alec, wedded the fair Mary ^{McLean}. ^{and} Then started a long line of the Carol family who ^{were} quite contented when the Barbour's returned, to have no income from fishing and instead farmed their land peaceably. Always though they believed in and respected the Curse and their Ancestor the brave Margaret, who ^{had} toiled and loved greatly and ^{had} helped ^{in the beginning} to make this country what it is today."

The last log had burned to a glowing ember when the Reverend Charles finished his story.

"I think your mother took her courage in her hands when she married a Barbour and I am sure by doing so, she must have removed the Curse" said the practical Eleanor.

"That anyway is the thought I am going to take up to Janey, I believe it may help her!"

"I am going to look in on her with some hot chocolate on my way to bed."

"I think now that I can ^{understand and} manage ~~the~~ Barbour's alone, but darling, you are the master in this house and a woman would be silly to try ^{to} and manage a combination of Barbour's and Carol's." *but please*

"Don't sit here dreaming all night Charles; ~~but~~ do come up soon."

As Eleanor left the room, the Reverend Charles stretched his long legs and slid down comfortably in his armchair. He closed his eyes and his thoughts were far away from the warm room in which he sat.

He was living again in the old days, with Margaret the Witch of the Shubenacadie; seeing her strong beautiful face as it answered the gossip and censor of a superstitious age; braving the rigours and hardships of an undeveloped country; answering the stern demands of its winter storms and its summer heat, + *establishing an integrity in the family which had come down to the present day.*

one sentence

one

Shunning
~~Marvelling~~ at the beauty and riches of the River
 which gave to and took from Margaret, Charles prayed,
 "Dear God, give me strength in my time to be ~~brave~~ *strong*
 as she was ~~brave~~. To make my contribution in these days
 as she did in hers, for these too are difficult times
 in a different way. Give me her strength in Spirit, Mind
 and Body."

The flames leapt up again from the dying ember of the
 log, as if to register his prayer.

fast The Reverend Charles turned slightly in his com-
 fortable chair, his breathing became more regular; he was
 sound asleep and the flame died down slowly, leaving only
 a warm glow in the fireplace.

L. Clavelgill

School + Work Record



L. Clare Gass Born ^{Stuberacadie N.S.} Mar 18th 1887,
Graduated Edgemoor Woods N.S. June 20th 1905.

A.A. certificate University of ^{Kings College N.S.} Senior Matriculation
Graduated Montreal General Hospital Training School
for Nurses + Montreal Maternity Hospital
June 1912.

Private Nursing in Montreal
June 1912 to Feb 1915

Canadian Army Medical Corps ^{Canada} Feb 1915 to May 1915

" " " " ^{France} May 1915 to Sept 1918

" " " " Buxton Sep 1918 to Oct 1918

" " " " Rhyl North Wales Oct to Dec 1918

" " " " Transport Duty Eng to Can. Dec 1918

(Army Discharge April 1920) " Corps ^{Belleme} + Train
Transport Duty Jan 1919 to Nov 1919

District Visitor ^{Montreal} Jan 1920 to Jan 1921

" Secretary Family Welfare Association Montreal

(McGill Univ Social Service - 1920-1921) Jan 1921 to May 1924

Director Western Hospital Social Service Dept
Montreal General Hospital

May 1924 to Sept 31st 1952

Organized
Social Service Dept for Canadian National Institute
for the Blind - Montreal
(Retired on Pension)

Nov 1952 to April 1953.

Returned to Shubenaadie, A.S. - Retired with
May 30th 1953. Eye disability (Cataracts)

Qualifications -

Registered Nurses Association of Prov of Quebec NO 125.

License to Practice Nursing (Quebec) 1947, Feb 26th.

University of McGill, Social Service 1920-1921

Simmons College (Boston) Medical Social Service =
1929 - 1930

This is to certify that

Clare Gass

has been elected to **EMERITUS MEMBERSHIP**

in the

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

of

MEDICAL SOCIAL WORKERS

Date

June 1955

Mary J. Hemmy

Executive Director

The Great War

Aug. 4, 1914 – Nov. 11, 1918

Remembering the conflict
that helped forge our nation



Clare Gass and the staff of No. 2 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station. McGill-Queens University Press

Diary of compassion

Nurse Clare Gass witnessed the brutality and finality of war and its wounds: "These are the horrors of war, but they are too horrible. Can it be God's will or only man's devilishness. It is too awful."

Editor's Note

The following excerpts are from the War Diary of Clare Gass 1915-1918, edited and introduced by Susan Mann, McGill-Queen's University Press.

The Chronicle Herald will have more on the Gass family in a special feature coming in October.

CLARE GASS

Born: March 18, 1887, at Shubenacadie
1901-05: Attended Edgehill School for Girls in Windsor
1909-12: Nursing training at Montreal General Hospital
1912-15: Private duty nursing in Montreal
1915-19: Lieutenant nursing sister with Canadian Army Medical Corps, No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill). Variety of postings in England and France, including hospitals and casualty clearing stations
 Clare served with John McCrae, the author of In Flanders Fields, at No. 3 CGH.
November 1919: Demobilization. Left her nursing career and became a social worker.
1952: Retired
1953: Returned to Shubenacadie
1968: Died of cancer Aug. 5 at Camp Hill Veterans' Hospital, Halifax

DIARY EXCERPTS

June 1, 1915: Troops go through on the trains (& such long trains) almost daily, with guns & carriages in sight. When we are able we always wave strenuously & they also. They seem so happy & full of life. Poor lads. There is a difference when they come back on the ambulance trains: then it is



Clare Gass

usually night & they are silent & we are too.

June 6: Slept in & had breakfast in our tent with Ruth & Lilly Gray. On duty in p.m. A sacred concert at 7:30 & hymn singing in our assembly tent with the men and patients able to come. Officers particularly requested not to attend.

An ambulance train arrived about 9 p.m., 118 patients admitted. The others went on to No. 18

RANK & FILE

O Distinguished Dead!
 Whom the bent covers, on the rock strewn steep
 Shows to the stars, for you I mourn I weep
O Distinguished Dead.
 None knows your name.
 Blackened & blurred in the wild battle's brunt
 Hotly you fell — with all your wounds in front:
 This is your fame!
 —AUSTIN DOLSON

June 7, 1915: Some of these new patients have dreadful wounds. One young boy with part of his face shot away both arms gone &

great wounds in both legs. Surely Death were merciful. Many head cases which are heartbreaking, & many many others. The men are all so good & patient. & so grateful for even the smallest attention. These are the horrors of war, but they are too horrible. Can it be God's will or only man's devilishness. It is too awful. Our boy with both his arms gone is only twenty years old.

Two dear letters tonight from Granty & one from Miss Davidson & one from Edith Goossens. Also Montreal papers. Took them down on the shore to read them.

Sept. 17, 1915: Poor Read, our gas gangrene case, died today. Such a fine young man. The wound was a shrapnel one in the buttocks so nothing could have saved him.

I spent practically the whole day with him away from the other patients in the back tent. He was unmarried but leaves a mother in England.

Ruth darned my socks & I read aloud in my hour off. Col. McCrae lectured on Battle of Ypres tonight. I have a bad cold so went to bed early instead of hearing the lecture.

March 2, 1916: A fine day in spots only.

My ward is filled & I am very busy but enjoy my work if it were only possible to forget its cause.

April 11, 1917: We received the stretcher cases from Vimy this morning — many sick men.

Over 100 of yesterday's walkers went to England. Munroe Lindsay admitted to Ward W & Ralph Proctor of the 85th to L. The 85th on the 9th at 6 p.m. went over in support to attack strong positions not captured in the first advance.

April 20: A letter from (brother)

Gerald this morning in which he says, "Blanchard (another brother) is gone, he was killed on the 9th I think." I cannot believe it.

April 22: The colonel received a telegram for me from headquarters. It reads, "L/Cpl B.V. Gass killed in action on April 9th." I also heard today that Laurie (cousin Laurence Gass) died of wounds in a field ambulance hospital. I thought that Laurie at least with his big guns was safe, but no one is safe these days — none of our boys

May 28: A letter from (brother) Cyril today says, "It was heartbreaking to see Mother & Father broken down but time is a great healer & nothing can stop its progress" The remark so typical of old "wise head."

Jan. 1, 1918: The Huns watched the old year out with a little air raid here.

The anti-aircraft were very

active for about an hour. A quiet day in the Ward today.

Went to No. 3 to dinner.

Nov. 10, 1918: Abdication & flight of the Kaiser to Holland.

Nov. 11: Capture of Mons by the Canadians.

Germany surrenders to Armistice terms

Dec. 14: Arrived Halifax Harbour 8 a.m.

That was the final entry in Clare's diary; however, the following was written on the inside back cover:

"People have been a long time learning that thoughts are things to heal, upbuild, strengthen or to wound, impair or blight. After all we can't do much for many people, no matter how hard we try but we can contribute to their usefulness & happiness by holding for them a kind thought if we will."

NOTICE

Nova Scotia Apprenticeship Agency Request for applications for Trade Advisory Committee Members Motor Vehicle Body Repairer (MVBR)

The Nova Scotia Apprenticeship Agency is inviting applications for members of a MVBR Trade Advisory Committee under the *Apprenticeship and Trades Qualifications Act*, Regulations and Operating Charter.

The Committee is tasked with advising the Nova Scotia Apprenticeship Agency Board with a multi-year plan for the MVBR trade and assisting in the review of the auto collision repair program at NSCC.

The Board is seeking employers and employees who are knowledgeable about the MVBR trade, understand the labour market, and who can commit to attending a number of meetings over a six-month period.

The NSAA welcomes applications from Aboriginal People, African Nova Scotians and other racially visible persons, persons with disabilities and women in occupations or positions where they are under-represented. If you are a member of one of the equity groups, you are encouraged to self-identify, on your application form, cover letter, or on your resume.

Expenses will be reimbursed and members will be compensated for meetings attended.

Please send a resume and cover letter by October 3, 2014, indicating your knowledge of the trade, related certification, if you are an employer or employee, and any other relevant information, to:

NSAA Apprenticeship Board
 2021 Brunswick Street,
 PO Box 578
 Halifax, NS B3J 2S9
 Phone: 902-424-0872
 Fax: 902-424-0717
 Email: pearsomx@gov.ns.ca

NOVA SCOTIA

Dr. David I. Alexander

Wishes to announce the closure of the surgical aspect of his Orthopaedic practice.

Dr. Alexander will continue to offer Orthopaedic consultations by referral, and third party evaluations.

QEII Health Sciences Centre
 Halifax Infirmary Site
 1796 Summer Street Room 4863
 Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 3A7
 902 473-4092



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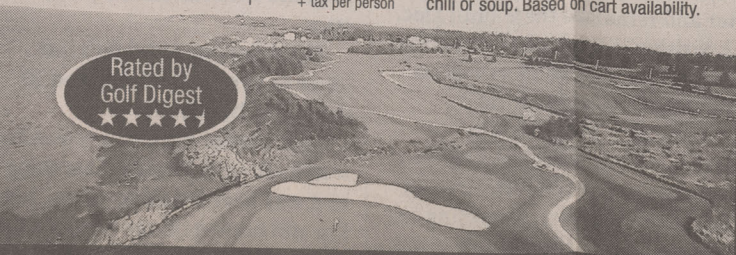
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The Great War

Aug. 4, 1914 – Nov. 11, 1918

NOVA SCOTIA'S NURSING SISTERS

FROM PAGE A6: CAREGIVERS

Mail was heavily censored. "One letter Mother wrote came crossed out. She had been watching out of the window, soldiers drilling, and they blacked that out. Basically you wrote about your health and if you were all right."

Smiling, she said, "My parents wanted to know if I was still there."

Having to delouse soldiers coming from the trenches, it was only natural that she once shared their experience. "It was a terrible itch," and the sight sent her roommate screaming from their room. Another time, she learned how cold France can get when she almost cut her gums on the frozen bristles of her toothbrush.

When the Armistice came, Alice found herself not celebrating, but feeling guilty. "There seemed to be one final battle. What a day it was! I think I had to work harder than ever and I forgot it was Mother's birthday. She never got over it that I didn't remember."

The Armistice did bring one immediate change. Dancing was allowed again, and MacKinnon happily took to the floor, doing it all: Highland flings, reels, squares, waltzes and quadrilles.

It was at the front that she met "my special" — Hugh MacKinnon, a Canadian medical officer who rose from private to the rank of major. After being de-mobilized, Dr. MacKinnon bought a house and established a medical practice in Halifax.

Once he was in a position to provide for a family, he sent for Alice. She arrived in Canada in 1920, one of many thousands of war brides. During the Second World War, Alice continued her war service by volunteering with the IODE to provide care packages for the Merchant Navy.

Alice and Hugh MacKinnon had four children and 15 grandchildren. He died in 1974, at the age of 92; Alice died in 1999, at the age of 104. Both are buried at East Lake Ainslie, Cape Breton. Allan Lynch is a writer and public speaker based in the Annapolis Valley. He interviewed Alice Margaret McKinnon when she was a resident of the Camp Hill Veterans Memorial Wing.

Lt. Mary Lillian Cameron

Date of Birth: Dec. 8, 1894
Place of Birth: Canso
Mother's Name: Laura Condon
Father's Name: Frederick A. Cameron
Date of Enlistment: May 22, 1917, in Montreal
She served with the Canadian Army Medical Corps

Mary Lillian Cameron was the oldest of three children born to Fred and Laura Cameron of Canso. Her father operated a general store in the small fishing port, while her mother's parents owned a similar shop in Guysborough. A person with a keen interest in travel and adventure, Mary's life choices took her to places far beyond the small community where she was born.

Mary enrolled in a Montreal nursing school in the early months of the First World War. Upon graduation, she chose to serve with the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

Montreal was one of several Eastern Canadian military ports where soldiers departed for and returned from Europe. As the war progressed and casualties spiralled, there was an increasing demand for nursing services. The pay of \$4 a day was an incentive, as was the opportunity to serve one's country in its time of need.

In December 1916 and January 1917, Mary worked with 8th Field Ambulance CAMC in Montreal, possibly as part of her nursing training. She spent the next nine months working in a Montreal military hospital, one of the city's seven wartime facilities. Canadian medical services provided accommodations and convalescent homes for officers and men who had suffered illness or injury overseas.

Mary attested for overseas service on March 2, 1918, and left for England shortly afterward. Before leaving, she assigned \$25 of her monthly salary to her mother, Mrs. Fred A. Cameron, in Canso.

She was assigned to the nursing staff of No. 4 General Hospital, Basingstoke, Kent, England. The hospital's staff consisted of 31



of-
ficers, 88
nursing
sisters and 191
members of other
ranks.

At the time of Mary's arrival, the facility was operating at about 70 per cent capacity. Two factors combined to increase the workload as the events of 1918 unfolded. As in previous years, fighting intensified with winter's end, as spring and summer weather made large-scale military action possible. In addition, German forces launched a major assault on Allied positions in March 1918.

The hospital stretched its capacity on April 23, when it housed 1,046 patients, and throughout the month, staff ministered to a daily average of 798 patients, mostly surgical cases from the battlefields of France.

By July 1918, the number of

evacu-
ations
(patients
discharged to
convalescent
homes or other facilities)

gradually surpassed admissions, and the daily average declined to 820 patients, "principally gas cases, kidney, influenza and surgical cases," according to records.

The German offensive had ground to a halt, but an Allied counter-offensive the next month sent admissions soaring again, with the daily patient average rising to 1,038 and a single-day record of 1,290 occupied beds.

By September 1918, the Allied offensive launched in early August pushed the hospital's resources to the limit as patient numbers exceeded 1,200. Admissions were "principally fractured femur . . . and surgical cases," and medical staff performed 186 operations — twice as many as the previous

month. No. 4 General Hospital operated at capacity throughout November 1918, with a total of 1,593 patients at month's end. Staff paused briefly on Nov. 11, when a "great deal of excitement (was) shown on (the) report that (the) Armistice was signed." But there was little time for celebration, as casualties continued to arrive from the continent and medical staff performed 136 surgeries.

Patient numbers briefly exceeded 1,600 in early December before declining to 1,425 by month's end. Matron Hartley described Dec. 25 as "the happiest day of the year spent in Hospital. Wards and Dining Halls decorated and splendid dinner and supper served to all. All expressed their happiness" that hostilities had finally ceased.

By May 1919, patient numbers indicated that the hospital was approaching the end of its mission.

On June 7, the hospital's war diary recorded: "Hospital closed for the reception of patients. All wards cleaned out and all equipment turned in."

On July 15, 1919, Lt. Mary Lillian Cameron was discharged from the Canadian Army Medical Corps. She received the British War Medal and a War Service gratuity of \$366 upon discharge.

After the war Mary worked in New York City and Montreal as a public health nurse. On June 7, 1927, she married Colin Andrew Chisholm, a native of Port Hood. A First World War veteran, Colin graduated from Queen's University in 1924 with a degree in mining engineering after returning to Canada. The couple had five daughters and lived in Montreal, Kirkland Lake, Ont., and Cape Breton.

On Aug. 26, 1956, Mary suffered a brain hemorrhage and died; she is buried in Montreal. Colin died in 1977.

A full version of this story is available in First World War Veterans of Guysborough County, a blog by retired teacher Bruce MacDonald. guysboroughgreatwarveterans.blogspot.ca/

“ I fear the home people have little realization of what these boys go through. Day after day in trenches of mud and water, cold and weary, seeing their companions, often their friends — killed, blown in pieces beside them, expecting the next shell will be their death, perhaps seeing comrades buried by shell bursts or being buried themselves. Or, worse yet, seeing such shell-shock that makes the boys blind, deaf, speechless or, often, insane.

Addie Tupper, Canadian Army Medical Corps



Adruenna Allen Tupper
died of pneumonia
2 xii 16.

Addie Tupper
Wartime Heritage Association
of Yarmouth

Addie Allen (Adruenna) Tupper

■ Canadian Army Medical Corps
■ No. 2 Canadian General Hospital

Honours and Awards: Royal Red Cross, Class 2
Date of Birth: Oct. 13, 1870
Place of Birth: Yarmouth
Date of Enlistment: Sept. 25, 1914
Place of Enlistment: Quebec City

Age at Enlistment: 43
Profession: Nurse
Next of Kin: (Mother) Mrs. Mary E. Trefry, Bridgewater

At the time of her enlistment in Quebec City in September 1914, Addie Tupper had already experienced painful loss. Her husband, William Stanley Tupper, died July 9, 1899, and her son, Allan S. Tupper, died Feb. 4, 1905, at the age of 17.

Addie sailed from Valcartier and arrived in England on Oct. 16. She was placed on observation

duty in military hospitals, and her first Canadian military duty was at Salisbury. She was sent to France on April 6, 1915, and served at No. 2 Canadian General Hospital, where she had charge of 60 beds.

She remained there until May 30, when the strain of heavy work caused her health to fail and she was invalided to England, staying in the Convalescent Home for Nursing Sisters.

Addie and other nurses accompanied 800 Canadian wounded soldiers to Canada for convalescence, arriving in Halifax on Nov. 15, 1915. She returned to Bridgewater and remained there until Dec. 2, visiting in western Nova Scotia and giving talks and lectures on the hardships of the front.

Returning to England in December, Addie registered for duty in the Canadian Hospital at Ramsgate but after expressing her wish to be near the front, she was sent back to France in February 1916. That month, she received word she had been awarded the

Royal Red Cross decoration, granted only to those in charge of the sick and wounded.

Addie served in France until Nov. 1, 1916, when she was sent back to England for winter duty at the Canadian Hospital at Uxbridge. On Dec. 2, the King presented her with a Royal Red Cross medal in a ceremony at Buckingham Palace. Shortly after the presentation of her medal, she contracted a cold that developed into pneumonia.

Nursing Sister Addie Tupper died on Dec. 9, 1916, at the age of 46, and was buried on Dec. 12 in England with full military honours.

The following is Addie's last letter to her mother, received 10 days after her death:

I got a letter from you yesterday sent back from France. One thing in it was heartbreaking to me, but I'm still hoping things were not as you feared they would be. You wrote that the young Corkum boy was returning to Bridgewater from

war; that the day was so rainy you feared he would have not but a few at the station to meet him.

God grant your next letter will tell me he had a splendid reception. Any man, woman or child whose health permitted should welcome these boys home. If not, I fear the home people have little realization of what these boys go through. Day after day in trenches of mud and water, cold and weary, seeing their companions, often their friends — killed, blown in pieces beside them, expecting the next shell will be their death, perhaps seeing comrades buried by shell bursts or being buried themselves. Or, worse yet, seeing such shell-shock that makes the boys blind, deaf, speechless or, often, insane.

I cannot understand the condition of weather that would keep people from crawling, if necessary, to give the boys a "welcome home."

Source: Wartime Heritage Association of Yarmouth www.wartimeheritage.com





Halifax

Clare



4 yrs old Taken by J C Goss

Martineque Beach East Petteravick Novasatia



New
York
Place



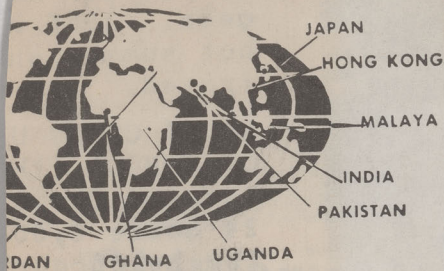


Surely Étaples
 Claire is the shorter one.



1915

glicans in



7th 1963

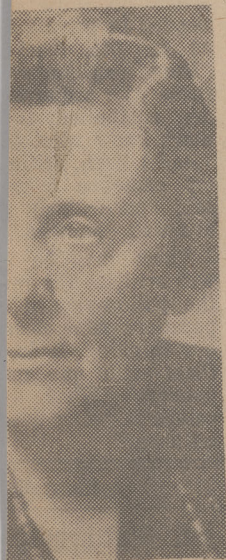
OBITUARIES

Dorothy King

Dorothy King, OBE, one of the most active workers in the social welfare has

of her outstanding leadership in the development of Canadian social work education.

She was awarded the OBE for the same reason.



Clare Grass

Pickerty Peasant taken overseas

DOROTHY KING OBE

A d v e n t u r e

THE COMING OF THE R-100 TO CANADA, AUGUST, 1930

A waiting peoples' skyward gaze
Throughout the day and 'till night's fall
Stirs memories of old romance
And stern adventure's clarion call

The ship has passed the ocean's brim !
The mighty river's banks appear !
And welcome from a million hearts
Will crown the journey of the year.

So following that waterway
Whose course her forebears used as guide
The conqueror of wind and air
Comes to her port in quiet pride.

And seen from out a garden cool
Amid the mists, before the dawn,
She seems almost a fairy thing,
Not form of steel or engine's brawn.

Yet must she be of finer mould,
A triumph note in nation's song,
A harmony of Empire aims,
The unity for which we long.

Though looking backward to the past,
To other visions, other ways,
We wonder what Columbus feels
Towards Adventure in our days.

L. Clare Gass.





Clare Gass



43 yrs

Director of Social
Service Western Division
Montreal General Hospital

director of social service
department CNIB
Canadian National Institute
of the Blind.



CHEATS NEVER PROSPER.

SATURDAY

APRIL

08

MONTH 04 | WEEK 14 | DAY 098 |

CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

W.W. 4-41.

R.A.P.

Certificate of Service

ISSUED TO OFFICERS AND NURSING SISTERS

This is to Certify that (Rank)..... Nursing Sister.....

(Name in full)..... Clare GASS......

Enlisted in..... Canadian Army Medical Corps......

CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, on the ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
day of ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ 191~~XXXX~~ AND WAS APPOINTED to COMMISSIONED RANK

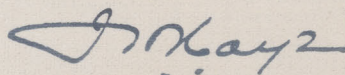
in..... Canadian Army Medical Corps......

CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE on the..... Twenty Second..... day
of..... April..... 191~~5~~...

He SERVED in CANADA, England and France with the Canadian Army
Medical Corps......

and was STRUCK OFF THE STRENGTH on the..... Thirtieth..... day
of..... November..... 191~~9~~... by reason of..... General Demobilization.....

Dated at Ottawa, this..... Fourteenth..... day
of..... April..... 191~~9~~ 1920.



Lt. Col.

for

Director of Personal Services.



OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

MONTREAL, Quebec
May first
1 9 3 5

Madam,

I am directed by His Worship the Mayor of Montreal to say to you that it has pleased His Majesty the King, on the recommendation of the Honourable the Secretary of State of Canada, to forward to you a Medal to be worn in commemoration of Their Majesties' Silver Jubilee.

You are accordingly requested to be good enough to attend in the Hall of Honour at the City Hall on Monday the sixth of this month at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the insignia and warrant of your decoration will be handed to you in His Majesty's name by His Worship.

If for any reason you cannot attend, will you be kind enough to let me know by return of mail?

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Respectfully yours,

C. Renaud
Chief of the Secretariat.

Miss Clare Gass,
Overseas Nursing Sisters' Assn. of Canada,
1483 Closse St.,
Montreal



SILVER JUBILEE YEAR



OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

MONTREAL, Quebec,
May ninth,
1 9 3 5.

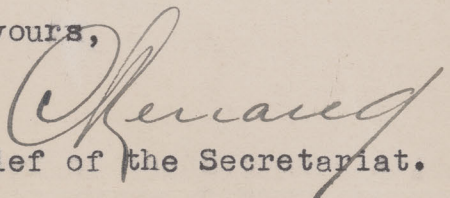
Miss,

His Worship the Mayor of Montreal desires me to tell you that on Tuesday, the fourteenth, he will hand the medals commemorating His Majesty's Silver Jubilee to those persons who found it impossible to be present at last Monday's ceremony in the Hall of Honour at the City Hall.

You are therefore invited to attend in the Office of the Mayor on that day at eleven o'clock in the morning.

I have the honour to be, Miss,

Faithfully yours,


Chief of the Secretariat.

MISS CLARE GASS
1483, CLOSSE ST.,
MONTREAL.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

By Command

of

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

the accompanying Medal is forwarded

to

MISS CLARE GASS

to be worn in commemoration of

Their Majesties' Silver Jubilee

6th May, 1935.