

Gertrude Rebecca HOOD, Nee WOOLF

Gertrude spoke of her childhood as a poor one...she talked of going home from work and finding no food in the house at all.

Her emigration to Canada brought hopes of a brighter future. She told her daughter, Elizabeth, that she had a very sad life. After her marriage to James Hood in Vancouver, British Columbia, she realized some of her hopes for a better life and finer things. Her husband worked very hard to provide well for her. She dressed to the teeth with great taste and had a lot of her clothes made for her. She always looked her best, and dressed her two daughters the same. That, plus the mortgage payments on the big house, taxis, etc., just broke her husband and they eventually lost their house.

At one time she was engaged to another fellow in Scotland...after she came to Canada and married, he followed her out here; she introduced him to another woman and they married.

She at one time met Lawrence of Arabia...one of the family went around with him--one of the brothers. She had empathy for the Arab people, always saying that they were the same as her people with only a religious difference.

Of her ancestry--she related stories told to her of when the Cossacks raided villages. One story was about an old lady of the village who went into a coffin and pretended to be dead (the Cossaks respected or were afraid of death/funerals) so they lit the candles, etc. When they finally left, the old lady really was dead.

She was superstitious and therefore a believer of the 'supernatural'. Her superstitions led to her once dropping an 'idol' off a bridge--it was an object brought to her in Vancouver from a visiting neice from Scotland. It was an object Gertrude's father picked up from one of the boats overseas, and she always believed it brought bad luck to their home in Scotland. She was very upset by the object. Shortly afterwards she became very, very ill and, in fact, died not too long after.