

Early Vancouver

Volume Five

By: Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.

2011 Edition (Originally Published 1945)

Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1936-1945.

Supplemental to volumes one, two, three and four collected in 1931, 1932 and 1934.

About the 2011 Edition

The 2011 edition is a transcription of the original work collected and published by Major Matthews. Handwritten marginalia and corrections Matthews made to his text over the years have been incorporated and some typographical errors have been corrected, but no other editorial work has been undertaken. The edition and its online presentation was produced by the City of Vancouver Archives to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the City's founding. The project was made possible by funding from the Vancouver Historical Society.

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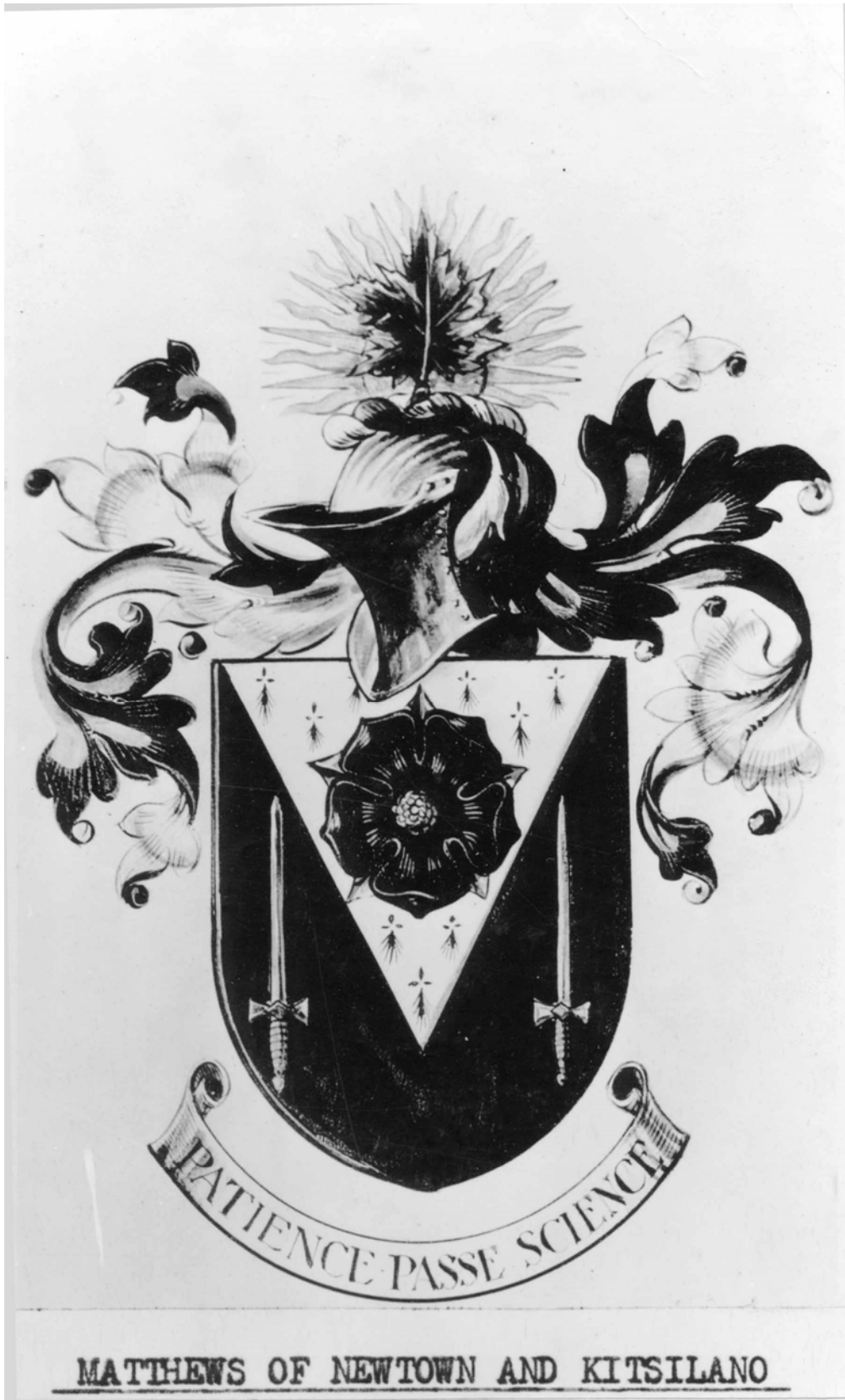
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Item # EarlyVan_v5_001

EARLY VANCOUVER

Volume 5

1945

(During 1936-1945)

Narratives of Pioneers

of

Vancouver, B.C.

Collected during 1936-1945

Supplemental to volumes one, two, three and four
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Compiled by

Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.

Vancouver, Canada.

1945

Index by

Miss Dorothy Andrew

[photo annotation:]

Granville, B.I. alias "Gastown" (Burrard Inlet); circa 1884, original photo in Provincial Archives. Description by Major J.S. Matthews, City Archivist, 1938, assisted by John Murray, Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, W.R. Lord, Calvert Simson, H.W. Otton, Theo. Bryant, A.A. Langley, all here before 1884. Street Ends Case, 1905.

GENERAL. Granville, Est. Mar. 10, 1870. (Carrall-Hastings-Cambie.) Possibly from stern of paddlewheel tug tied at point two hundred feet from Sunnyside Hotel, i.e. Carrall St. produced. Forest (rear)—on Cordova St. (right)—on Cambie St.; townsite said to contain 500,000 ft. timber. School at Hastings Mill.

BUILDINGS. All on north side over water, except "Parsonage." "Gassy Jack's" Hotel invisible behind Sunnyside.

WATER SIDE of now Water St. Concave shoreline (crescent); gravel, boulder, and mud, shoal beach; flat for 200 yards. Tide recedes 100 ft. at Carrall, 50 ft. at Abbott, 30 ft. at Cambie. Rocky towards west.

FLOATS. At Carrall. (Indian name "Lucklucky," i.e. "beautiful grove.") 1867, "Gassy Jack's," no float, about five feet wide in clear; four sections of two logs long to deeper water, where Victoria and Fraser River steamers, such as "Beaver," "Grappler," even "Alexander," draft 12', touched and backed off at high tide. Sailors from ships landed in small boats; Indians in canoes; high and dry at low water. No roads. Supplies by water only, 'til 1876.

At Granville Hotel. Joe Mannion's float, originally a single log; float built late 1873 or early 1874; people got off, and goods landed, from Moodyville ferry; two feet at end of low tide. "Beaver" touched frequently after 1882; also river and Victoria boats; water deeper here, little basin, touch and back off. Built long before Sunnyside float.

At Abbott St. "Portuguese Joe's" float, original 40 ft. sloping gangway, later log float 75 ft. dry at half tide; later, Ben Wilson's; used by flat bottomed boats, canoes, or smaller steamers to land ton of hay for few cows, one or two horses, or ton potatoes, from Fraser River. Beyond: Parsonage, and Parsonage boathouse. Slabs for landing.

At Cambie St. No float. Shore deep, rough and rocky; forest to water's edge. In 1884 oxen were dumping logs here. Little clearing and creek.

BUILDINGS, North side of now Water Street.

1. Sunnyside Hotel, built circa 1875-6. Lot 13 Blk. 1. Part on land, most on piles over water. J.R. McInnes, prptr. 1882-5, who added to it 1883-4; balcony both ends; water from well; no baths; tub, jug and basin. Sewerage into inlet; oil lamps. "Dancehall" for loggers, etc. in basement; supplies by small scow—oar propelled—or boat, from Hastings Mill store, and hauled up through trap door.
2. Sunnyside or Griffith float. Built circa 1878 by Griffith, lessee, Sunnyside. Here "Beaver" and tugs discharged hay, barley, oats, coal oil, groceries for loggers, surveyors. Now Union Steamship Dock.
3. Sunnyside addition. Erected after 1880. Various uses including (later) liquor warehouse. One of several additions to hotel.
4. Beach. Vacant. Constable Jonathan Miller's police boat, and plank.
5. George Black's cottage. Built circa 1875, part on land, most on piles. Platform with drying clothes, and toilet over water. Brick chimney. Piano. Here the "Laird of Hastings" gave fashionable evening dances; not big, but select parties.
6. George Black's butcher shop. Part on land, most on piles. Large platform, front and side, over beach; swing arm used as derrick for hauling up and lowering down meat for ships to butcher boat; also by children, for fun, to swing "far over" water and back. "Jericho Charlie" paddled his big canoe beneath shop, meat lowered through trap door; stovepipe chimney. Pile cordwood. On this platform Black kept, on a chain, the notorious bear. John Murray, Jr.'s bedroom window in peak. Here Tug "Maggie," first ship built B.I., launched 1873.

7. Granville Hotel float. Shed for hay, oats, supplies, landed by “Beaver,” “Grappler,” tugs; flat bottomed workboat of logger, fisherman, or surveyor. Mail bag from Hastings Mill store landed here; taken Granville Hotel for distribution. Moodyville ferry landed here; also sloop from San Juan with Christmas turkeys, geese.
8. Open Beach in part; narrow plankway with railings, to prevent people falling in water at night; divided present Water St. east and west down middle. Gravel, boulders and mud; some sewerage, flushed twice daily by tide.
9. Boat on beach. Little landing float to Chinese store; piles cordwood; fish drying racks here.
10. Sullivan float.
11. “Portuguese Joe’s” (Gregoris Fernandez, colloquially “Joe” Fernandez.) Built before 1870 on Lot 16, Blk. 6. Part on land, most on piles. First merchant here. Indian trading; skins for flour, powder; rent nets to Indians. Float invisible. Fixed arm for hauling up fisherman’s supplies, groceries, from little scow. Hereabouts coal bore was sunk in sixties. Empty in 1878. Ben Wilson’s store circa 1880.
12. Absence of Ben Wilson’s house—between his store and Parsonage—proves this photo taken before Sanborn map, Aug. ’85.
13. “The Parsonage.” Wesleyan Methodist, where first divine services held in kitchen by Rev. Jas. Turner, congregation mostly Indian and Kanaka; built anglewise on beach bank, 1873. Wood smoke. Indian Church (invisible) 50 yards west Abbott St., west side, beside Parsonage; canoes tied to church steps. Minister went by boat; no roads.
14. Parsonage boat house with sloped grating for launching rowboat. Beyond, invisible, few shacks, under branches of trees, occupied by “Chuckles,” Andrews, Indian Rancherie, Kanakas, etc., creek, clearing, and log dump.
15. Spars. Raft afloat. Up to 100 ft. 60” dia. to be beached at high tide, “squared” octagonal, rolled back, and floated to sailing ships at anchor; probably cut North Arm, Fraser River, or Jericho; towed here by paddle steamer.

BUILDINGS, north side of now Water Street (originally Front St.)

Street was planked full width, Sunnyside Hotel to Granville Hotel; beyond to west, a narrow plank walk, with protecting railing, continued irregularly some distance until curve of shore ultimately made street solid ground littered with stumps and bushes.

- A. Fence, in front of Constable Miller’s cottage, which it partly conceals.
- B. Black square on white is top half of glass door to room added—after 1873—to Miller’s cottage. Jail and yard invisible behind George Black’s cottage.
- C. Customs House, built circa 1865-7, on Lot 2, Blk. 2. Tompkins Brew, customs officer and jailer, lived in original Customs House; later Prov. Govt. Court House; and Constable Miller’s home; where first Vancouver civic election held, and first Council meeting, May 10, 1886. East window under verandah; door and other window invisible. Telegraph office, next door, invisible.
- D. Granville Hotel. Lot 3, Blk. 2, first owned Ebenezer Brown. Built circa 1872-4. Joseph Mannion, “Mayor of Granville,” prptr, later Alderman; writer, art connoisseur. Here Lord Lansdowne visited 1882. Here Gastown mail distributed. Coal oil street lamp in front, which also served as harbor light.
- E. Fence and gate.
- F. McKendry’s, “famous boot and shoe doctor,” with trade as far as Cariboo. Gastown’s volunteer postmaster.
- G. George Brew’s restaurant in 1871, open when George was not in jail. Former cook, Hastings Mill, no relation Tompkins Brew; later Blair’s Terminus Saloon. Square top.

- H. Gin Tei Hing. Wash house and general merchandise, peak top. Ike (Isaac) Johns, customs officer, his cottage barely discernible near Sullivan's.
- I. Wah Chong. Chinese Laundry. Square top. His daughter, Minnie, first Oriental school pupil.
- J. Arthur W. Sullivan. General store, balcony, float, built before 1880. Mrs. Sullivan, mulatto, first Methodist in Gastown.
- K. Board fence on south side, then plank walk, then railing protection above beach, north side.
- L. Verandahs over street and walk. Louis Gold, dry goods, later of Gold House. Afterwards E.H. Coleman, barber.
- M. *[blank]*
- N. Customs house.
- O. John A. Robertson, wine and spirit, alias "Pete Donnelly," "Hole in the Wall Saloon," built circa 1870, peak roof.
- P. Dr. Master's Office, 1882-3. Lean-to to "Hole in the Wall." Platform in front.
- Q. Robertson's home, 1882, also later "Hole in the Wall"; finally "Gold House."
- R. Stumps, roots, litter of beach logs. Certain amount of odor from decayed matter on beach when tide was low.
- S. Abbott St. (originally Wood St.) Blair's white fence on west side.
- T. Blair's house. Built after 1881; before 1884, on S.W. corner Water and Abbott Sts.
- U. Tom Fisher's cottage, west of Blair's. Built after 1882, by Ainslie Mouat, of Hastings Mill.

In early days an Indian trail led west. After 1882, a wagon trail stopped at "Spratt's Oilery," (Burrard St.)

ALL DESTROYED GREAT FIRE, 13 JUNE 1886.

J.S. Matthews
 City Archivist
 Sept. 1938

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH ARTHUR AUSTIN LANGLEY, 20 FEBRUARY 1936.

Born seven miles from Bath, Somerset, England, 11 January 1859 (now 77 years old), of 1600 Robson Street, widower, where he lives with his deceased wife's sister, who is aged 70.

Mr. Langley is the youngest child of the large family of George and Martha Langley, who came to Canada in June 1873 on the S.S. *Aragon* from Bristol to New York and then to Essex County, Ontario. He was the youngest of a family of ten, and some of his elder brothers had preceded them to Kingsville, Ontario. The family went farming; Mr. Langley did not go to school in Canada after his arrival at the age of 14.

GEORGE BLACK OF HASTINGS AND GRANVILLE, B.I. GASTOWN, 1 SEPTEMBER 1882. GEORGE BLACK'S BUTCHER BOAT. CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS.

Mr. Langley said: "After our arrival in Canada, I started working for a butcher, afterwards my wife's father—Miss Leona Broadwell; we were married in Essex County, and the next day, 6th February 1882, we left, together with my wife's family—Broadwell—to come to British Columbia. The Broadwells settled, they did not preempt, but bought, on Salt Spring Island in 1882. Both are deceased now. My wife and I came to Gastown on 1st September 1882, to work in George Black's butcher shop which was over the water next door to the Sunnyside Hotel. He had an ordinary row boat fitted up, not with a butcher block, as some say, but with a meat cutting board; most of the meat had been cut up in the shop over the water on what is now Water Street. We took the meat to the Moodyville Mill and the ships twice a week.

"We got our cattle and sheep and pigs from the upper country; they were brought down the Fraser by boat to New Westminster, and driven over to Gastown by way of the Douglas Road, at that time the only road open between Burrard Inlet and New Westminster." (Note: the False Creek Road, now Kingsway, was open at an earlier date, but Mr. Langley's assertion confirms others that it had grown over very much until, in 1884, John McDougall—Chinese McDougall—widened and crowned it.) "The road, now Kingsway, might just as well have not been cut through, we did not use it."

FIRST SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

"The stock were slaughtered at the end of Carrall Street, the south end, on False Creek, not far from where the Royal City Planing Mills were afterwards. George Black had two lots there, which he afterwards sold to the Royal City Planing Mills (John Hendry). George Black and his men drove the cattle over from Westminster."

BRIGHTON HOTEL, HASTINGS, 1880.

"George Black told me he built the Brighton Hotel somewhere about 1880. He bought the lots it stood on from the government."

MAXIMILLIAN MICHAUD, "MAXIE'S." OLIVER PARENT OF HASTINGS. BEN WILSON OF GASTOWN. DAVID WITHROW OF HASTINGS.

"His hotel never had anything to do with Michaud's. Michaud was dead when I came in 1882, and his place was operated by Oliver Parent. Ben Wilson had operated it before Parent, but George Black's hotel was an entirely new venture, and, in 1882 was operated by David Withrow as lessee. He gave it up and Black took it over and operated it himself.

"At this time, Black moved from Gastown up to his hotel at Hastings, and lived in it and operated it. I had worked for Black, first in 1882, but left him, and returned from Salt Spring Island to work for him again on two occasions. I was at Gastown working for him when he came to see me, and said, 'You are married. I wish you would go up to Hastings and take charge of the hotel; I can get a single man for the butcher shop in Granville.' That was how I came to go up to Hastings. Black was away from the hotel quite a little, and I took charge in his absence, and stayed there from 1883, except when I was away for a summer or more, until 1887, or later, anyway, until after the first train went by, because I remember we decorated up with flags and bunting, quite a bit, when the first passenger train went by on May 23rd 1887."

HASTINGS, B.I. PHOTO NO. P. DIST. 13. J.A. BROCK. HASTINGS HOTEL. BRIGHTON HOTEL.

"This is George Black here, out in front, with his legs bent; I think that is Corbould's boy on the horse. From left to right, there is the path to the pile wharf which Black built; then the bar with the verandah in

front; then the dining room without a verandah; and the hotel proper, with verandah and balcony with the people about it—all joined together, that is, bar, dining room and hotel; the little low house on the shore beyond the hotel is where Jack Fannin lived after he moved from his cottage on the hill behind.” (Note: the exact spot is the site of the Brighton Swimming Pool, opened in 1936.) “I lived in it, too.”

C.P.R. OFFICES. MICHAUD’S HOTEL. CAPT. R.G. TATLOW.

“Michaud’s hotel, afterwards the C.P.R. offices, was above, on the slope, and out of sight in this photo. Black sold his race horses, one of them to Capt. R.G. Tatlow; the same horse which killed him. When I went there, there was a floating wharf near my little shack, but afterwards Black built a pile wharf.” (See conversation, 20 October 1937.)

DOUGLAS ROAD.

“Douglas Road was just a rough road; one stage, horse-drawn, each way each day; left Gastown and Westminster, either end, each morning. W.R. Lewis operated it; it was just a rough road through the woods; it had been corduroyed up by Burnaby Lake at one time, but dirt had been thrown on it, and the corduroy covered up. It was pretty rough through the trees, and wide enough only for a buggy to go along; wide enough to pass, but a very narrow road.”

SEASIDE RESORT FOR NEW WESTMINSTER.

“We did quite a good business at the ‘Brighton’ for the elite of New Westminster; all the swells and their children used to come over for the summer. There was the Dickensons, Woods, George Turners, Corboulds, McColls, Tilley’s, and a lot more. They just loafed around and went bathing; bathing, boating, no hunting in summer; dances in the fall; and on the 24th May several years in succession George Black had first class celebrations and sports. He was always mixed up in some sports all over the lower mainland; he had two race horses of his own, and on the day of the ‘Great Fire’ at Vancouver, was out on what is now Kingsway—there was a splendid stretch of road about half a mile long there—working out his horses; I was with him. He was a great man in New Westminster on May Day; he and old Colonel Scott of Port Moody, and their Hyack Anvil Battery.”

BURRARD INLET POST OFFICE. JACK FANNIN.

“The Post Office at the Brighton Hotel was called the ‘Burrard Inlet Post Office.’ It was in Black’s hotel, but Jack Fannin was really the postmaster. Jack combined with his duties making shoes at ten dollars a pair; nothing less than ten dollars; men’s, women’s, anything, ten dollars; they were good boots. Jack afterwards started the Provincial Museum in Victoria. Jack used to go shooting. He shot a lynx up the creek back of Maxie’s—the creek runs through the Exhibition grounds at Hastings Park now, and he mounted it on the limb of the tree on which he shot it. I gave it to the Native Daughters, and they have it now out at the old Hastings Mill Store on Alma Road. He was a great man that way; he would go out and shoot a little bird, and mount it just the way he shot it.”

WATER WORKS, HASTINGS.

“We got our water for the hotel from a little spring—just at the bottom of the hill—just south of the C.P.R. right of way; Black had a pipe put in just large enough to supply his hotel.”

TELEGRAPH, HASTINGS.

“There was no telegraph from there in my day. The old telegraph line to Gastown used to come by the False Creek Road, now Kingsway; there was only one telegraph on Burrard Inlet, and that was at Gastown, and the line to Victoria used to run down across the False Creek Bridge, and then out via Jericho to Point Grey. There was no telegraph office at Hastings; nor was there a telephone.” (Note: the Brighton telegraph of 1869, and its cable to Moodyville, under the inlet, must have been removed, probably when the cable to Victoria was put in about 1884, and a new line via the False Creek Road and Gastown must have been constructed, branching off at the False Creek Road and Bridge to Point Grey and thence Victoria by cable, and a telegraph office established at Gastown. JSM.)

TELEPHONE AT HASTINGS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY SURVEY.

“I recollect when we put in the first telephone at the Brighton Hotel, Hastings, from Granville; the central office at Gastown was at Tilley’s bookstore on Cordova Street.”

H.J. CAMBIE. MAJOR GENERAL J.W. STEWART.

“The C.P.R. survey party and their construction engineers boarded at Black’s. There was Major Rogers of Rogers Pass, Mr. H.J. Cambie, Mr. Strong, Hugh Walkem, Tom Smith, son of Marcus Smith, Paul Marmette, the bridge draftsman, and young Stewart, now Major General Stewart, and still living, and so is Paul Marmette. General Stewart has his offices in the Vancouver Block on Granville Street now. He was just a young fellow then; when something went wrong, when some of the other fellows had been ‘out’ the night before, he would go out and take the instruments, but he was usually the chain man. They used a boat, too, on the survey. The C.P.R. offices were in Maxie’s old hotel.”

C.P.R. OFFICES. GEORGE BLACK’S FAMILY.

“Yes. The C.P.R. offices were in Maxie’s old hotel.” (See above.) “As I recall it, George Black came out here as a Cariboo miner from Ontario. He had two daughters, the eldest about thirteen. One May 24th George Black took them up to his ranch at Coquitlam; she got too deep in the water and was drowned; George Black was never the same after that. The other daughter married Magee” (sic), “the lawyer; he committed suicide.” (Note: wasn’t this the man who committed suicide in C.E. Tisdall’s gun store. J.S.M.) “She went down to Portland, Oregon, and I believe died there. Mrs. Black survived George Black, but there had been some sort of a separation, and the property, when he died, went to the daughter. He had the Hastings property, and a farm at Coquitlam—I think he sold the Lulu Island property—but his estate was heavily encumbered, so the mother said to make it over to her, which the daughter did, and Mrs. Black sold it to the Vancouver Gas Co.” (See England file.)

VANCOUVER GAS CO. BRIGHTON SWIMMING POOL, 1935-1936.

(Note: the above property is now, 1936, being negotiated for as a children’s playground in connection with the swimming pool at the foot of Windemere Street. J.S.M.)

HOMER OF HOMER STREET. VOTERS LIST, 1882. SPRATT’S OILERY. JAMES L. RAYMUR.

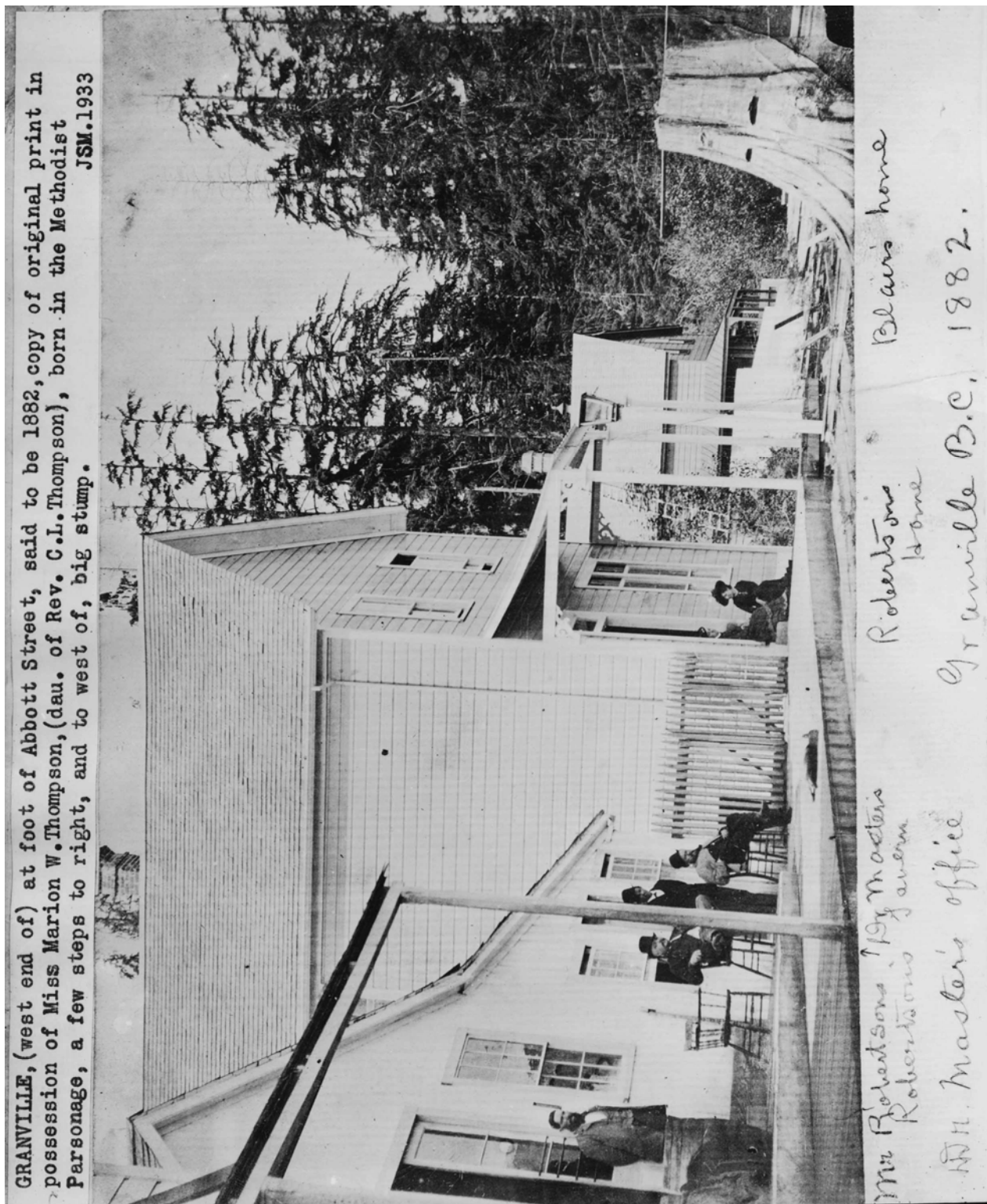
“When I came here in 1882, there were few families on Burrard Inlet. I have a voters list of 1882; it was used in the election of June 1882. Homer of New Westminster got elected; John McLellan was his opponent. I came to Burrard Inlet in September 1882, and at that time Spratt’s Oilery was running, but operated for a couple of years only. James L. Raymur, son of old Capt. Raymur of Hastings Mill, was running it at the time. There was a narrow trail through the forest from Gastown to the Oilery; not wide enough for a buggy; just a bridle path.”

JOE MANNION’S GRANVILLE HOTEL. MARQUIS OF LORNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL. “PRINCESS LOUISE TREE.” FIRST GULF FERRY TO VICTORIA. “PROTESTANT BILL.” THE S.S. MAUD, FIRST FERRY.

“That was the year the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise came to B.C.; but the Princess did not come to Burrard Inlet; she went to Victoria.

“There were no regular boats running from Burrard Inlet to Victoria in those days; the first boat, Burrard Inlet to Victoria, was Captain, what was his name; he had earrings in his ears—was the *Maud*. The *Maud* used to leave Victoria once a week, about seven in the morning, and get there about seven in the evening; very slow. There was an old chap here, who used to be a hand logger; his name was Bill Macdonald, but he was known as ‘Protestant Bill.’ When he was sober you could hardly get a word out of him, but when he was ‘bowled up’ you could not stop him.

“Well. He met the Marquis of Lorne out in front of Joe Mannion’s Granville Hotel, in the morning, and he went up to the Governor-General and says, ‘I want you to come and have a drink with “Protestant Bill,”’ and they all went into Mannion’s Hotel with Bill. Just how much the Marquis took, I don’t know, probably just touched his lips with a little cherry wine.”



Item # EarlyVan_v5_003

[photo annotation:]

GRANVILLE, (west end of) at foot of Abbott Street, said to be 1882, copy of original print in possession of Miss Marion W. Thompson, (dau. of Rev. C.L. Thompson), born in the Methodist Parsonage, a few steps to right, and to west of, big stump.

DR. MASTERS OF GRANVILLE, 1882. DR. WALKEM. "HOLE IN THE WALL."

"All I know about Dr. Masters" (see photo No. N. Dist. 6, 1882) "is that he was here in 1882. He had a little office adjoining the 'Hole in the Wall' saloon." (See same photo.) "Old Dr. Walkem had been here previous to that, but had moved to Nanaimo, and Dr. Masters took his place. Solid built man; rough and grouchy; English doctor; he died in hospital, I think at New Westminster, about 1884 or 1885."

INDIAN CHURCH, GRANVILLE. METHODIST CHURCH, GRANVILLE. ST. JAMES CHURCH. HASTINGS SAWMILL.

"I don't recall the Indian Church, but the Rev. Ditcham was at St. James, along the beach, almost covered up with trees. A two-plank walk ran on the bank just above high tide from Gastown to Hastings Mill; I know it well. I used to carry meat along it twice a week. Hastings Mill used to work eleven and a half hours a day; start at six in the morning, half hour for lunch, stop at six at night. I think that went on until the fall after the 'Fire' of June 1886; there was talk of a strike, and they changed it to ten hours."

R.H. ALEXANDER.

"R.H. Alexander, manager of Hastings Sawmill, had four children; Dick, the eldest, H.O., and Fred, and Mrs. J.G.L. Abbott, the only daughter, and the youngest. Fred and Mrs. Abbott are the only two living."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH ARTHUR AUSTIN LANGLEY, 1600 ROBSON STREET, AND WHO CAME TO GASTOWN IN SEPTEMBER (SEPTEMBER 1ST) 1882, 29 FEBRUARY 1936.

SAM GREER. GREER'S BEACH. KITSILANO BEACH. D.B. CHARLESON.

"When the C.P.R. started to eject Sam Greer from Greer's Beach, I was sworn in as a deputy to Tom Armstrong; that is, the first time they went down there.

"I met Chief John Stewart on the street, and he asked me if I was doing anything; he wanted a man to go down to Greer's Beach, and serve some papers; he took me over to Tom Dunn's" (Alderman Dunn, hardware) "and swore me in, and then I said to myself, 'This begins to look serious,' but said nothing else. We went down to the Royal City Planing Mills at the south end of Carrall Street on False Creek, and took a row boat. Charleson, who the C.P.R. had clearing the 'West End,' got in the boat, Tom Armstrong, and myself, and three or four others, rowed down False Creek, and finally got to Sam Greer's house on the beach. I heard them talking as we went along that they were going to dispossess Sam; they had axes and crowbars to tear the house down."

THE FIGHT FOR KITSILANO BEACH. MRS. SAM GREER.

"When we got there Sam was not at home, but his wife was, and she objected strenuously; raising trouble. Finally, under the direction of the sheriff, Charleson and his men took off the door, and commenced carrying the furniture outside. Well. Then Sam came along; evidently he was out around some place, and he also started to interfere with the sheriff's orders, stopping the men, and the sheriff put him under arrest, and Sam said, 'That's all right. You've arrested me in my own house. I won't bother you anymore.' He said to the sheriff, 'What are you going to do?'

"Tom said: 'Take you to town.'

"Sam said: 'Want to change my clothes.'

"Tom said: 'All right.'

"Sam went to change his clothes, and when he came out of the room, it so happened there was neither sheriff nor any of the men inside the house—they were all standing outside—so Sam grabbed the axe standing by the doorway, and stood in the doorway and defied anyone to enter.

"'Well,' said the sheriff to me, 'I don't know what we had better do now,' and I replied, 'I don't either; don't know anything about it.'

"Then the sheriff told me to go to town and tell Chief Stewart what had happened, and to send down two or three officers, so I started off to walk up to the C.P.R. trestle over False Creek.

"Well. It happened about half an hour after I left Sam. Sam took after them with an axe, and drove them off. So they got into the boat, and came back to the Royal City Planing Mills, and that ends that episode.

"Sam was not prosecuted."

FURTHER MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. A.A. LANGLEY, 1600 ROBSON STREET, WHERE HE IS STILL LIVING WITH HIS DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER, NOW AGED 70, BUT ACTIVE, 20 OCTOBER 1937.

Mr. Langley will be 79 on 11 January 1938. He is getting feeble; has lost the sight of his left eye, and is losing the sight of the right; is entering the General Hospital today for a slight operation to his eye.

HASTINGS, B.I., 1884. MOST FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACE IN B.C.

Mr. Langley said: "This is a photo of Hastings looking west along the beach from George Black's. It is about 1884. I can tell by this wharf here in the foreground; you can see it is in process of construction, is unfinished. I went to Hastings in 1883, and it was not there then, but when I came back from Salt Spring Island where I spent 1884, that is, I came back in 1885, the wharf was built. So as this photo was taken in the summer, perhaps on the 24th May celebration, you can see it is summer time by the people on the beach in summer clothing; I should say it was taken in 1884.

"This is a lumber scow on the beach; it has probably brought the lumber to build the wharf; you can see some of the lumber on the beach; the C.P.R. afterwards ran around this steep bank in the distance. This projection on the right here, in the distance, is Moodyville." (Photo No. P. Dist. 17.)

JACK FANNIN. WAH CHONG. SLAUGHTER HOUSE. GEORGE BLACK.

"Jack Fannin lived in a little cottage on the hillside west of, and above George Black's. The slaughter house was about eighteen by thirty feet, and over the beach, and over a little hollow, sort of creek hollow, just about one hundred yards or so west of the hotel." (See C.P.R. survey map.) "That was Black's first slaughter house; he afterwards moved to False Creek."

DAVID WITHROW. PERRY. MAXIMILLIAN MICHAUD.

"David Withrow was running George Black's; he went bankrupt; he had trouble with his wife, so I was asked to take over from him, which I did, and I did not leave there finally until 1887. Perry was running Michaud's old place; a little building which was moved across from its old site to a new one over the beach just west of George Black's."

C.P.R. CONSTRUCTION. JOHN HARPER. PIONEER PLACE. BLACK BLOCK.

"John Harper owned the land at Pioneer Place, Carrall and Hastings Street, and when the C.P.R. cut across Hastings Street on their way to the roundhouse on False Creek, they cut up his property, so they gave him in exchange sixty-six feet where the Flack Block is now at the corner of Hastings and Cambie Street. The C.P.R. said to John Harper, 'We are cutting off the corner of your property,' so they gave him sixty-six feet where the Flack Block is; at that time, of course, the C.P.R. owned everything."

COMMERCIAL HOTEL. METROPOLE HOTEL. ALEX JOHNSTON. L.A. HAMILTON.

"John Harper sold it, and a piece at the back was used to build the Commercial Hotel on; the hotel stands on the back part; the same property; things were changing every day in those days, and it is hard to recall just how it all happened. Same things with other properties, for instance. Alex Johnston had just immediately east of the lane on Cordova Street" (Oppenheimer Street) "where about McLennan, McFeely's is now, he had lots there. L.A. Hamilton went to him and told him the C.P.R. line to the roundhouse would cut up his property, and to pick out other property, so he picked out eighty-six feet on Cordova and Abbott, and built the Metropole Hotel on it; it is where Woodward's department store is now. Oh, Hamilton gave those people property worth twice what he took; in some cases three times."

J.S. Matthews
18 November 1937

Hastings, B.I., Hockings, New Brighton, End of the Road, Maxie's, George Black's, Hastings Hotel, Brighton Hotel, "The Most Fashionable Watering Place in British Columbia,"
 Summer, 1884. B.I., Burrard Inlet, site of our first post office, customs, telegraph, ferry landing, playground, seaside resort. "Vancouver Daily Advertiser," May 10, 1884



Looking west from George Black's Wharf, a foreground, built 1884. Summer resort for New West'm'r. Old houses, 1850s. Mouth of creek, 27. File driver. Cattle yard. Proposed C.P.R. line around bluff. Fishing. Boating. Bathing. Beach, 1884. Summer cottages, Westminister families. f. S. Hall, 1884. Mootville

Item # EarlyVan_v5_004

[photo annotation:]

Hastings, B.I., Hockings, New Brighton, End of the Road, Maxie's, George Black's, Hastings Hotel, Brighton Hotel, "The Most Fashionable Watering Place in British Columbia." Summer, 1884, B.I., Burrard Inlet, site of our first post office, customs, telegraph, ferry landing, playground, seaside resort. "Vancouver Daily Advertiser," May 10, 1884[—]

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. A.A. LANGLEY, 5 JANUARY 1938.

Who was born 11 January 1859, came to British Columbia about the first of March 1882; now of 1769 Robson Street, where he resides on his return from the Vancouver General Hospital after six weeks medical care for failing eyesight; the left eye is blind; the other going blind; both compel him to wear dark glasses, and at times he suffers considerable pain. I was received by his granddaughter, about 17, and also her father, Mr. Langley's son.

FIRST VICTORIA-BURRARD INLET FERRY. S.S. MAUDE.

Mr. Langley said: "I'll tell you, Major, about the first regular boat from Victoria to Burrard Inlet.

"It was in the fall of 1882, or 1883, I'm not sure which. It was started with a small side-wheel steamer, the *Maude*, Capt. Holmes; he had little earrings in his ears; one in each ear; little things; I don't know what they were; don't know if they were diamonds, or what; he was an old man then; over sixty, and he started with that boat, the *Maude*; little sidewheeler, and he ran it until Capt. John Irving—he died last year—started up with the *Princess Louise*; that was after "the Fire," I think; I won't be positive about that, but it was after "the Fire" (13 June 1886) "that I was working on the *Princess Louise* for four months, looking after the bar.

"The old *Maude* used to start from Victoria at seven in the morning, once a week; get here at seven in the evening; very slow; twelve hours. She did not come further than the Hastings Sawmill; she tied up at the Hastings Mill store wharf. George Black was living in Gastown then, and David Withrow was running his 'Brighton Hotel' at Hastings. I cannot remember the *Maude* ever going up the inlet to George Black's; she just stopped at the Hastings store."

GEORGE BLACK. DAVID WITHROW. DAN FARMER.

"There was a fellow had a little scow..."

Major Matthews: A little scow propelled with sweeps?

Mr. Langley: "Yes, that's the fellow; little scow with sweeps." (Note: Calvert Simson, storekeeper, Hastings Mill, conversation 14 December 1937, speaks of Dan Farmer, who picked up freight for settlers of Gastown and took it along on his little hand-propelled scow to their floats.) "He would take freight on his little scow down to Gastown and then bring ours along to us at our wharf, George Black's" (Hastings.)

S.S. PRINCESS LOUISE. S.S. R.P. RITHET. S.S. WILSON G. HUNT.

"Then the *Princess Louise* came along, and sometimes the *R.P. Rithet* when the *Princess Louise* was under repair.

"I landed at Victoria about the first of March 1882—I told you about that before—with the whole family of us, and then in a few days we went up to Salt Spring Island on the *Wilson G. Hunt*; she was a sidewheeler too, but a bigger boat than the *Maude*. I never actually travelled on the *Maude*, but she had fairly good accommodation for passengers—as accommodation went in those days. We settled on Salt Spring Island, and I stayed there until that fall.

"There was a Capt. Douglas lived there, and he had a little schooner, and we wanted about 8,000 feet of lumber for a house, so we chartered her to get it from the Hastings Sawmill; the schooner was not very big, but she had been up north seal hunting, and was big enough to carry 10,000 feet of lumber, above and below; so I got the job to carry the lumber, and my wife and I came up on the schooner to Burrard Inlet; we sailed through the Narrows; no tug; and I loaded the lumber at the Hastings Mill onto the schooner, and then the wife and I stayed here."

S.S. MAUDE.

Major Matthews: What makes you think the *Maude* was the first ferry boat between here and Victoria?

S.S. LORNE. S.S. PILOT. S.S. ALEXANDER.

Mr. Langley: "Well, she was. I don't know how long she stayed on the run, but it was a couple of years anyway; I could not say positively. There was no boat, no regular boat when I came here. The tugs used to come and go from Moodyville. There was the tug *Lorne*, and the tug *Pilot*, and there was a sidewheeler

tug *Alexander*, she was a powerful boat, too. But there was no regular passenger service; people had to catch the old sidewheeler *Enterprise* at New Westminster if they wanted to go to Victoria.”

FOREST FIRES. HOLLYBURN. WEST VANCOUVER.

“There were no big forest fires in my time; none big enough for me to remember, except one, it was in the fall of 1883 or fall of 1884; there was a big fire along West Vancouver; along Hollyburn, where those British Pacific people are making a place; we used to go out, along Hastings, at night, and look at it; all that timber along that ridge is second growth. There were no big fires around Burnaby Lake; not in my time.”

HASTINGS, B.I. BRIGHTON HOTEL. GEORGE BLACK’S.

“There was a lot of people used to come out to George Black’s hotel from New Westminster. I have seen one hundred people sit down to dinner in the hotel of a Sunday; oh, there was a lot of people came to Hastings of a Sunday or holiday. Did you say you counted eighty in that photograph; there would be all that on a busy day, and more. There was no store west of Black’s hotel, but there was a Chinese wash house, and the slaughter house, and cattle pen, and a man named Bruce” (sic); “his daughter married Chris Behnsen; Behnsen lives in Victoria now; Bruce” (sic) “had a little sawmill.”

Major Matthews: Looking back over your long life, with all its tribulations, what do you think of it all. Do you suppose the world will ever live through so wonderful an age again; a wild wilderness of forest grown into a great city, and all the marvellous inventions since you were a boy; what do you think?

Mr. Langley: “I was just going to say that. I don’t know, if I was offered the chance to go through it all again, if I would accept; the struggle, the disappointments, the planning, and the scheming, and the failures. But I think just as wonderful things are to come as we have seen.

“At first we used to chop the trees down with an axe, and it took almost all day to cut a big one; then we got saws. At first we had oxen, and they were slow, and then they got horses, and then donkey engines to drag the logs to water, and that’s the way it developed, and then we got electricity and all that came with it, and I suppose we will go on developing in the future in the same way.”

Major Matthews: Do you think we’ve got any more sense?

Mr. Langley: “No; none to spare. I’d rather be living in those days, though; there was no unemployment, no relief, and no nickels; no nickels and coppers; nothing less than ten cents.”

I rose—after an hour’s visit—to go; it was obvious he was tiring; and shook hands with the feeble, kindly old gentleman, once the manager of “the Most Fashionable Watering Place in British Columbia,” George Black’s Brighton Hotel, Hastings, Burrard Inlet, and who voted at our first civic election. His son and granddaughter escorted me to the door.

The *Maude* was carrying passengers and freight regularly to Port Moody from Victoria as late as the end of March 1884, but the *Princess Louise* is described as “the regular liner” as early as 12 February 1884. The *Port Moody Gazette* of 29 March 1884 describes them as “the C.P.N. Co.’s steamers.”

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. ARTHUR AUSTIN LANGLEY, 1769 ROBSON STREET, WHO CAME TO GASTOWN IN SEPTEMBER 1882; WHO WILL BE 80 IN FEBRUARY 1939, AND WHO CAME THIS AFTERNOON BY STREET CAR, UNAIDED, TO VISIT ME FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 13 SEPTEMBER 1938.

STAGES. BUGLE HORNS. LEWIS STAGE.

Mr. Langley said: "I don't remember the stage drivers blowing a horn on the stage; may have been something of the sort 'After the Fire,' but I was at Gastown, or Hastings, more or less all the time from September 1882, and I don't recall stage horns, or four-horse stages. The stage was drawn by two horses in my time; may have had four horses after things began to get lively in the early days of Vancouver."

BURRARD INLET-WESTMINSTER STAGE LINE.

"When I came here a man by the name of Palmer was driving Lewis's stage; two horses; no bugle. And then there was Harry Frieze. He left Gastown in the morning, about 8 a.m., for New Westminster, and got back in the evening about five or six. Palmer left New Westminster in the morning, and got back there in the evening; each stage made a round trip each day. That would be about 1882, and for a year or so after that."

PORT MOODY STAGE. GEORGE RAYMOND.

"George Raymond was, at that time, driving the Port Moody-Westminster stage; Port Moody was getting lively with the construction."

NAMING OF VANCOUVER. GEORGE BLACK.

"I worked for George Black at Gastown first, when I came here in September 1882, and slept in the room over the butcher shop; John Murray, of Port Moody, had slept in the same room before me; I succeeded him as Black's helper. I slept in that bedroom for about a year.

"There is an awful lot of historical rot talked by people about early days in Vancouver. I went up to one of the Vancouver Pioneers' Association monthly meetings once, and there was a man named Silverman speaking; everybody had to tell a short yarn. Silverman had a little tobacco shop near the Sunnyside Hotel; little bit of a place; then afterwards he had a little jewellery shop on Cordova Street. It was amusing to hear him tell how Vancouver got its name.

"He got up, and he told how there had been a big meeting on Water Street, in front of the Sunnyside, or somewhere near there, to decide on a name for the city. This was when they were applying for incorporation. Silverman told the Pioneers' meeting that there were several names submitted to the meeting to decide upon a name, and that, finally, he got up and suggested the name of Vancouver, and that that was the name which was adopted, and that was how Vancouver got its name.

"I go up to these pioneer meetings and listen to them telling a damned lot of lies."

RUSTA PLEACE. SMALL POX. CEMETERY. DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

"Rusta Pleace took the small pox. He was a well-educated man, and he was walking along the street—Powell or Cordova, or somewhere down near Carrall—and he met a Chinaman who was all up with the small pox, so Pleace took him to the Police Station. Then he took the small pox himself, died in town, and was buried on Deadman's Island. I knew him very well; he was an elderly man; tallyman at the Hastings Sawmill; he had a brother in Nanaimo. If he had not touched the Chinaman he would not have died."

WAH CHONG. MINNIE WAH CHONG. MINNIE MCCORD. JOSEPH MANNION. BILL EATON. BOWEN ISLAND.

"Wah Chong was a fine old Chinaman; he moved up from Gastown to Hastings afterwards. He had a daughter; she was 11 or 12 or 13 in 1882; nice little girl. I met her years afterwards at the Chinese theatre, and she was so glad to see me.

"I knew Minnie McCord when she was a little girl; part Indian.

“Joe Mannion, of the Granville Hotel, was father of Mrs. Dr. H.A. Christie. Well, he sold the Granville Hotel, and bought the property on Bowen Island from Bill Eaton; then he moved up there. He had two boys by his second wife, and they started out in a row boat from Deep Cove for Vancouver; never heard of again. Joe Mannion was a well-educated man; very decent fellow; he was educated for the ministry.”

“HOLE IN THE WALL.” PETE DONNELLY. JOHN A. ROBERTSON.

“Pete Donnelly ran away from the Navy; that is, when he first came. Then he went away, and got married, and came back John A. Robertson.”

ISAAC JOHNS. CUSTOMS HOUSE. LOUIS GOLD.

“In 1882, Ike Johns lived on what is now Carrall Street, next to Angus Fraser and Simon Fraser. Ike Johns had a family; they all had families; all three of them together. Then he moved over somewhere back of Water Street.

“The Customs House was next door—at that time—to the ‘Hole in the Wall,’ next door towards the east; Louis Gold’s store was next east again; Sullivan’s was still further eastwards.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. A.A. LANGLEY, WHO KINDLY CALLED FOR A FEW MOMENTS CONVERSATION AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 20 FEBRUARY 1939.

He is getting feeble, and his eyesight very poor.

HAND-SPLIT SHINGLES. HASTINGS, B.I. MAXIE’S.

Mr. Langley said: “At the time I was at George Black’s at Hastings, there were four separate men working in the woods near there making shingles. All shingles were made by hand in those days; it was before the shingle machine came.

“They cut their shingles right in the woods where the cedar tree fell; drew them with a draw knife, and sat on a ‘horse’ while drawing the knife; sixteen inch shingles, and got a dollar a bundle for them. They were better shingles than the sawn shingle; the sawn shingle roughens up the grain; cuts through it; sawn shingles are not as good as hand-split.

“George Black afterwards bought the other hotel, Maxie’s old place, and there were hand-split shingles on that which were twenty-five years old, and as good almost as the day they were made.”

LACROSSE, FIRST IN VANCOUVER.

See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, W.H. Gallagher, re naming of “Salmonbellies.”

See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Jas. A. Smith re organisation of lacrosse in Vancouver.

See photo of lacrosse team at Brockton Point, June 1899.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JAS. A. SMITH, 5826 SPERLING AVENUE, NOW RETIRED MOVING PICTURE CENSOR, 29 MAY 1936.

VANCOUVER LACROSSE CLUB. “SALMONBELLIES.” “GREYBACKS.” COLOURS, SENIOR AND JUNIOR TEAMS.

“The original lacrosse team wore a blue sweater with the word ‘VANCOUVER’ in white block letters across the chest; the letters were sewed on for us by Mrs. Alexander Godfrey” (Godfrey and Sons, early sporting good firm.) “But the blue sweater looked so badly after we had been rolling around in the mud, that we changed it to grey; I forget what the trimmings were.

“As you know, the Westminster men were known as ‘Salmonbellies,’ and they, in retaliation, nicknamed us ‘Greybacks’” (cooties) “on account of the colour of our sweaters; irritating ‘little insects.’

“Ask Billy Templeton, or George Matheson.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM TEMPLETON, "BILLY," SON OF HIS WORSHIP WM. TEMPLETON, AND NOW OF THE METER DEPARTMENT OF THE B.C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

VANCOUVER LACROSSE CLUB, COLOURS.

"Well in 1899, at any rate, they were grey sweaters trimmed with maroon, and a monogram, 'V.L.C.' in maroon on the chest." (See photo, C.V. P. Sp. 4. N. Sp. 5.) June 1899.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH GEO. MATHESON, DEPUTY LAND REGISTRAR, COURT HOUSE, WHO WENT TO SCHOOL AT THE OLD HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL, 1886.

VANCOUVER LACROSSE CLUB, COLOURS.

"Grey, with maroon wrist bands and collar, and the monogram in maroon."

City Archivist Matthews: Was that for senior, or junior teams?

Mr. Matheson: "Senior, the junior had no set uniform; you must remember there was not much organisation in those days for junior teams; they took what they got; mostly wore their own sweaters, or anything else they felt like when they played."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH DR. H.E. LANGIS, NOW THE OLDEST LIVING PIONEER MEDICAL DOCTOR IN VANCOUVER, WHO HONOURED ME BY CALLING TO SEE ME, 2 MARCH 1936.

He came to Port Moody in 1884. A short and stocky man, French or French-Canadian, not more than five feet two or three, pointed Imperial beard; iron grey hair with sandy patches and fairly luxuriant and even yet not quite grey. Reads without glasses, hearing good, and walk quite firm for his 78 years of age. He says that his residence at Parksville has completely cured the neuritis from which he suffered so severely some twenty years ago—but says he feels he is getting weaker. His old contemporary, Dr. Brydone-Jack, is in hospital, has recently had one leg amputated through diabetes.

FIRST HOSPITAL IN VANCOUVER. C.P.R. HOSPITAL.

Dr. Langis said: "Dr. J.M. Lefevre was the first doctor at the C.P.R. Hospital, Dr. A.M. Robertson was his assistant, and I went down there sometimes; there were just three of us. Dr. McGuigan and Dr. Beckingsdale did not visit; there were only six beds. One of the first patients operated on was a Mr. Pitt, real estate man, who had his right leg cut off and that is all I know about him.

"The hospital was on the north side of Powell Street, about 150 feet from the Hastings Sawmill water flume from Trout Lake. It was in the middle of the block between Campbell Avenue and Hawks Avenue. It had a kitchen at the back. It was not a new building as I first remember it; perhaps it was a year old, unpainted, and my recollection is that it had a little verandah; there were no tents near it. The C.P.R. tore it down, and the patients were moved up to the City Hospital on Beatty Street; the wooden one."

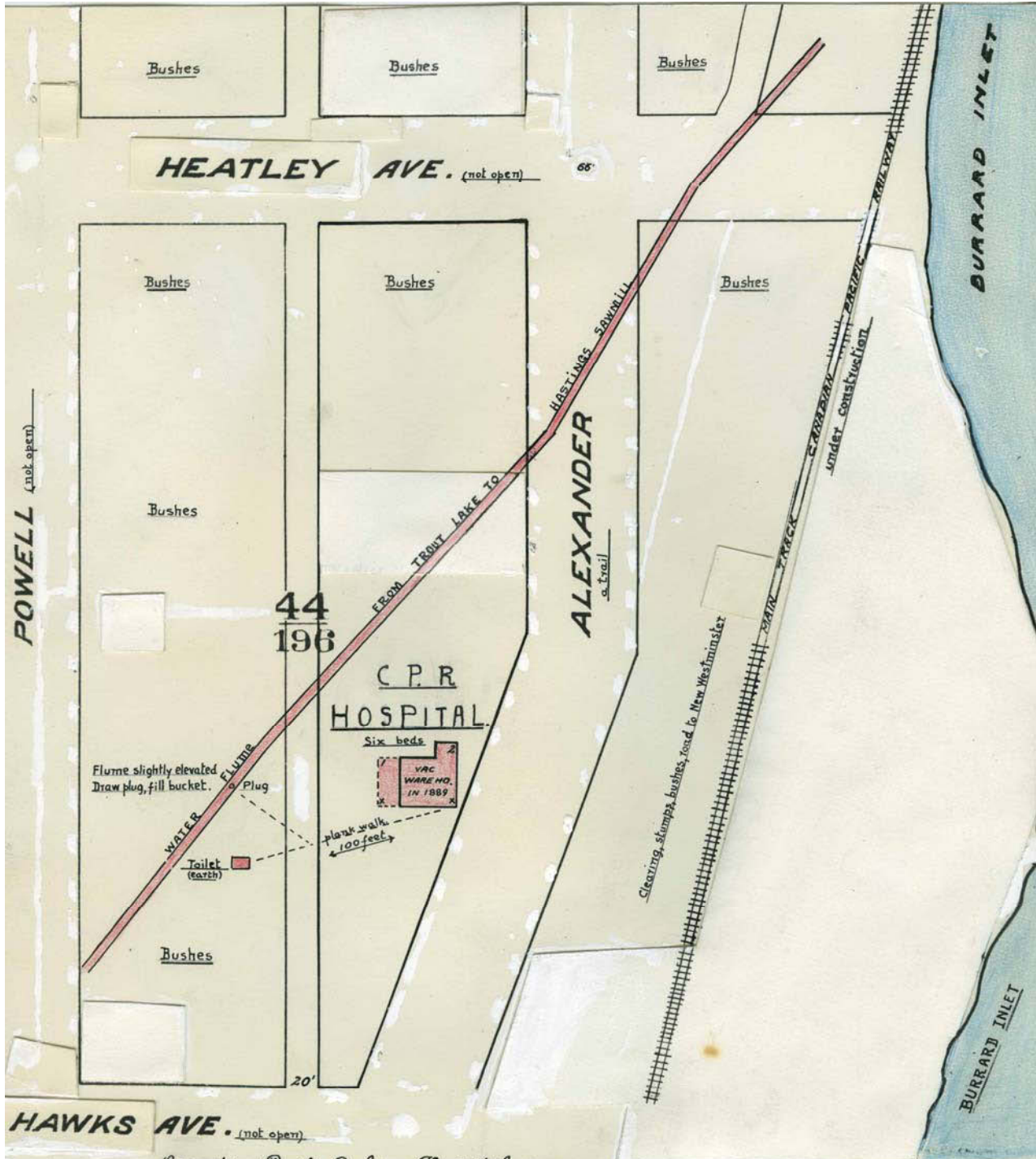
SMALL POX, 1891 AND 1893.

"The only tents I recall was when we had tents for the small pox down at Cedar Cove, three small pox patients died, and were buried right there at Cedar Cove. In 1893 we had a floating hospital near Cedar Cove for small pox patients; we had about nine, and two of them died; one was a woman from Dupont Street; she died almost on the stretcher as they were carrying her in, and the other was a man who said he had had small pox in Chicago, and I thought he was immune, but he drank so much; he went away for about three days, and when he came back had small pox, and died in two days. Old Mrs. Gorman was nurse; not a graduate nurse, we had to take what we could get; she was cook too, down on the floating hospital, a scow, for the small pox cases, 1893."

JOE HUNTLEY. CITY COUNCIL, 1886. FIRST HEALTH OFFICER.

(See minutes, first meeting City Council.)

"Joe Huntley was the first health officer; he married Jonathan Miller's" (the constable) "eldest daughter. Huntley went, I think to Honolulu, or Australia; anyway, he disappeared and was never heard of again."



*Canadian Pacific Railway Hospital, 1886.
 In use during railway construction. First in Vancouver, Canada
 Afterwards 1886-7, "City Hospital".
 See "Early Vancouver", Matthews, Vol. 23.4.5-6.*

*Indian Village here, 1886.
 J. S. Matthews
 March 1936. City Archives Vancouver*

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MCCARTNEY OF THE DRUG STORE.

"Allan McCartney, brother of Allan McCartney of the drug store, left a son, 'Bus' McCartney; he lives out in Burnaby; he would tell you all about the Hastings Mill flume for water from Trout Lake."

CHINAMEN AT PORT MOODY. ACCIDENTS, C.P.R. CONSTRUCTION.

"I recall that Chinaman" (mentioned in *Port Moody Gazette* as injured and attended by Dr. Langis in 1884 or 1886.) "He had his right leg broken, and, next day, when I called he was gone; the Chinamen where I had operated on him told me the injured man had 'gone to China'; but I believed they killed him. You see, they were paid only thirty cents a day, and felt they could not afford to pay for medical attention for those who got injured. Anyway, where he went to with his leg off—cut off by me the day before—I don't know."

"What I do know is that, up near Salmon Arm, at Canoe Creek, east of Tappen, there was an accident in which about a dozen Chinamen got badly injured, and when I went through the camp the next day, not one of the them was there; where the injured men had gone to I never knew, but I always believed their fellow Chinamen did away with them—because they were injured, no use, and a drag on the others—and buried them."

Read and approved by Dr. Langis, 17 April 1936. J.S.M.

Dr. Langis died in Vancouver in the fall of 1937.

LAWSON, FIRST CITY ENGINEER.

"Old Man" Lawson was first city engineer in Vancouver; he lived on Alexander Street; he died. He was unable to go through the woods; he would get that ivy poisoning. He adopted a daughter who married a man named Brown who was afterwards manager of the Gas Works in New Westminster for Jim Cunningham. Afterwards Brown went with the Galbraith Lumber Co., Westminster, and died while with that firm about 1930-1-2.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH DR. H.E. LANGIS, 1708 WEST 40TH AVENUE, A PIONEER DOCTOR OF PORT MOODY AND VANCOUVER, ALSO OF PARKSVILLE, APRIL 1936.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. HOLY ROSARY CHURCH. FATHER PATRICK FAY. FIRST MASS IN VANCOUVER.

Dr. Langis said: "The first Roman Catholic mass celebrated in Vancouver was celebrated in Blair's Hall, down the alley way" (behind Blair's Terminus Saloon in Granville), "by the Rev. Father Patrick Fay, 1885. I was not there myself, but Calvin Patterson told me."

"Father Fay did not die on the road as Mrs. McGovern tells you, but died on a fisherman's boat, near Anacortes, Washington."

City Archivist: They call him "The Merry Priest"?

Dr. Langis: "He was drunk all the time. I liked him because he was a good man. I bought him one of those big pictures, 'Jesus before Pilate,' and took it up to him. He was well liked. Pat Carey ran the Brunswick Hotel on Hastings Street between Carrall and Abbott, told me Father Fay came up to him and said:

"Father Fay: 'Can you let me have twenty dollars? Tomorrow is Sunday, and I am going to make a collection; I'll let you have it back again on Monday.'

"Pat Carey: 'No, you won't; you'll get drunk, and there won't be any service.' And that was what happened."

City Archivist: Who held the service?

Dr. Langis: "There was no service; he was the only priest in Vancouver."

City Archivist: Well, what did they do?

Dr. Langis: "Nothing. There was no service that Sunday, that was all.

"Father Pat came to me one day, I saw him coming; it was in the 'Arcade,' corner of Hastings and Cambie, and I said to myself when I saw him coming, 'This is going to cost me one dollar.' He said to me, 'Your brother wrote to me in 1888 and I never answered.' I had a brother who was a priest, and he wanted to know how I (Dr. Langis) was behaving myself in B.C. But the reason he (Father Fay) did not answer was because he was too busy with the bottle, so I wrote to my brother myself, and told him how I was getting along.

"Father Fay was a very likeable man."

Dr. Langis died in 1937.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH DR. H.E. LANGIS, 23 MARCH 1937.

Pioneer medical practitioner of Fort William, Yale, Port Moody, New Westminster, Granville and Vancouver, charming old French-Canadian, who, always kindly, called at the City Archives to ask that some of his "yarns" be sent to the B.C. Medical Association for printing in their monthly *Bulletin* as he was unable to do it himself.

DR. H.E. LANGIS.

Dr. Langis said: "It will be fifty years ago in a few days, on March 31st 1887, since I got a license to practice in British Columbia; got a provincial license, paid ten dollars for it."

EARLY CEMETERIES. BROCKTON POINT.

"Yes, I know, I know exactly where the old Brockton Point graveyard was; I could put my foot on the exact spot. They were mostly people from Moodyville who were buried there—and a few from Hastings Sawmill. The graves were to the right of the road as you go to the point; outside the road, east of the road; between the road and water; the old 'Park Road' was narrow, not a wide driveway as it is now; left more land between road and top of bank. The graves were about the Nine O'Clock Gun; north and south of it, close to it, some just beyond, some this side, just a few yards from the gun, or where the gun is now.

"And some were along between the gun and Brockton Point, but outside of the park road.

"Some were over on Deadman's Island; that's where I got my skeleton they talked about in the Great Fire of 1886; a Swede who had committed suicide at Moodyville. The little graves on Deadman's Island had little fences around them; painted white pickets."

J.S. Matthews

GOLDEN JUBILEE, 1936.

Jack Booth, *Province* cartoonist, "Would jubileevit."

LAWN TENNIS.

Memo of conversation with A.P. Horne, Esq. (over phone), 21 August 1939.

Mr. Horne: "The wooden tennis courts shown in" (C.P.R. Park) "front of old Hotel Vancouver, were built in 1889 and 1890. The first one was built in 1889, and the second in 1890, E.B. Dean was secretary at the time, and looked after the financing. But, previous to 1895, the tennis was played at Brockton Point."

Note: after 1898, but before 1901, I have leaned on the fence on Granville Street and watched tennis being played on the old court. V.C. Brimacombe, of the Bank of Montréal, played there.

J.S. Matthews.

MISLEADING HISTORY OF LAWN TENNIS IN VANCOUVER.

In July 1939, the Vancouver Lawn Tennis Club celebrated, with much ado and display, the "GOLDEN JUBILEE OF LAWN TENNIS IN VANCOUVER," and a small historical pamphlet was published.

Unfortunately, it was all inaccurate, as witness: Reason: no records, and trusting to pioneers' memories.

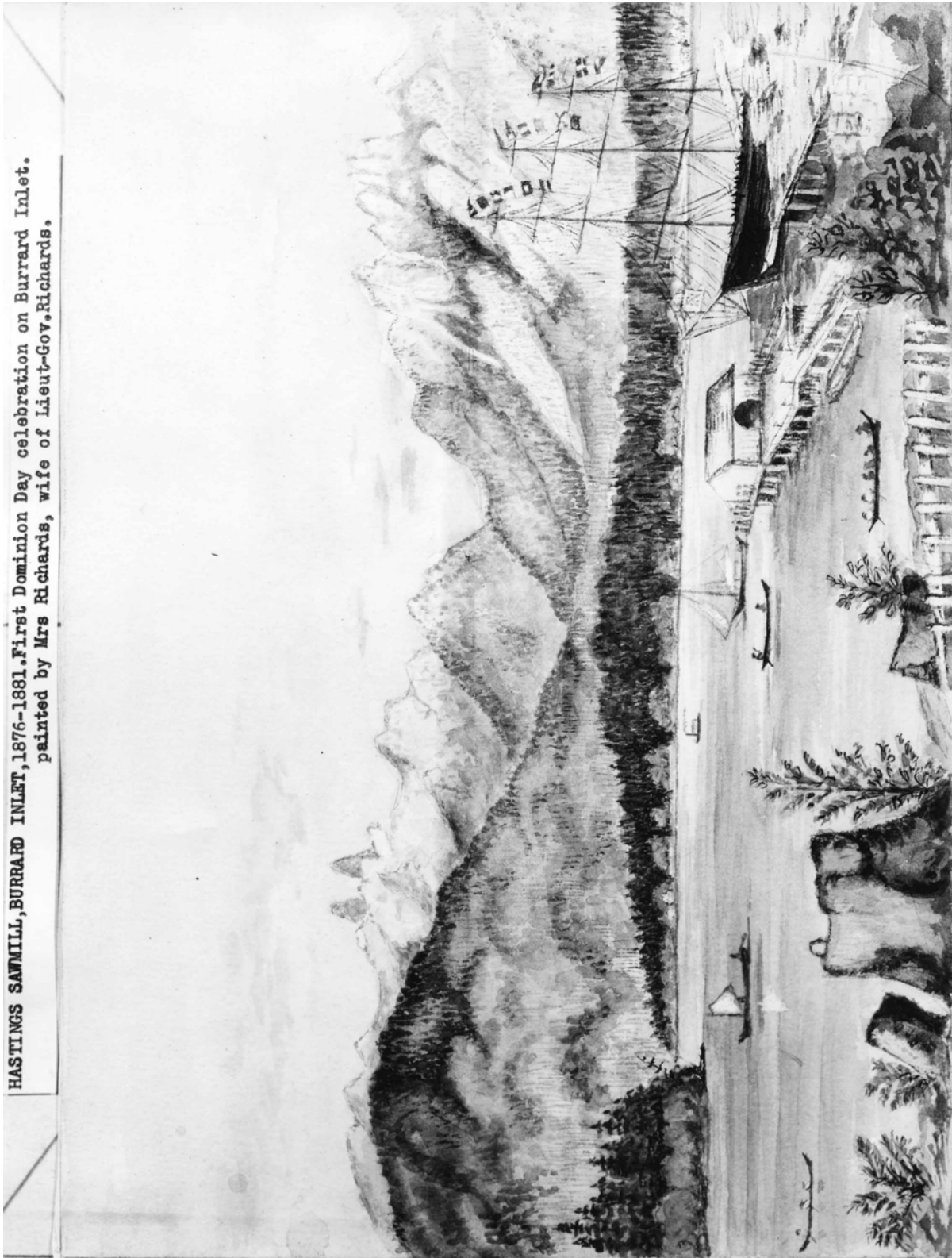
EXCERPT.

News-Advertiser, Wednesday 25 July 1888.

The first tournament of the Vancouver Lawn Tennis Club was commenced last Thursday evening on their courts, Georgia street, and has been and will be continued every evening until completed.

Names of contestants and details follow.

HASTINGS SAWMILL, BURRARD INLET, 1876-1881. First Dominion Day celebration on Burrard Inlet.
Painted by Mrs Richards, wife of Lieut.-Gov. Richards.



Item # EarlyVan_v5_006

[illustration annotation:]

Hastings Sawmill, Burrard Inlet, 1876-1881. First Dominion Day celebrated on Burrard Inlet. Painted by Mrs. Richards, wife of Lieut.-Gov. Richards.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MARY RAYMUR LAWSON, M.B.E., OF NO. 1 OCTOBER MANSION, 1030 COOK STREET, VICTORIA, IN COMPANY WITH MRS. (CAPT.) R.L. JERMAIN, NORTH VANCOUVER (NORTH 1807) AT CITY ARCHIVES, VANCOUVER, 18 MAY 1936.

CAPT. J.A. RAYMUR. HASTINGS SAWMILL.

Miss Lawson: "Being a niece of Capt. James Arnold Raymur's wife" (née Mary Grassie Lawson) "I came to live with her after Capt. Raymur's death, 31st July 1882. He was the first manager of the Hastings Sawmill, Burrard Inlet. My first visit to the Mainland was in March 1883. The boats from Victoria usually went up the river to New Westminster, and the Burrard Inlet passengers came over by stage, but there was such a bad snow storm that evening the boat could not go up the Fraser, and had to come into Burrard Inlet and land her passengers at Hastings."

L.A. HAMILTON, 1885. SURVEY CAMP AT ENGLISH BAY.

"I was up again in 1885 to visit the Alexanders." (Mr. R.H. Alexander was manager of the Hastings Sawmill after Capt. Raymur's death.) "By this time the C.P.R. were beginning to survey for the townsite and had a camp at English Bay, so one day we went to visit L.A. Hamilton. We had to go in a boat from the mill up to Coal Harbour, then crossed over through a beautiful trail, just where Sir Chas. Hibbert Tupper's house was built afterwards."

THE FIRE, 1886. R.H. ALEXANDER.

"On June 10th 1886, Mrs. Scriven" (Archdeacon Scriven's wife) "and I went up to visit the Alexanders again and to see the new town that had sprung up. On the boat there were wives going up to the Inlet to join their husbands; some of those same wives were widows on Sunday.

"The Sunday, June 13th, Whit-Sunday, was a beautiful day—and we did not realise down at the mill that there was any more fire than usual, as it was always smoky from the clearings, until the people from the town came running past the house—calling to us to come and get on board the boat at the mill wharf, as the men were all away, the town was on fire. The boat soon filled and pulled off to Moodyville. Mrs. Scriven and I stayed with Mrs. Alexander, as the men, being Sunday, were all away. I remember so well, how much we appreciated Hugh Walkem staying with us. He and three other young men were staying at George Black's at Hastings, and had go down as far as the mill, to see how the fire was progressing—when they realised they were likely to be cut off by the fire from getting back to their hotel, I heard one of them say to Hugh Walkem, 'We had better start back now,' but he said, 'No, I will stay,' but the others went back. We got the birds and animals out on the bank, and other things we could carry, but fortunately for the mill the wind changed, and only the fence of the Alexanders' house was burnt.

"We all went down to the beach when the fire came along, and took with us such as we could; dogs, cats, and we stayed on the bank. There was too much wind; the waves were too big for us to go out in the water."

DR. BECKINGSALE'S.

"The fire went up the hill, and burnt to the ground Dr. Beckingsale's beautiful new home. Mrs. Beckingsale was away in New Westminster, or I am sure she would have saved some of her personal things. She had just got new dresses and other clothing from England. Dr. Beckingsale only saved an axe handle, or something equally trivial. I stayed a week or two after the fire and there was plenty to do. The people were hungry and we gave them everything we had, household materials as well as food; very soon provisions and clothing came pouring in from Victoria and other places; that was my first experience of relief work."

DR. I.W. POWELL.

"On the Monday, Mrs. Scriven took care of a woman all day who had stood in a well trying to save her son, but she was so badly burnt she died that evening. As there was no hospital nearer than New Westminster, she was put in an old shack, down by the mill; they got a box mattress and laid her on it wrapped in a blanket, and all that could be done was to pour oil over her, as the smoke had got into her lungs. Dr. I.W. Powell from Victoria was with her when she died."

ST. JAMES CHURCH.

“Many think that the St. James Church being rebuilt now is the second St. James, but it is the third, as the first one was burnt down the afternoon of the fire. We attended services at 8 and 11 o'clock that morning, and the Sunday School was in session when the fire approached the church. Father Clinton, seeing the danger, took all the children to safety over the trail to False Creek. He did do so much at the time of the fire, and at all times, too, for that matter.

“Capt. and Mrs. J.A. Raymur were instrumental in building St. James Church, and when it was finished the Church Committee could not agree upon a name to give the church, so the naming of it was left to Capt. Raymur. He consulted his wife, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Ditcham, and Mrs. Raymur said, ‘Why not call it after you, James?’ Mr. Ditcham reported it to Bishop Sillitoe, and Bishop Sillitoe, sensing the humour of it, said, ‘Shall it be James the Less, or James the Great,’ and Capt. Raymur said, ‘James the Great, of course,’ so that explains the naming of St. James Church.”

Edited and approved by Miss Lawson, M.B.E., Victoria, B.C., 12 June 1936.

FURTHER MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. PETER LAWSON, 4311 ALBERT STREET, VANCOUVER, WHILST ON BOARD S.S. *PRINCESS JOAN*, PROCEEDING TO NEWCASTLE ISLAND FOR ANNUAL PICNIC OF VANCOUVER PIONEERS ASSOCIATION, 14 JUNE 1939.

VANCOUVER HIGH SCHOOL. EAST END SCHOOL. MOUNT PLEASANT SCHOOL, THE BARN.

Major Matthews: Were you the first school pupil in Vancouver to become a Vancouver school teacher?

Mrs. Lawson: “When I came to Vancouver from Winnipeg in October 1889, I was Miss Barnes, and I had with me my normal school diploma, obtained in Manitoba, but before I could attend the Vancouver High School, I was required to sit my entrance examination, which I did, and was admitted to the high school class in January 1890. I think there were high school classes before January 1890; I have been told there were, and it is not likely that I should have been required to sit an entrance examination if there had not been.

“In January 1890, Miss McDougall of the Mount Pleasant School was ill, and although I was without a British Columbia teacher’s certificate, and was a high school pupil, I was asked to go up to Mount Pleasant School, ‘the Barn,’ we called it, and take her place for a week while she was away. Then I returned to the high school, which was held in a room in the Central School, a brick building on Pender Street.”

Major Matthews: Who could possibly have preceded you as a Burrard Inlet school pupil who became a Vancouver school teacher?

Mrs. Lawson: “I have never known or heard of such a person; there may have been, I don’t know; it has never occurred to me before that I might be the first pupil to become a teacher in Vancouver.

“Then, 26th June 1890, the examinations were held, and in July it was announced I was the head pupil. I was the first pupil in Vancouver to receive the gold medal for the highest marks. I think there had been high school classes before 1890, but the examinations in June 1890 were the first, I think, in which they gave anything to the leading pupil. You can easily verify it; it is recorded at the head of a list posted up at the King Edward High School—‘Miss Catherine A. Barnes, 1890,’ it says, or something like that; anyway, I appear as the first pupil in Vancouver to take the gold medal; my name is first on the roll.

“In addition, I was given a book, a beautifully bound book—I have it yet. It is Scott’s Poetical Works. The inscription in this book reads: ‘A PRIZE PRESENTED TO MISS CATHERINE A. BARNES HEAD PUPIL OF HIGH SCHOOL, BY HON. JOHN ROBSON, VANCOUVER, 26TH JUNE 1890.’

“Then, in August 1890, I was appointed to the East End School; that is, the Oppenheimer Street School.

“There were four teachers there; I was the junior. The principal was Mr. Ganton, then Miss Alice Christie, a friend of our family when both families were in Manitoba—she had not attended any Vancouver school as pupil—and thirdly, Mr. J.J. Dougan, for many years in Vancouver schools, and well known; lastly, myself.

"Mrs. Robinson, née Jesse Black, of the 1890 high school class, became a teacher after I did; she taught about five years and then married; I remained a teacher for twenty years, and then married. Mr. Lawson has died."

EAST END SCHOOL. OPPENHEIMER STREET SCHOOL. STRATHCONA SCHOOL. VANCOUVER HIGH SCHOOL. CENTRAL SCHOOL.

"There was a class of High School pupils in 1889. I joined in January, and remained until June 1890, then went to Victoria, sat the teacher's examinations, passed, and was appointed to staff of Oppenheimer Street School under Mr. Ganton.

"The first day at Oppenheimer Street School, in August 1890, I had eighty-six pupils, and did not know a soul in the school. I had an average, for one whole month, of one hundred and three in my class; primary children, that is, beginners.

"There were four rows of two-pupil seats, and I put three children on a two-pupil seat. I had one row of seats filled with two 'big' beginners; and the smaller beginners in the next three rows—three in a two-pupil seat. The remainder sat on the platform at the head of the room. Slates, pencils, and blackboard and chalk, of course, in those days.

"I stayed as teacher at Oppenheimer Street School until February 1891, when we were moved to the new brick Strathcona School on old Princess Street, now Pender Street East. It was Princess Street, Dupont Street, and Pender Street, then; same street with three names for different parts. The new 'big' Strathcona School—it was only eight rooms—was well supplied with pupils; I remained at Strathcona School as teacher for twenty years, until 1910."

Approved by Mrs. Lawson, 28 July 1939, J.S. Matthews.

False Creek, looking west, midsummer, 1888. From foot of present Hemlock St. Miss Isabelle J. Hamilton (Mrs. John Leask) approaching their camp at mouth of creek in
 ravine at Hemlock St. Her widowed brother, L.A. Hamilton, in stern; his daughter Isobel, born Oct. 3, 1890, beside him. Left to right: Looks to be landing float of
 logs where boats from Carrall St. etc. landed at camp; next False Creek Indian Reserve & Indian houses; next railway embankment C.P.R. line to Greer's Beach.
 C.P.R. trestle bridge (finished Oct. 1886) across False Creek; forest in centre about Nicola & Cadboro Sts. clearing fires and smoke on Beach Ave. and approx. Duke St.
 On extreme right, forest on Burrard, Hornby & Howe St. It would seem "bushwhackers" were, about this date, felling that forest. See companion photos of (1) L.A. Hamilton's
 camp in forest, on Fourth Ave. 100 yards east of Granville St. South. Tide is high, sand bank, now Granville Island, is not visible. See companion photo (2) of logging skid road,
 leading south, from float, just east Hamilton's camp. Photo probably taken by John Leask, nee "Belle" Hamilton, Collingwood, Ont. 1900. City Archives 25M



Item # EarlyVan_v5_007

[photo annotation:]

False Creek, looking west, mid summer, 1886. From foot of present Hemlock St. Miss Isabelle J. Hamilton (Mrs. John Leask) approaching their camp at mouth of creek in ravine at Hemlock St. Her widowed brother, L.A. Hamilton, in stern; his daughter Isobel, born Oct. 3, 1880, beside him. Left to right: Looks to be landing float of logs where boats from Carrall St. etc. landed at camp; next False Creek Indian Reserve & Indian houses; next railway embankment, C.R.R. line to Greer's Beach. C.P.R. trestle bridge (finished Oct. 1886) across False Creek; forest in centre about Nicola & Cardero Sts., clearing fires and smoke on Beach Ave. and approx. Bute St. On extreme right, forest on Burrard, Hornby, & Howe St. It would seem "bushwhackers" were, about this date, felling that forest. See companion photos of (1) L.A. Hamilton's camp in forest, on Fourth Ave, 100 yards east of Granville St. South. Tide is high, sand bank, now Granville Island, is not visible. See companion photo (2) of logging skid roads leading south from float, just east Hamilton's camp. Photo probably taken by John Leask, presented by Mrs. John Leask, née "Belle" Hamilton, Collingwood, Ont. 1940. City Archives. JSM.

[LETTER FROM T.J. LEASK.]

Collingwood,
April 14th, 1936.

Dear Mr. Matthews:

I've been thinking a lot about Vancouver this long winter, and wondering how you've been progressing in your wonderful piece of work. Yes, I too, remember the times Mr. Cary used to row me *[see Early Vancouver, Vol. 2]* over to our camp on False Creek. We had two tents; the house was occupied by the workmen and cook. We spent four months there until it got so cold we went to Victoria for a month, till my brother's house was completed.

I simply loved every inch of the city, and watched it grow even to the building of the first side-walk. I have many photographs of the early days, and enjoy looking at them. Am glad you have the work to do, also that you have Mr. Leask's photograph taken at that time. They certainly were exciting times with the clearing trees, chinamen etc. on it.

I would love to visit the beautiful city, and would if I had a pass, but I do not know Sir Ed. Beatty, only his father's people. I hope my brother L.A. Hamilton will go; he really did build up or helped to build up a great city to be proud of; a very wonderful city; we are all justly proud of it, and the people who did their best work in helping to make it what it is.

I must apologize for not answering your letter of long ago but there has been and still is some trouble with my eyes. Hoping you will succeed in your work.

I remain yours most sincerely,

[signed] T.J. Leask.

From Mrs. John Leask
Box 815,
Collingwood,
Ontario

(Note: widow, John Leask, city auditor, sister L.A. Hamilton, C.P.R. Land Commissioner. J.S.M.)

Miss Isabelle J. Hamilton (Mrs. John Leask), L. A. Hamilton's sister, seated on log with his daughter Isobel. John Leask seated between logs. A. J. Dana, wearing hat, C.P.R. Purchasing Agent, seated on log; man in shirt sleeves perhaps Louie. See map "C.P.R. Townsite" (on rollers) presented by H. R. Bray for exact location skid road. (Issued by A.W. Ross & Co.). See two companion photos (1) Mrs. Leask in canoe; (2) cottage front, tent & canoe under trees. (roof visible behind Mr. Dana.) Photo presented 1940 by Mrs. John Leask, Gillingwood. Photo by L. A. Hamilton. City Archives. J.S.M.



L. A. Hamilton's Camp. 1886. False Creek, now Fairview, looking north across creek. The exact site was on south side of Fourth Ave, one hundred yards east of east side of Granville St. south, and on the west bank of a creek flowing in a ravine, where John Bealy (sic), squatter & bull puncher had lived, with his Indian wife, in a board & batten side, cedar shake roof shack, but, in 1886, occupied by Mr. Hamilton, widower, his dau. Isobel, born Oct. 3rd 1880, and his sister Miss Hamilton, later Mrs. John Leask. Here the Hamiltons took refuge after the great Fire, 13 June 1886. George Cary towed them across. "Louie" landed camp. Skid road, embryo of Granville St. South, leads uphill into forest. False Creek sandbank shows through trees; is now Granville Island; tents on far shore about Richards St.; skyline of clearing about Drake St.; tree tops in distance (above log) on Burrard St. (line of forest between D.L. 185 and "C.P.R. Townsite"). Stump & log estimated nine feet six inches diameter. (on Block 25), Fairview.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_008

[photo annotation:]

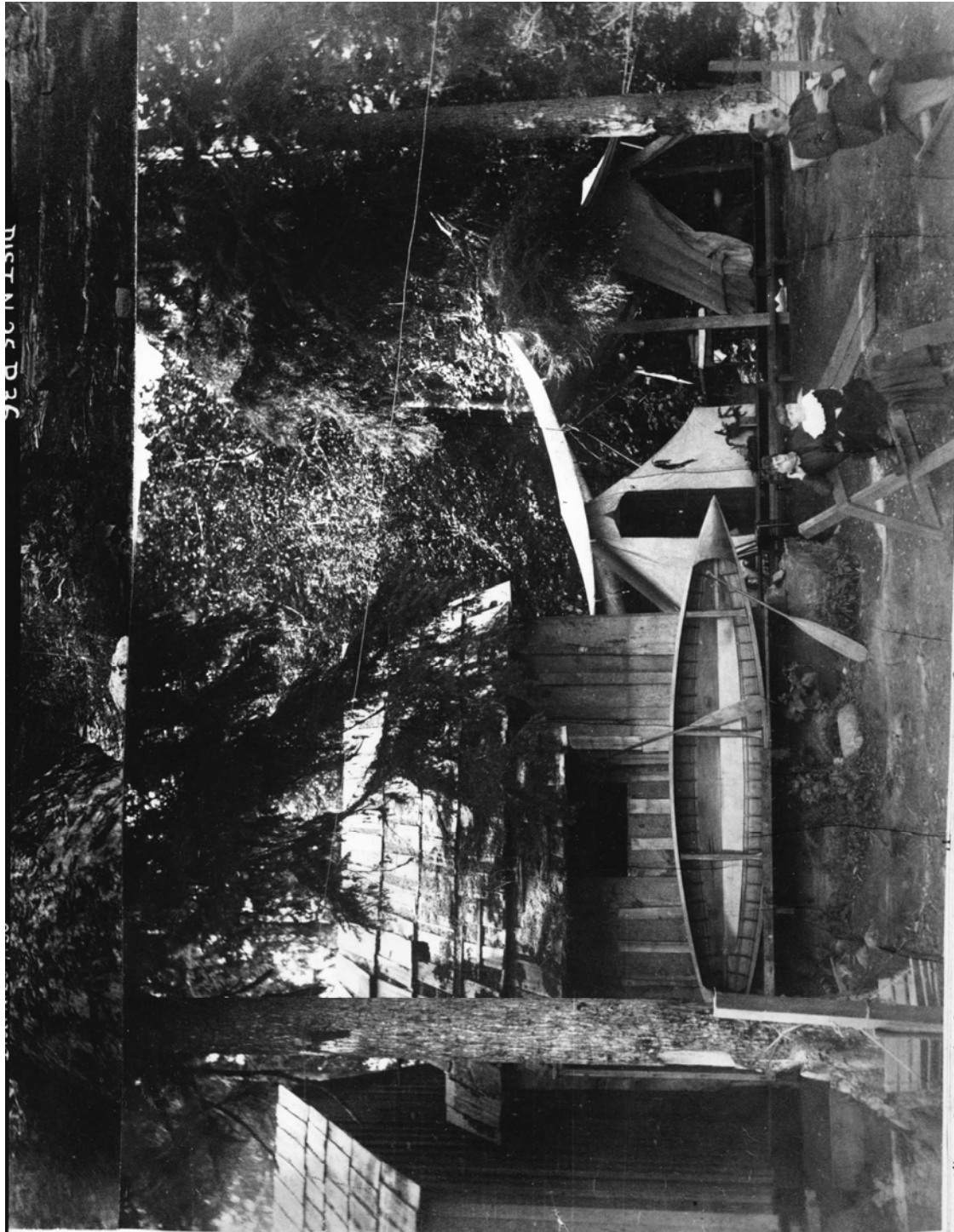
Miss Isabelle J. Hamilton (Mrs. John Leask), L.A. Hamilton's sister, seated on log with his daughter Isobel. John Leask seated between logs. A.J. Dana, wearing hat, C.P.R. Purchasing Agent, seated on log; man in shirt sleeves perhaps Louie. See map "C.P.R. Townsite" (on rollers) presented by H.R. Bray, for exact location skid road (issued by A.W. Ross & Co.) See two companion photos (1) Mrs. Leask in canoe, (2) cottage front, tent & canoe under trees, (roof visible behind Mr. Dana.)

Photo presented 1940 by Mrs. John Leask, Collingwood. Photo by L.A. Hamilton.

City Archives. J.S.M.

L.A. Hamilton's Camp, 1886. False Creek, now Fairview, looking north across creek. The exact site was on south side of Fourth Ave., one hundred yards east of east side of Granville St. south, and on the west bank of a creek flowing in a ravine, where John Beaty (sic), squatter & bullpuncher had lived, with his Indian wife, in a board & batten side, cedar shake roof shack, but, in 1886, occupied by Mr. Hamilton, widower, his dau. Isobel, born Oct. 3rd 1880, and his sister Miss Hamilton, later Mrs. John Leask. Here the Hamiltons took refuge after the great Fire, 13 June 1886. George Cary rowed them across. "Louie" tended camp. Skid road, embryo of Granville St. South, leads uphill into forest. False Creek sandbank shows through trees; is now Granville Island, tents on far shore about Richards St.; skyline of clearing about Drake St.; tree tops in distance (above log) on Burrard St. (line of forest between D.L. 185 and "C.P.R. Townsite.") Stump and log estimated nine feet six inches diameter (on Block 251), Fairview.

DISTRICT



south side of bank of a river, in a photograph taken by the great

Exact location:- north corner of Lots 22 & 23, Block 251, D.L. 526, south side Fourth Ave, 100 yards east of east side of Granville St South.
Photo by L. A. Hamilton, 1886, presented 1940, by Mr. John Leask, Collingwood, Ont. City Archives, J.S.M.

L. A. Hamilton's Camp, False Creek, 1886. Block 251, Fairview, looking (camera) south. The exact site was on south side of Fourth Ave, one hundred yards east of the east side of Granville St South, and on the west bank of a creek flowing in a ravine. John Beatty, Squatter & bulpuncher, with his Indian wife, had lived in one of these board & batten side cedar shake toof shacks but in 1886 occupied by Mr Hamilton, widower, his daughter Isobel, born Oct. 3, 1880, and his sister, Miss Hamilton, later Mrs John Leask. Here the Hamiltons took refuge from devastation, Great Fire June 13, 1886. George Cary rowed them across, "Louie" tended camp; a skid road lead, south on the left; False Creek, slightly below, was in front; Canoe, paddles, swing for child, rustic seats, water from nearby creek in pipes (iron); observe old cedar log foundation of old cabin. Wire & telegraph peg on tree may be clothesline. Miss Isabelle J. Hamilton, (Mrs John Leask), L.A. Hamilton's sister, with his motherless daughter on her knee, Isobel, and John Leask, seated. See map "C.P.R. Townsite", on rollers, issued by H.W. Ross & Co., presented by H.R. Bray. See two companion photos (1) Miss Hamilton in canoe, (2) log skid road & 2 logs, at back of cottage which is partly concealed in trees.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_009

[photo annotation:]

L.A. Hamilton's Camp, False Creek, 1886, Block 251, Fairview, looking (camera) south. The exact site was on south side of Fourth Ave., one hundred yards east of the east side of Granville St. South, and on the west bank of a creek flowing in a ravine. John Beaty, squatter and bullpuncher, with his Indian wife, had lived in one of these board & batten side, cedar shake roof shacks, but, in 1886, occupied by Mr. Hamilton, widower, his daughter Isobel, born Oct. 3, 1880, and his sister, Miss Hamilton, later Mrs. John Leask. Here the Hamiltons took refuge from devastation, Great Fire, June 13, 1886. George Cary rowed them across, "Louie" tended camp; a skid road led south on the left; False Creek, slightly below, was in front. Canoe, paddles, swing for child, rustic seats, water from nearby creek in pipes (iron); observe old cedar log foundation of old cabin. Wire & telegraph peg on tree may be clothesline. Miss Isabelle J. Hamilton, (Mrs. John Leask) L.A. Hamilton's sister; with his motherless daughter on her knee, Isobel, and John Leask, seated. See map "C.P.R. Townsite," on rollers, issued by A.W. Ross & Co., presented by H.R. Bray. See two companion photos (1) Miss Hamilton in canoe, (2) log skid road & 2 logs, at back of cottage which is partly concealed in trees.

Exact location: north corner of Lots 22 & 23, Block 251, D.L. 526, south side Fourth Avenue, 100 yards east of east side of Granville St. South.

Photo by L.A. Hamilton, 1886, presented 1940, by Mrs. John Leask, Collingwood, Ont.

City Archives. J.S.M.

EXCERPT, *TORONTO TELEGRAM*, 30 NOVEMBER 1936.

TORY WORKER AT COLLINGWOOD

ALTHOUGH NEARING 90 MARK—YOUNG CANADA CLUB MEMBER

Special to the *Evening Telegram*.

Collingwood, Nov. 30—Mrs. John Leask, Collingwood's grand old lady and daughter of the shipbuilding town's first mayor, personally received over 100 guests who visited her Saturday afternoon on the occasion of her 88th birthday.

Mrs. Leask, despite her four score and eight years, is still an active member of the Ladies Conservative Association in Collingwood, an organization which she helped to form. Only last year she felt that she should be helping the younger people and applied for a membership in the Young Canada Conservative Club. Her application was received and granted, and the aged party worker is now an honorary life member.

When Denton Massey came to Stayner to speak at the district nomination meeting of North Simcoe Conservatives, Mrs. Leask was the first person to walk up to the platform and welcome the Toronto member. He expressed surprise when he was told Mrs. Leask's age, but he received a greater surprise when she informed him that she was planning to "stump" for the party throughout the district.

Born in Penetang, Mrs. Leask was one of a family of 11 children, six girls and five boys. When she was six her family moved to Collingwood, and for 82 years she has made Collingwood her home.

Her father, William Basil Hamilton, was one of the greatest champions of the Conservative cause in the province at that time, and he became the first mayor of Collingwood over 75 years ago.

Mrs. Leask has two brothers still living. Both have retired and are now living in Florida. They are Bishop Hamilton, who spent 45 years as a missionary in Japan, and L.A. Hamilton, once land commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Rlwy.

A devoted Anglican, Mrs. Leask loves to tell about the days when she attended Sunday School in a little frame church on Cedar Street.

"For 62 years I taught a Sunday School class, and only a few years ago I decided to retire. I wish I hadn't though, because I feel just as good as ever, and I do miss the children." Mrs. Leask remarked.

Speaking of the coming election in East Hastings, the loyal pioneer of the Tory party said: "I am sure the conservatives will sweep the riding. I only wish I could go down there and help Dr. Welsh in his campaign."

Mrs. Leask has one grandson, Charles Thompson, who at present is residing with her on Ontario Street. Charles is following right in the footsteps of his great-grandmother and great-grandfather, and was recently elected to an office in Collingwood branch of the Young Canada Conservatives Club.

Mrs. John Leask, well known life long resident of Collingwood who celebrated her 88th birthday here on Saturday. Mrs. Leask is the daughter of the late William Basil Hamilton, Collingwood's first mayor. She is also one of the first organizers of the Ladies' Conservative Association in the town and is still taking a very active part in federal and provincial politics.

(Photo by Deacon Studios, Collingwood.)

[LETTER FROM L.A. LEFEVRE.]

Tuesday,
14th Jan. 1936

Dear Major Matthews:

Just a line to thank you for the poems by the late Mr. Bursill. Miss Plunkett was very much pleased by your kind remembrance of her.

You are right in thinking that I came to Vancouver before the first regular passenger train. Mrs. Abbott, the wife of the first Gen. Superintendent of the C.P.R. here, with her family, were with me, and Mr. Abbott sent his private car to meet us in the mountains. We came through only in the day-time, the road bed not being yet in good order.

Forgive this hasty scribble as I am very busy getting ready to leave for California on Friday. We enjoyed your visit the other day, and I hope to see you again after I return. Again, thanks for the poem.

Yours sincerely,

L.A. Lefevre.

(One of the two women, probably the first two, to cross the Rockies by C.P.R. train.) J.S.M.

FURTHER CONVERSATION, MRS. J.M. LEFEVRE, APRIL 1936.

FOUNDER, IMPERIAL ORDER, DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE, VANCOUVER. (I.O.D.E.)

Mrs. Lefevre: "I was on my way to England, and stopped off at Toronto, and Mrs. Murray mentioned it to me; of course, there were many chapters in England, and some in eastern Canada, but none in Vancouver. So when I came back to Vancouver, I called a meeting; there were nine present; it was in our house in Georgia Street; our third house. The first house was on Hastings between Seymour and Granville, and the second where the Customs House is now."

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

Mrs. Lefevre showed a letter, date 1904, from Sir William Van Horne, complimenting her very highly of a poem she had written, and said he was going to use his influence to have it published in the London *Times*, but said she, "It never was."

DR. LEFEVRE'S OFFICE.

Dr. Lefevre's office is shown in the photo of their Hastings Street home—overlooking the C.P.R. Docks—as a small building, attached to the eastern side of the house. (The Lefevres are members of the Roman Catholic Church.)

Read and approved by Mrs. Lefevre. April 1936.
J.S. Matthews.



Hastings & Granville St., Dominion Day 1888. Customs House on right. Tower building built by L.A. Hamilton, next Leland Hotel. First C.P.R. Steamship house flag. Bank of Montreal & Bank of B.C.; Ferguson Bldg erected to first floor only. Four inch planks, 22' to 24', boulders, earth. Lady Mt. Stephen Block & Post Office in distance. City Archives.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_010

[photo annotation:]

Hastings & Granville St., Dominion Day, 1888. Customs House on right. Tower building built by L.A. Hamilton, next Leland Hotel. First C.P.R. Steamship house flag. Bank of Montreal and Bank of B.C.; Ferguson Bldg erected to first floor only. Four inch planks, 22' to 24', boulders, earth. Lady Mt. Stephen Block & Post Office in distance. City Archives.

C.S. Bailey. Vancouver, B.C.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. (DR.) J.M. LEFEVRE (L.A. LEFEVRE), PRONOUNCED "LAFAVH," AT HER EMBOWERED HOME, "LANGARAVINE," ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF OVERLOOKING SPANISH BANKS, 27 JANUARY 1936.

Mrs. Lefevre, now an elderly lady of much graciousness, snow white hair in exquisitely pretty locks, a complexion of Dresden china, tall, slender, dignified, received me in her little sitting room, where, beside a glowing fire of coals, she was awaiting me. About this time last year (1935) she was experiencing the tribulation of seeing her garden being washed away by a torrent of rushing waters, which tore a new ravine, 150 to 200 feet deep, beside her home; and into which one of her buildings, undermined by the waters, fell. At a cost of fifty thousand dollars, the Provincial Government filled it in again with earth in 1935. This incident followed the severe snow storm of January 1935, which stopped street car traffic in Vancouver from one to three days. Mrs. Lefevre welcomed me, and after a time, conversation turned to the remarkable experiences of her life of fifty years in Vancouver.

ONE OF THE FIRST WOMEN TO CROSS ROCKIES BY C.P.R. TRAIN, JUNE 1886. MRS. HARRY ABBOTT.

Mrs. Lefevre: "I came to British Columbia after the 'Fire,' about two weeks after; *before* the first passenger train which arrived at Port Moody." (4 July 1886.) "Mrs. Abbott, wife of the first superintendent of the C.P.R. in Vancouver, with her family, were with me, and Mr. Abbott sent his private car to meet us in the mountains, and we came on down to Port Moody, and then by boat to Vancouver. Mrs. Abbott went on to Victoria, as they thought it would be better to go there, but I decided to stay in Vancouver with Dr. Lefevre. We came through the mountains in the daytime only, as the road bed was not yet in good order, and it was perhaps dangerous to travel at night; anyway it was more judicious to travel in the daytime."

SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.

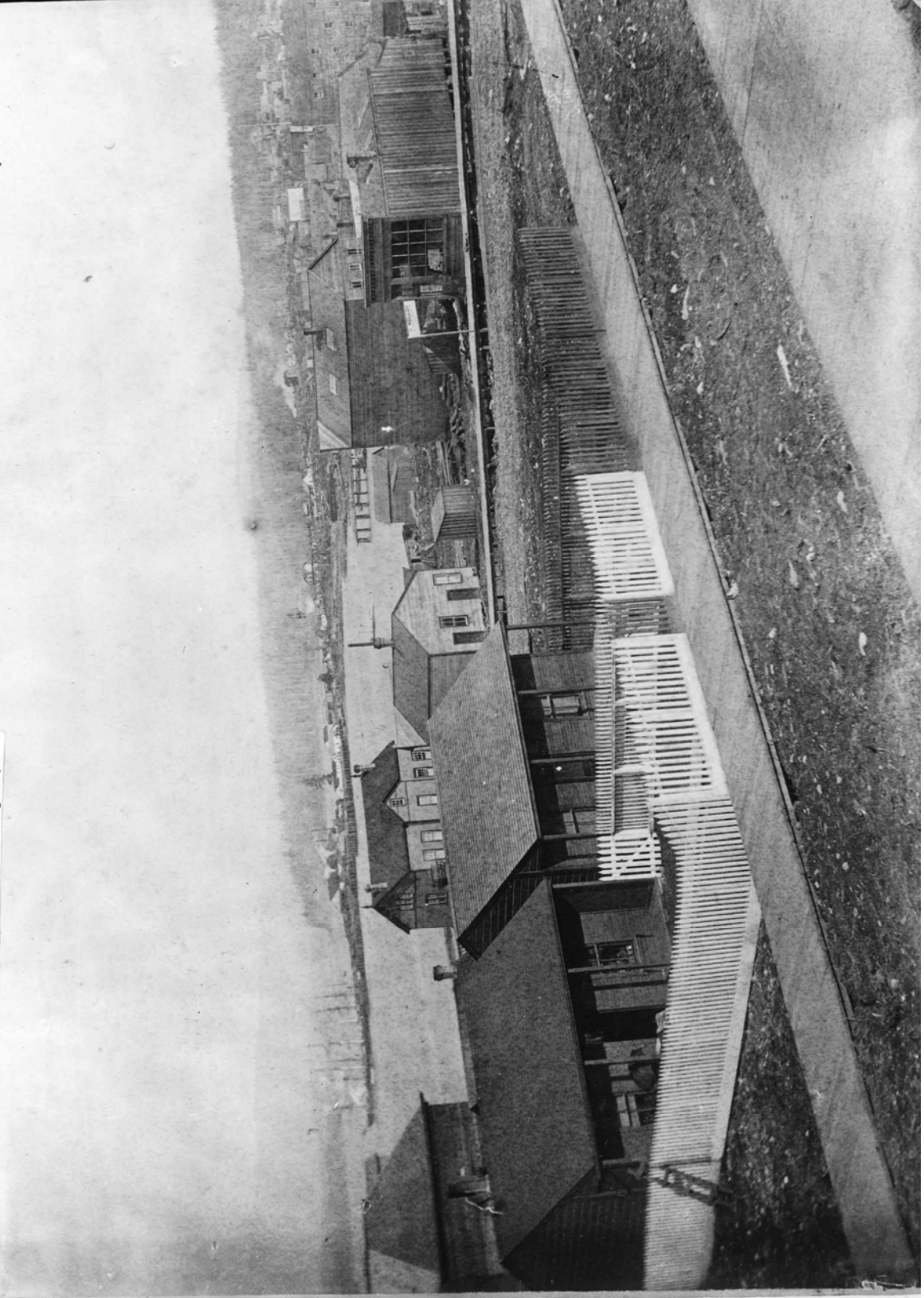
"At first we lived in a hotel on Water Street; I forget the name." (Probably Sunnyside, where all C.P.R. officials stayed.) "Then after about six weeks, Dr. Lefevre got a little cottage built on Hastings Street" (north side) "near Seymour Street—the Leland Hotel was almost opposite across the street, and we lived there until our house on the" (north west) "corner of Hastings and Granville—over the cliff—was built; it was where the Customs House is now." (See photo P. Str. 128, N. 88.)

FIRST SALE C.P.R. LOTS.

"Did you ever hear of how they stayed up all night waiting for the C.P.R. Land Office to open in the morning?"

City Archivist: Yes, Mr. Graveley told me. I will read you what he told me. (Read about Mr. Ferguson having his hand on the door knob, etc.; Graveley conversations.) Mrs. Lefevre smiled, but at that moment there was an interruption, and the subject was dropped. The C.P.R. Land and other offices were in the wooden Ferguson Block, corner of Carrall and Powell streets, and was burned in the "Fire" [of] 1886.

Hastings St at Seymour, spring 1887. L to R: Roof, White Swan Hotel, Cottage (white fence) F.C. Immes, Cottage, (dark fence) Dr. Mrs. J.M. Lefevre, C.P.R. offices on Cordova St., Hastings Mill, Cookhouse, Store, School R.H. Alexander residence, "Princess Louise Tree" has disappeared, C.P.R. line & trestle in position, City Wharf at Carrall being built, Capt. H.A. Millen's real estate office on Seymour (white sign), City Hall on Powell St (white square), Water from wells, No sewerage, dirt earth outhouses, Hastings St natural leath with six foot plank sidewalk, and 20 foot plank road. Photo presented by Dr. E.W. Morrison, Lefevre Block, now Empire Bldg, 603 Hastings St. W, erected here Oct. 1889, by Dr. Lefevre.



Item # EarlyVan_v5_011

[photo annotation:]

Hastings St. at Seymour, Spring 1887. L to R: Roof, White Swan Hotel. Cottage (white fence) F.C. Innes. Cottage (dark fence) Dr. & Mrs. J.M. Lefevre. C.P.R. offices on Cordova St. Hastings Mill, Cookhouse, Store, School. R.H. Alexander residence. "Princess Louise Tree" has disappeared. C.P.R. line & trestle in position. City Wharf at Carrall being built. Capt. H.A. Mellon's real estate office on Seymour (white sign.) City Hall on Powell St. (white square.) Water from wells. No sewerage, dry earth outhouses. Hastings St. natural earth with six foot plank sidewalk, and 20 foot plank road. Photo presented by Mrs. E.W. Morrison. Lefevre Block, now Empire Bldg., 603 Hastings St. W., erected here Oct. 1889, by Dr. Lefevre. City Archives.

GENERAL POST OFFICE. CUSTOMS HOUSE.

"They offered us \$20,000 for our home, but we did not know what they wanted it for; I think they afterwards sold it for about \$70,000 or \$90,000 for a post office."

LAND SALES.

City Archivist: Here is an old tax notice for the year 1889 for the property owned by Dr. Lefevre. Major Akroyd, of Innes, Richards and Akroyd, found it and gave it to me. You see the taxes on his property for 1889 were \$404.77; the same property today pays \$69,086.50.

Mrs. Lefevre: "Yes, but Dr. Lefevre did not buy all that property; he just paid one deposit on it, and held it for resale."

THE "BATTLE OF THE HOSES." SMALL POX IN VANCOUVER. FIRE BRIGADE.

"Did you ever hear of the 'Battle of the Hoses'? That's what I call it. You see, we had small pox; they said it came from Victoria, and when Capt. Johnny Irving came in with his boat from Victoria, the police would not let the passengers land. Capt. Irving was going to land his passengers, but they sent for the fire brigade, and turned the hose on his lines to stop him, but the Captain retaliated by turning on his steam hose on them. The firemen won, and Capt. Irving had to take his boat up the Inlet. I think he went up to Hastings Townsite.

"WATER STREET DANCES."

"They called them 'balls,' but they weren't balls. (Mrs. Lefevre had been, as a young and beautiful lady, a guest of Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Dufferin; visited them at their Government House, Ottawa, before coming to the coast.) "They were held in some room on Water Street or Powell Street, or somewhere down there. There was no dressing rooms, and the decorations were so funny; first a gum boot, then an umbrella, then a lantern, and a gum boot and an umbrella and a lantern; alternately hung on the walls all around the dance hall as decorations."

THE STORM OF JANUARY 1935.

City Archivist: Mrs. Lefevre, may I offer my congratulations on your fortitude and courage at this time last year? You had the sympathy of all Vancouver at that time of tribulation.

Mrs. Lefevre: "Thank you, but the police did not notify me to leave; that's not correct; they have repaired the damage pretty well, but they cannot put my beautiful garden back again."

Water from Capilano first flowed through the pipes at the end of March, 1889. Observe water pipes ready for laying underground lying beside plank roadway. Therefore date of this photo is probably winter of 1888-9, and earlier than March, 1889, S.M.

STR. N. 30 P. 6

STR. N. 30 P. 6

RICHARDS ST ↑

PENDER ST



HASTINGS ST. W. LOOKING EAST FROM SEYMOUR ST.
VANCOUVER. B.C.

P.O.

C.P.R.
Hotel
Teay
Carroll on Hastings

Bank of Montreal on corner
Bank of British Columbia inside same
in
bldg

↑ Bank of B.C. and Bank of Montreal shared
Derk Gable this building
ends Ellesmere Rooms
Pender and Homer

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. (DR.) LEFEVRE, AT “LANGARAVINE,” CHANCELLOR AND MARINE DRIVE, SATURDAY EVENING, 27 MARCH 1937.

Despite Mrs. Lefevre's great age, she is quite active, moves freely, has full possession of her faculties, is delightfully gracious and courtly; as charming and as amiable and also as beautiful an old lady as there is in all British Columbia. She complains of not having been “very well” this winter. Her guests for the Easter holidays were Miss O'Reilly, Mrs. O'Reilly, (Judge O'Reilly's family), Mrs. Morrison, and a young lady; all from Victoria.

COAL HARBOUR. CANADA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Mrs. Lefevre said: “When we first came—in 1886—to Vancouver, Dr. Lefevre wrote to the Canada Life asking to be appointed examiner for them in Vancouver. He received a reply saying that they would be very glad to appoint him if they knew where Coal Harbour was—or Cold Harbour, as they called it—that they had consulted every map of North America they could find, but could not locate where ‘Cold Harbour’ was.”

Copy of lower portion of letter; upper portion is missing. (In Lefevre file.)

We have not opened an agency at Cold Harbour, B.C. (?). Will you kindly tell me the exact location of this place, as I am unable to find it in any map or Gazetteer at my disposal. We shall be happy to keep the name of the gentleman you refer to in view in case of an agency being opened there.

Yours truly,

Alex Ramsay.
Superintendent

9/2/89

(Note: Alexander Gillespie Ramsay was president and managing director of The Canada Life Assurance Company, at Toronto, in 1886.)

“DISCOVERY BEACH.” “POOKCHA BEACH.” “WASHOUT BEACH.”

I reminded Mrs. Lefevre that she had been requested by the Town Planning Commission to select a name for the new beach which had formed below her home as the result of the storm of January-February 1935, washing away a great section of the cliff, including a large portion of her beautiful garden. And, that I had been delegated to obtain the name selected.

After considerable discussion by the fireside, in which the other ladies joined, and during which Mrs. O'Reilly created much merriment by suggesting that it be named “Washout,” Mrs. Lefevre finally selected “Discovery Beach” for the reasons that (1) it was near the point—within a reasonable distance—where Capt. Vancouver anchored that ship, (2) that it was possible that his men actually landed there for water, (3) that it must have been from near that point of vantage that Capt. Vancouver first saw the site of the city named in his honour, and, as a minor reason, the fact that we, the citizens of Vancouver, have but recently discovered the beach.

“GIRLS BEAUTIFUL AT ALL AGES.”

As she invited me to be seated beside her, before the glowing open fire of burning bark, I remarked that “How very well you look,” and she answered, “Do you think so! I have not been well all this winter, and shall be glad when the spring comes.” I answered that I was not so very great an admirer of the smooth beauty of youth; that I believed I had a greater esteem and veneration for the beauty of old age with its wrinkles, worn into their place by the trials and tribulations of many sorrows. Then I related the story of an old gentleman who, forty years ago, as we sat on a verandah in the cool brilliance of a summer's eve, watching a dainty little lady of seven or eight years, a little doll gowned in snow white lace frock, trip down the street before us, had replied to my observation, “Don't little girls look beautiful,” that “They are beautiful at all ages.”

Mrs. Lefevre smiled graciously and observed, “I like that man.”

CAPILANO ESTATES, LIMITED. WEST VANCOUVER.

Memo of conversation, over the phone, with former Reeve W.H. Lembke, also former Alderman of Vancouver, now in the real estate business at Vancouver. Mr. Lembke called at my home this afternoon, found me out, so called me on the phone this evening. During the conversation he said: (30 April 1938)

Mr. Lembke said: "I was talking yesterday to Harvey, of Loewen and Harvey; old Mr. Harvey is dead; it was his son I was talking to; his firm is on the list of real estate agents to whom the Capilano Estates send information of the lots sold by the Capilano Estates—to notify them what properties are off the list when a sale has been made—and Harvey told me that on the list he received two weeks ago it showed that, up to that date, about thirteen lots had been sold, and eleven of them were all in a group down below the Golf Links; there is a group of young fellows, or something, who have sort of clubbed together, and bought some of the lots selling around \$1,500 or \$2,000. They other two lots have been sold, one to Ghent Davis, and someone else—I don't know his name.

"Then I was at the Municipal Hall, West Vancouver, and asked the Building Inspector, and he tells me that so far two permits to build have been taken out; that's all he knows of; just two houses, and Ghent Davis' is one.

"And about A.J.T. Taylor. He's gone and built a home out at Kew Beach; cost about \$50,000; hasn't got confidence in his own subdivision; it's four or five miles from the Capilano Estates property.

"I'll tell you. From what I hear it is not the Guinness money that is in the Capilano Estates, but a lot of private money subscribed; subscribed by private people in England. Guinness might have some money in it, but I think, from bits that I pick up, that Guinness' money may be in the bridge, but I don't think it is in the property.

"I am afraid we are going to hear more about the Capilano Estates. I am afraid it's going to be another black eye for Vancouver, and for Canada.

"And, think of the full page advertisements published, and the front page stuff in the *News-Herald*; why the lots sold to date won't pay for the advertising."

J.S. Matthews.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER AVENUE.

Memo of conversation with F.G. Lewis, formerly of Lewis and Sills, Westminster Avenue, now Main Street, retired, and resident at 1236 West 10th Avenue. Mrs. F.G. Lewis is president, 1936, of the Woman's Canadian Club.

Mr. Lewis: "At the back of our hardware store was an old building, very old and very dirty and dilapidated, with four rooms upstairs, and four rooms downstairs; we rented the rooms at about four dollars per month to a nondescript lot of tenants; we went there in 1901, and purchased the hardware business from Malvina Coudron, we bought the land in 1907.

"I am not sure that our store, which was right up to Westminster Avenue, was the first Baptist church. A platform upstairs led me to assume that the old church at the back of the property, as shown in the fire insurance map of 1889, had been raised by putting an addition under it, and moved from the back of the lot to the level of the street line, but I am not sure. The old church may have been the building at the back; I do not know.

"Each of the eight rooms in the old back building was heated with a little cook stove, and a five inch stove pipe led from each to the chimney; there was a primitive sort of bathroom upstairs, and another down.

"It may be that the old back building which we rented to roomers, and not our store in front of it, was the first Baptist church in Vancouver." (See Mrs. Ruth Morton narrative.)

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH W.R. LORD, 21 AUGUST 1934.

MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY. FIRST BURIAL.

"Hirschberg committed suicide in the attic of the Leland Hotel; he was the first burial in Mountain View. His grave is on the top of the knoll, it is right close to the fence on what is now 34th Avenue, old Bodwell Road." (See F.W. Hart and H.E. Ridley.) Mrs. David Evans denies location of grave; Mr. Lord admits he never saw it.

COAL. TRAIL TO SPRATT'S OILERY.

"The old trail from Gastown to Spratt's Oilery ran along the edge of the top of the bluff overlooking the water, that would be a few yards north of the present Hastings Street West. The coal seams, or rather one of them, was west of the Saltery; just exactly where is hard to say but about the foot of Bute Street, down near the edge of the tide; the tide did not flow over it. I was never there; when I saw it, it was when I was passing in a row boat. I don't remember any coal prospect down near the Granville Hotel, Water Street." (See J.H. Scales, etc., also Admiralty Chart No. 1922.)

SQUATTERS.

"McGregor—I have told you about him previously—squatted on Lot 7, Block IV, Old Granville Townsite, and got it. I squatted on Lot 9, Block III, but they scared me out, and I did not get it. I helped McGregor cut a trail from about the corner of Abbott and Water Street" (see J.B. Henderson) "to his squatter's lot at about the corner of Cambie and Cordova; just a narrow trail you could squeeze through, straight from point to point—as straight as you could cut it."

TRAILS. GRANVILLE.

"There was the greatest lot of big trees down there along Water and Cordova Street you ever saw; great big spruce trees, seven or eight feet thick; I remember when the C.P.R. came through they cut some down ten or eleven feet through." (See Pat Myers, Jas. McWhinnie, George Cary.)

MRS. SULLIVAN. METHODIST CHURCH.

(See Rev. C.M. Tate, etc., and photo No. C.V., N. Port. 68.)

"Mrs. Sullivan was a grand old lady. She was not a negro, she was a mulatto; so was Mr. Sullivan."

PENDER STREET CAR LINE.

"Did it not ever strike you as peculiar that the first street car line west of Granville should run down Pender Street, along the edge of a district instead of down the middle. Well the reason that was done was because the old Post Office was erected on the" (southwest) "corner of Pender and Granville, and the car line led to the Post Office, and saved them walking."

PHOTOGRAPH, “SPRATT’S FISHERY, COAL HARBOUR,” IN PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES, VICTORIA, B.C.

Memorandum of conversation with Mr. W.R. Lord, also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.

SPRATT’S FISHERY. SPRATT’S OILERY.

Mr. Lord: “The date of this photograph” (looking at copy of “Spratt’s Fishery, Coal Harbour”) “is 1884, because this two-storey building under construction at the back was under construction while I was there. I worked there in the fall of 1883 and spring of 1884, and it was in the spring of 1884 that I worked on that building, which, as you can see in the photograph, is under construction.” (See photo P. Bu. 42, N. Bu. 37.)

FIRST HOSPITALS, BURRARD INLET. MRS. EMILY SUSAN PATTERSON.

(See Crakanthorp papers and *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.)

City Archivist (J.S.M.): Was Mrs. Patterson a very good woman, Mr. Lord?

Mr. Lord: (positively) “You bet she was.”

1 October 1935

J.S. Matthews

City Archivist

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH W.R. LORD, PIONEER, WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES TO LOOK OVER A PHOTO MARKED “GASTOWN 1884,” 26 AUGUST 1938.

CUSTOMS HOUSE. ISAAC JOHNS. LOUIS GOLD.

Mr. Lord said: “Louis Gold had a pretty good store; just west of Sullivan’s store at Gastown; there was a piece of vacant land between his store and Sullivan’s.

“I think Ike Johns was next door, to the west, but I am not sure; he was a man of about three hundred pounds, and I can see him yet, sitting out under the verandah in front of his little office, the Customs House, west, not east, of Sullivan’s, and near the ‘Hole in the Wall,’ just a bit of an office about ten feet by twelve, little bit of a place. I don’t know where he lived, but was under the impression that he lived in the same building as his office, at the west end of Gastown.

“I went to Gastown in October 1882, and in April 1885 went up to Port Moody to work in Burr’s Sawmill, and then in the fall of 1885 went down to Astoria.” (Note: *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, he says he went to Port Moody in fall of 1884, and to Astoria in April 1885.)

THE GREAT FIRE, 13TH JUNE.

“Hodgson, the plumber, who had his tin shop on Water Street about three doors east of Cambie, south side, told me the fire came over right back of his place; that is, about the corner of Cordova and Cambie Street” (where George Cary, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, says it did.) “The wind was almost due west; how could a fire started by Keefer at English Bay be driven to Cordova Street and Water Street, if the wind was west, and the ashes from it fall on the prayer books at Port Moody; it is impossible. The fire did not touch anything much, if anything, west of the Regina Hotel” (southwest corner, Cambie and Water); “look at the photo of ‘Vancouver in ashes,’ and you can see the trees—or what is left of them—alongside of the Regina Hotel still have some branches on.” (See photo P.G.F.4, N.G.F.4.)

SPRATT’S OILERY, ADDITION, 1884. SUNNYSIDE HOTEL, BUILT IN 1884.

“I helped with additions to Spratt’s Oilery in spring of 1884; then helped to build the Sunnyside Hotel—not an addition, but right from the foundation on the beach—and then after that went as engineer to Johnnie Burr’s mill at Port Moody, and then to Astoria in spring of 1885; worked on a couple of boats, and in the fall of 1886 went to San Francisco, as third engineer on S.S. *Umatilla*, Seattle to Frisco with coal—a freighter then, afterwards a passenger ship; then went to Skeena River to the British America Cannery at Port Essington, and got to Vancouver in August 1886, after the ‘Great Fire.’”

**MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH W.R. LORD, ESQ., PIONEER OF GASTOWN, 5 OCTOBER 1882,
AT CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, VANCOUVER.**

(Note: United States S.S. *Shubrick*, W.R. Lord, and his brother, Harry C., are referred to in Lewis and Dryden's *Marine History of Pacific North West*, p. 84, 101, 193, 337, 407, 478.)

S.S. BEAVER.

Major Matthews: Good morning, Mr. Lord, just the man I am looking for. The *Beaver*, you know the *Beaver*, there's an article been written about her (in the *B.C. Historical Quarterly*, July 1938, p. 168, 182) which says she had a working pressure on her boilers of only two and a half pounds to the square inch. What do you think?

Mr. Lord: (deliberately) "Two and one half pounds could not be a working pressure; there is no power in two and a half pounds even although it is a low pressure cylinder."

Major Matthews: Maybe. I think it was Capt. Pamphlett who said twelve and a half.

Mr. Lord: "She was what was called a beam engine boat. The engine stood perpendicularly; you see, it says here in this letter that the second person says she could run when her gauge showed no pressure whatever. That would be impossible. How could they start? The engine has got to work a while before they get any vacuum at all. I doubt if she would move at two and a half pounds. How is she going to turn over her wheels in the water with two and a half pounds? How overcome the water resistance against the paddles?

"My brother was chief engineer on the United States ship *Shubrick*, a lighthouse tender, she's shown in Lewis and Dryden's book; so is my brother, and so am I; I went with him from Olympia to Astoria; I was just a passenger; she was running all the time at 40 pounds, but when we were landing, I noticed the gauge did not show any pressure; she was working on a vacuum while she was landing; that is, there was no pressure showing on the gauge, but then, she *had the vacuum* because she had been running, and in her running she had created the vacuum. If there was the least bit of a leak around the piston there would be no vacuum. If she was perfectly tight, she would *hold her vacuum when not running*.

"But, if she had no vacuum, what would she start on? Not on two and a half pounds.

"The steam exhausted into a condenser, a lot—hundreds—of little brass tubes inside a cast iron casing, and cooled off with circulating water pumped out of the sea, and circulating over the outside of the little brass tubes inside which the exhaust steam was flowing. The piston is pushed out to the end of the stroke by the steam direct from the boiler, and the opposite vacuum port opened when the piston was out to full stroke, the vacuum valve opened, and the vacuum sucked the piston back up, or down, whichever it was.

"Steam was working on one end of the piston, and the vacuum on the opposite end of the piston.

"Then, when the pump took the condensed water out of the brass tubes and delivered it back into the boiler, that created the vacuum. One inch of vacuum is equivalent to half pound pressure."

Major Matthews: How many inches could they get?

Mr. Lord: "It's a long time ago; I'm not sure; but the vacuum on the *Shubrick* was twenty-five or twenty-six inches, but everything would have to be perfectly tight to get that. I was told recently, by Mr. Anderson, who is now chief engineer of the *Princess Elizabeth*, that he has known of twenty-nine inches."

Major Matthews: What about 784 pounds of coal per hour?

Mr. Lord: "I shouldn't wonder. But I don't see how the *Beaver* could ever work on two and a half pounds. I was a marine engineer on two boats on the Columbia River, and three boats here—all before 1895." (See Lewis and Dryden.)

Mr. Lord: (continuing) "The way I claim they had no vacuum to start with, is because the air pump on these beam engines is worked off the main engine. I don't know what a 'D' valve is, but I'll tell you how they work.

“These engines are only singles engines, and the crank is on a paddle wheel, and you’ve got to overcome that pressure before you can turn her over at all. In starting the engine, they would work the valve with a bar; they watched the crank until it got into a certain position, then they opened the valve by hand with a bar until the boat is in motion, then they hook the valve onto the eccentric and after that, the eccentric automatically opens the valve. How could they start up if they had no pressure in the boiler, and two and a half pounds is not sufficient to start paddle wheels in the water.”

Major Matthews: How many times would you manhandle the valve with the bar?

Mr. Lord: “It all depends upon how long it took her to get speed up after she left the dock. If they were successful in getting her away from the dock it would not take long—it would depend upon the number of times she had to back and fill—getting away; if she got straight away it would be, well, all of twenty turns. You see, as soon as she gets out of dead water, the wheel is helping the crank over, and as soon as they get speed enough, then they hook onto the eccentric.”

Major Matthews: How do they hook?

Mr. Lord: “Just lower the eccentric strap onto the eccentric.”

Major Matthews: Tell me a bit about the engine.

Mr. Lord: “Well, she had a great big cylinder set perpendicular with the piston out of the top, and the exhaust out of the bottom. The steam was fed in through two ports, one top and one bottom, on one side of the cylinder, and opposite, on the other side of the cylinder were two vacuum ports, one top and one bottom. The exhaust steam was piped to the condenser tubes, cooled with flowing sea water, and the vacuum thus created was piped back to the vacuum ports on the cylinder, and sucked the piston back.

“The piston was attached to one end of the rocking arm by a crosshead, and short connecting rod to the arm, or walking beam, and the walking beam oscillated on a shaft, and the other end of the walking beam was attached by a connecting rod to the crank on the main shaft, and the wheels were on the outboard ends of the main shaft.

“The eccentric strap dropped down on the eccentric on its shaft. When working with the bar, the eccentric strap was raised off the eccentric; when in motion, it was lowered. There was a groove in the strap, and a tongue on the circumference of the eccentric (to prevent lateral motion) and the eccentric strap fell on the eccentric of its own weight—it had weights added to the end—and when in motion, open both steam and vacuum valves.”

Major Matthew: How about oil? What did you swab the rod with?

Mr. Lord: “Tallow, set around, and packed up against the rod, and dogfish oil on the shafting, or lard oil, but lard oil was so expensive. Never used lard oil or dogfish on the rod.

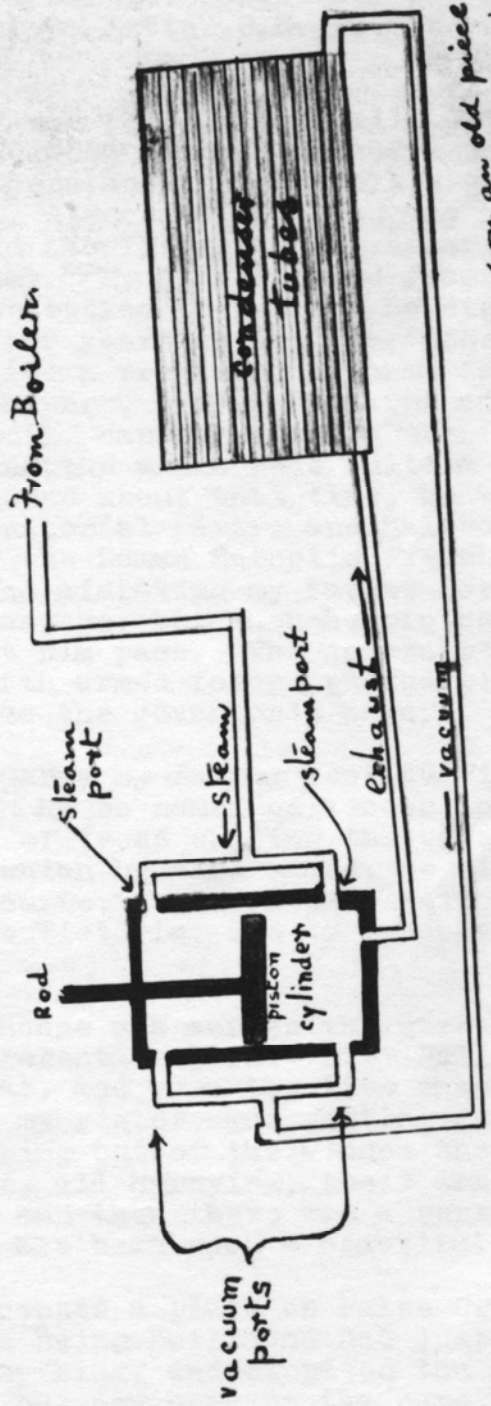
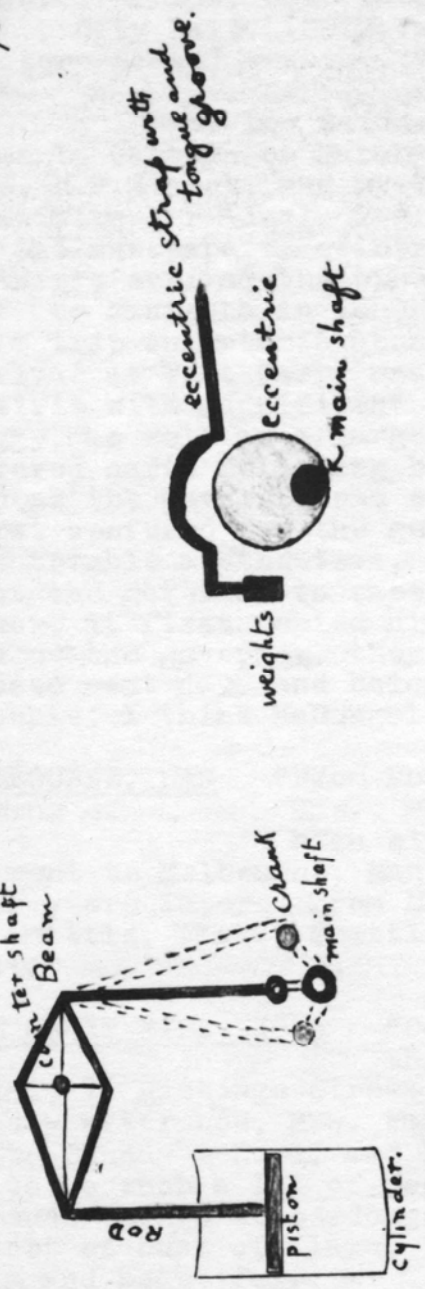
“One thing I do know, the *Shubrick* carried forty pounds of steam, but she would actually run on ten pounds, with the assistance of the vacuum.”

As narrated to me, 5 October 1938.

J.S. Matthews.

W. R. Lord
Page 40A

Tracing over a crude pencil drawing by W. R. Lord, of beam engine.



From scratchings on an old piece of paper by W. R. Lord, pioneer engineer
J. S. Matthews
5th Oct - 1938

Conversation re S.S. "Beaver"
To go at page 40, conversation W. R. Lord, 5 Oct. 1938

Item # EarlyVan_v5_013

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. J.H. LOW, NÉE MATILDA ALCOCK, WIDOW OF THE LATE JOHN HALLOWES LOW, NOW OF 1118 MELVILLE STREET, FORMERLY OF 2758 MATHERS AVENUE, WEST VANCOUVER, WHERE SHE LIVES WITH HER DAUGHTER, MRS. S.L. DAVEY.

Her son is Major J.R. Low, 6826 Laburnum Street, Vancouver, and Electrical Department, City Hall. (29th Battalion, C.E.F., and 67th Western Scots.)

Mrs. Low said: "I was born in Mitchell, Ontario, and came to Gastown on March 8th 1886. My mother was a widow, Mrs. M.J. Alcock, and my brothers and sisters—all eight of us came with her—including T.C. Alcock, who as you may have read in the newspapers, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Mother's arrival the other day. My father moved from Mitchell, Ontario to Manitoba in 1869 and settled there, and he died whilst on a trip to Ontario about four years later. My father's arrival at Fort Garry was quite a progress; he came across the prairie with magnificent transport, a fine democrat and a fine buggy, as well as a large family carriage, and about fifty covered carts following behind; the whole made quite a parade, and as the governor was expected about that time, he was at first confused for the gubernatorial party, and halted. There was trouble at the time, and the Roman Catholic French did not want the governor to pass, and mistaking my father for the governor, at first denied him passage, but when he protested he was not the governor, they let him pass. The governor's party passed the next day, and being with armed force, passed without trouble; I think McDougall was the governor's name."

NAMING OF MELBOURNE, MANITOBA.

"From Fort Garry my father went to Highbluff, Manitoba, which he so named on account of the high bluff of trees shading the river, then he went to Melbourne, Manitoba, which he also named; he died about four years later. From Melbourne, Manitoba, we came west via rail to Seattle, Washington, Seattle to Victoria, and to Vancouver by boat."

THE GREAT FIRE, 1886.

"Our house was across the street from the present Temporary City Hall" (Holden Building), "16 Hastings Street East, and when the fire came that Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Ward, my sister, was getting ready to go to Sunday School, and looking out of the window there seemed to be such a lot of people, all hurrying, their arms full of such things as birdcages, and then there was a burst; just a sort of burst of flames. It had been such a beautiful morning, calm and beautiful.

"After the fire we rented a place on False Creek; the house was not a house, it was being built and had just the shape up, but we fixed up something, and slept on the floor, all of us—and then we built our new home on the same place where we had been burned down.

"My brother Jack was quite a sport, and when he ran from the fire he picked up a valise, it was full of cartridges; he thought perhaps he would shoot something, perhaps to eat, for food; my uncle, William Small, my mother's brother, was with him when he started off, and my uncle was quite a care, so he dropped the valise quite near the road, and helped my uncle along. He left it quite near the road. C.G. Johnson and John Boulton came along and they were suffocating with smoke and heat, and chanced to lay face down on the ground beside the valise. Luckily the cartridges were pointed the other way" (in the valise), "for presently they went off with the heat; exploded. If they had not been faced the other way they would have injured, perhaps killed, Johnson and Boulton. Gardner Johnson told about it at one of the pioneer meetings, and he said, 'I'd just like to know who put that valise there; I have something to say to him,' so, as we were coming away from the meeting, my sister told him it belonged to Jack, and he laughed.

"I was told to get Louise out of the house—she was poorly—and take her down to False Creek—the road to the False Creek bridge ran across country then, so I got Louise and her parcel. By the time we got there, two more sisters came after us, and I said, 'Where's Mother?' They said she had stopped on the chance that someone might come along and pick up some of our belongings in a wagon, and then while we were talking, Mother came along with my eldest sister, and Mother was without a bonnet. My sister told me the sparks had got on it and it took fire on Mother's head, and her bonnet had gone up in flames.

T.C. Alcock, he stayed at our house on Hastings Street—his home was beside ours—to the last minute, and then started off; he fell, and brother Jack went back to find him, and found him lying face down on the ground unconscious. Brother Jack and Mr. Low, afterwards my husband, carried him to False Creek, and laid him down on the sand. False Creek was awfully nice at that time; nice sandy beaches. Well, T.C. Alcock, my brother, laid there on the beach unconscious for *four* hours.”

FALSE CREEK SANDY BEACH. C.P.R. TOWNSITE. CLEARING FOREST. CAMBIE STREET.

“There was nothing cleared on the other side of Cambie Street when we came; it was all forest beyond Cambie.” (Look up Schetky and see what he says; also see Barker photo.) “A little house, built like a shanty, a little tool shed used by the men clearing the ground, was on the other side of Cambie Street about Homer.”

J.H. LOW. AIR BRAKE.

“My husband was working for the C.P.R. at North Bend; he invented the air brake, the one they have on the railway cars, but he got nothing for it; his claim was investigated but they did not allow it, and then, one day, when he was working on a locomotive connection rod, he told them to ease it over, but they let the piston head drop, and it hit him on the head, and when he came home he tried to hide from me that his cap was full of blood, but I noticed it, and he told me to say nothing about it. But he always suffered, and finally they performed an operation and took a piece of his skull out so that when he leaned down the skin bulged with the weight of the brain. He finally died in the Westminster Asylum for the Insane. He was a very strong man.”

ARRIVAL FIRST TRAIN VANCOUVER, 23 MAY 1887.

“Mr. Low, my husband, was a foreman at Kamloops, and he decorated the first engine, No. 374, coming into Vancouver, May 23, 1887.

“I was nineteen when we came to Vancouver in March 1886, and was married to Mr. Low in 1887; married in our own home by the Rev. C.L. Thompson, the Presbyterian minister.

“My eldest sister, Mary Ann Alcock, was one of the first nurses in the wooden City Hospital on Beatty Street; Miss Crickmay was there too. I knew Mr. Owen Hughes very well.

“My eldest daughter died when she was seventeen; my other daughter is Mrs. S.L. Davey, of West Vancouver; she has three children. John Davey, my grandson, works at the ‘Safeway Stores,’ head office.”

Read and approved by Mrs. J.H. Low whilst at City Archives, 21 July 1936.

J.S. Matthews
City Archivist.

Whilst Mrs. Low was listening to the above being read to her, the Golden Jubilee pageant for the day—bands, stage coach, soldiers—passed eastwards along Hastings Street before the site of her old home of 1886, and as she gazed down upon it from the City Hall windows, she soliloquised on the marvel of the scene before her. Only fifty years ago she strolled about on the same site, then nothing more than a new forest clearing of swamp and stumps. The Alcock home, of which she was a daughter, was at the northeast corner of Carrall and Hastings, but on Hastings Street at a point almost directly opposite the present City Hall, 16 Hastings Street East.

J.S. Matthews
City Archivist.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. THEODORE LUDGATE, 30 JULY 1936.

Widow of Theodore Ludgate, of the celebrated "Deadman's Island" lease and reading of the Riot Act there, at City Archives, Mrs. Ludgate is a guest at the Elysium Hotel, Pender Street West, and visiting Vancouver for the Golden Jubilee.

DEADMAN'S ISLAND. THEODORE LUDGATE.

Mrs. Ludgate: "I was a bride at the time. I married Mr. Ludgate at the home of R.R. Hall, M.P., Peterborough, Ontario, on October 1st 1898, about the time of the fire which destroyed New Westminster, and then, in October 1898, we came to Vancouver. Mr. Ludgate's first wife had been an invalid for about seven years, then died, and he was very much upset about it. He had built a mill or two in Michigan and Illinois, then the Corn Exchange National Bank of Chicago asked him to build a mill for them, and he was to go and find a site somewhere; there were some young men associated with the bank, or their fathers or something were, and they wanted the young men to learn the lumbering business; it looked to be a good investment; they would be producing something."

HARRY HEMLOW.

"So, Mr. Ludgate came to Vancouver, and quite without prearrangement, met an old friend, Mr. Harry Hemlow" (formerly leaser, famous Sunnyside Hotel, and alderman on the first City Council, 1886, and one time purchasing agent, B.C. Electric Railway) "and Mr. Hemlow said, 'Why not build on Deadman's Island?' The whole thing originated with Mr. Hemlow's suggestion. That was the winter of 1898-1899; January 1899."

DEATH OF LUDGATE.

"We came back to Vancouver twice afterwards. Theodore built a number of mills. After he left Vancouver the first time, he went to Seattle and built the Seattle Lumber Co, and several mills in the interior of B.C.; the Big Bend Lumber Co.; then he brought in the Bowman Lumber Co.; and the mills at Revelstoke and Arrowhead. Then he lost his money, and died suddenly of a broken heart some twenty years ago. He went to visit a friend in Ontario, but on arrival said he was not feeling very well; Col. Wm. McBain at Camp Borden, it was 1918, said to 'Go out in the garden and rest, I will be out in a minute or so,' so Theodore got as far as the door, then fell down and died. His mother is buried in the same grave in Peterborough, Ontario."

ARREST OF LUDGATE.

"I was terribly frightened. A great big policeman, Mr. Murphy, came to the house, and tried to persuade Theodore not to cut the trees on Deadman's Island, but Theodore replied, 'I've got five hundred axes all ready.' I feared they might kill him. Then I saw the buggy coming, and his hands were fastened." (She demonstrated as in prayer.) "No, they did not put him in jail. Mr. J.B. Williams, your former City Solicitor, has recently written a nice article about it; it was quite nicely written, but I do wish someone would tell the truth; write a nice story and tell the truth about our grand men; dear old Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. George Maxwell, the member. Why, all they wanted to do was to do something; make something. It was outrageous, why, they even had the school children who could hardly write their names, 'printing' their baby names on petitions, and they canvassed signatures, house to house." (Mrs. Ludgate spoke with forceful, but controlled, emotion.)

LUDGATE OF ALBERNI CANAL.

City Archivist: Mrs. Ludgate, did you ever hear of a Ludgate on Alberni Canal; there is a story or rumour that, early in 1864, the first child born on Alberni Canal was a Ludgate child, and that he had some connection with Mr. Ludgate of Deadman's Island?

Mrs. Ludgate: "Noooo, I don't think I do; I don't think his family had any interest on Alberni Canal.

"Oh, yes! That reminds me; isn't there a place called Port Alberni? Theodore's mother told me her brother, or brother-in-law, or something, went to Port Alberni in very early days, and from there went to Honolulu. I think, oh, that must have been long, long ago; before the '80s; he died an old man many, many years ago. He may be the one buried in San Diego."

Read and approved by Mrs. Ludgate, 14 August 1936.

The Heroine of Moodyville



AN EPIC OF BURRARD INLET

1883

Item # EarlyVan_v5_014



MRS. JOHN PEABODY PATTERSON, *nee* Emily Susan Branscombe, a beloved and practical woman who reached Hastings Sawmill, April, 1873, Moodyville Sawmill, 1874; a "Lady of Grace of St. John" in a wilderness of verdure (Burrard Inlet); a "Dame Hospitaller" alike to Indians and Whites prior to hospitals and resident doctors; mother of the first white child born, 26 February, 1864, at (Stamp's Sawmill), Alberni, B. C. Obit. at Vancouver, 12 November, 1909, 74 years.

Item #EarlyVan_v5_015

"THE HEROINE OF MOODYVILLE"

AN EPIC OF BURRARD INLET, 1883

NORA M. DUNCAN

1936

Mrs. John Peabody Patterson, a beloved and practical woman, came to Burrard Inlet in 1873; was mother of the first white child born at Stamp's Mill, Alberni, B. C., 1864. She was a "Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem" to injured and ailing, Indians and whites alike, in a wilderness as yet without established hospitals or resident doctors. Word came to Moodyville that Mrs. Erwin, keeper's wife at Point Atkinson lighthouse, ten miles distant and inaccessible by land, was dangerously ill.

In 1883 the north shore of Burrard Inlet, now North and West Vancouver, was a rocky terrain of trail-less forest, an impenetrable tangle of undergrowth, impassable swamp, and unfordable stream; access to the lighthouse was by water only. A gale was raging in English Bay; the masters of the paddlewheel tugboats counselled delay, the risk was great, and dusk was falling. The Squamish Indian Chinaiet offered his dugout canoe, and together they paddled into the blackness of the storm and night, reaching the lighthouse as dawn broke.

Auth.: City Archives, City Hall.

When forests crowned Pacific slopes where now Vancouver stands,
The moccasin trod hidden trails through dense unbroken lands
And swift canoes cleft silent seas along the lonely strands.

In Moodyville where sawmill hummed and barques at anchor lay,
Of bravery a tale is told—its glory lives today
And lights historic memories with torch of golden ray.

Around this dauntless deed thoughts weave and burning words unfold
To tell of one who courted death a lonely tryst to hold,
When hope waxed dim and dark despair hovered in aspect cold.

From Atkinson's¹ far point had come two Indians with the news:
"The lighthouse keeper's wife² is ill—there is no time to lose!
A doctor send, or else a nurse, who swiftly cometh. Choose!"

The word goes forth, the jetty throngs with settlers come to hear,
Their weathered faces grave concern in feeling tribute wear—
Alas, no doctor—he has gone on urgent case afar!

The mill grows silent, pike poles lie neglected by the flume;
The peavy waits a practised hand its cunning to resume
As loggers, caulked and mackinawed, desert the floating boom.

And while they speak the waters heave and thunder's muttering word
Forbids a passage o'er the Bay, to sudden frenzy stirred,
While driven gulls seek inland rest, their startled cries unheard.

Now as wild gusts with shrouding mists the fading landscape veil,
And sombre night her mantle casts on dying daylight pale—
The gentle Mistress Patterson hears of the tragic tale.

The wife of sawmill master she, forever by his side,
On horse or foot, in staunch canoe, had travelled far and wide,
And pioneer vicissitudes her presence dignified.

Beloved was she in rancherie³ and scattered settlement,
Her touch akin to miracle, her life a kindness spent,
A refuge in the wilderness, a foster-mother lent!

So thus the people, knowing well her fortitude of yore,
Turn hastily with troubled step to knock upon her door,
And of her understanding aid they earnestly implore.

As sadly visions pleading rise of one who suffers there
In isolated rocky keep, far from physician's care,
Her spirit yearns, compassionate, that fight with death to share.

The darkness falls, the wind blows wet, heavy with sheets of rain,
Against the lighthouse on the Point where keeper's wife has lain
In fevered sickness, without hand to soothe the burning pain.

“THE HEROINE OF MOODYVILLE”

“Oh, God,” deliriously she prays, “must I in torment be?
Dear Lord, is no one brave enough to cross through storm to me?”
Laden her weak and wailing cry with mournful misery.

Black is the Inlet, seething seas fling hungry arms on high!
The gale sweeps through the Narrows and lightning rips the sky!
While under lee of sawmill wharf the paddle tug boats lie.

Their captains scan the frowning heav'ns, “’Tis fools push off tonight!
We cannot face those surging seas that beat in monstrous might
Upon the cliffs and rockbound coast of Atkinson’s great light!”

“Oh, pity! pity! Who will go with me on errand blest?”
Ah, daughter of a valiant race, thy life to good confessed!
Wouldst dare the tumult of the winds that suffering find rest?

“No! No!” the hoary captains said; but up spake Indian brave:
“With me you go, most merciful, a dying one to save—
Chinalset strong, a Squamish⁴ son, fears not the leaping wave!”

And as they pass from foaming crest to foaming crest tossed high,
A tiny speck upon the sea, revealed by fork-ripped sky,
The hours to those upon the shore are slowly creeping by.

The paddles swing and dipping meet the lift of swelling tide,
Then lost to sight, engulfed between black billows brimming wide,
Until it seems no earthly hope their little craft can guide.

Drenched with the clinging salted spray, frozen with icy wind,
Rising and falling in the gloom that swathes of darkness bind,
They bravely battle with the storm the gleaming lamp to find.

On land the watchers, huddled, wait and offer fervent prayer—
But in the dugout⁵, tossed like cork, the woman shows no fear,
And searches strange abysmal dusk to see SKAY-witsut⁶ near.

Lo, now red Phoebus heralds day across the eastern sky,
And silently the mighty waves in still submission lie—
To sink into the ocean’s depth as morning cometh nigh.

And in the birth of rosy dawn, thro’ rift of parting cloud,
In sudden white proximity, the lighthouse looming proud
Reveals to nerve-wracked voyagers its noble form unbowed.

And then unfolded through the haze of quickly breaking day
A nestling cove⁷ with shining sands in golden welcome lay,
That drew them to its sheltered beach beneath rock bastions gray.

The keeper waits with fearful heart to guide them carefully
O’er roughened trail; by thicket deep, by darkling forest tree—
Until with weary gratefulness the lighthouse door they see.

Thus soon our Mistress Patterson above the sufferer bends
And by her touch and healing grace soft, restful slumber lends,
As from her heart Doxology unto her God ascends!

¹Point Atkinson lighthouse. ²Mrs. Walter Erwin. ³Indian village. ⁴Indian aborigines of Vancouver. ⁵Cedar canoe hollowed by stone implements and fire. ⁶SKAY-witsut. Indian name for Point Atkinson. ⁷Formerly Skunk Cove, now Caulfeild.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. GABRIEL LYCETT, NÉE NELLIE CARD, 221 RENFREW STREET SOUTH, AND A DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE EARLIEST EMPLOYEES OF THE HASTINGS SAWMILL, AND ONE OF THE CHILDREN SHOWN IN THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF HASTINGS SCHOOL, 11 JUNE 1886.

MRS. JOHN PEABODY PATTERSON. "THE HEROINE OF MOODYVILLE."

Mrs. Lycett said: "Mrs. Patterson was a wonderful woman. I recall how, when I was a child, and suffering from croup, she would come in the middle of the night and attend to me. I recall the occasion when she went off to Point Atkinson with an Indian in a canoe; none of the whites would go; they were fearful of the storm, but she went off with the Indian in his canoe." (Note: this gallant incident has been recorded in poetry by Mrs. Nora M. Duncan, 154 East Windsor Road, North Vancouver, and published in the Vancouver General Hospital *Nurses' Annual*, 1936, and also in the *Chatelaine* for June 1936.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN HAROLD (HARRY) MACEY, PRINCE RUPERT, (SHOE BUSINESS), NOW ON A VISIT TO VANCOUVER, AND STAYING WITH HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. GILLIES, 2925 WEST FOURTEENTH AVENUE, POINT GREY, 30 APRIL 1936.

Records show that Mrs. Macey, his mother, arrived in Granville, B.I. on 1 March 1886; her sister-in-law, Alice Macey, on 1 April 1886. Mr. John H. Macey is the second son of S.T. Macey, and Margaret, née Collins. His mother, now aged 80, is living in Prince Rupert, and for her age is very active. Her three children, all sons, are living.

FIRST BOY BORN IN VANCOUVER, 31 MAY 1886.

Mr. Macey said: "My eldest brother, Frederick Charles Macey, 4546 West Ninth Avenue, Point Grey" (no phone) "was born in Vancouver on May 31st 1886, somewhere on False Creek down towards the Bridge Hotel, I think, Westminster Avenue" (His Worship T.F. Neelands says, "Hastings Street, north side, between Columbia and Westminster Avenue") "and was first boy born in Vancouver; he is a metal worker and now working of the Canadian National Hotel, Georgia Street; Mother is now 80, and very active for her years. I (John Harold) was born in Vancouver May 29th 1888, and my younger brother William later; he is now living in Prince Rupert.

"At one time, when there was that big parade on some holiday in Vancouver and Miss Jackson" (Mrs. Gitchell of the B.C. Electric Railway) "rode in the parade through the streets" (of Vancouver), "they wanted my brother to ride in the carriage too, but he would not go."

COPY OF LETTER, DATED 27 APRIL 1936, FROM HIS MOTHER, MRS. MARGARET MACEY, PRINCE RUPERT.

General Delivery,
Prince Rupert, B.C.,
April 27, 1936.

As one of the pioneers of Vancouver, I would like to give my experience of the big fire.

When my first child Fred Macey was only thirteen days old, I was sitting in the house when one of my neighbors, a Mrs. Holden, ran in to tell me that the town was on fire and that I had better get out. I quickly pulled a colored tablecloth off the table and wrapped it around the baby, and carried him through Chinatown, but as I was too weak to carry him any farther, his Aunt Alice Macey took him and carried him to False Creek bridge. My husband's father then took me by the arm and kept urging me on, otherwise I would have fallen as we were nearly suffocated by the smoke. We managed to get an empty room at the Bridge hotel where we slept on the floor with a quilt for a mattress.

I might say that my husband Sam Macey had gone down to Water St. and when he got there the smoke was so bad he rushed home to change his Sunday clothes so he could help fight the fire. But when he got back to the house, it was on fire and I was gone. He pulled a few things out of the house and threw them down a dry well, one of them being the quilt which I slept on that night. Then he ran through Main St., just a trail, he fell to the ground, overcome by smoke, but

managed to get up again and finally arrived at the hotel with his face badly burnt. Then he went out to see if there were any women around who had no place to sleep, and he brought back enough to fill the room and they all slept on the floor. There was great rejoicing when the men who had been fighting the fire met their wives.

I might say that my son Fred Macey was the first boy born after Vancouver got its name.

Yours sincerely,

[signed] Margaret Macey.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM HENRY MACEY OF VANCOUVER (BROTHER TO SAMUEL THOMAS MACEY, DECEASED, THE FATHER OF THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN VANCOUVER), IN THE PRESENCE OF JOHN HAROLD MACEY, OF PRINCE RUPERT, HIS NEPHEW, AND SAMUEL MACEY'S SECOND SON, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 6 MAY 1936.

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN VANCOUVER, 31 MAY 1886.

Mr. Macey said: "Samuel Thomas Macey was my eldest brother, and we are sons of William Couch Macey and Sarah, née Vincent, of the town of Barry, Ontario; Father came originally from Dartmouth, Devonshire. My father went to Toronto when he was twenty-one; when it was 'Muddy York,' and came over the Atlantic in an old sailing ship; no steamers then. Mother came from the next county east of Devon when she was a little girl. They were married at Richmond Hill, near Toronto. Mother was a Methodist, Father what was known as Independent. They had nine sons and four daughters.

"Samuel, my eldest brother, went to Victoria in 1884; he was the only one of our family in British Columbia then. I came next in February 1885. Then, the first week in March 1886, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thomas Macey, who were married in 1885 in a house in Victoria by the well-known Rev. Pollard, together with Miss Alice Macey and myself, came over to Gastown.

"Frederick Charles Macey was born right over there" (pointing out of the City Archives window, Temporary City Hall, 16 Hastings Street West) "on Hastings Street, north side, between Columbia Street and what was afterwards Westminster Avenue, now Main Street. After the fire, our home stood right up to the level of the street line, and was plastered on its front; in the rear was several shanties as shown here in this map." (Dakin's fire map of Vancouver, November 1889.) "The site is now, I think, about Slater's Meat Market" (119 East Hastings) "but I am not exactly sure. The house, after the fire, was right to the street line, plastered front, one storey, and had shanties in rear."

THE GREAT FIRE, 1886. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"At the time of the fire, we hardly knew what was going to happen; whether the fire would miss our place or not; it was jumping about. You know what Edward Cook says about the roof of the Presbyterian church being on fire before buildings nearer the fire caught fire. As he says, the fire was travelling irregularly. Our building would take fire far ahead of others; in the roofs; the fire was first catching here, then there; we did not know how it would end. So Sam put his wife's and sister's clothing in a trunk, left the trunk outside, and told his wife to leave the trunk where it was while he went down towards Water Street to see how the fire was progressing, and if it was coming our way. In the meantime, Mrs. Macey took her clothes out of the trunk, and put them back in the bureau, and when Sam came back he said to me, 'You take the baby,' and then told me, his wife, his sister Alice, and Father to go down to the False Creek bridge, which we did. After we had gone, Mr. Macey, not knowing that that the trunk had been emptied by his wife, threw the trunk, which should have been full but which was empty, into our dry well."

WATER WELLS. DR. BECKINGSALE. A.C. FERGUSON.

"Dr. Beckingsale lived across Hastings Street from us, and A.C. Ferguson had a house right on the lane behind the present Library.

"After we came to Vancouver we stayed here. As you know I voted at the first election." (He was present at the banquet to the surviving voters of the first election, 3 May 1886, given by the City Council, Hotel Vancouver, 4 May 1936.)

BIRTH OF FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN VANCOUVER.

“Who was nurse at the time of the birth of Fred I do not know, but Dr. Beckingsale was the doctor; I rather think Alice, my father’s sister, helped.”

HIS WORSHIP T.F. NEELANDS.

(His Worship) “Thos. F. Neelands, who was mayor of Vancouver, 1902 and 1903, boarded with us when he came, 1 March 1886, to Vancouver. He was engaged to my sister Nellie in Winnipeg; both are still living, in Vancouver. When Mr. Neelands was sick with typhoid fever, Nellie nursed him. I actually saw Frederick Charles Macey the day he was born in the Macey home on Hastings Street, and that was about two weeks before the fire, because the day of the fire Mrs. Macey was up and about.

“Sam made an arrangement, soon after we came here, with a contractor by the name of Gillies. Gillies owned a lot and Sam made a contract to work out the price of the lot. He had half worked it out when the fire took place, and after the fire Gillies came to him, and said, ‘We have lost everything; I don’t know how I am going to start up again. How about the lot?’ Sam said, ‘I will call that off,’ and gave him the agreement back. Gillies sold the lot to someone and went away, and that was the end of our home on Hastings Street.”

J.S. Matthews.

FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM HENRY MACEY, 8 MAY 1936.

FREDERICK CHARLES MACEY. THE “GREAT FIRE,” 1886.

Mr. Macey said: “The government sent us over a lot of bell tents, and then the Macey family got about ten dollars worth of lumber, and we built a rough lumber shed down on False Creek, just at the west end of Prior Street, where the B.C. Electric Car barns are now. Mrs. Sam Macey and my sister Alice, who came to Victoria from Ontario, with Margaret” (née Collins), “Sam’s wife, as a sort of chaperone, together with the baby” (Frederick Charles Macey) “lived in the bell tent. Sam, my brother, and myself, slept in the shack. Furniture? We made such as we had and could. The City gave away a lot of stuff; some people got everything they wanted, but we asked for nothing except a little food; we got that.”

C. GARDNER JOHNSON.

“About the Fire, and Sam’s escape. He arrived with his face burnt; he was with Gardner Johnson. You look up what Gardner Johnson tells as his experience; Sam, my brother, was the third man who lay down, face in the earth, to escape from the heat of the fire.”

Approved by Mr. Macey, 13 May.

J.S. Matthews.

[LETTER FROM MRS. MARGARET MACEY.]

June 4th, 1936.
General Delivery
Prince Rupert, B.C.

Mr. J.S. Matthews,
City Archivist,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir:

Below I am writing further details of my experience of the Vancouver fire as requested by you.

GREAT FIRE, 13 JUNE 1886. HIS WORSHIP, WM. TEMPLETON.

When we left the hotel we went to a shack that my husband had built. All we had there was a bedstead made of boards nailed to the wall, a bundle of straw spread on the boards for a

mattress, two sheets, one pillow and two quilts. This was much better than the floor in the hotel. We got a cook stove from the relief and groceries from Mr. Templeton. He did all he could for everyone. Our table was a board nailed to the wall in front of the window and we had a bench to sit on. We were there only a short time when the tide came up so high that the water came through the cracks in the floor, so after the fire we were flooded out for awhile, but after the tide went back it did not bother us again while we were there. A neighbor gave me a rocking chair which was a great comfort to me with a young baby. She also gave me a mat to put under my feet. I never appreciated a white rag so much in my life as I did at that time. The shack we lived in was built where the street car workshops are now standing. A little while later my husband went back and built a house on the same lot we lived on before the fire. My husband being a plasterer we had the house plastered inside and out.

FIRST TRAIN. INDIAN CANOES.

I saw the first train come in to Vancouver, and had a ride on the street car the first day they ran.

Fifty years ago there were very few places to go for pleasure. We enjoyed going down to the waterfront near where the C.P.R. station is built now. We used to sit on the logs on the beach where we would watch the Indians parade with their war canoes. [*Note: Dominion Day festivities.*]

When I think of Vancouver as it was fifty years ago in its rough state without even a pretty flower to look at, and as it is today, such a beautiful city and all made by hard working men, I can hardly realize it.

I sure would love to be there this summer to celebrate in the Jubilee, but, owing to financial circumstances, I am afraid I won't be able to make it.

I am enclosing Birth certificates and Statutory Declarations as requested.

Thanking you for your courtesy,

I remain,
Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Margaret Macey
[*signed*] (Per Mrs. J.H. Macey)

P.S. There is a slight mistake on the Statutory Declaration. The age should be 79 instead of 80.

(Note: Mrs. Margaret Macey, wife of Samuel T. Macey, mother of Frederick Charles Macey, first boy born in Vancouver after incorporation as a city.)

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. WILLIAM MACKIE (WHO REACHED GRANVILLE, B.I., 7 MAY 1882) ON THE C.P.R. PRINCESS JOAN, EN ROUTE TO NEWCASTLE ISLAND ON THE VANCOUVER PIONEER ASSOCIATION ANNUAL PICNIC, JUNE 1937.

(Capt. W.J. Twiss, president, 217 present, wet day. Mr. Mackie very active despite his years, and took in most that was going.)

GENEALOGY.

Mr. Mackie said: "I was born May 12th 1858—you can remember that, King George VI's coronation day—at Leslie, Fifeshire, Scotland, a little place half way between the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Tay; so I am 79. My father was Thomas Laird Mackie (his mother's name was Laird); Father had a brother William, my uncle, an old Cariboo and Cassiar miner—I had two uncles in the Cariboo gold rush; their father—my grandfather—was Capt. George Mackie, who had a little coasting schooner on the British coast before there were railroads. I don't know who my great-grandfather Mackie was, but his uncle was John Mackie who was at Waterloo, and who cut the piece of red silk from Emperor Napoleon's carriage on the field of battle; the piece I gave you in the old silver watch. My mother and father afterwards came to British Columbia over the C.P.R. line, after it was built, of course, but I was the first of our family to come out; I

came out to my uncle William Mackie, same name as myself; the others followed later. Mother used to say to me, 'Aren't you glad you came to B.C.'; we all did well. There was John, and Tom, and Robert, the youngest; I am living with Tom now, at 8698 West Marine Drive. My first wife was a Miss Smith; she came out from Scotland, and died here thirteen months after she got here; that was in 1895. Then I married, secondly, a Miss Sinclair—no relation of Robert Wood of the North Arm, Fraser River."

AIRPORT.

"Tom, my brother, bought his place on Lulu Island from Hugh Boyd" (Boyd and Kilgour; see Kidd's *History of Lulu Island*) "who had preempted it, and he afterwards sold it to the city of Vancouver for an airport for seventy thousand dollars." (Check up *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, where Mrs. Campbell says "Sandy McLeod" sold for \$70,000; it must be a mistake of mine. JSM.) "Robert is working for the city of Vancouver now."

ROBERT WOOD. CHRISTOPHER WOOD. WOOD ISLAND. CHRISTOPHER ISLAND. CLAY HILL (RIVER ROAD).

"Robert Wood was brother to Fitzgerald McCleery's wife. Christopher Wood was cousin to both. Clay Hill on the River Road was just clay; you could make bricks out of it; it was on Sam McCleery's property; the other hill was sand; very hard to get up with a wagon. Jim Mackie" (note: who's Jim) "had a preemption of 160 acres next to" [blank], "but he let Sam McCleery have it for taxes."

"GASSY JACK"—JOHN DEIGHTON.

"I never knew 'Gassy Jack'; he was dead before I came, but my uncle William used to tell me about him. 'Jack' liked to talk, but he was a good-hearted man, but he was rough. He had a big mastiff; the story my uncle told me was that the day he died the big dog howled, and Jack, lying in bed, heard him howling, and exclaimed, 'You son of a bitch; there's something going to happen.' 'Gassy Jack' died that night. Down in Gastown at his own place." (Wonder where Gassy Jack is buried; where is his grave; ask Mr. Mackie.)

"Uncle told me that one day he and 'Gassy' were sitting on the verandah of the Deighton Hotel under the shade of the old Maple Tree, and 'Gassy' said to him, 'You and I may never see it, but this inlet would make the nicest of harbours; it will be a port someday.' You see, Gassy had been a sea captain; had been everywhere in sailing ships the world over, and knew the sea and what he was talking about."

PREEMPTIONS. SQUATTERS. FAIRVIEW. C.P.R. GRANT.

"You see, the way it was that the seven of us took up what we hoped would be preemptions in what is now Fairview on the south side of False Creek; we knew the C.P.R. was coming down, but we left it too late, I suppose. So we staked 160 acres each between the Indian Reserve at the mouth, and Edmond's property which is now Mount Pleasant. We just staked our preemptions and kept on working on them, improving them, but the government kept us on a string, and in the end the C.P.R. got it all in their land grant. The government gave me \$250 to get out.

"I put my stake down right about the south end of the present Granville Street bridge, close to the eastern boundary of the Indian Reserve."

GRANVILLE STREET. DONALD MCPHADDEN (SIC). JOHN BEATTY, BULL PUNCHER. JOHN SPROTT. WILLIAM MACKIE.

"Donald McPhadden" (sic) "put his stake east of mine. There was a fine spring of fresh water, and Donald and I used the same spring; his cabin was only fifty yards from mine, where there is a little hollow in the land at the foot of Hemlock Street." (Note: there was an old clearing there; it was a natural "draw" for drawing out logs; a natural hollow down from the heights above, and there was an old clearing there, under some fine maple trees.)

CHIEF GEORGE.

"John Beatty and his Indian wife lived on the reserve with old Chief George; they had a cabin on the reserve—John Sprott put his cabin by the site of the Leamy and Kyle Mill" (afterwards), "and beside one of the creeks, either between Cambie and Ash, or between Ash and Heather; there was a fine little old clearing at the latter point." JSM.

MRS. JOHN LEASK.

“George Cary is wrong if he told you Miss Hamilton lived in John Beatty’s cabin after the fire of June 1886.” (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, where Cary says he used to row Miss Hamilton across the creek; Miss Hamilton is still living [in 1937]; was L.A. Hamilton’s sister, and afterwards Mrs. John Leask, wife of first City Auditor.) “Miss Hamilton lived in Donald McPhadden’s cabin, because I remember my uncle William saying to me, ‘Miss Hamilton is living in Donald’s cabin’; it was a little bit of a cabin about twelve by sixteen.”

Approved by Wm. Mackie, 9 September 1937.

J.S. Matthews

14 JUNE 1937 – MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. WILLIAM MACKIE, WHO RESIDES WITH MR. T. MACKIE, 8698 WEST MARINE DRIVE, AND WHO VERY KINDLY VISITED THE CITY ARCHIVES AT MY INVITATION IN COMPANY WITH MR. SAM MCCLEERY, 3115 WEST 49TH AVENUE.

GRANVILLE, B.C. SPARS, LAST CARGO.

Mr. Mackie said: “I landed at Gastown on May 7th 1882. I came from Scotland to join my uncle, William Mackie also—who was an old Cariboo and Cassiar miner. There were three William Mackies on Burrard Inlet at one time in those days; ‘Black William’ (Mackie) “was no relation. I had landed in Halifax, then travelled to San Francisco, where I had an aunt, and she detained me; got me to put it off and put it off, until finally I landed at Victoria on the 2nd May 1882, and then came over to New Westminster on the *Reliance*, or *Western Slope*, I think it was, and stayed in Westminster four days until I could get down river, down the North Arm, Fraser River, where my uncle was getting out spars for Angus Fraser; A.C. Fraser’s camp; Wm. Rogers, brother to Jerry Rogers, had a tugboat getting out the last cargo of spars out on the mainland. I was a green hand, and worked there a month, doing anything, *carrying water*; I was green; just from the old country.”

PREEMPTIONS. ROAD TO GRANVILLE. FRASER AVENUE. JERRY ROGERS’S CAMP.

“My uncle, William Mackie, same name as myself, had preempted one hundred and sixty acres in Fairview, about Heather Street, 20th and 22nd Avenue—what is now known as Douglas Park—in the seventies, but he never got a deed, but his improvements were just as good. Jerry Rogers used to have an old steam tractor out there.” (See Calvert Simson, etc.)

CABBAGE AND ONIONS.

“His preemption was a little flat with a creek running through it, and he had the most of that flat cleared when I came in 1882. I wrote to him before I came and asked him what he wanted that I should bring, and he replied to bring seeds, and I sowed them there, on the site of what is now Douglas Park, on the very next day, it was a Sunday, May 7th 1882, that I sowed them. I remember it so well because that was the day I wrote my father. It may be, as you say, that I was a day out, but I was almost sure it was May 7th, and I know it was a Sunday, May 1882; my uncle told me afterwards that the seeds grew very well. The onions grew as ‘big as sausages,’ to use his words.”

GRANVILLE. GRANVILLE HOTEL. JOE MANNION. DR. MASTERS. JOHN DEIGHTON (GASSY JACK).

“One day, the day after I landed in May 1882, my uncle and I walked to Gastown; we went by the North Arm Road, they call it Fraser Avenue now, and across the old False Creek bridge, and into Gastown. There were no houses in those days on the North Arm Road all the way from the Fraser River to what is now Water Street. We stayed with Joe Mannion, he had the Granville Hotel; old Dan McNaughton was there as barkeeper. Mr. Mannion kept a fine hotel; we had lots to eat, lots of game, but the meat was mostly beef; George Black, the butcher, supplied that. Jonathan Miller was policeman, and the town was quiet enough; of course, there was the occasional logger who might get a little too much, but I saw little of that.”

“GASSY JACK.”

“My uncle told me about ‘Gassy Jack’; ‘Gassy Jack’ was dead before I arrived, but my uncle told me how he used to sit on the verandah of the Deighton Hotel, looking out over Burrard Inlet, and ‘Gassy Jack’ had said to him, ‘You see that sheet of water’ (pointing out into the inlet.) ‘You and I may never see it, but that sheet of water is bound to be a port someday.’”

GRANVILLE.

(Looking at Ridley’ Gastown photo.) “That is just exactly as I remember Gastown. Here, first, is the Deighton Hotel, and next is Jonathan Miller’s; then there was a bit of an office where you could send a telegram, and next to that was Joe Mannion’s Granville Hotel—Joe sold to Tom Cyrs just when Vancouver was starting to do well—and then there was a Chinese laundry, and Louis Gold’s, and then Robertson’s ‘Hole in the Wall’ saloon, and Dr. Masters had a place there somewhere, and this over here is Ben Wilson’s; he sold groceries.” (Note: Mr. Mackie has missed Sullivan’s and Blair’s.) “This railing here beyond Mannion’s is a sort of little bridge; this railing is to stop you falling into the water; the water came right up to the south side of the street we call Water Street.

“‘Gassy Jack’ had a big mastiff dog, and when he died it howled; he died right there in that hotel; I don’t know when; he was dead when I came.” (This may be the yellow dog mentioned by Joe Mannion in his narrative as having come with Gassy Jack from New Westminster in the canoe when he first came.)

“GASSY JACK.”

“‘Gassy Jack’ used to be a captain on the Fraser River boats. I’ll tell you a yarn they used to tell about him. He was naturally anxious to get the steamer away from the dock, and used to shout, ‘All aboard, boys, get aboard, boys’; in those days we did not, as a usual thing, call men by their surnames; it was Bob or Harry or Tom, and ‘Gassy Jack’ wanted to get the steamer started, and was a bit excited, and shouting, ‘All aboard; all aboard’; and there was a Yankee stranger there, and he thought he’d be smart, and calls out to ‘Gassy,’ ‘Say, Captain, my wife wants to take a dozen eggs up to Yale; the hen is sitting and we only need one more to make the dozen. Do you mind waiting awhile?’

“Well, ‘Gassy Jack’ cursed him, good and plenty.”

ONDERDONK. SAN FRANCISCO BRIDGE CO. C.P.R. CONSTRUCTION. IONA (MCMILLAN) ISLAND.

“I went over to Washington state soon after I arrived in 1882, then down to California, and back here again in 1883, and started to work in McMillan’s camp getting out piles for the C.P.R. Pitt River and Harrison River bridges; McMillan had the contract under Onderdonk; McMillan was working for the San Francisco Bridge Co.; Capt. Myers of New Westminster used to tow the booms up the river to Harrison River. Yes, I suppose quite likely the San Francisco Bridge Co. did have the contract to build the first wharf for the C.P.R. in Vancouver; there were pile drivers everywhere on the Fraser River when the line was being built, and it would be an easy thing to bring them around Point Grey.”

PILE DRIVERS. MACKIE CREEK, FAIRVIEW. L.A. HAMILTON. MRS. JOHN LEASK.

“Going back to my uncle’s preemption. When Hamilton was surveying all around here for the city of Vancouver, he named the creek that ran down from” (Douglas Park) “my uncle’s preemption; he named it Mackie Creek; it ran down a deep ravine, and came out down by the Leamy and Kyle Sawmill” (slightly west of the foot of Ash Street.)

“William Mackie located his stake half a mile and one chain from high water mark at the skid road, and we had ropes for the oxen, and I remember he told me that he measured it with a rope, his preemption stake was exactly half a mile and one chain, 66 feet, from his northeast corner stake. When Hamilton was surveying all around here, he called that creek Mackie Creek.

“Hamilton had a sister, Miss Hamilton, afterwards Mrs. Leask, and she was living in a cabin, owned by one of the squatters close to mine.”

SQUATTERS. PREEMPTIONS. EDMONDS. GREER’S BEACH.

“Squatters began to squat along the south shore of False Creek in 1883; about the end of October 1883. There was seven of us located land there, but we never got our land. John Sprott of the government office, New Westminster, and my uncle, we used to sleep together. Edmonds, of course, already owned

the land above the False Creek bridge” (Mount Pleasant.) “Well, John Sprott, he located about one third way down False Creek, then came Donald McPhadden” (or McFadden), “then myself” (William Mackie, Jr.); “my property came right down to the ravine” (slightly west of foot of Ash Street), “then my uncle’s piece, and then John Beatty, he lived with old Chief George and an Indian woman on the Indian Reserve at the mouth of the creek, so my uncle had to go around the other side of the reserve, on to what we called Greer’s Beach afterwards; Uncle preempted that. My uncle built that cottage there, but there was another cottage there—about fifty years ago—Jericho Charlie, the Indian, he had that cottage, and Sam Greer bought the Indian Charlie out, and jumped my uncle’s claim.”

IONA ISLAND. RICHMOND CANNERY. CHRISTOPHER ISLAND. WOOD ISLAND.

“Dan McMillan named Iona Island in the North Arm, after the place in Scotland called Iona, where the first Christians were. He and Angus Fraser built that cannery, the Richmond Cannery, the year I came out, 1882.

“Christopher Wood was a cousin of Robert Wood. They were uncles to Greta” (Miss McCleery.)

AIRPORT, SEA ISLAND.

“My brother sold the airport on Sea Island to the city of Vancouver. Then I went to Agassiz for thirty years; farmed there; own some yet, the B.C. Hop Co. leased it from me.”

SILVER WATCH. NAPOLEON.

“I am going to give you this old silver watch; it belonged to my grandfather, Capt. George Mackie; then Father got it, and finally I got it; you see this bit of reddish silk in the back of the case; well, that was cut from Napoleon’s carriage on the field of Waterloo in 1815. John Mackie was a sergeant—he was my great-great-granduncle—and he cut it from Napoleon’s carriage for a souvenir.”

GARRIPIE (OF MARPOLE).

“Garrapie who was the first at what we called Marpole; married a half-breed.”

Read, and as corrected, approved by William Mackie, 9 September 1937.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM MACKIE, 8698 WEST MARINE DRIVE, WHO, TOGETHER WITH MRS. MACKIE AND ANOTHER LADY, FAVOURED ME WITH A CALL THIS BEAUTIFUL AFTERNOON AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 9 SEPTEMBER 1937.

INDIAN MURDERS. “SUPPLEJACK.” KHAY-TULK. WILLIAM MACKIE, SR.

Mr. Mackie, in the Scotch accent which, after so many years, he still retains, said: “Supplejack pretty nearly got away with my uncle. Let me tell you what my uncle told me about him. Supplejack was suspected of doing away with a good many whitemen, but they could never get the evidence.” (Uncle, i.e., also Wm. Mackie.)

Major Matthews: Well, the Scotch did away with a few Englishmen? (Mr. Mackie laughed.)

Mr. Mackie: “Well, you know, in early days there was no trail from Gastown to the ‘End of the Road’ at Hastings, and the only way to get there was to get an Indian to take you there in a canoe. Well, Uncle had just come up from California. I don’t know just when it was, but it must have been when he first came from California, because Supplejack was dead before I came in 1882; it must have been in the middle sixties. Anyway, Uncle wanted to go to Hastings and, you know, you always had to pay an Indian before he would do anything, and Uncle had some twenty dollar gold pieces in his pocket, and when he started to pay Supplejack, he pulled out the gold pieces, and Supplejack saw them, and could not resist the temptation.

“Jack’s squaw was with them; she was afterwards the squaw of ‘Jericho Charlie’” (note: Chinalset) “and Supplejack must have made up his mind to get the gold. They started off from Gastown in the canoe for Hastings. Supplejack was in the front of the canoe paddling, his squaw was in the stern steering with a

paddle, and Uncle was in the centre as a passenger; he heard them talking; the squaw was arguing with Supplejack, but of course Uncle did not know what they were talking about.”

CEDAR COVE.

“As the canoe was nearing Cedar Cove, Supplejack headed the canoe in towards the Cove, and as soon as he did that the squaw let out a howl. Uncle told me he would never forget that howl, and said, ‘That howl saved my life.’ Supplejack was angry, shook his paddle in the air, and turned the canoe out again; he was good and ‘mad.’ The squaw would not stand for it.”

FRENCH JOHN. INDIAN WIVES.

“You know about French John; he lived up above Garipee’s, above Eburne. Well, French John lived with a sister of Supplejack’s, and my uncle told French John all the circumstances, and the first time Supplejack came around to French John’s camp, French John took Supplejack by the shoulders, and gave him an awful kicking.

“French John knew what Supplejack proposed to do to Uncle, and after the trimming French John gave him, Supplejack would never look at French John again.

“That was long before I came in 1882, because Supplejack was dead when I came; it must have been in the middle sixties.” (Note: the Gastown-Hastings Road was built in 1876-7.)

“Supplejack got ‘credit’ for getting away with a lot of whites; do you know how he did it? But they never could get the evidence to convict him.”

INDIAN MURDERS.

“You know, in those days, they always travelled by canoe, and the Indians would push the canoe inshore, kill the whites, tow the bodies out, and sink them with a rock; that covered the whole matter up. At that time, men were going to the gold mines; they were strangers; no one knew who they were; where they came from; where they were going, and they were never missed. I lived with my uncle for twenty years, and every night he used to be telling me these things.”

FAIRVIEW. DOUGLAS PARK. JERRY ROGERS’ CAMP. SPARS.

“Right up here,” continued Mr. Mackie, “what you call Douglas Park on Heather Street just over there, Uncle put in a patch of potatoes in the clearing where Jerry Rogers had his logging outfit; where I sowed the cabbage and onions afterwards. He put them in in the spring, before he went to the mines or to the logging camps to work. Uncle was a tip-top hewer; he used to hew the eight-panel spars; they were all eight-panel spars; hand-hewn” (octagonal.) “In the fall, when he came home again, he got some sacks, and went out into the potato patch to dig potatoes, but there was not a potato to be found; the potato vines were all there growing natural enough, but there was no potatoes under them; the squaws had taken all the potatoes out with their fingers, and carefully put the dirt back again; the squaws went out there getting berries and roots; out there with their baskets.”

CHIEF GEORGE OF SNAUQ. SALLY OF SNAUQ.

“So when Uncle saw Sally, Chief George’s squaw, he told her that the squaws cats-swallow his wabatoes, and she said, ‘Haalo, haalo’ (no, no) ‘cats-swallow’ (take) ‘mika’ (not) ‘wabatoes’ (potatoes); ‘kully-kullys’ (blue jays) ‘swallow.’ The squaws had the earth so nicely placed back, but there was nothing there but the tops of the potatoes” (stalks) “growing.”

NAVY JACK. TUGS. STEAMBOATS.

“Navy Jack was a miner, too, you know. He was in the mines, and made a raise of money; he came out in the fall with the idea that he wanted to go steamboating, and he went to look at a boat here on the inlet, and Jack went around looking at the boat, and the boat was going to start off, and Jack was aboard of her, and while he was looking around they blew the whistle, but the water was condensed in the whistle, and they got no sound, so Jack says, ‘Call that a steam boat; that can’t whistle.’

“Afterwards he got a boat all right, and he used to dock down at one of the floats on the Gastown beach, and he was going over to Moodyville with a nurse and doctor, and the doctor said—I suppose the doctor

was in a hurry, and wanted to know if steam was up—‘How much steam have you got on,’ and Jack replied, ‘About a ton.’”

LOGGING OFF THE FOREST.

Major Matthews: Mr. Mackie. I am making a map showing where all the rollways on the beaches were, and all the old skid roads; I want to show how Vancouver was logged off. Do you recall all the old dumps? I know most of them, but I don’t want to miss any.

STANLEY PARK.

“Mr. Mackie: “Well, there was Charlie Daggett and Harry Furry; Harry’s brother discovered the copper mine on Texada Island; Daggett and Furry had a log dump by the Indian village in Stanley Park, by Lumberman’s Arch, and I think there was another down by Supplejack’s place” (Pipeline Road.)

“And then there was another I remember Charlie Daggett and Furry had out right at the tip of Point Grey; that was in 1883; it was just a bit north of the very tip here on the map; that’s where there is deep water; no use dumping logs onto a sandbar; they had great long log chutes there; I have seen the chutes three or four hundred feet long; down the side of the cliff; they had big guide logs on both sides, and smaller logs in the bottom and centre of chute, and the whole supported underneath with cross logs, and they would shoot the log ends on down the chute into the water. Yes; logging for the Hastings Sawmill; they had all the timber out there.”

MACKIE CREEK. FALSE CREEK. JOHN SPROAT. JOHN GILLESPIE.

“Then there was one beside Mackie Creek, which came down just a few yards west of Ash Street on False Creek; John Sproat’s cabin was right there, and there was another one just east a bit” (Granville Street) “of False Creek Indian Reserve, by my cabin; John Gillespie had a log shoot just about the end of the Granville Street bridge. And I told you of the one at the Lumberman’s Arch in the park.”

JERICO.

“And then there was the dump at Jericho; you know all about that, at Jerry Rogers’ place there.”

SQUATTERS. KITSILANO BEACH.

“And there was one which Alex Johnston and George Black had in the bay, about the foot of Yew Street at the beach, because I remember we hauled a lot of lumber to build a couple of shacks back in the woods—about a half a mile back; the lumber came by scow from the Royal City Planing Mills, New Westminster—we took it up from a scow on the beach beside the log dump.”

ENGLISH BAY CANNERY.

“No, I don’t remember any dump at the English Bay Cannery; where was the English Bay Cannery? But I do remember there was an Englishman made a clearing on the Point Grey Road; just cleared a couple of lots free from stumps and roots and everything; deep in the forest.”

(Note: it was still there in 1904, a square clearing without a root or stump, covered with grass, deep in the forest at the junction of First Avenue and Point Grey Road; probably the first clearing in Kitsilano.)

SPRATT’S OILERY. HERRING. TRAIL TO GASTOWN.

“Oh, yes, and I remember, there was a place where they put logs in the water at Spratt’s Oillery, because I got hired to handle herring” (about 1884) “at the oilery.

“You could get a sackful of herring for nothing at the oilery if you wanted to bother carrying them away; there was a trail from the oilery to Gastown.”

MAGEE.

“And then old man Magee, he had a ditch right down to the river, because he had a lawsuit with Charlie Daggett over a cow that got onto the log boom and killed itself.” (Note: as was also the case in the big swamp west of Westminster on the North Arm, the logs were floated from the high land to the river by a long ditch; and there was another, with a pond into which a creek emptied, and controlled by three flood gates at intervals, which Henry S. Rowling had about foot of Ontario Street, on North Arm.)

GARIPEE'S.

"And there was another landing" (for logs) "below the bridge up at Garipee's" (Marpole); "the Garipee houses are there yet. They got the logs over the muskeg on split cedar corduroy." (Note: the exact spot is the B.C. Electric interurban line produced to river bank.)

FRENCH JOHN'S.

"And French John's. There was another place for putting logs in the water at French John's; just above the bridge" (at Marpole.)

BELL'S ISLAND. TWIGG'S ISLAND. CRIDLAND'S. JOHN BEATTY.

"They call it Twigg Island now, but Jimmy Bell preempted it; there was one rollway there; that was Fraser's camp. Cridland's owned the ground right by the river west of the road" (Fraser.) "John Beatty was there in 1882 driving oxen, at Fraser's camp, right on the river, west of the road" (Fraser Avenue.)

WM. DANIELS.

"And Bill Daniels had a camp just east of the road, now the Fraser Avenue bridge; there was a rollway there; Fraser's camp."

ROWLING.

"Rowling's was next up river." (D.L. 258.) "There was a great big grade there which came right to the river bank; high land right to the river bank; easy to handle logs there."

WOOLLARD'S.

"On John Woollard's place, Jerry Rogers had a spar camp, away up the river towards New Westminster, and floated the spars out through the muskeg in a big ditch."

FALSE CREEK. HASTINGS.

"I don't know much about logging at the head of False Creek and around Hastings. I think all that was logged off before I came out in 1882." (Note: very likely, as it would be close to the Hastings Mill, and naturally would be logged off first.)

SQUATTERS. C.P.R. GRANT.

"You know there was a lot of haggling over the 6,000 acres the C.P.R. got. The C.P.R. would not take it until they got rid of us squatters."

Major Matthews: Was that why the government paid you off?

Mr. Mackie: "Yes."

JOHN BEATTY.

"John Beatty was reputed to be worth eighteen or twenty thousand dollars; he married a white woman (had an Indian wife at first) and built a boarding house down in Vancouver by Abbott Street somewhere."

Mr. Mackie was getting tired, so Mrs. Mackie thought they had better be off home. A remarkable man, more or less deaf, but with a most astonishing memory, and excellent eyesight for reading—with glasses—a winning smile, clear complexion, carries a cane, but most active for his great age, in toto, just another of those of our virile pioneers, tall and strong.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM MACKIE, 8698 WEST MARINE DRIVE, MARPOLE, WHO ATTENDED THE VANCOUVER PIONEERS ASSOCIATION PICNIC (S.S. *PRINCESS JOAN*) TO NEWCASTLE ISLAND, 14 JUNE 1939.

SIWASH ROCK. WILLIAM MACKIE (THE UNCLE.) INDIAN LEGENDS AND CUSTOMS. "BRITISH SIBERIA."

Mr. Mackie: "I must tell you about the ghosts at Siwash Rock. Uncle told me; his name was William Mackie, too; I've told you about him. Well, Uncle was cutting spars over at Moodyville; he cut spars over at Oyster Bay" (now Ladysmith); "there was a fellow over there they called 'British Siberia,' but I'll tell you about him after. Well, Uncle was cutting spars back of Moodyville, and for some reason one day he was passing Siwash Rock in an Indian canoe with an Indian lad; just the two of them; and as they got near to Slalacum Rock, that's Siwash Rock, the Indian lad in alarm says, 'Keep away from that rock.'

"Uncle said, 'Why,' and the Indian lad said, 'Because there's slalacums there' that is, ghosts, or dragons, or something like that.

"So Uncle said, 'They won't come near whitemans,' but the Indian lad lay down in the bottom of the canoe and pulled a blanket over him; got under the blanket.

"So they kept getting closer and closer to the rock, and the boy stayed under the blanket, shivering—with fright, I suppose—so Uncle shouted at the rock, 'Klatawa' (go away); 'no siwash here,' to delude the ghosts, no Indian was in the canoe.

"Anyway, two or three days later, Uncle was at Moodyville, and saw the Indian boy with another Indian boy, and the Indian boy he had in the canoe pointed with his finger at Uncle, and said to the other Indian lad, 'Hiyu' (big) 'teeth; hiyu' (big) 'tipsi' (hair), referring to the 'terrible beast' at Siwash Rock, at Slalacum Rock, which Uncle, the whiteman, had defied."

Memorandum: Mr. Mackie was wearing in his buttonhole a very fine rose bud, of the kind he said was called "shot silk." He said his garden on Marine Drive, tended by himself, was full of roses just now; that he had counted 492 roses. He very graciously took the bud from his buttonhole, and handed it to Mrs. Matthews.

It is extraordinary to reflect that Mr. Mackie planted the first garden on the south shore of False Creek—in the centre of the forest, at Fraser's logging camp in the muskeg, now Douglas Park. See his conversation of "cabbages and onions," 14 June 1937.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JAMES A. MACKLIN, 777 BURRARD STREET, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 3 FEBRUARY 1939.

GENEALOGY.

Mr. Macklin said: "I came to Vancouver in October 1888 from Toronto, and via the C.P.R. I was born on the 20th March 1873 at Agincourt, Ontario, son of James and Elizabeth Macklin, farmers, U.E.L. on Mother's side. The whole family of eight children and mother and father; all came together. The idea was a 'better chance in a new land'; we lived in the 400 block on Cordova Street. Father died in 1922; Mother died in 1911; and is buried in Mountain View. We were the only family of the name. Then I worked for the city, in the water works department, for twenty years; I joined in 1913. There are lots of Macklins here now, all relatives."

LEAMY AND KYLE SAWMILL. CAMBIE STREET BRIDGE. SAWDUST ROADS.

"Leamy and Kyle furnished the material to build the Cambie Street bridge. I think there was a sort of arrangement that the city supply the labour, the engineer plans, the ironwork, etc., and the mill supplied the lumber. The reason was that before the bridge was built, the Leamy and Kyle Sawmill had only one outlet to the city, and that was down the sawdust road over the wet ground between their mill and Westminster Avenue. That sawdust road would be about Dufferin Street" (Second Avenue.) (Note: the early sawmill in Fairview stood at foot of Ash Street, at mouth of creek.)

WATER WELLS.

“When we lived on Cordova Street in the 400 block, before the Capilano water came, we got our water from a well owned by Alderman G.S. McConnell on Jackson Avenue.

“There was another well on Powell Street at the Blue Grocery—Patterson’s—it is still standing, in the 400 block. Some places we used a pump; at other places, a pail.

“After the Capilano water came there were several occasions when the water failed; the reason was there was no reservoir in the park then.”

MOODYVILLE WATER. WATER SCOW.

“Then, they used to bring water from the flume at Moodyville Sawmill. They had a great big scow; it was not Spratt’s Ark; some other scow, and it had a steam pump on it, and they filled it with water at the Moodyville flume, and brought it over to the City Wharf at the foot of Carrall Street and pumped it out into the sprinkling cart, or into barrels, and sent out a crew of four or five men to distribute it to the houses. The men used to take the water to the hotels; that was their favourite call; they had as many saloon bars in Vancouver then as they have beer parlors now—I don’t know how many, but I should think about sixty, at one time or another.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. EDITH TRITES, WIDOW, OF 1715 WEST ELEVENTH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, DAUGHTER OF C.C. MADDAMS, PIONEER OF 1887, AND HERSELF A PIONEER OF MOUNT PLEASANT, 1890, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 7 DECEMBER 1938.

C.C. MADDAMS, 1887.

“My father, Charles Cleaver Maddams, came to Vancouver from Victoria in 1887. When he got here, he got employment with Harry Abbott of the C.P.R.; then with the Marpoles, and then with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and remained with them fourteen years; he left them in 1901.

“At first we lived on Cordova Street, between Richards and Homer Street. Jonathan Miller, the postmaster, had his post office on Hastings Street right back of us; I remember the Miller boys used to throw rotten apples down at us below.”

TERMINAL BUILDING SOCIETY.

“Mother belonged to the Terminal Building Society; she was one of the first. George R. Gordon and T.F. Neelands, afterwards mayor, belonged to it, too, and Mother won a drawing; I think it was two thousand dollars—you had to pay back so much per month—and with that money we were able to build a home.”

MOUNT PLEASANT, 1890. WATER WELLS.

“After about, I think 1890, we went to live in Mount Pleasant, not exactly, but five and one half acres we bought for \$400 on the shore of False Creek; a triangular piece of land bounded by Seventh Avenue on the south, False Creek on the north, and the present St. Catherines Street on the west; Windsor Street ran into our property, but did not cross it; that five and one half acres is now probably the only section in Mount Pleasant which has not been subdivided. We built a large nine-room house; it was the first house out in that district; that was before the fall of 1890. We got our water from a wonderful natural spring. There was black lignite coal on the beach.”

CHINA CREEK. CHINESE GARDENS.

“Then we went out there first the whole thing was green trees. It was wonderful soil, fine loam, and Father let some Chinamen have the land rent free to clear it, and after they had cleared a section, rented it to them. There were other Chinese gardens just a little further on, across the creek to the east; we called it China Creek, and it is China Creek to this day; there is a big sewer running through there now.” (Note: it was probably a former Indian camping site. J.S.M.)

SALMON. TROUT LAKE.

“China Creek from Trout Lake came down right in front of our place, and ran out into False Creek; we used to go out at night with a pitch fork and spear the salmon in the creek; they were going up to spawn.”

ACROSS FALSE CREEK, ROW III - PLEASANT, 1887. Probably April 1887. From top of tree stump or pole at what is now the southeast corner of Seventh Ave and Main St. This is the "New Road" formerly False Creek Road, latterly Westminster Ave and Main St, but west of the present location to avoid deeper grade. Seventh Ave crosses between two nearest piles, past fixing location. Westminster Ave, or making contour map made about that date. Log (two white patches) of tree, fallen across road, cut away to permit passage, beyond which road is corduroy over swampy wet ground where slunk cabbage grows. "Bob" Spink's cabbage grows. "Bob" Spink's cabbage (white log) is on pile, and over water of False Creek, present location, ibos Main St (see photo PAF 6 M 6 E). W. B. Gravelly, conversation, is May 1933 says "Bob" Spink's, my partner, Gravelly "Spink's had a house on pile, opposite the bungalow, we sold him the land, before the 'Fire' for \$200. The bungalow was beside the road, east side, just across from Spink's, and what was afterwards Front St (First Ave). Those who fled Great Fire, bivouaced here night of 26th June, and fled by New Westminster (sandwiched). Photo, ill. in "The Fire in Main St" originally in trail along top of projecting point of land (obscure narrow side) from bridge, which road, Bridge Road, north end of Main St, is now Main St, Hamilton, City Archives, T. 5 M. Long black & white building is on NW cor. Hastings St. City, impaled, and big iron pipe immediately before Brockton Pt. Compare with photo Budge, 1908, "Wacoover from the Swack", 1902, Baptist Church (white roof) at w. end of Bridge Road.



Item # EarlyVan_v5_018

[photo annotations:]

Across False Creek, now Mt. Pleasant, 1887. Probably April 1887. From top of tree, stump or pole at what is now the South East corner of Seventh Ave. and Main St. This is the "New Road," formerly "False Creek Road," latterly Westminster Ave. and Main St., but west of the present location to avoid steeper grade. Seventh Ave. crosses between two nearest poles, part of Seventh Ave. appears in lower right hand corner. House on right believed to be Blair's, first in Mt. Pleasant. Cordwood stacked in tall trees, and beside big burned stump. Surveyors at work, perhaps fixing location Westminster Ave., or making contour map made about that date. Log (two white patches) of tree, fallen across road, cut away to permit passage, beyond which road is corduroy over swampy wet ground where skunk cabbage grows. "Bob" Spinks cottage (white lean-to) is on piles, and over water of False Creek, present location, 1605 Main St. (see photo P.G.F. 6, N.G.F. 1.) W.E. Graveley, conversation, 16 May 1933, says "Bob" Spinks, my partner, Graveley & Spinks, had a house on piles opposite the bivouac; we sold him the land before the "Fire" for \$200. The bivouac was beside the road, east side, just across from Spinks', and what was afterwards Front St. (First Ave.) Those who fled Great Fire, bivouacked here night of 13-14 June, and fed by New Westminster (sandwiches.) Photo illustrates how "The Kink in Main St." originated in trail along top of projecting point of land (observe narrow sidewalk from bridge, south end). Bridge Hotel, north end.

Photo presented, 1940, by Mrs. John Leask, née Hamilton, Collingwood, Ont. (sister L.A. Hamilton.) City Archives. J.S.M. Long black and white building is on N.W. cor. Hastings St. City Hospital, and Regina Hotel immediately before Brockton Pt. Compare with photo Bailey Bros. X 608 "Vancouver from the South." First Baptist Church (white roof) directly over Bridge Hotel.

SEVENTH AVENUE, 1890.

Major Matthews: How did you get there?

Mrs. Trites: "We were living on Cordova Street, near Richards, and, at first, we used to walk down to the Royal City Planing Mills, at the False Creek end of Carrall, and the Planing Mills had a wharf, and Father got a boat, and we used to row right up to our place which was right on the shore. Then, after that, the street cars ran as far as Dufferin Street, now Second Avenue; that wasn't much good to us; then the street cars ran up the hill as far as Seventh Avenue; that is, the top of the hill; no, they did not go to Ninth Avenue at first; just to Seventh Avenue, and then we used to walk along Seventh to our place.

"In the summer it was not so bad, but in the winter months it was muddy. Seventh Avenue was just slashed, so that people could go over it, and team their lumber in to build a house.

"While we were building our home, Mr. Thomas Graham built a smaller home two blocks west of us, on the southwest corner of Seventh and Scott Street; it's standing yet. A year after we went there, a man, Mr. McKinnell, built a home across the street, or road as it was then, which is now Seventh Avenue, between Windsor and St. Catherines. Mr. Graham and Mr. McKinnell were our only neighbours for six or seven years."

CHAIN GANG. LEG IRONS.

"The chain gang never did any work near our place that I can recall, but they did a lot of work in other parts of the city, under O'Grady, making the streets downtown. The gang used to wear an iron ring around their ankles, with two single long links; two of them, and a very, very wide, about five inches, leather belt around their waists to hold the links up. When Father left the C.P.R. in 1901, he had the ranch to go to; the fruit trees were all bearing, and the garden grown up."

MADDAM'S RANCH. RHUBARB.

"It was my father who put in the rhubarb; we must have had fifteen hundred or two thousand plants of rhubarb; you know, five and one half acres will hold a lot of rhubarb; we used to get orders from the wholesale people for sixteen hundred or two thousand pounds—that's a ton—of rhubarb; from the commission merchants down on Water Street; W.H. Malkin and those firms. People used to come from far and near to buy our rhubarb. We used to make rhubarb wine; put it in forty gallon barrels; it was just like champagne, but we were not allowed to sell it; too much alcohol in it.

"Today our old place is about the only five acres in Mount Pleasant, perhaps in Vancouver, which has not been subdivided, but we lost it for taxes. Father borrowed money to improve it until it was eaten up with

compound interest. He was once offered one hundred thousand dollars for it by the Ranier Brewing Company of Seattle, but the city would not grant them a charter, and the deal fell through. It is now owned by a Mr. McCallam" (sic) "in Scotland. We lived thirty-three years in that house—that's a long time—before we let it go.

"The Great Northern bought our waterfront.

"Father owned 160 acres of land up Lynn Creek; he paid \$800 for it. And, he owned 160 acres at Quatsino Sound, Vancouver Island. He let that go, too. And he owned that block bounded by 14th and 15th, and Woodland Drive and Knight Road; my two brothers live there still, one at 1405 East Fifteenth, and the other at 3029 Woodland Drive. Father owned an eighty acre farm, conjointly with J. Edward Bird, the lawyer; they paid \$26,000 for it, I think, my father put up \$13,000 cash; on the corner of 19th and 7th roads, Lulu Island. My husband's farm was adjoining it; forty acres; we had it eleven years, from 1911 to 1922. My husband died intestate, and it was mortgaged and the estate had to be divided up, and I did not get much; not after I had paid \$2,500 in bills."

C.C. MADDAMS, 1887.

"Father, Charles Cleaver Maddams, was the son of George Maddams, who, when Queen Victoria was on the throne, was one of the eight despatch messengers attached to her household; he wore a badge of office under his coat, a greyhound, and that allowed the messengers to go anywhere; that was how my father came into the household of Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria.

"Father used to paint pictures; I have some of them yet; none of Vancouver; all English scenes, and the Princess Louise was very fond of painters, and artists, and took a great interest in him; used to send the best artists to help him, and showed him where he was at fault in his pictures. She gave him a clock, and a stick pin with their coat of arms on—we lost it when we moved from Cordova Street—and some autographed photos; those were stolen.

"Father also told us how the Marquis, and Princess Louise and party, used to go tobogganing on a slide especially built on a high trestle which had four or five feet of snow on it. They had good sport, the servants being allowed to enjoy it too, and Father said they had many a spill at the bottom, and the next toboggan would shoot over them and not hurt anyone.

"While on a visit to Bermuda with the Marquis and Princess, Father collected many beautiful birds, canaries, finches, etc. and metallic butterflies which he preserved and brought back to Ottawa and placed in glass cases. Father was a very good amateur taxidermist, could cure skins, and mounted antlers, and heads of game, and pheasants; a collection of which we had in our old home.

"Another incident which may be interesting was, at that time, the Marquis of Lorne had heard Father could light the turned on gas jet with his bare finger, so he was asked to do this before the assembled guest, in the drawing room at Rideau Hall. Father explained it was best done in very cold weather, and would stand on a fur rug, and rub his feet quickly on it, then touch the jet with his finger, out of which came a blue spark, and lit the gas; this performance always left him a little weak.

"Mother was also in the service of the nobility, and was working in the household of Lord Charles Beresford, at Waterford, Ireland, and that was where they met, and they were afterwards married in England.

"Then Father and Mother came out to Canada with the entourage of the Marquis of Lorne, and Princess Louise, when the Marquis was Governor-General—about 1880—then the Governor-General and the Princess came to Victoria about 1882, and the Governor-General got Father into the household of Lieutenant-Governor Cornwall at Victoria, as a steward, and my mother as housekeeper. Father remained with Governor Cornwall about eighteen months; then they were forming the Union Club in Victoria—all the swells were members. My father got the job of steward, and Mother housekeeper at Union Club—but Father's health broke down through the long hours at the club, and then in 1887 we came to Vancouver. I know it was 1887 because I recall the first train coming in.

"There are six children in our family; three boys and three girls. Three were born before we went to Mount Pleasant, and three after we went there; five are living today; one is unmarried; and there are five grandchildren.

1. Edith (myself), born in London, England, 19th November 1879; married Humphrey Trites; he died 16 years ago in 1922, and we had three children.
 - a. Frank, born 1912, married Miss Marguerite McCullough, and with one son, aged 4, and one daughter, aged 2½; he works for the B.C. Electric.
 - b. Edith, born about 1914, unmarried.
 - c. Russell, born about 1916, unmarried.
2. Charles, born in Rideau Hall, Ottawa, married Grace Raynor, works at the Sumner Iron Works, Vancouver; no children.
3. Gwendolyn, born on Cordova Street, Vancouver, unmarried.
4. Clarence, born on the Mount Pleasant ranch; killed in a gun accident when 16½ years old, accidentally shot by another boy on the False Creek beach in front of our home.
5. George, born on the Mount Pleasant ranch; a musician; married to Ada Simpson. They have one son, Gerald.
6. Muriel, born on Mount Pleasant ranch; married Wm. Thorburn of loco. They have one daughter, Theresa.

Corrected and approved by Mrs. Trites, 20 December 1938.

J.S. Matthews.

(See photo C. V. P. Bu. 184, 185, 186, 196, 197.)

A MEMORANDUM BY MRS. E.E. TRITES, NÉE MADDAMS, OF CHINA CREEK, HEAD OF FALSE CREEK, JANUARY 1939.

MADDAMS RANCH. RHUBARB WINE. CHINA CREEK.

My father, C.C. Maddams, not only raised all kinds of fruit for a large wholesale trade, such as apples, pears, prunes, plums of all kinds, raspberries, strawberries, loganberries, and the black, red and white currants, but one year a 40 gallon cask of wonderful rhubarb wine which connoisseurs likened to champagne. It was a beautiful amber colour (its natural colour) and had a fine effervescence and sparkle. Among those who praised it was W.H. Malkin of Malkin Bros. Commission Merchants, with whom my father did business. Mr. Malkin wanted to have some more made to sell up north, but found the alcoholic content too high for public sale, so no more was made at that time. One laughable incident in connection with this cask of wine was that my father had to go away on one of his usual trips. He was still on the C.P.R., and as he was to be away two weeks, he told my mother to be sure and lift the bung in the top of the cask or it would burst. Well, my mother forgot all about it for several days, until some of us noticed the sides of the cask bulging out, (an oak whiskey cask at that) and then she was afraid to touch it, and got a neighbour man to try and get the bung out. Well, he didn't try much, as soon as he touched the wooden bung it hit the ceiling of the woodshed with an awful bang, and the froth hit the ceiling, and ran for a time, losing a whole lot of wine. And so for the history of Maddams' rhubarb wine. I can remember a couple of its contents besides the rhubarb were a 100 lb. sack of white sugar, \$3.00 of isinglass to clear it before bottling. There was no colouring used, as they decided to leave it the natural colour; it was a very clear amber and sparkled beautifully when opened.

CIDER. POULTRY. CANADA GEESE.

My father also tried making cider as there was always a surplus of apples in the fall, but he cider wasn't as popular as the rhubarb wine. When we first went in for pure-bred chickens, and had

about 10 or 12 different breeds of which I can remember, Buff-Cochins, Light Bramas, Crested Houdans, White Wyandottes, Silver-laced Wyandottes, Black Spanish, Langshans, Brown and White Leghorns, Barred Rocks. These pure-breds were quite expensive, and there were only two hens and a cockerel to a pen; the idea was to sell eggs for setting, but there was not enough sale for the eggs, so it ended up by keeping the best egg producers, and in time we had a large flock of hens. The ones kept were Barred Rocks, Langshans (a large black hen) and Leghorns, so we had sufficient eggs for ourselves, and sold some, too. Just here I might mention a comical incident which happened about that time. My father was keeping two decoy Canada Geese for Mr. Harry Abbott, his employer, which were kept in with the chickens, and which were quite used to us children going in to feed them, but when my brother Charlie went in dressed in his Sunday best, the geese didn't know him, so after quietly passing them, they sneaked up, and gave Charlie an awful nip behind; so Charlie had no use for geese after that.

PIGEONS.

My parents, after having tried many ways of increasing their revenue also at a later date tried pigeons, but this really started by the boys wanting some for pets, so my brothers got a few pair of homing pigeons and afterwards a pair or pouters and fan-tails, and they used to sell an odd pair to their boy friends, but in a year or so they tired of keeping them and my father bought some more and tried them out in a commercial way, viz, to sell the squabs. So they wired in a large square adjoining the large and well-made shed with an upper and lower story. There were several rows of nests, in the loft, as we called it, with about 40 or 50 sitting pigeons, with some on eggs, some just hatched, some a few days old, and so on; but the squabs were usually sold at two weeks old. There were some chinamen who used to buy a lot and said they wanted the squabs for some sick chinamen for a cure.

Well eventually the sales were not enough to make any profit, so the pigeon business was abandoned, but anyway it was something to remember and was very interesting to our family, and many other old timers of Mt. Pleasant whose children themselves remember the great cage of pigeons, and many people, strangers to us, used to like to come through our place to see the different interesting things there. Also another thing I might mention about the old home, was its beautiful natural setting, and also the large amount of money my father spent in beautifying it. I remember my father receiving a consignment from Holland, a \$1600.00 order, mostly of Rhododendrons, but also there were Azaleas, Clematis, Peonies, and bulbs in this order. We also had one or more consignments of lily bulbs and Irises from Japan, such as Liliun Auratum, Liliun Rubrum etc. also we had many beautiful roses, Marchiel Niel, Gloirie De Dejou, La France and others, also two very large wire arches, covered with crimson rambler, Dorothy Perkins, Hiawatha and such pillar roses; also our house was faced with a beautiful terrace lawn, which ran out about 100 feet south from the front verandah, and immediately outside our front fence was the 3 board side-walk which was a couple of feet off the ground, so anyone could easily look over it at the garden, which many people did, especially on Sundays. Also in front of our house were two very large Queen Ann cherry trees, which were a beautiful sight in May when in full bloom. About 200 yds. east of the house there was a ravine which ran through our place from Seventh Avenue to False Creek and the bottom of which ran under 12th Avenue bridge, and 9th Ave. bridge, and in which my brothers, and the Mt. Pleasant boys of 1890 and on, used to spear many a salmon and salmon trout.

H.H. STEVENS.

The Hon. H.H. Stevens' home was on the east bank of the stream, and it is still there, 1939, but not occupied by Mr. Stevens. Also about 2 blocks south of 12th Avenue, this same stream ran through a block my father owned at that time, bounded by 15th Avenue on South, Knight Rd. West, 14th Ave., North, and Woodland Drive, East.

BRICKS. SALMON. EELS. LAMPREY. STICKLEBACK.

There was a brickyard on this block at that time owned by a Mr. Wymkin, a German, and we have often seen the bricks drying in the racks they used. Our family used to picnic there as it was a pretty spot, and my father was having the block cleared. Also under the stones in the stream here we used to catch small eels, lamprey, and stickleback fish, which were treacherous to handle,

because of the spines all over them. My two brothers live on this property at present, that is Charles on 15th Avenue East and George on 3029 Woodland Drive.

A memo, written in January 1939 by Mrs. E.E. Trites, a widow, daughter of C.C. Maddams of "Maddams" Ranch, China Creek, False Creek, 1888. Mr. Maddams built the first house in that district, 7th and St. Catherines.

J.S. Matthews, January 1939

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. E.E. TRITES, NÉE MADDAMS, 10 JANUARY 1939.

MADDAMS RANCH. FALSE CREEK.

Mrs. Trites said: "The fertiliser for our garden on Seventh Avenue at China Creek was received in a unique manner. Father was a very versatile and practical man, and invented a labour saving device; it was a double truck flat car which ran on a track of wooden rails running up and around the garden; pulled up hill by a horse, which dumped the fertiliser equally around the ranch garden. The stable manure was brought to our place on a small flat scow, and the scow was tied to a small wharf which we built at the foot of our garden; right on the False Creek shore; today it would be 200 yards east of the foot of St. Catherines Street, although of course, there was no sign of a street there then. We used to get the manure from Hayes and McIntosh, and the B.C. slaughter houses—there were two of them—half a mile below us on False Creek, and quite close to Westminster Avenue.

"My father often had to go out at two or three in the morning to catch the tide, and he used to pole the loaded scow along, and the tides helped him. You see, False Creek east of Westminster Avenue was very shallow, and used to run dry at low tide, and no tug could get in there, so it was necessary to pole the manure scow from the slaughter house to our ranch, and then pole the empty scow back again."

WILD DUCKS.

"My brother Charlie used to shoot wild ducks on False Creek; there were an awful lot of wild ducks on the creek in those days; all kinds, mallard, pintail, teal, butter balls, hell divers, (but we never killed hell divers), cranes, but they never used to shoot the cranes, but the Chinamen used to eat the cranes; the Chinese would ask us to shoot a crane for them to eat. You see there were no restrictions in those days, you could shoot all you liked; the ducks were not 'fishy' eating; not fishy tasting at all; we used to give them away.

"We had a canvas canoe for shooting in; it was cigar shaped with oak ribs; in fact, while we lived there, there were three canoes made; they rotted in time, and had to be renewed. The canvas was oiled and painted, and was decked at both ends, just like a kayak, with an open space in the centre for two persons to row or paddle. I have gone on a moonlight night out to the marsh grass in front of our place—there was a lot of sea grass out in front of us which the tide used to cover at high tide—to paddle the canoe while my brother was shooting. We went out one night and got stuck in the mud, which shows how shallow the head of False Creek was. He is still a good shot, as is my younger brother, who was the captain and crack shot in the school team, and won a couple of medals, at the Alexander School on Broadway."

CHINESE GARDENS. CHINA CREEK.

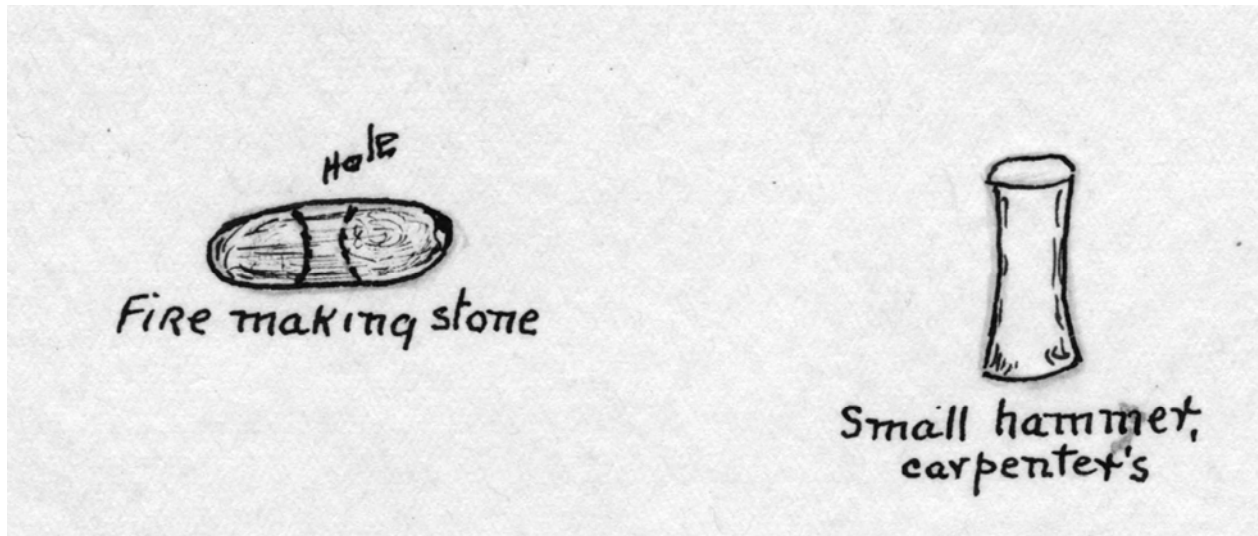
"The Chinese used to bring garbage over for their pigs, in boats, and land right in front of our place."

COAL.

"There were seams of coal on our beach, black lignite coal."

INDIAN IMPLEMENTS.

"We found a couple of stone tools in the earth of our garden. There are some like them in the museum; one was a round flattish stone with a small hole in the centre" (for making fire or perhaps sinking fish nets) "and the other" (a small size carpenter's hammer) "was a small oblong stone, about five inches long, and round, more than an inch in diameter; like this."



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Read and approved by Mrs. Trites, 24 January 1939.

J.S. Matthews.

These two small Indian implements are in City Archives. For method of use, read August Jack Khahtsahlano's conversation, 22 August 1938.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CHAS. J. MALTBY, OF 1105 WEST 10TH AVENUE (CORNER SPRUCE), IN CITY ARCHIVES, 4 NOVEMBER 1937.

GOSSE OF FISHERMAN'S COVE.

Mr. Maltby said: "Capt. Macargo married Nancy, Alexander MacKay's only daughter; Macargo was Scotch; they had a daughter, Miss Macargo, who married a Mr. Johnstone, my grandfather" (same family as Johnstone straits) "and their daughter Miss Agnes K. Johnstone married C.M. Maltby, my father, and I was married in Toronto to Mary Gosse, and have two sons, one, the eldest, 16. I served with the American Army Medical Corps in the Great War, and had two brothers in the C.E.F., and a lot of cousins, too. I married Mary Gosse, daughter of Richard Gosse, who came from Newfoundland; you know all about him, and Fisherman's Cove, out West Vancouver; Mark Gosse married my father's sister; married a lady of the same name as himself; they were related or something. Get it correct. My mother was Miss Johnstone, daughter of Mrs. Johnstone, née Miss Macargo, who was daughter of Miss Nancy MacKay of Fort Garry, only daughter of Alexander MacKay, my great-great-grandfather."

GREER OF GREER'S BEACH.

"Fred Greer, son of Sam Greer, of Greer's Beach" (Kitsilano Beach) "is my brother-in-law.

"Alexander MacKay" (of Fort Garry) "married the daughter of the Hudson's Bay factor of Fort Garry; she had a little Indian blood in her; he left two children. Tom, the eldest, and Nancy, who married Capt. Macargo; those two were all he had in the way of children."

TONQUIN MASSACRE.

"Alexander MacKay was one of the partners of the North West Trading Co., and as such was part of the *Tonquin*, and he was killed by the Indians on the Pacific Coast when they raided her in 1811; I have been told by my mother that Alexander MacKay warned the captain not to let more than ten Indians aboard at one time. Then, about 1814, MacKay's widow married Dr. John McLoughlin, the celebrated Hudson Bay official; my mother has told me all about it lots of times."

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

“Mother was consoling with me once. I had complained that I was doing all the work, and someone else getting all the credit, and she said, ‘Never mind, it’s often like that,’ and then she told me that Alexander MacKay was the first white man to see the MacKenzie River, but MacKenzie got the credit. MacKay followed the river for two weeks, enquiring from the Indians as to the length of it, and the Indians told him it was so many moons long. He reported that to the Fur Trading Club in Montréal; that was two or three years before MacKenzie made his famous trip, but MacKay was the first white man who saw that river. He had to hurry back to the Great Lakes and Montréal before the freeze up.

“MacKay and MacKenzie were co-leaders in 1793 to make the trip across the continent. MacKenzie would never have got across if it had not been for MacKay; MacKenzie had only ten years experience, but had it not been for MacKay’s knowledge of the terrain, and his ability to talk to some of the Indians in their own tongue—of course, as they got further west neither MacKay nor MacKenzie could talk to the new tribes they met—it was MacKay’s knowledge that pulled them through. MacKenzie went back to the Old Country, and reported to the Royal Geographical Society. MacKay did not go back to Scotland, as he intended to get married to the Hudson’s Bay factor’s daughter in Fort Garry, and then he got killed in 1811, and of course, as Mother says, MacKenzie got all the credit for the MacKenzie River discovery. But, Mother said, ‘It ought to be “MacKay’s River,” not MacKenzie’s.’”

“Fort William, Ontario, was original Fort William MacKay; that was in the early days of the North West Trading Co.; he was a brother of Alexander MacKay.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CHARLES J. MALTBY, OF 1105 WEST 10TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, WHO CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 8 OCTOBER 1938.

(Memo: a copy of Mr. Maltby’s conversation of 4 November 1937 had been forwarded some time ago to Mr. Lanctot, Dominion Archivist, Ottawa, who replied 29 September, and I had phoned Mr. Maltby to come over and read Mr. Lanctot’s reply. JSM.)

DISCOVERY OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

Mr. Maltby said: “My grandmother was Miss McCargo, and her mother was Mrs. McCargo, née Nancy McKay, daughter of Alexander McKay. My grandmother told me herself that MacKenzie” (the discoverer) “got to know that the river existed from the fact that McKay told him” (MacKenzie) “that it did when he” (McKay) “reached Montréal after his trip to the river; he came back with the fur brigade to Montréal.

“McKay had heard of the river through the Indians. At some point where he was in the North West, there were strange Indians present among those whom he knew; he enquired where they were from, and through the interpreter was told that they came from the big river. McKay had sufficient time to spare; the weather was good for travelling, and he went off to look at it, followed it for a week or ten days, but did not reach the mouth; he had to turn back for want of time. Read this:

Astoria, by Washington Irving, Putnam’s Sons, New York and London, p. 45.

Mr. Astor made his overtures to several of these persons, and three of them entered into his views. One of them, Alexander McKay had accompanied Sir Alexander MacKenzie in both of his expeditions to the north west coast of America in 1789 and 1793. *[para. cont.]*

“It’s a strange thing, but histories about the MacKenzie River read MacKenzie this and MacKenzie that, but never a word about MacKay.”

CAPT. GEO. VANCOUVER. NARVAEZ.

Major Matthews (City Archivist): That’s nothing new. Why, right here in Vancouver we have the same thing. We have Vancouver everywhere, including the statue, but Capt. George Vancouver was not the first whiteman to see the site of the city. Narvaez was here a year before Capt. Vancouver, and his name is not recorded in one single place, street, or anything else; ninety-nine percent—more than that—never heard of him, nor read his name.

THE GREAT FIRE, 1886.

In regard to the Vancouver fire at the time I was interested in a general store on Water Street also in a logging camp on the North arm of the Fraser. I left Vancouver that morning to take our last boom to Chemainnus. We saw the smoke as we went down the North arm but thought it was from the clearing fires which had been burning for some time. When we got to the mill I got a wire telling me everything we had was burnt. Got the boom scaled as soon as I could, then the mill owner very kindly sent me to Vancouver in one of the mill tugs. We could not land on account of logs and debri [*debris*] but I got on a log and worked my way to shore; it was dark and raining, no place to go, so I piled up some lumber, crept under it, next morning (Thursday) we decided to build, I had been used to putting up rough buildings so laid out a building, left my partners to nail on the boards, hunted up some cedar, and split shakes for the roof; by Friday night we had the roof on and Saturday our goods came from Victoria and we started business. As I was away at the time of the fire; what I know is largely hearsay, but there is one item which I think is work recording.

SHACK ESCAPES DESTRUCTION.

At the South East corner of Abbott and Hastings street [1] there was a small shack in which an old man lived; he fought the fire round the shack till overcome by heat and smoke, fire all round him, blinded by smoke, he saw no chance to escape, so said he thought he might as well be burnt in the shack so crawled in, and the shack did not burn; one of the strangest things I have ever known; everything else in the vicinity was burnt clean, I have forgotten the old mans name.

REV. HALL.

Another sad case was the burning to death of Rev. Hall's horse and dog. Mr. Hall was in the habit of riding over to our camp every Sunday, putting his horse up, have dinner with us when he and I would walk down to Eburn to service, the week before the fire he had been using his horse, and thought he would give it a rest on Sunday, and borrowed another horse and his own was burnt in the stable; his fine dog was chained and perished also, his cow was loose and saved herself by swimming out in the Inlet, my old sleigh dog which I had brought down from Cassiar, was picked off a log in the Inlet after the fire had gone down.

Wm. Mashiter.

[1] Excerpt, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Mrs. D.R. Reid, "we built a two-storey house just west of the C.P.R. crossing on Pender Street," "escaped destruction," "a single little shack occupied by sick old bachelor just a few yards west of our house."

RIVER ROAD TRAGEDY, 26 DECEMBER 1889.

You ask aboute the terrible accident I was in on the North arme road. Six of us were returning from a party at Mr. Rowings [*sic. Rowling*] in going we noticed a large fir tree burning. I made the remark that it would fall across the road when it fell. In our return just before we got to it we saw it begin to fall. I shouted to the driver to pull up as I saw the tree would fall ahead of us; instead he whiped up the horses to a gallop, and the tree crashed diagonaly on the sleigh, just missing Miss Lawson and myself, after striking the ground the tree sprang up several feel leaveing the sleigh clear. I was thrown out into the snow. I jumped up and draged Miss Lawson who was held down by branches; at first I thought she was dead; she came to in a moment and the first words she said is my brother killed. I led her away a short distance; then went back I had some maches [*sic. matches*] and looked at each of the bodys to see if there was any life but they had all been instantly killed; one horse was dead, the other so badly hurt it had to be shot. I then took Miss Lawson home and broke the news to her parents; such a task I hope to never have to do again. Mr. Lawson and I went to a neighbour (Mr. Daniel) knocked him up; he got out his team, and we brought the bodys to Mr. Lawsons, and laid them in one of the rooms. Young Lawson and Bodwel were burried at the same time. My old friend Rev. Dr. McLaren officiating. I can never forget his kind words to me at the funeral. Frank Hart was undertaker.

Wm. Mashiter,

Squamish

sh, Mar. 14—1936.

P.S. You ask how it was that the tree was being burnt down; it was a new settler that wanted it for fire wood, and was told that the easiest way to get it down was by burning it by auger holes, which used to be a very common practice of felling large timber; you probably know how this was done; in case you don't. A two inch hole was bored into the tree about two feet, then another above it, at an angle to meet the lower hole, hot coals were dropped in the upper hole and the draft from the lower hole would drive the fire into the heart of the tree; large trees often burn for a week or more before falling.

W.M.

See *Early Vancouver*, vols. 2 and 3. Also Rowling file.

This accident happened somewhere near the foot of Victoria Road on Southeast Marine Drive. The old name for Marine Drive was River Road; still earlier, North Arm Road. Read *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.

[LETTERS FROM WM. MASHITER.]

Squamish, March 14—1936

J.S. Matthews Esq.

Dear Sir

I must really try and write you a few lines to thank you for your kind letter of Dec. 12. It is rather a hard task for me to write as I have not much education. I was delicate till about twelve years old, then took charge of our little farm doing most of the work so there was not much time for study. What a lot of old faces your letter brought to mind. Bishop Dart, my father in law went to school under him in England, he came and spent a week with me shortly before he died. Rev. Cliton [*sic. Clinton*], Father Fay, the merry priest, the good natured Dr. Bell Irvin, J.C. Keef [*sic. Keith*] the first banker in Granville, Mayor McLean, Dave Oppenheimer, stern Judge Begbie, stern on the bench but with a kind heart, A.W. Vowell, the wild Irishman when roused, but one of the finest men I ever traveled with, many a hard days snow shoeing we have had together. D. Burdis, Wm Shannon, and a host of others all have passed to the unknown, soon in the course of nature I must follow. I came to Squamish in 1890 took charge of the Magee ranch and opened a general store and stopping place in 1894, got married in 1904, sold out, and wife I spent the summer in England, returned in fall to our little place here where I am now living. I lost my wife in 1925, and a niece has kept house for me ever since. What little money we had we invested in Vancouver, that and what we made off our place kept us very comfortable till the hard times came, then as you know rents interest loans could not be collected and I could not make enough to pay the taxes so most of my hard earned money is gone, but I have the best of health which is much better than money, and if I was fifty years younger I would strike out for the Peace river, and start all over again, but at 87 that is not to be thought of.

Yours

Sincerely,

[*signed*] Wm Mashiter.

Squamish, March 31, 1936.

My dear Mr. Matthews:

THE GREAT FIRE, 1886. SQUATTERS IN GRANVILLE, B.I.

Your kind and most interesting letter of March 22nd duly to hand, thanks very much for it. I can quite understand you being very busy with Jubilee work, the willing horse gets lots to do at such times. You ask about the shack I spoke of I don't think I can possibly be mistaken in the location I gave you, viz. south east corner of Hastings and Abbott street. Our two houses were on the north east corner of Hastings and Abbott and I can picture in my mind's eye the little shack

right opposite the door of the house I live in. The old man was holding down one of the Squatter claims, not for himself, he was representing some party, I don't know who. I took no part in the incorporation of the city of Vancouver, do not know how they raised the money, I have never been much of a public man and as I told you we sold out soon after the fire and I worked a good deal on the Fraser till 1890, when I came here. So Mrs. Eldon is still living. I must try and see her if I get down to Vancouver this year which I hope to. It is some five years since I have been a night away from home. I had many a good meal in the Strathie restaurant. Sorry to hear Dr. Brydone-Jack is so sick, rather strange I was looking for Capt. Scoullar's address the day before I saw his death in the paper, and Mr Tisdall gone as well. I got quite a shock when I heard over the radio he was dead. I hardly ever went to Vancouver without having a hearty handshake with him. All my people are dead. I am the last of the line, the name dies with me. How I should enjoy a few minutes talk with you. I may look you up this summer if I get to Vancouver. What a lovely poem you sent me. [*J. Francis Bursill's "Tis infamy to die and not be missed."*] I am fond of poetry. I must try and memorize it for it might be useful at some of the meetings I preside at. Rather strange that a poor educated man like me should be called on so often to act as chairman at all sorts of meetings, one reason given me was that I do not weary the people with long speeches; I could not make a long speech if I tried, but I have a good clear voice which can be heard at the far end of the room.

Again thanking you for your kind letters.

Yours sincerely,

[signed] Wm. Mashiter.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. WILLIAM MASHITER OF SQUAMISH, NOW AGED 87, WHO IS ON A VISIT TO VANCOUVER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SEVERAL YEARS, AND WHO CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, HASTINGS STREET, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS NIECE, WHO LIVES WITH MRS. J. GREGG, 1152 WEST HASTINGS STREET, SEY. 821, SEPTEMBER 1936.

Mr. Mashiter looks very active for his age, and says that this summer he cut, then raked, then stacked, all his own hay, had a couple of students help him throw it on the wagon, but put it in the barn himself; a remarkable feat for one so aged. He formerly had a store at his farm, one mile from the Squamish dock, but has discontinued it.

CORDOVA STREET. FRASER AVENUE (CEMETERY ROAD.) MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY.

Mr. Mashiter said: "I was here before the 'Fire,' and when the C.P.R. came through some of us who had 'squatted' got their lots, but I was grouped together with others, and they did me out of mine; Vancouver did not treat me very well. I had been in Oakland in the land boom, then heard of the boom in Seattle, and went to that, then finally heard of the boom in Vancouver, and came on up, but afterwards left Vancouver, and went to Squamish; lost most of my property for taxes when the depression came after 1930, but still have some property in Vancouver.

"Talk about mud. Why, Cordova Street from the C.P.R. Depot up the slope was worse than the road from the dock at Squamish ever was; it took two horses all they could do to haul 600 pounds up that slope; and, out the cemetery road" (now Fraser Avenue) (see F.W. Hart) "it took four horses to haul a coffin out. Why, we couldn't even get lumber out to Mount Pleasant."

MOUNT PLEASANT.

"A man with a wife and eight children wanted me to build him a shelter, anything that would do to shelter them, he wanted it quick, so I built it out of cedar shakes; you could not get lumber out there for the mud. So I just took a cedar tree and split shakes; he told me on a Saturday night to build it, and I had it finished by Wednesday night; just three rooms, not much of a place, but it was a shelter, and I got the shakes right there on the ground."

SQUAMISH. MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. CATTLE. PEMBERTON MEADOWS.

“The land on which I have my place was preempted in 1874 by Van Bremner of the Moodyville Sawmill. There was a shortage of cattle; the sawmill wanted beef to feed their loggers, and they drove cattle out from the Pemberton Meadows, and when they got to Squamish, turned them out in the fine grass meadows; it was a fine place, high grass, so Sue Moody decided to preempt the place, and got 410 acres. Sue Moody went down in the *Pacific*, and after that the place went to pot; the 410 acres lay vacant; then George Magee bought it, dyked it, and made a hay ranch; he was logging too, and wanted beef; then he sold it, and I have a portion of it.

“He gave me ten acres to stop on it and look after it, and I have it yet. It is a bit too big for what I want, but too small to cut up.”

NORWEGIANS.

“Squamish ought to have done better. There has been a lot of bungling. They settled a lot of Norwegians there, but they put them in an impossible place, and when the water came, there was four feet of water in their houses. Then they moved the Norwegians to Plumper’s Pass, and finally they went to Bella Bella, and are there yet.

“There was a time when we got 300 tons of timothy at Squamish, and some people wanted to start a creamery; they had 60 head of cattle, and plenty of money, \$10,000 or \$12,000, and they wanted a lease of the Indian Reserve from the Indian Department, but the Indian Department would not give it to them, and that industry was lost, too, to Squamish. There has been a lot of bungling by the government.”

Mr. Mashiter died January or February 1938 and at Squamish. The exact date is 10 January 1938.

[LETTERS FROM R. MATHISON.]

Kelowna, B.C.
June 9, 1936.

Dear Major:

I ought to sell this to the highest bidder, but I’ll give it to you.

DOMINION DAY, 1886. ROBERT KERR.

This is the only copy in existence, and is a proof of the first page of the program that was to have been gotten out for Vancouver’s Celebration of Dominion Day, 1886, but which was prevented being held on account of “The Fire” of June 13, that year. Later on, when in business for myself, I printed raffle tickets for the “Robert Kerr” but it did not take place either, as the vessel was sold to the C.P.R. for use as a coal hulk. There was no numbering machine in town then, and I changed the form on the press to number each ticket. The official program for this year should incorporate this (1886 proof) in miniature with an imprint “Weekly Herald Job Department,” and a short note of explanation.

DAILY NEWS. LIQUOR LICENSES.

If the “Sun” want to be up-to-date, they should reproduce the “Daily News” of June 20, 1886, a copy of which I sent you, and two pages of three columns each with the name of the paper, names of proprietors, the date line and forty-one applications for liquor licenses. Bob Harkness rustled the copy for it on Saturday, and it was printed in the “Columbian” office that night as no Sunday work was allowed in that office, and to comply with the law they had to be published by 20th. Fifty copies were printed, but most of them, Bob put under a log.

Sometime when I’m in Vancouver ask me for a fish story on him. Bill Lewis was foreman of the “Columbian” at that time, but for years past has been a “bee” man out from New Westminster. If he is still alive, and I think he is, you ought to meet with him as he should be able to give you some old time stuff.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
[signed] R. Mathison.

Kelowna, B.C.
June 25, 1936.

Dear Major:

Hell is just a few doors away from me too but some air stirring helps a lot.

Thank you for the photo of 1886 proof and year of "Telegram" being issued, and for several copies of the "Province" with the 1886 program.

I'll try some of these days and give you something for your "Telegram" file.

J.W. HORNE. TELEGRAM.

J.W. Horne was the first financial backer, the others came in later on. My father was in Toronto when the order for type, etc., was received by Bob Patterson of Mitter and Richard, and he said it was wanted by express, and that would amount to over \$600.00. My father told him to send it, and anything else Horne wanted up to \$300,000.00, as he was good for it. As a matter of fact Horne at that time had property in Ward two alone amounting to \$320,000.00 as I jotted down the various amounts he mentioned to me in talking on Sunday evening.

I was "ad" man on the "Telegram" when it quit.

Yours sincerely,
[signed] R. Mathison.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH DR. ROBERT MATHISON, DENTIST, OF KELOWNA, B.C., WHO IS IN VANCOUVER ATTENDING CONVENTION OF PACIFIC COAST DENTISTS, HOTEL VANCOUVER, AND VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 4 JULY 1938.

FIRST BICYCLES.

Dr. Mathison said: "I came to Vancouver in March 1886, and worked on getting out the first newspaper, the *Herald*. In 1887, the first bicycle in Vancouver was sent out to me; one of the old-fashioned type with one big wheel and one small wheel. An article was published once saying that Mr. Piper had the first bicycle, so I wrote to Mr. Piper, and he conceded that his bicycle was the first one with pneumatic tires—Dunlop tires, we called them—and that he had brought his out after mine."

THE FIRST MONTHLY CALENDAR.

"I got out the first calendar in Vancouver; you have one of the originals of them in my file. There were no calendars in Vancouver in the early part of 1886, so, after I went into the job printing business—that was after I left the *Herald*—I sent to Toronto to the firm where I had formerly worked as a job printer, and told them to get me out something for the rest of the year; the year was half over, 1886, so they prepared a calendar with six months on it, July to December 1886 only."

MAYOR TEMPLETON'S DEATH. MAYOR OPPENHEIMER'S GERMAN ACCENT.

"William Templeton lost his first electoral contest for mayor with David Oppenheimer; he made a bad mistake. There was a meeting, and he was last to speak; he imitated Mayor Oppenheimer's German accent; you could just feel the meeting grow cold; he tried to recover himself later, and did, but it was too late, he lost the election over that. Mayor Templeton's death was due to the excitement and disappointment of his defeat, in the election, and an overdose of sleeping potion."

KNIGHTS OF LABOUR. R.H. ALEXANDER.

"I was asked to attend the meetings of the Knights of Labour, and did attend one or two, but, what cost R.H. Alexander the first election for mayor of Vancouver—he lost to Mayor MacLean—was that at one pre-election meeting of electors he said, we have enough 'days of labour' without 'Knights of Labour.'" (Note: also *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, Gallagher narrative and elsewhere re "North American Chinamen.")

A MEMORANDUM WRITTEN BY DR. ROBERT MATHISON, D.S., OF KELOWNA, FOR REMARKS AT BOARD OF TRADE LAST LUNCHEON, CLOSING OF OLD HOTEL VANCOUVER. DR. MATHISON WAS SOLE CHARTER MEMBER PRESENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, 17 MAY 1939.

ALDERMAN NORTHCOTT. "C.P.R. TOWNSITE." BIG TREE. HOTEL VANCOUVER.

The first Sunday I was in Vancouver, which was near the end of March 1886, Joe Northcott (later Alderman Northcott in Vancouver's first City Council) and I went for a walk to see a big tree which had been felled and lay diagonally across to where the Hudson's Bay store is now, and in so doing passed over the site of the Hotel Vancouver. We had gone in over a trail about where Granville Street is, and on returning we walked on fallen timber to about the corner of Homer and Cordova streets, only now and then stepping on the earth.

PRINTING OFFICE. HASTINGS STREET. L.A. HAMILTON.

I built a 12 x 25 foot shack on Hastings Street where Morris' tobacco shop is now, and opened a job printing office July 23, 1886, three days before I was 21 years old. My first job was Post Office box receipts and my second, agreements for Sale of Land for the C.P.R., given me by Mr. L.A. Hamilton, who was Assistant Land Commissioner.

FIRST BICYCLE IN VANCOUVER.

In March, 1887, I had my old high wheel bicycle sent out from Ontario—the first in Vancouver—and on my first trip down to the centre of things, corner of Carrall and Cordova streets, the *Daily Advertiser* had a local saying Bob Mathison came in from the country today on his wheel. He is a "daisy on wheels"—a slang expression of that time. When I built on Hastings Street there were only two buildings west of me—C.P.R. office building on the site of the present station and a bakery on Granville Street, half a block south of where the Post Office is now.

FIRST CELEBRATION. QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

Vancouver's first celebration, the Jubilee of Queen Victoria was held July 1 and 2, 1887. The day after it was over Mr. L.A. Hamilton came in and asked me for my account for printing for the committee of which he was Hon. Treasurer, saying they were getting short of funds and he thought I should have my money.

Other C.P.R. officials for whom I have kindly thoughts were Captain Webber, who brought Mr. Jim Fullerton, who succeeded him as Vancouver's only Mormon—ship's husband to the China and Japan line, and told him of the satisfactory work I had done for him.

CHINAMEN. GOING TO SAN FRANCISCO.

This was always a good account, particularly in 1888 when the C.P.R. boats were bringing ship loads of Chinamen across and taking them to San Francisco before the U.S. Exclusion law went into effect, as many special printed forms were needed.

D.E. Brown of the passenger department and Mr. Salsbury and William Downie also put considerable work in my hands.

HOTEL VANCOUVER OPENING.

When Hotel Vancouver opened I printed the dinner menu each day for a couple of months, but gave it up as it was inconvenient having to have my one press available for this job each afternoon.

The Dominion Government built the line from Port Moody to Savanas Ferry and gave it to the C.P.R.

C.P.R. CONSULTATION. ARBITRATION.

In 1888 an arbitration was held at Hotel Vancouver in connection with this, Railway Company claiming it was not up to the standard of railway building for that time. Experts from other continental lines were witnesses and the result was the government put up 3½ million dollars to remedy matters. Nelson Butcher, (who was afterwards official reporter for the Railway Commission) had the task of taking the evidence in shorthand, and supplied the arbitration officials with a copy of the proceedings of each session on the following morning.

EVIDENCE. VAN HORNE.

He was to make typewritten copies and had a staff of eight on the job. He made an extra copy on his own initiative and later had it bound into four volumes and presented it to President Van Horne. The following New Years he received an annual pass good over any part of the C.P.R. system and this came each year as long as Van Horne was president.

BANQUET. HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

A banquet was held while the Arbitration was on, and Hon. Edward Blake was one of the speakers. When the question of building the C.P.R. was before the House at Ottawa, Blake thought it was folly to build through British Columbia, as it was a "Sea of Mountains." At the banquet he took it all back by saying he had enjoyed his trip across the mountains of Manitoba and the North West Territories and particularly across the plains of B.C. According to Nelson Butcher, he was speaking at times at 300 words a minute.

[LETTER FROM R. MATHISON.]

Kelowna, B.C.
June 9, 1936.

Dear Major Matthews:

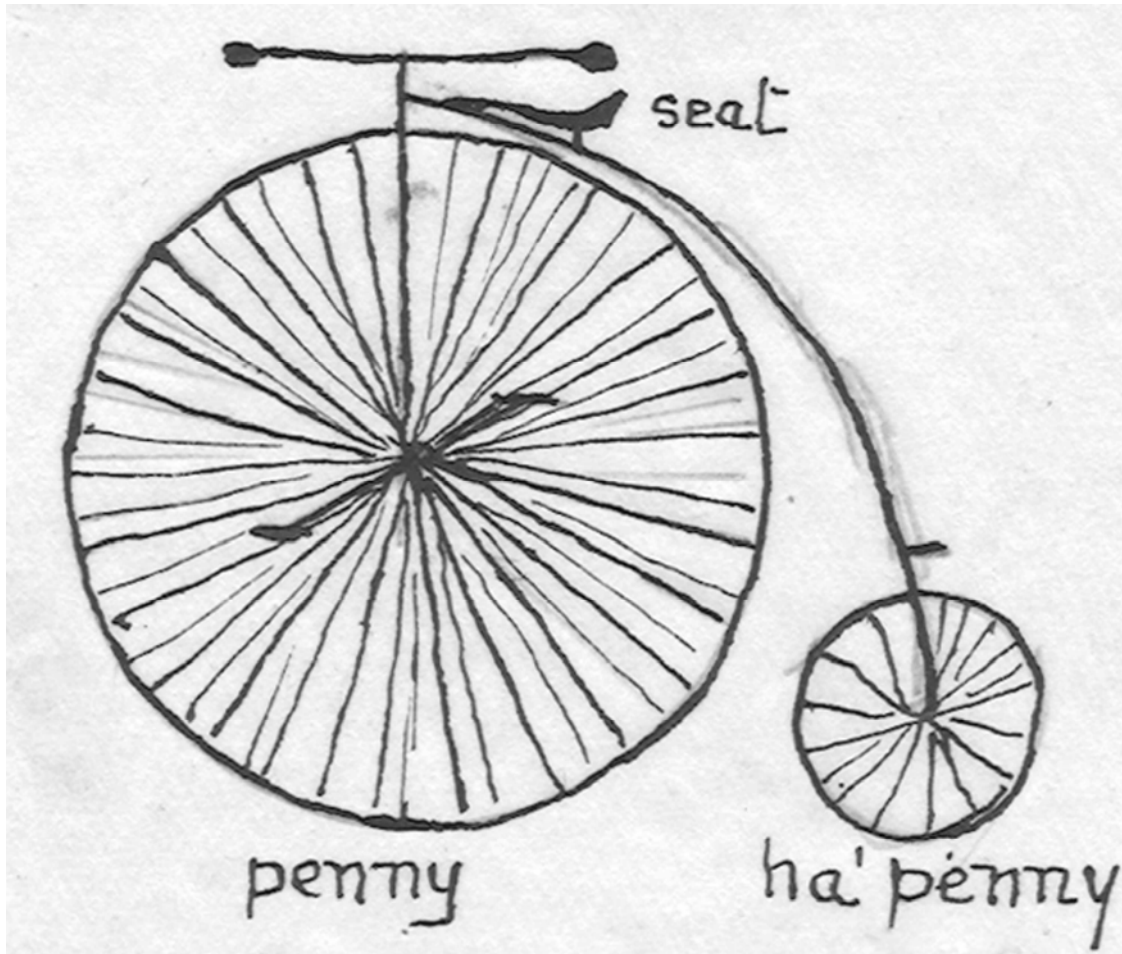
There was no argument between Mr. C.J. Piper and I about bicycle matter just friendly letters.

I'm enclosing his which you may keep. Get in touch with him and get his up to now mileage. You should find him extremely interesting. Mr. Piper sent some photos of busy Granville Street to the "Province" about January 1st, 1930, which were published in the Magazine Section, and referred to him as having the first bicycle in Vancouver. I wrote to Mr. Piper saying, I hoped it would not take all the joy out of life for him, but I was of the impression I had the first "bike" in Vancouver—in March 1887.

I had the nice letter of his which is enclosed, and he also wrote the "Province" to the same effect that his was the first pneumatic tyred bicycle in Vancouver and his letter was published in the next week's magazine section. To make a good story of it someone started the article by saying it had taken all the joy out of life for me having him claim to have the first "bike."

In the summer of 1936, the "Sun" [*unknown date but page 18*] published the enclosed picture of Mr. Piper and his "Bike" and I wrote and congratulated him. The letter was addressed to 4931 Hastings St., East, but came back to me, so I then sent it c/o the "Sun," and received his letter of September 22nd, 1936.

I bought my high wheel bike in 1883. Front wheel fifty inches in diameter. It was a "Liverpool," and cost fifty dollars (\$50.00) Hard rubber tyres about an inch in diameter. I had it shipped out to Vancouver in March 1887, and on my first trip down town (from Hastings St.) the "Daily Advertiser" had an item saying "Bob Mathison came in from the country today on his wheel." "He's a daisy on wheels"—a slang expression of that time.



Item # EarlyVan_v5_020

Sure I had some tumbles, the worst one on Water Street, when a crack in the wooden roadway pulled the tyre out, and it caught in the fork. I gathered some splinters in both hands. I shoved the wheel into No. 1 Fire Hall, and left it there for three or four days, during which time several of the boys learned to ride it without mishaps. I gave it away some time in 1889, but I've forgotten to whom. My present "bike" I got in 1903—I've only had the two—and it's still going strong. The frame and handle bar are original and I've worn out three coaster brakes, and about three months ago got new front and rear wheels for it, following the wrecking of the old wheels by an auto crashing into it at the curb where it was parked. It will probably last as long as I will.

I cover an average of one hundred miles a month, winter and summer. I won a small cup the first year I had a wheel—the only race I was ever in—being about six inches ahead of this other fellow.

When Vancouver held its first celebration in 1887, two nice prizes were allotted for a bicycle race. There were only two entries, and so both prizes would be given, I entered (I was the starter) and rode about a hundred yards. Fred Turner, of New Westminster, won first prize, and a lad from Nanaimo (I've forgotten his name—have an idea it was Deeming) the second.

Mr. Piper, I have no doubt, could give you some facts re church choirs, music, organs, etc. His address on his 1936 letter is the only one I have.

Capt. Bill Watts and I took in Earle Kelly's program on May 19th, and when I introduced myself he asked, "Where does 'Mathison, the printer' come in?" I told him I was one of Vancouver's first printers, but had no further conversation with him as others had come up to speak to him.

I think it was after I saw you, I ran across a story of a taxi driver and his passenger and three dollars, (\$3.00). Let me know if I told it to you. You, or Kelly, might make use of it.

Altogether I had a very delightful visit.

I suggested to Mrs. R.B. Bowden that she give you her set of Howay's History of B.C.—this was before I located Vol. 1 with Bill Watts. She picked it up at a sale for \$8.00, and it was up in the attic. Perhaps you will get it. I'm quitting now before I get writer's cramp.

With kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,

[signed] R. Mathison

EXCERPT FROM OLD CEMETERY RECORDS.

City Clerk's Office,
City Hall.

MILLER, Edwin G. 44 years old when he died
born at New Westminster, B.C.
died at San Diego, Cal., Feb. 4, 1916
buried Feb. 16, 1916—accidental fracture of skull, cause of death.
religion Presbyterian
single.

MILLER, Jonathan. 82 years
born Ontario
died Vancouver, Dec. 6th 1914
buried Dec. 8th 1914—Broncho Pneumonia, cause of death.
religion Church of England.
widower.

MILLER, Margaret. 69 years
born Delawara, Ontario
died Vancouver, Sept. 17, 1906.
buried Sept. 19, 1906—Senile decay, cause of death.
religion Church of England.
married.

Note: in connection with the possibility that Edwin G. Miller was the first white child born on Burrard Inlet, it will be noted that his birthplace—as given on his death particulars in the City Hall—shows that he was born in New Westminster, and *not* at Granville.

A newspaper clipping—see Jonathan Miller file—reporting his death in San Diego, Cal., presumably from a Vancouver newspaper dated about 5 February 1916, states that he *was* the first white child born on the site of the City of Vancouver, and that he was born in the old Provincial Government building on Water Street.

It is not altogether extraordinary that the claim of H.O. Alexander, born at Hastings Mill, 13 December 1873, and widely published for many years, as being the first white child born here, has not been disputed, for the reason that the Miller family were notoriously careless in genealogical matters. Mrs. Crakanthorp—see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3—prefers to state that he was the first at *Hastings Mill*. On the other hand, it is extraordinary that such Miller records as we have, state Edwin Miller was born at Granville, yet his death certificate—particulars of which must have been furnished by his family—state at New Westminster.

JSM.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. WALTER OSCAR MILLER, PIONEER OF YALE, PORT MOODY, AND VANCOUVER; EARLY OFFICIAL (1883) OF CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, AND SUBSEQUENTLY SUPERINTENDENT, NOW RETIRED, WHO KINDLY ACCEPTED MY REQUEST TO VISIT THE CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, VANCOUVER, 13 SEPTEMBER 1937.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. YALE, 1884.

Mr. Miller said: "I came from Kenora, then Rat Portage, to Yale in April 1884. After remaining at Yale as" (telegraph) "despatcher, I went to work for W.H. Armstrong" (later Armstrong and Morrison, Vancouver) "who was Master Mechanic at that time for the C.P.R. I remained with him about a year, and then went back despatching.

"I was chief despatcher there in Yale in 1886, when the road was turned over to the C.P.R., and I hear that last message at the driving of the last spike, November 1885; the message from Donald A. Smith to Queen Victoria when the last spike was driven at Craigellachie; then later, in 1886, I despatched the first train.

"You see. Soon after Van Horne's train went by, all work was closed down. It was closed down, and Haney left the work. They departed that winter between Port Moody and Savona, under the general superintendency of Geo. F. Kyle. The mountain section—east of Savona—was closed down, I think, completely. Then the following March or April" (1886), "Armstrong went up there.

"After I was married in August" (1886) "I was Chief Clerk for Superintendent William Downie at Port Moody, and in the spring of 1884 we moved to Vancouver, and I was" (the first) "Chief Despatcher, and received the first train into Vancouver."

CANADIAN PACIFIC TELEGRAPH.

"The first telegraph office was on the south side of Cordova Street between Granville and Seymour, opposite the present C.P.R. Station; later we moved over to the wooden building on the other side of the street where I remained until 1898; then I was transferred to be Agent at Kamloops, where I remained until August 1900; then returned to Vancouver, and was Car Service and Fuel Agent until 1908; then superintendent at Vancouver until 1910; then transferred to Nelson, B.C. as superintendent" (17 years), "end of 1926, when I was retired."

CASCADE LODGE.

"I was a charter member of Cascade Lode A.F. & A.M.; was Worshipful Master in 1892, and of the charter members, Stanley Henderson, James Doig and myself alone remain."

GENEALOGY.

"I was born at Fordwich, Ontario, 30th September 1862, son of John Miller.

"At Nanaimo, 11th August 1886, I married my wife, still surviving, Miss Anne Elizabeth Horne" (Anglican denomination), "daughter of A.G. Horne, an old Hudson's Bay factor formerly in charge of Port Simpson, later of Comox, but in 1886 resident at Nanaimo. He was the first white man to cross Vancouver's Island; Horne Lake is named in his honour. We reside now at 1263 West 33rd Avenue. Our children were six; the eldest son, born July 1887, died young, as did another son; the four who survive are:

1. Gladys, now Mrs. W.M. Walker, of Nelson, B.C., whose son was accidentally killed, but whose daughter, now about 19, is a stenographer, Imperial Bank, Nelson.
2. Sidney Wilfred" (Miller, Court & Manley Ltd., brokers, 475 Howe Street), "twice married. His eldest child, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Reed, and about 21 or 22, is living in Los Angeles, where her husband is one of the principals of the Westinghouse Electric Co.; her brother Joe is about 16 and going to school. Sidney's second wife is the mother of a little tot, a daughter, Sharon.
3. Olive Mabel, unmarried, resides with us at 1263 West 33rd.
4. Francis, now Mrs. E.G. Matthew, widowed, also lives with us, with her two children, a son, 14, and a daughter, 11.

Read and approved by Mr. Miller. November 1937.

J.S. Matthews.

SAM GREER OF GREER'S BEACH.

Memo of conversation with Mrs. G.E. Morrison, 3321 Point Grey Road, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Greer, 21 January 1936.

KITSILANO BEACH.

Mrs. Greer (Louisa, the second wife) is 87 now, getting somewhat feeble. She lives on Trafalgar Street. "Yes, I am her daughter, was born 9th February 1887, right there at the foot of Yew Street, where the bathing pavilion is now. Mrs. J.Z. Hall" (who received the "Good Citizen" medal in 1934 from the Native Sons at a big ceremony in Stanley Park, Malkin Memorial Bowl) "is my half sister."

WILD ANIMALS.

"Do I remember the wild animals? Mink and weasels used to come right in the house." (The house the C.P.R. burned down.) "Then there were some little things which scrambled over the roof at night; we never did find out what they were."

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN KITSILANO.

Mrs. Morrison was born, February 1885 (or 1886) in father's house on beach, foot Yew Street.

Probably earliest white birth in Kitsilano; her younger sister, Mrs. Middlemas of Trafalgar Street, also born there, 26 May 1889; younger children were born at Chilliwack.

J.S.M.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. J.W. MORRISON, 1749 WATERLOO STREET, VANCOUVER, WHO HAVE BEEN IN VANCOUVER FOR 50 YEARS, AT THEIR HOME, 25 MARCH 1938.

Asked to identify his store and others on Cordova Street, from a photograph showing soldiers marching "in line" down Cordova Street, between Homer and Cambie, before 1899, Mr. Morrison said that the photograph did not quite include the building in which his store was located. (See photo No. P. Mil. 23. G. N. 462.)

Mr. Morrison said: "I think my store was the first brick one in the block. It was near the southwest corner of Cambie on Cordova. When I moved into it, it was a new building, and I was so busy trying to establish myself in my new business, that I did not pay much attention to the others."

MASONIC TEMPLE. ODDFELLOWS HALL. SPRINGER BLOCK.

"I remember the Springer Block across Cordova Street being built; it was under construction when I moved into my little store. As far as memory serves me, this first little store in the picture is Tapley's Candy store; they made their own candy, and had some confectionary goods, too."

POODLE DOG HOTEL.

"The next one, I think, was a hotel, but I cannot remember the name of it. And then there was the Merchant Tailors; I think Mr. Mather, who later went to Pasadena, was the tailor then."

ARKELL HALL. GRANT AND ARKELL. WORLD NEWSPAPER. KENDALL BLOCK.

"Next to that is the Arkell building; it was not Grant and Arkell then, only Arkell, and later, I think it was the *World* office, the newspaper. And then there is the Kendall Block, that is on the corner of Homer and Cordova.

"I joined the Masonic Lodge, but when I joined they were holding their meetings in the Springer Block, and I do not remember when they were held in the Arkell Building."

Unrevised conversation with Miss Ethel Glazier, City Archives.

JOHN MORTON OF BURRARD INLET.

Manuscript of Rev. P.C. Parker, one of the executors of John Morton.

History of Salendine Nook Baptist Church, by Rev. John Stock, D.D., LL.D.

The following is found in the closing page of the *History of the Baptist Church* at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England.

It has come to my knowledge since the foregoing History was written that a family of the name of Morton, in the 16th century, fled from Scotland because of religious persecution, and brought their work people with them, and settled in this neighbourhood. They established their Potteries, which are here to this day, and worked by this highly esteemed family.

These people organized a Presbyterian meeting which ultimately languished, and was finally absorbed in the Baptist organization; in which the Mortons have had no mean part.

There were the Potters that dwelt among the Plants and Hedges. There they dwelt with the King for his work. [*Note: this passage is evidently quoted from I Chronicles 4-23.*]

I made the acquaintance of Mr. John Morton and his wife on the first Sunday morning in December, 1907. They were at the service of the First Baptist Church, then on the corner of Hamilton and Dunsmuir Streets. They greeted me very warmly at the close of the service, and when I found, from conversations with them, they had been connected with the Church at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield, England, I cultivated their acquaintance for several reasons. First, because I had preached at the "Nook Church" twice—once soon after my ordination as pastor of the Newbold Baptist Church, Rochdale, England, and again in 1897 during my visit to England at the Diamond Jubilee; another reason was, Mr. Morton had made a donation of one hundred pounds sterling to the College in Manchester, England; where I received my theological training; and a further reason was, my college "chum," who acted as "best man" at my marriage in 1885, was the honored minister of the Salendine Nook Church at the very time I was acting as interim pastor of the First Baptist Church here in Vancouver, and Mr. and Mrs. Morton had just returned from a visit to the dear old house in England.

I became very much interested in Mr. Morton, and visited him at his home constantly, and took walks with him in Stanley Park, and learned much of his life story.

He said he was 29 years old when he came. He arrived in Victoria, April 16th, 1862. The ship that he came on from Liverpool was sunk at the very next voyage by the Confederate ship, *Alabama*.

After reaching Victoria he waited until the first boat out from Victoria, and went on that boat up the Fraser River, and thence travelled up to the Cariboo like the other gold seekers. He said nothing about his fellow travellers, though he afterwards told me Sam Brighthouse was his cousin, and they had made the acquaintance of William Hailstone during their voyage from England; that Hailstone was from Newcastle district (north of England). He was very much disappointed like many others in the Cariboo, and that the mining wasn't what it was reported to be. One morning during his stay, when he was having breakfast, a man came into the restaurant and called out, "has anybody here got any horseshoe nails? The Dr. has been called to go a long distance to see a sick man and wants his horse shoeing, and we have no nails." Morton said, "yes, I have some nails." Here was an evidence of his thrift and carefulness—he had 22 nails and was paid \$22; a dollar per nail.

He left the Cariboo and came down and hired out to rancher on the (I think he said North Thompson River. I am sure it was Thompson River) for a period. He after that came down to New Westminster, and saw a piece of coal in a store window. He said the only store in New Westminster that was made out of finished lumber. He went into the store and asked where the coal came from, and the man came out and said, "there is that Indian going up the Port Moody Road. He brought it in, and he can tell you." So Morton went after the Indian. He, Morton, explained to me that he was not particularly wanting the coal, but he wanted the sub-stratum of

clay, which is usually found where there is coal, because he said, "I could make pots out of it, and people in this new country will need pots." There again comes in his foresight. The Indian induced him to go with him. They embarked at Port Moody in the dugout and the Indian brought him down the Inlet until they came to where the "Blue Ribbon Tea Co." building is. When Mr. Morton told me that I went to look for the building and found it at the foot of Howe St. (whether he was referring to the present building or some former one I do not know.) [*Should be Thurlow Street. JSM.*]

That said was the 16th of October. (The coincidence of April 16th and October 16th was vividly impressed upon my mind.) They stayed all night under the trees. Next morning they took the dugout, and the Indian paddled him through the Narrows and brought him round to near where Siwash Rock is, and showed him the Coal near. Morton saw it was not profitable and there was no clay; evidently was washed away by erosion. He was quite disappointed again. The Indian said, "I show you White Sands." So he brought him around to what is now known as English Bay. These impressed Mr. Morton deeply. The dugout was pulled up and hid in the brush, and the Indian led Mr. Morton along a trail and brought him to a place where they had slept he night before. Mr. Morton said, "take me back, take me back." So they waited till the turn of the tide and the Indian guided him through the bush, got his dugout, and brought him back again through the Narrows. Said Morton to the Indian, "how deep?" Said the Indian, "totelem! totelem! totelem! totelem! totelem! totelem!" He repeated, "how deep?" and again the Indian repeated six totelem. Morton made a note of word and number and found that totelem was ten yards; six made 180 feet. This was the length of line the Indian used in the Narrows fishing for rock-cod. So he thought it was 180 feet deep.

Said Mr. Morton to me, "I said to myself, this is a natural harbour and I am going to locate here." This is another instance of his foresight and carefulness.

He made his way to New Westminster to Judge Brew and found that the land was unsurveyed and unstaked, and Judge Brew told him that he would have to stake it out himself, and after he had done legal duties, they would survey the property and he would get his land. So John Morton returned. He said he communicated with Hailstone and Brighthouse and told them if they would join him they would share and share alike, but he wanted the narrowest part. The land was staked out from Inlet to Creek. He did not leave the place, slept under the trees until a few days before Christmas, 1862, and by that time the log hut was erected. He didn't say whether Brighthouse and Hailstone accepted his invitation, but subsequent events showed they must have. He said he never left the place after having staked it to go to do any other work, but the other two did to get money to keep things going until the legal requirements were completed. I have no knowledge of how he went to and from New Westminster. Here, however, is another instance of his carefulness and steadfastness of purpose. One day "they" received a letter from an individual who told them "that they were working land that had already been staked and belonged to him" (i.e. the writer of the letter) "but if they would pay him a shilling a year in acknowledgement of his claim they could stay on the land." When we got the letter Sam and Bill wanted "to throw up, and give up the whole business." Morton said, "I wouldn't leave the place for anybody." So he went to New Westminster to see Judge Brew. When showing the letter to Judge Brew he doubled under the signature so that the Judge would not see who wrote it. The Judge, who was a gentleman, never tried to see it. He read the letter, leaned back, heaved a sigh, and said, "I don't know who has written this letter, but he is either a liar or a knave. You go on with your duties" (legal requirements) "and when your time is up you can have the land surveyed and you will get your papers." Morton told me confidentially, "the writer of the letter was Captain Burnaby."

One day in April, he did not say what year, he looked across towards what is now Stanley Park, and there before him in its spring beauty was "Deadman's Island." When he told me this incident we were walking from his home, October 1911, through Stanley Park along the Driveway toward Deadman's Island. He said, "I wanted to homestead the Island. So I took my boat, went over to the Island, pulled the boat up on the shore, and took my axe and went to the bush, I saw a box in the branches of a tree. I knocked it down, and broke open the box, and there was a dead Indian sitting up in the box. So I skipped off to my boat, and rowed away as fast as I could; I went back a couple of days afterwards and put the box back. By and by I went to New Westminster

and spoke to Judge Brew about it. I drew a sketch of the Island and gave it to the Judge, and he said of, 'why, it is like the ace of spaces.' The shape of it. 'Now,' said the Judge, 'Morton, we had better be careful about this and find things out before anything further's done. We will see the chief. This is evidently the burial ground of the Indians, and they may hold it sacred, and we must not offend them.'"

The Indians called the Island, "Memelous Siwash Ille" (ill-lee.) Morton decided he did not want the Island. When Mr. Morton told me that incident we were in Stanley Park opposite Deadman's Island and I quoted the refrain I saw somewhere but can't remember where:

Our footprints press where centuries ago,
the red men fought and conquered,
lost and won,

Whole tribes and nations gone like winter's snow,
before the rising of the
springtide's sun.

One day there were two Indians came to their log hut, bringing with them a squaw. At the time they did not understand the Indian language—all the three English men were there, and the Indians talked and talked, and finally the squaw stood up and began to dance, and jumped over a bench. Meantime Morton and friends got into a corner of the hut and were in great terror, as they thought this was the war dance before the scalplings. Finally the Indians went away grinning and Morton having put down some of the words he heard, discovered that the Indians, seeing the men were alone with no woman to work for them, had brought the squaw for that purpose, and the dancing and jumping was to show how nimble and capable she was.

On another occasion when Morton was alone he was astonished to see a whole band of Indians come across the Bay, Stanley Park way, some walking along the trail, some in boats; they were beating tom-toms. Morton got alarmed. He fixed up a dummy in his bed, put a hat on at the top of the bed where the head would be, and a pair of boots at the bottom under the clothing with a bit of the boot sticking out; fastened his door and bolted up to where Hastings Mill is now, and from there watched the proceedings. He saw them put something over the branch of a tree, and it was dancing and struggling in the air. Gaining courage and going back towards the place, he saw it was a squaw that they had hung—near the entrance of Stanley Park. This squaw was the wife of Chief Supple Dick or Slippery Dick—some such name. She had been jealous because the wife of Chief had had a baby whilst she had none—and had pinched the baby's throat and killed it. There had been a hanging in New Westminster, some man had killed another, and had been hung for murder, I think it was Jack Sprague who was hung. Bishop Sheepshanks mentions it, and in Morton's phraseology, "white man hang white man for killy white man, so they hung squaw for killy papoose."

EARLY ACCIDENT.

Another incident in the early life of Mr. Morton. Saved from drowning. He and Hailstone had gone across the Inlet to the North Vancouver side to get some poles that were more suitable for their purpose than those on the South side. Coming back they fastened the poles on the top of the canoe and Morton got in front and Hailstone at the back. When they thought the tide was right they paddled for the South Shore. By and by they were overtaken by the rush of waters. The canoe was filled. They could do nothing but keep going, expecting every minute to be overwhelmed by the tide; when they got to their landing place Morton jumped for the shore. Hailstone being in the rear—the canoe tipped by his weight and he was plunged in the Inlet. Morton had quite a difficulty in fishing his friend out of the water for he was nearly drowned.

SAN FRANCISCO.

When Mr. Morton was through with his preemption duties and they had received their deeds to the land, he went to San Francisco. He and some of the boarders where he was staying decided to go to England. They all went down to get their ticket; others were before him, and their baggage was on the boat. As Morton was going up to the wicket, for some unexplained reason he got nervous, and got out of line and went to the rear and communed with himself, then he thought he was foolish to get that nervous, so he got in line again; the nearer he got to the wicket, the

more nervous he became, so instead of buying a ticket he rushed past the wicket and went on board, got his baggage and went back to the boarding house where he underwent no small amount of scoffing for his timidity. The next morning, however, his hostess said, "O you lucky man the boat has gone down with all hands." The vessel was the *Golden Lion* or the *Golden Age*—something golden.

I'll give you another instance which shows you the carefulness and the thriftiness of John Morton. He was very strong in the common virtues. One day, just before I came here in 1907, there was a man doing some work for him on his house down at English Bay. Mr. Morton was drawing some old nails out of the lumber and straightening them to be used again. The carpenter he was employing would not use them, told Mr. Morton he was mean. It was about this time that John Morton went to Church one Sunday morning, and there was a Russian Baron—Baron Uxgull, who was making an appeal for funds for a Baptist College in Russia to train Preachers for the Ministry. John Morton gave \$250 at that Sunday service for the work. Afterwards I said to him, "a man that cannot save cannot give."

BAPTIST COLLEGE.

Mr. Morton gave to the Baptist Denomination several acres of land in the West End for a Baptist College. He got a Mr. Hamilton, an engineer, to choose the most suitable part of his estate for this purpose, and he chose the part near the entrance of Stanley Park where there was a splendid view up the Inlet. The city did not subdivide it. The property was donated to the Baptist Convention but they failed to pay the taxes. The property reverted to the city for taxes, but Mr. Morton stepped up, paid the taxes and took the property back. Mrs. Morton has some letters which show that, as far back as 1887, Mr. Morton counseled with the Rand bros. that were his agents, indicating his desire to provide money for religious educational work. He had a lawsuit with someone who had squatted on his property at the foot of Bidwell Street, which somehow was lost to him. I witnessed his will. He asked me to make it for him, but I told him it was a legal matter and I did not understand that kind of work. Mr. C.B. Morgan made it.

When I organized the Fairview Baptist Church in 1908, Mr. Morton was very generous, giving \$300 as a start, and when it was finished any indebtedness that was on the Church he himself and Mrs. Morton paid. Afterwards he said, "as winter will be coming on, you will require a furnace." I said, "yes." "Well," he says, "I will get you one of the best there is in the city."

Mr. and Mrs. Morton furnished all the funds for the "Ruth Morton Church." They also paid the indebtedness of the North Vancouver Baptist Church. There was no lack of the generosity of this worthy couple.

Checked with original manuscript. 12 January 1936. J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. RUTH MORTON, WIDOW OF JOHN MORTON, FIRST SETTLER OF BURRARD INLET, AT HER APARTMENT, 1190 WEST 12TH AVENUE, BAYVIEW 5523L, 6 SEPTEMBER 1935.

MRS. RUTH MORTON. JOHN MORTON.

J.S.M.: Is that you, Mrs. Morton?

Mrs. M.: (feebly; scratchy voice, but most agreeable tone) "Yee as."

J.S.M.: I want to come up to see you.

Mrs. M.: (same feeble voice of an aged lady) "Let me know when you're coming," etc. etc.

10 SEPTEMBER 1935 – MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. RUTH MORTON, WIDOW OF JOHN MORTON OF THE “BRICKMAKER’S CLAIM,” 1862, NOW WEST END, ONE OF THE FIRST THREE SETTLERS OF BURRARD INLET, NOW RESIDING IN MONTROSE APARTMENTS, 1190 WEST 12TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER.

MRS. RUTH MORTON.

I phoned Mrs. Morton for permission to call this afternoon. She said in return, “Half past two,” cheerily, but in a somewhat failing voice. Mrs. Morton lives alone in a small suite, and has an attendant, a Mrs. Buxton. Her relative in Vancouver, so far as I know, is the childless widow of her stepson, Joseph Morton, corner Arbutus and York streets, the only son of John Morton, and a stepdaughter, Mrs. Thornton, at Sardis, who has children. She has several other relatives.

On my arrival, Mrs. Morton, a little lady dressed in black, greeted me most cheerily and with a charming smile; she was as bright as a cricket. No one would guess that she will be 88 next March 17th (St. Patrick’s Day), 1936. She must have been born in 1848. I told her she looked like a girl in her teens; she laughed. We sat down and she commenced to talk. She said:

“I was 22 when I left England, but first came to British Columbia from the United States in 1884. Ruth Mount was my maiden name; Sheffield was our market town. How old do you think I am?”

I replied that I did not like to answer such a question, but guessed about 82.

“I was 87 last March 17th; I shall be 88 next March, that is 1936.”

I remarked that we had lived in a wonderful age. What period of history, if she had her choice, what period in the world’s time, would she have chosen to live her life in preference as more interesting; so full of event and invention; chloroform, dynamite, telegraph, telephone, gramophone, radio, bicycles, motorcars, aeroplanes, submarines, the development of the steam and electric railroad, the disappearance of sailing ships and their replacement by ocean leviathans of great power and size; the disappearance of the forest, and the building of great cities in their place; the creation of a great empire, and that most wonderful of all adventures, the Great War.

Mrs. Morton: (who speaks slowly, with deliberation, befitting her age)

“VANCOUVER, THE NICEST SPOT ON EARTH.”

(Sweetly) “This is the nicest spot on earth. Yes, it is nice to look back. Yes, we have seen many changes.” Then, after a pause, and with conviction, “I think this is the nicest spot on earth.”

I reminded Mrs. Morton about our conversation three years ago (1 July 1932) when I took her to the opening of the Burrard bridge by Mayor Taylor, and afterwards to tea at the Hotel Vancouver, and of her telling me then of coming to Granville with Mr. Morton by the Douglas Road from New Westminster, and watching pigs digging for clams on the Water Street beach, and the crows following them, picking up the bits, while Mr. Morton tried to get a boat to take her to see the white sands of English Bay where he first landed. She smiled again. Why, I asked, did Mr. Morton call the “West End” the “City of Liverpool” when he had it surveyed into lots in 1882?

CITY OF LIVERPOOL. “BLACKPOOL.”

“He” (Mr. Morton) “used to tell me, that was when we lived down on Denman Street, that ‘I call this my little Blackpool.’”

Liverpool, I corrected.

“No, Blackpool,” replied Mrs. Morton, “Mr. Morton used to say to me, ‘I call this my little Blackpool.’”

(Note: Mrs. Morton is evidently not familiar with the fact that the survey plan of Lot 185, i.e., West End, in the Land Registry Office, Vancouver, shows the West End as the “City of Liverpool, 1882.”)

How did he think of Blackpool, Mrs. Morton?

"I suppose," replied Mrs. Morton, "because he had been in business in Blackpool" (England) "before I married him in 1884; in business with his first wife" (see Joseph Morton in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) "but Joseph was born in New Westminster, and his mother died next day."

I knew Joe very well, Mrs. Morton, before he died.

"Yes, it was such a pity," said Mrs. Morton, "he got so erratic; he used to talk to such a lot of people about his affairs." (Note: Joe, John Morton's only son by his first wife, died in the New Westminster Asylum for the Insane.) "It was such a pity."

Where did Mr. Morton go after he arrived in the early 1860? I asked.

"He was twice up the Cariboo," continued Mrs. Morton. "He was the only one who would stay on the property" (D.L. 185), "Hailstone and Brighthouse would not." (Here Mrs. Morton digressed a little and was hard to follow.) "They had to measure their own land. I think it was Judge Begbie who said they would have to survey their own land." (She probably refers to the practice, in vogue in early days, of staking off what land a settler fancied—in a land of too much land—getting a surveyor to make a plan or map of it [see Joseph Morton, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, also re Deadman's Island], taking it to the Land Registry Office to be registered, and such was the shape and form of the land granted or deeded.)

MORTON'S CABIN.

"They" (Brighthouse) "had a livery barn, and a farm at Sapperton, sold butter and eggs, but Mr. Morton was the only one who would stay on the clearing at Burrard Inlet. He told me that he asked if it was necessary for them all, the three of them, to stay on the land, but the man" (official) "said 'No,' so Mr. Morton only stayed; he was the only one who would, and he lived in the log cabin" (see Joseph Morton, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "Joseph told me that one day when he was walking with his father down by the Blue Ribbon Tea Building near the corner of Burrard and Hastings streets, that his father called his attention to a little rise" (a knoll of land) "and Mr. Morton said to Joe, 'Do you see that? That was where we put our little cabin.'"

ENGLISH BAY BEACH AND MORTON. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN VANCOUVER.

"As I told you before," went on Mrs. Morton, "Mr. Morton always wanted to show me the white sand at English Bay. The first time we drove over in 1884 we got no farther than Carrall Street, but once afterwards we came over and had tea at the Baptist church, the First Baptist church, a little bit of a place, the first one" (note: it was afterwards Lewis and Sills' hardware store, opposite the old City [or Market] Hall on Westminster Avenue), "it was on Westminster Avenue, they call it Main Street now; I think Mr. Kennedy was the pastor; he did not stay long; he was there just a little while; well, we had tea, and it was arranged that the next day we should all go with a horse and rig, and see the white sands, but the roads were so bad we could get as far as Haro Street only; the road was so bad. The way I know it was Haro Street because it was the foot of the rise of the hill; my, but it was rough. There we all got out, and scrambled along; we passed under the trunks and roots of fallen trees, and over them we climbed, until finally we got to English Bay, and I saw the white sand. It was a struggle to get there, oh, rough, rough."

MORTON AT MISSION.

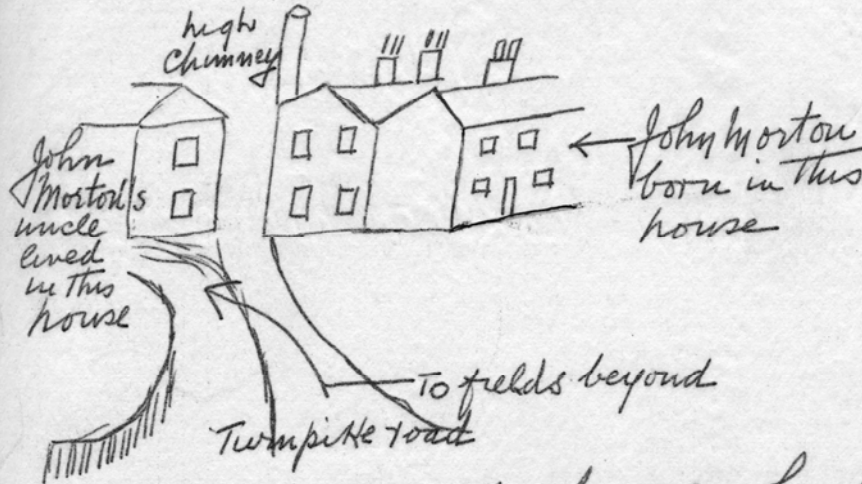
"As I told you, I married Mr. Morton in 1884. We were married in a sort of temperance hotel, 'The Farmers' Home,' in New Westminster; it was just across and just below from the Anglican church. He had bought a farm at Mission in 1883, and the next day, Rev. Ebenezer Robson, he was the Methodist minister who married us; his brother was John Robson, the premier; the next day we all went up the Fraser" (river) "together—John Robson was on the boat with us—to Mission, you see, we had to go up and down by boat; the railroad was only as far as Hammond then—and we stayed there until we went to England.

"It was in 1888 that we went to England the first time. He had bought the farm at Mission in 1883, and in 1888 we went to England leaving a man and a woman in charge of the farm; we were to stay in England five years, and we stayed that length of time all but one winter. Hailstone wrote that things were 'bad' here in B.C. and that we had better come back, so we came back in 1892. The old farm house at Mission, our old farm house, is still standing."

“We left the farm to come to Vancouver in 1899. Mr. Morton put up two cottages—we had those two houses down on Denman Street” (on northwest corner Denman and Morton streets, where he had landed in 1862); “they were where the Morton Rooms were—on Morton Street; they call the building a lodge or something now; on Morton Street at English Bay; the houses were built on Denman Street; we moved them twice and they now face on Pendrill Street; there is a vacant lot between Denman and Pendrill. Then, three years after, in 1902, we went to England again. In 1909, we went to California and stayed the winter.

“There is a small book somewhere, if I could find it, about Salendine Nook, two and a half miles from Huddersfield, Yorkshire, which gives the history of the Morton family. The Mortons went to Salendine Nook from Scotland. They came to England from Scotland at the time of the religious persecution, and had lived in Salendine Nook for 400 years. Mr. Morton’s father, and his father before him, were potters. This is a painting of the pottery factory. His uncle lived in the left hand house; Mr. Morton was born in the right hand house; in between you see the tall factory chimney; Mr. Morton built that before we went to England the first time. This is the turnpike road, and beyond are the fields. His father left him a portion of land near the pottery, I don’t know how many acres, just on the rise behind, it is called ‘Laund Hill.’ It was left to Mr. Morton by his father as his portion of his inheritance. I think the pottery works were left to my husband’s brothers; there was a group of houses left to his brother.”

and his father's father before him were
potters This is a painting of the pottery.



My husband built the chimney when we
went to England the first time, 1888
at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield, Yorkshire

Scratch sketched by me of a painting
of John Morton's home in Mrs Morton's
apartment, 1190 - West 12th Ave

To go with conversation of 6th Sept 1935

J.S. Matthews

Item # EarlyVan_v5_021

[drawing annotations:]

and his father's father before him were potters. This is a painting of the pottery.

high chimney

John Morton's uncle lived in this house

John Morton born in this house

To fields beyond

Turnpike road

My husband built the chimney when we went to England the first time, 1888 at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield, Yorkshire

Scratch sketched by me of a painting of John Morton's home in Mrs. Morton's apartment, 1190 West 12th Ave.

To go with conversation of 6th Sept. 1935.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION, 12 SEPTEMBER 1935.

I asked Mrs. Morton what prompted Mr. John Morton to leave a good home in Salendine Nook and seek his fortune in the wilds of the northwest of America.

“Just a boy’s love of adventure,” she answered, “wanted to go somewhere; wanted to do something. Mr. Morton went twice to the Cariboo; after they got to the head of navigation at Yale they had to walk, and slept in their blankets. Mr. Morton had no miner’s claim of his own; he worked for others—deep in the water, too—and he did well.”

MORTON COMES TO BURRARD INLET.

“You see,” she continued, “the way it was. He saw a great big lump of coal in the shop window at New Westminster, and they told him an Indian had brought it. His father’s pottery works had given him some knowledge of clay, and he knew that where there was coal there would be a certain clay nearby. The pottery works in Yorkshire did not make cups and saucers; not such fine pottery as that; they made the coarser kind of pottery such as crocks, cheap brown teapots and breadpots; they had a traveller who used to go off through the neighbouring counties and get orders, and sometimes he brought back the finer pottery from Staffordshire—cups and saucers. There were lots of weaving mills, too, near Huddersfield.”

COAL IN FIRST NARROWS.

“Well, it was arranged that the Indian should take Mr. Morton to where he got the coal in the First Narrows, but the clay there was of little or no value; there was so little of it. Mr. Morton often used to be asked about clay; they tried to get some up at Bowen Island; we were up there one day, and were walking along by the wharf” (see Joseph Mannion and Grafton, *Early Vancouver*, vols. 2 and 3) “and there were some bricks in the road we walked on, and Mr. Morton said scornfully that he did not think much of their bricks. He said, ‘That was where they tried to make bricks.’”

MORTON’S CLEARING AND CABIN. INDIANS ON BURRARD INLET.

“Well, Brighthouse and Hailstone would not stay on the land at Burrard Inlet; only Mr. Morton would stay.” (Joseph Morton says they took turns.) “He stayed by himself; Brighthouse and Hailstone were on the farm at Sapperton. Mr. Morton stayed in the cabin, and sometimes slept in the woods; he was afraid of the Indians. But he stayed there so long that, by and by, he learned to speak Chinook, and finally got very friendly with the Indians. His sisters used to send out to him from Yorkshire—‘to the three pioneers’ they were sent—some little skull caps made of coloured cloth, like the English public school boys wear to designate the school colours—and the Indians always like lots of colour, and the Indians were very well pleased when Mr. Morton gave them the coloured caps.”

INDIAN FOOD SUPPLY.

“Then again, he had a grindstone, and allowed the Indians to sharpen their axes, to grind their axes, and that pleased them too. Then they began to bring him ducks to eat. The Indians caught the ducks by subterfuge. They covered their canoes with brush and hid under it, and floated or paddled quietly down on the ducks; the ducks did not suspect there was anyone under the brush and came close. Then the Indians had a forked arrangement on the end of a stick, and when the ducks came under the brush they caught them by the neck in the forked stick.”

RUTH MORTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

“Mr. Morton was always very careful in his business affairs. He always investigated, and if he saw it was some worthy endeavour, he always supported it. That was how the Ruth Morton Church was built. They wanted his help, and it seemed to him to be a worthy cause.”

Read to Mrs. Morton, 18 November 1935, who approves of it.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION, 12 SEPTEMBER 1935.

(Whilst taking eight or nine photographs of her as she sat in her sitting room. W.J. Moore Photo Co.)

Mrs. Morton: "We went to England in 1888 the first time. Joseph was one day old when his mother died; Lizzie was born in Blackpool. Joseph had been living with the Greys" (or Grays) "in New Westminster, and when we went to live at Mission, he was astonished at the calves, pigs, and the farm generally.

"Once Mr. Morton and I went down to Westminster; a circus came in. Joseph would be about five years old then. We were going to take Lizzie, but I wanted to take Joseph. Joseph cried to go to the Greys; he called them Grandma and Grandpa; Joseph did not know me very well."

(Note: this indicates that after the first Mrs. Morton died, he had to place his little baby son Joseph in the care of his friends, the Greys.)

"At Westminster we saw the circus, the camels and the elephants, and when he got back, Joseph told Lizzie all about the big animals, with much gusto, and about one of them having a tail at both ends."

MEMO OF FURTHER CONVERSATION, 18 NOVEMBER 1935.

MORTON FAMILY.

Mrs. Morton: "I think my husband, John Morton, was the eldest of the family; there were ten of them I think, John was first, I think, then there was Jonathan, Alfred and Joseph, the youngest, and Mrs. Clegg, and Maria, Eliza, and some that had died; there were ten in all, I think; all gone now."

BAPTIST COLLEGE.

"I will give you this letter of September 5, 1890, from Mr. Morton to me. From it you can see his great interest in Baptist churches. He wanted to establish a Baptist College in the West End for the higher training of Baptists, and gave them ten lots" (66 feet each) "but they did not pay the taxes and gave him a lot of trouble to get them back. We came back from England and found the taxes had not been paid. He was very anxious about the location, and got Mr. Hamilton, the engineer, to select the best place."

RECIPROCITY OF TRADE WITH UNITED STATES.

"Mr. Morton was a Liberal in politics, and in 1911" (Laurier defeated in election fought over reciprocity) "was a great reciprocity man. He used to say then, 'If it does not come now, it will come eventually,' and it has come tonight." (Newspapers of 18 November announce signing of King-Roosevelt Reciprocity agreement.) "I am glad I have lived until tonight to see it. I am very pleased it has come at last, as he said it would."

THE FIRST MRS. MORTON.

"Mr. Morton's first wife died in New Westminster when Joe was born; she had a presentiment that she would never see the white sands of English Bay; she never saw them."

As narrated to me. J.S. Matthews.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. RUTH MORTON, 15 MARCH 1937.

Widow of John Morton, first settler on Burrard Inlet, 1862 (and who died in 1912 in Vancouver) who kindly invited me to visit her this evening at her apartments, the "Montrose," 1190 West 12th Avenue, Vancouver, where she resides with her companion, Mrs. Buxton. Mrs. Morton will be eighty-nine in two days, that is, 17 March 1937, and for her great age looks a picture of health, says she feels very well, and she talks with those measured words which are becoming her years. She is tolerably active of movement.

Mrs. Morton is a very tiny lady, certainly not as much as five feet. Her hair is not white, but iron grey; her complexion clear; she has few wrinkles; her figure erect; her hand warm. She rose, not without some slight effort, when I entered, received me most graciously and the conversation, which lasted for an hour continuously, began, until I retired, fearing to fatigue her; but as I left, and she accompanied me a few steps to the door, she showed no appearance of fatigue.

Major J.S. Matthews: Well, Mrs. Morton, how well you look, and—such a long time since I have seen you.

Mrs. Ruth Morton: (a little huskily) “Yees. Where have you been; take off your coat.”

The conversation continued on the events of the past years, until finally she became reminiscent, laughed at previous stories she had told me, and which I repeated to her so that she might see I had paid careful attention to what had been told me (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. [blank]), and then:

THE BRICKMAKER’S CLAIM.

Query by J.S.M.: Mrs. Morton, is it true that Mr. Morton slept under the trees one night when he first came to Burrard Inlet.”

Answer by Mrs. Morton: (slowly and positively) “He slept under the trees many a night; he told me himself. He used to tell me how, in the morning, when he crawled from under the blankets, he would look up into the high tree tops, and see things like a pair of trousers flying off; soaring away.”

J.S.M.: What on earth could they be?

Mrs. Morton: “Cranes.”

DEADMAN’S ISLAND.

Mrs. Morton, continuing: “And then there was Deadman’s Island. They had to do their own surveying, and he” (Morton) “wanted Deadman’s Island” (see Rev. P.C. Parker narrative), “but Judge Begbie said the Indians used it as a burial ground; buried their dead high up in the trees; and he could not have it.

“And then, one day, Mr. Morton saw a lot of Indians” (see Joseph Morton narrative) “coming and making a disturbance and noise, and he said to himself, ‘They are after me,’ and he made off towards New Westminster, and he kept looking back, and then he said to himself, ‘They are not following me,’ and he watched and saw them putting a rope over a branch, and then he watched them put a rope around an Indian woman’s neck, and then” (Mrs. Morton gave a serious glance) “they hung her.”

(Note by J.S.M.: The Indian woman is said to have killed her baby in a fit of jealousy; she was one of several wives of an Indian of prominence, who was giving especial attention to another younger wife, and the woman took vengeance by killing their baby.)

“Then Mr. Morton, he told me himself, next day started for New Westminster; that was the nearest civilisation, and the day after they” (the authorities and Mr. Morton) “came back to Burrard Inlet, and they saw Chief Kapilano, and told the Indians that it was not lawful to do *that*.”

CHIEF KAPILANO.

“But the Chief said, ‘The whitemans do it when their people murder.’

“And they told the Indians that that might be, but they” (the Indians) “were never to do it again.

“Chief Kapilano was a good chief; they could reason with him; he was a good sort of chief, and after that they” (Morton and the Indians) “were good friends.”

ENGLISH BAY WHITE SANDS.

“Then, when I came to B.C., Mr. Morton told me that he wanted to show me the white sands at English Bay” (see her previous conversation with me in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. [blank]), “and he told me he wanted to show them to the first Mrs. Morton, but she never saw them. He said she” (first Mrs. Morton) “replied that perhaps it was all right, but she did not think she would ever live to see them” (the white sands) “and then she died.”

THE GRINDSTONE. DUCKS.

“Then, he had a grindstone” (see Joseph Morton narrative) “and he let the Indians use it to sharpen their hatchets; hatchets, that was what they called them, and the Indians and Mr. Morton got to be good friends, and they brought him ducks, and they showed him how to dig a hole in the ground, and put hot cinders in it, and then the ducks, and then more hot cinders on top, and then cover it up with earth;

smothering, they called it, and the ducks would come out so sweet" (cooked tastily.) "And they" (Morton and the Indians) "were always good friends after that" (hanging incident.)

INDIAN INCIDENT.

"And then there was a man who came from Huddersfield, and Mr. Morton and the man were sleeping in the cabin, and one morning the man heard something rattling outside, and he looked out and saw a lot of Indians, and some of them were sharpening their hatchets on the grindstone, and the man said—he was alarmed—" (quickly) "'Mr. Morton, get up, get up, the red devils are here, and they will kill you.' But the man said, 'I don't like them. I'd like to tell them to go away; what do I say?' And Mr. Morton told him to say, 'Ikta mika,' that is, 'What do you want?' So the man said it, and the Indians said, 'Ah ta' and then they laughed, and the man thought they were making fun of him before they killed him. And Mr. Morton continued to lie asleep, and the man said, 'What shall I say?' And Mr. Morton told him to say, 'Mika klatawa' (go away), but what he said was, 'Michael! Clatter away.'" (And Mrs. Morton chuckled.) "Oh, it took Mr. Morton to tell a story."

DUCKS.

"Did I ever tell you about ducks? Well, the Indians had the canoes, and they got the canoes all ready, and they pulled down branches, and when the mallards came—they were supposed to be the best—they" (the Indians) "would cover the canoes all over with branches, and then they would get underneath, and they would drift down on the tide, and the ducks would think it was just a tree in the water, and they" (Indians) "would have a stick with a prong on the end of it like two fingers" (Mrs. Morton illustrated with her fingers), "and they would go gently in the canoe, and when the ducks would come right under" (the branches), "come close, they" (Indians) "would push the stick out, and catch the duck's neck between the prongs, and they gave a little jerk. You would think the other ducks would be alarmed, wouldn't you, but they didn't get alarmed. Oh, the Indians brought Mr. Morton lots of ducks."

KANAKA RANCH. COAL HARBOUR. MCCORD.

Question by J.S.M.: Mrs. Morton, did you ever hear anything about the Kanaka ranch down on Coal Harbour? There was a little place on Georgia Street, between the street and the water, where they had apple trees, and raspberry bushes, and pigs. (See McCord, or Mrs. R.D. Smith.)

Answer by Mrs. Morton: "Yes, I remember. When we went to England, they, Brighthouse and Hailstone, did not look after the property" (West End), "and they had an agent or something, and there was a woman, her name started with 'M'" (McCord), "and she squatted on the land, and it seems if they stay long enough you cannot get them off, and Mr. Morton tried and tried, but he could not get her off; the Indian woman just stayed. And Mr. Morton had an agent, the Rands, they were supposed to look after it, but they never could get the woman out. It was down by the 'Arena'" (corner Georgia and Denman streets); "expensive water lots too, weren't they?"

CARIBOO.

"Then when we went to England once, Mr. Morton showed me, as we passed along in the train, the Cariboo Trail he had walked over; he was up in the Cariboo twice. And he told me there was a lot of machinery in a mine, and they went to law over it, and Jones was a policeman, and Joe" (Morton's son) "went up there, and it did him good; he went out shooting; he was up there for a month to look after things; that was at Wingdam, I think they called it; there was deep water. He was there to see they took nothing out. But the place was deserted; there were lots of houses, but there was no one living in them."

After one and one half hours conversation, I left to go, as she seemed to be slackening, and I feared to tire her. The dear old lady rose to bid me farewell; she will be 89 in two days, March 17th. I had given her a small box of chocolates when I entered, and wished her many happy returns of her birthday; I repeated the wish, and shook hands, kissed her hand, and backed towards the door. She followed with Mrs. Buxton, the door was closed slowly, and this charming and good old lady disappeared from my sight, and a remarkable visit was concluded.

It seemed almost incredible that in this late year, 1937, I had been speaking to the wife of the first settler on the site of this now great and beautiful city of over three hundred thousand people.

(Written immediately I got home.)

15 March 1937 J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION, DURING HER VISIT TO LOOK OVER THE NEW CITY HALL, OF MRS. RUTH MORTON, WIDOW OF JOHN MORTON, FIRST SETTLER ON BURRARD INLET, 2:30 TO 3:30 P.M., WEDNESDAY, 8 SEPTEMBER 1937.

Mrs. E.E. Buxton, companion to the aged Mrs. Morton, called up in the morning, and suggested that the day being so brilliant an Indian summer's day, the long deferred visit to the City Hall of Mrs. Morton. In the afternoon, Alderman J.W. Cornett, acting Mayor for the day, directed the Mayor's car be sent to Mrs. Morton's apartment, "The Montrose," 1190 West 12th Avenue. Major J.S. Matthews, City Archivist, and Miss Margaret Giles, assistant, rode to fetch Mrs. Morton, who was all prepared when the car arrived. Dressed in black, she looked well, smiling, but as active as would be expected at her age, 90 next 17 March 1938.

On arrival at the City Hall, Mace Bearer Alexander McKay preceded the party (4), and escorted them to the No. 1 Committee Room (The Squabble Chamber) where the Finance Committee (the whole Council, including City Clerk, City Comptroller, Corporation Counsel, etc.) were in session. Ald. Cornett, chairman, halted business proceedings, and announced that Major Matthews, City Archivist, had arrived with a distinguished visitor. Major Matthews then presented Mrs. Morton, who had been seated at the end of the long table. Ald. Cornett replied with a hearty welcome, and requested the City Archivist to show Mrs. Morton everything of interest in the City Hall. Mrs. Morton (seated) in a somewhat feeble voice, responded in three sentences, one of which was "I think Vancouver is the nicest place on *earth*" (much emphasis on "earth"), "I am very glad I came here."

The party then retired, and, escorted by Mace Bearer McKay, Mrs. Morton was shown over the Council Chamber, was seated in the Mayor's chair on the dais for her photograph to be taken, was escorted to the vault, and shown the mayoral insignia; had the gold chain of office slipped over her shoulders, then to the Mayor's office and shown the Mace, and then rode up to the ninth floor to the City Archives, where she rested and chatted with the staff of three (Major Matthews, Miss Giles, and Miss Ethel Glazier, listened.) After about 30 minutes she desired to depart, and was taken home in the Mayor's car.

During her conversation, Mrs. Morton said:

Mrs. Morton: (very slowly and deliberately) "It is all very wonderful; I expected nothing like this; what would Mr. Morton have said.

"I remember Mr. Morton telling me that Mr. Cambie" (H.J. Cambie, C.P.R. engineer) "said to him once, 'Mr. Morton, when you first came to Burrard Inlet, you never expected to have a double track railway in front of your place, did you?' Mr. Morton replied, 'No, I did not expect a double track railway, but I did expect something someday'; there was the harbour, and Mr. Morton felt that someday there would be a change."

Major Matthews: Did Mr. Morton have a barn down on Burrard Street which burned?

Mrs. Morton: "Oh no! There was no barn down there; that barn was over at Sapperton, at the farm. You see Mr. Morton stopped on the property" (West End), "but they" (Hailstone and Brighthouse) "were at the farm; they took turns; there were the cows to be looked after, milked, and they had some nice chickens, but someone had to stop on the property" (D.L. 185); "Mr. Morton lived at the Bay" (English Bay) "and he lived at the inlet" (Seaton Street.) "He used to tell some of the experiences that they went through. He said that many a time he slept under the trees before he got the shanty."

Major Matthews: Did Hailstone and Brighthouse help him build the shanty?

Mrs. Morton: "Oh yes; they helped him build the shanty, but one had to stay on the farm at Sapperton because the cows had to be looked after."

HANGING INDIAN. COAL HARBOUR.

"One day he saw a big crowd of Indians coming out of the woods down there" (Coal Harbour) "and he thought they were after him, and he got his things together, and thought he would go to New Westminster; that was the only place to go, and it was twelve miles, and he kept looking back to see if they were getting any closer, and the last time he looked he saw they had stopped; they all wore a blanket, put a hole in one corner, and put their head through the blanket, and wrapped the rest around

them like a shawl, and the next thing they threw a rope over a lower limb of a tree, and then they fastened it, and they hung the woman.”

INDIAN DRESS.

“So Mr. Morton thought that would have to be *stopped*, and so he went to Westminster and told the authorities, and the next day they came over in a hurry. New Westminster was a small place, just a village, so he told the authorities what he had seen, and he had no more trouble with them” (Indians) “after that.”

Major Matthews: What had actually happened to make the Indians hang the woman?

Mrs. Morton: “It was a klotchman; her husband had two wives” (note: the Indian woman had killed her baby in a fit of jealousy over the other wife) “so next day the authorities told Kapilano they could not do that here, and well, the chief replied, ‘The King George men do that,’ and well, they said it mustn’t happen again. Kapilano lived away down there where the bridge is crossing the Narrows” (Homulcheson, or Capilano Creek.) “Old Chief Kapilano saw that Mr. Morton had no more bother of that kind.”

INDIAN MAIDEN.

“There was another thing which happened to him. I am just telling you what Mr. Morton told me. Mr. Morton could tell stories well, because he had seen them, and had a picture of them in his mind. Mr. Morton and Mr. Hailstone were in the cabin, and the door opened” (note: Indians do not appear to have practised the formality of rapping on a door before entering) “and in walked two Indians and squaw, and so they came in, and Mr. Morton had a bench as long as this table” (note: Joseph Morton, his son, says the bench was outside the cabin, but is probably wrong) “to sit on, and the Indians came in and began talking, and Mr. Morton and Mr. Hailstone did not understand, but Mr. Hailstone was good at taking notes down in a book that he always carried with him. And he took it in such a way that he could get it later, and he put down the sound the Indians said. The squaw took the bench, and put it in the middle of the cabin, and began jumping over it backwards and forwards, and the Indians kept talking.

“Mr. Hailstone said, ‘This is a war dance,’ and Mr. Hailstone took a butcher knife, well, I wouldn’t be sure, but he took a weapon, and they each got in a corner of the cabin, because the Indians were in the doorway, and when the squaw finished one tune” (dance) “they would begin all over again, and after a time they could see they were not understood, neither could talk the other’s language then, and the Indians just went away.

“Mr. Hailstone took his notes over to New Westminster, and the first man he met had a good laugh when they told him what had happened, he said, ‘Don’t you know what they were trying to tell you?’ and they said, ‘No, how could we; we did not understand their language.’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘they were just trying to show you how spry she was, and that she was a good worker and could do everything, and when they’” (the Indians) “saw they could not make you see it, they just went away.’ Mr. Morton used to tell me tales like this, and he would laugh now that it was all over.

“But afterwards he began to learn Chinook, and he could talk to the Indians in their own language, and they were just as pleased to get into conversation with him.”

INDIANS BEST FRIENDS.

“The Indians were the best friends he had, there were lots of mallard in Coal Harbour, and the branches used to come down over the water, and the Indians used to go out in canoes, but before they went they covered the canoes with branches and hid under them, and then they would spear the ducks with a long stick with a fork on the end of it; it would catch the ducks by the neck, and they would twist their necks and break them in the fork, and they used to give the ducks to Mr. Morton, and fish too.”

Mrs. Buxton thought Mrs. Morton might tire herself, and that she had exerted herself and talked long enough, so reluctantly the visit came to an end, and she was driven back to 1190 West 12th Avenue in His Worship’s car; said she had enjoyed herself immensely, and saying “Goodbye,” entered her apartment.

EPILOGUE.

Extraordinary and remarkable almost beyond belief; that this beautiful afternoon we have entertained at a monumental edifice, the new City Hall, situated in a great metropolis ten miles wide by seven long, the

home of a quarter of a million people, one of the great seaports of a the world, and the second greatest in Canada, the wife of the first settler of Burrard Inlet, and of our city, and one who, even herself, saw our beautiful city as a wilderness of forest and swamp.

J.S. Matthews.

Rev. P.C. Parker, executor of John Morton, called at City Archives today, 8 February 1939, and tells me Mrs. Ruth Morton has lost her sight.

J.S. Matthews.

21 FEBRUARY 1938, 8 P.M. – “THE WHITE SANDS OF ENGLISH BAY.”

The telephone rang. A soft voice said faintly, “It is Mrs. Morton. Did you see the *Province* tonight, about the White Sands?” And then she added cheerily, “You have got it right, you have got it right.”

The widow of John Morton, first settler on Burrard Inlet was speaking to me, in reference to an article, “The White Sands of English Bay,” published tonight, Monday, 21 February, on the editorial page of the *Province*. It told of John Morton’s fascination for the white sands formerly at the foot of Denman Street, English Bay.

In no other city in the world could such a conversation have taken place; a conversation with a lady whose husband was the first man to settle, who had slept beneath the branches whilst erecting a first shelter, October 1862, and now a city ten miles wide by seven deep, of towering buildings, beautiful homes, three hundred churches, one hundred parks, and seventy schools.

J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ARCHIBALD MURRAY, WIDOW, 2423 WINDSOR STREET, AND 960 EAST EIGHTH AVENUE, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 11 JULY 1939.

GENEALOGY.

Mrs. Murray said: “I came to Vancouver in November 1889 from Brandon, Manitoba, where I had been for six months. My home town was Owen Sound, where I was educated. Father was James Rainey, and Mother, Mary Ann Cochrane, both originally Scotch, but both Mother and Father came from Ireland as children with my grandparents. Mother was just a baby at the time, and it took six weeks to cross the Atlantic in a sailing ship.

“Both grandparents Rainey and Cochrane settled, at first, in the province of Québec, and their children, my father and mother, moved to Owen Sound, where they thought they could do better. It was all bush and woods when they went there, but, as I recall our Rainey home at Owen Sound, it was one hundred and fifty acres of nice level farm land which Father had cleared; it was quite an old farm, with an orchard bearing fruit; stocked with cattle, and mixed farming. Father had developed it out of the wild.”

CHRIST CHURCH ROTHOUSE. FIRST POST OFFICE.

“I was married to Archibald Murray, November 10th 1891, in the ‘Roothouse’” (basement without church above) “of Christ Church, Georgia Street, by the Rev. Mr. Hobson, the first rector. Mr. Murray was a merchant tailor, had a store at first on Carrall Street, then a small wooden building in front of the Rosedale Dining Rooms on the north side of Hastings between Hamilton and Homer” (Miller’s first Post Office, see photo No. P. Bu. 13.) “Mr. Miller died in Toronto, December 17th 1931.

“Our only child is James Randolph Murray, who married Florence Batterson; he operated the Collingwood Garage, Kingsway, and lives on School Street. They have one child, a son, Clifford Murray, now twenty-one.”

FROGS. HASTINGS STREET. WOODWARD'S STORE.

"Do you remember the frog pond where Woodward's Department store on Hastings Street is now?"

Major Matthews: Do you remember the huge yellow skunk cabbage there?

Mrs. Murray: "I have an invitation to the unveiling, 14th December 1911, of the statue to Mayor Oppenheimer in Stanley Park; here it is; I'll give it to the Archives, but you see, they have the years he was mayor incorrectly given on the stone."

D.L. 812. RAINEY'S RANCH. BRIGHTON BEACH. ORLOMAH BEACH. LAKE BEAUTIFUL.

Mrs. Murray continued: "I was a Miss Rainey, daughter of James and Mary Ann Rainey of Owen Sound, pioneers of Ontario, as their parents were before them. John Rainey, of North Arm, Burrard Inlet, was my uncle; he was a military man; Uncle John was captain under General Buller. My grandfather was Edward Rainey, and our great-grandfather was a colonel in the Armagh Regiment in Ireland. I have an idea that Uncle John of North Arm was educated at the Kingston Military college; he possessed two presentation swords. Uncle John was a born miner, and he was elderly.

"His marriage was unhappy; he had one son; he was on Burrard Inlet before the Great Fire in June 1886, and we came west largely because he was here.

"He established himself up the North Arm on D.L. 812; built himself a good house, planted a garden, orchard, developed a little mine there; had all his furniture sent out from Eaton's of Toronto. Then one day he was away in his mine on the back of his property, and when he came back his house was on fire, and all that he saved was his tools; he lost everything. He had a great big grey agate, and a brown agate, and a huge amethyst he got down in Ontario. The swords were not recovered. Then the Japanese were there, getting out shingle bolts, and he was living in his cabin, where he kept such supplies as he needed."

CHINA CLAY.

"There was a china clay deposit at Uncle's place, and samples were sent to France, and came back as beautiful white little bricks of china, like marble; they looked like ornamental glazed tile. Uncle John showed me where the deposit was; I think I must be the only child who knows the location, but there is a bank messenger, pleasant little man, Royal Bank, I think, who knows where in France the samples were sent to be burned.

"After his death, Edward Rainey, his son, told me he was going to have the shaft filled up as it was dangerous, and he did fill it up. I went there one day, and saw Uncle's old mine, Uncle's old anvil on which he sharpened his tools was still there, but the hole was gone."

(Note by J.S.M.: Major J. Eades Ward states: "There was a shaft there, with a ladder in it, but the ladder was rotten, and we were always afraid to go down; but it was deep, more than fifty feet, I should say.")

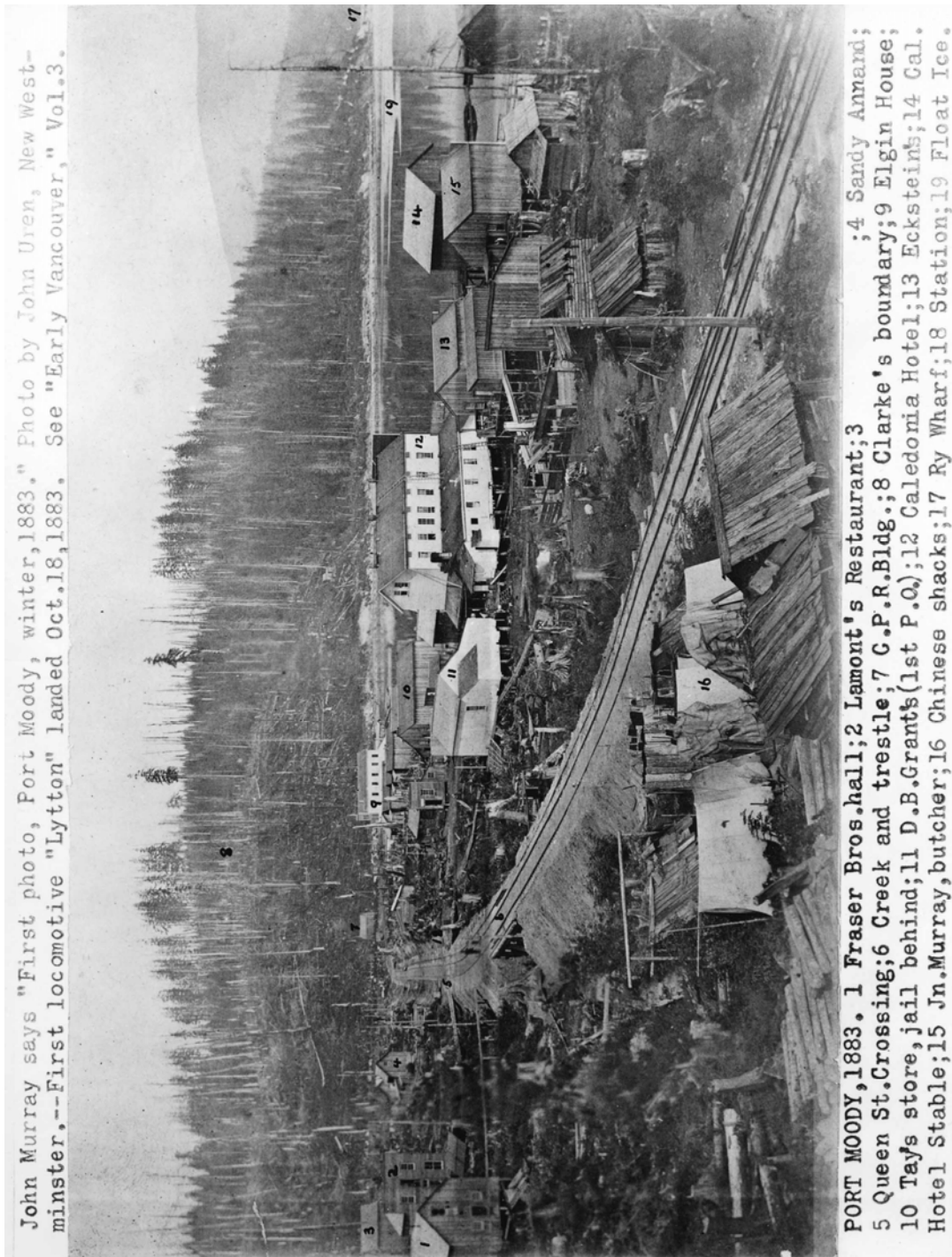
"Then one day word came that he was dead; died alone, found dead in his cabin, and Constable Leatherdale, city police, went up; it seems he had been dead eight days, and he was buried in Mountain View. Then we were going to do something about the property, but his son claimed it; it was sold to J.J. Banfield, and J.R. Seymour, and others, and they were going to make a summer resort out of it, and Father said we could do nothing, so we gave up."

LAKE BEAUTIFUL. LAKE BUNTZEN.

"Uncle was the discoverer of Lake Beautiful, now Lake Buntzen, but he does not get credit for it. I am trying to get a photo of Uncle John in his uniform."

Read and approved by Mrs. Murray, 25 August 1939.

J.S. Matthews.



John Murray says "First photo, Port Moody, winter, 1883." Photo by John Uren, New Westminster. First locomotive "Lytton" landed Oct. 18, 1883. See "Early Vancouver," Vol. 3.

PORT MOODY, 1883. 1 Fraser Bros. hall; 2 Lamont's Restaurant; 3
 5 Queen St. Crossing; 6 Creek and trestle; 7 C.P.R. Bldg.; 8 Clarke's boundary; 9 Elgin House;
 10 Tay's store, jail behind; 11 D.B. Grant's (1st P.O.); 12 Caledonia Hotel; 13 Eckstein's; 14 Cal.
 Hotel Stable; 15 Jn. Murray, butcher; 16 Chinese shacks; 17 Ry Wharf; 18 Station; 19 Float Ice.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_022

[photo annotations:]

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Port Moody, 1883. 1 Fraser Bros. hall; 2 Lamont's Restaurant; 3 [[blank]; 4 Sandy Annand; 5 Queen St. Crossing; 6 Creek and trestle; 7 C.P.R. Bldg.; 8 Clarke's boundary; 9 Elgin House; 10 Tay's store, jail behind; 11 D.B. Grant's (1st P.O.); 12 Caledonia Hotel; 13 Eckstein's; 14 Cal. Hotel Stable; 15 Jn. Murray, butcher; 16 Chinese shacks; 17 Ry Wharf; 18 Station; 19 Float Ice.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY, PORT MOODY, SON OF MURRAY, ROYAL ENGINEER, AT CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, VANCOUVER, 8 MAY 1936.

Mr. Murray is preparing a list of pioneers who lived in Port Moody before the arrival of the first train, for the Golden Jubilee celebrations of the arrival of that train, 4 July 1886.

ARRIVAL, FIRST TRAIN. PORT MOODY, 1886.

Mr. Murray said: "The old first C.P.R. station, Port Moody" (see photo No. P. Out. 28, No. Out. 27) "is still standing, slightly altered, and is used as an office laboratory for the oil company.

"You will notice in this photograph" (see photo No. P. Can. 4, N. Can. 1) "a shed with split shingle roof, behind the spark catcher smoke stack of engine 371. That old shed was about fifty feet west of the C.P.R. station, and was built by Onderdonk to store his junk after the road was finished; knives, forks, spoons, plows, chains, shovels and coffee pots; it was about fifty feet to the east of the C.P.R. station."

WILLIAM VAN HORNE. SIR JOHN AND LADY MACDONALD. FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN, 4 JULY 1886.

"I recollect Van Horne's visit. He was certainly not at Port Moody between the time we started the survey for the city of Port Moody in 1882, because from March 1883 to September 1883 I lived on the wharf at the terminus, and I was there all the time until November 1886—excepting on one occasion when I saw him on the terminus wharf in a bowler hat. Sir John and Lady Macdonald came through before the first passenger train; that is all on record, because Lady Macdonald rode in a chair in front of the engine. Mayor MacLean of Vancouver was up, and presented an address, and I remember what Sir John said, which was, 'We have completed the railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; now it is up to you to do the rest.'

"The passenger train came in on Sunday about 12:30 noon."

SURVEY OF PORT MOODY.

"There are living today three men who actually took part in the survey, that is, worked on the survey party which laid out the terminal city of the C.P.R., Port Moody, in 1882. They are Hugh and William, my brothers, and myself. We all worked together as I have told you before on the survey of the Clarke and Murray estate."

MURRAY FAMILY.

"John Murray, my father, Royal Engineer, was born of Scotch parentage at Laughlin Bridge, Co. Carlo, Dublin, in 18—, and he died the day before his 72nd birthday, and is buried in the Masonic Cemetery at New Westminster. Hugh, now living, was born in Southampton about 1856; I, John, was born on the *Thames City* at sea, 14 March 1859. William was born at Sapperton in 1866; then comes one who died; the youngest is Mrs. Ems, now living at Point Grey."

DEIGHTON HOUSE. GRANVILLE.

"I boarded at the Deighton House, and slept in George Black's butcher shop across the street in the summer of 1875. Of course, I was here before that. I came again on November 28th 1876, and stayed here until Christmas. Then came back on the 12th April 1877, and stayed until 13th July 1880."

PORT MOODY WHARF. FIRST POSTMASTER. FIRST MAGISTRATE.

"Mrs. Mutrie" (of Mutrie and Brown) "whose father had the subcontract to plank the wharf, and who had a boarding house, went to live at Port Moody in September 1882, and she was there when the first ship with steel rails, *Duke of Abercorn*, arrived. Mrs. H. Mutrie now lives at 1105 Haro Street, Sey. 5997X.

"D.B. Grant, the first postmaster, also survives; he sold out in '86. The first magistrate, John Taylor, is stopping at the St. Francis hotel."

[LETTER FROM OTWAY WILKIE.]

629-8th Street,
New Westminster, B.C.
May 11/36.

Major Matthews,
City Archivist,
Vancouver, B.C.

R.1. Sir W. Van Horne,
2. S.S. Abyssinia.

Sir:

In reply to yours of 6 May re above noted.

Van Horne, arrived at Port Moody on the first through train from Montreal at noon of day November 8, 1885.

The last spike was driven at Craigellachie on Nov. 7th and the party from Montreal, Sir Van Horne, Donald Smith [*now Lord Strathcona*], H.H. Abbott, and others were joined at this point by Messrs. Marcus Smith, Major Rogers, H.J. Cambie, L.B. Hamlin, W.H. Ellis, and the train left there for Port Moody where it arrived next day, and left Port Moody on return journey to Montreal on November 11th, 1885.

This was not the first passenger train; that arrived July 4/85. [*Wrong, unless he refers to a local train.*]

I don't know what Van Horne said at Port Moody, but driving of last spike which was iron, not gold, as sometimes stated.

He said: "All I have got to say is that the work was well done in every way." It was a simple matter-of-fact completion of a business undertaking.

Jim Grodden was conductor of the train, locomotive 148, and cars 77, Tepedia [*sic*] and Saskatchewan.

The line from Port Moody to Vancouver survey was completed about March 20, and Major Roger's party returned from survey to Sicamous [*or some point above Kamloops*] on my wedding day, March 20, 1885.

I had been on this party from Port Moody and met them in New Westminster that day.

In reply to No. 2. I don't remember. Port Moody, at that time, had a fine wharf at the terminus, or station, fit to accommodate any ship afloat.

OTWAY WILKIE

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY, SON OF JOHN MURRAY, R.E., OF PORT MOODY, 20 JULY 1936.

ROWING RACES ON BURRARD INLET. ANNIE FRASER, RACING BOAT. CUM YEE.

Mr. Murray said: "The photograph" (C.V. P. Port. 238) "I gave you is the crew of the racing boat *Annie Fraser*; we christened her after Annie Fraser, the late Angus Fraser's eldest daughter who died" (1880); "she was clinker built, thirty-two feet long—not Annie Fraser, but the boat—and we never got beaten, excepting once in Victoria, when Tom Lynn, of Lynn Creek, broke his oar. We bought the race boat; she was built by Tom Maloney of Moodyville; he had a boat building yard there; built several boats. Our crew was Angus Fraser, Jim Fraser, Alex Johnston, and myself. Cum Yee, brother of Gum Yow, your old Vancouver Chinese interpreter, was coxswain."

MRS. EMILY PATTERSON. FIRST NURSE ON BURRARD INLET.

"See a long article on Mrs. Patterson in the *Province* magazine section on Saturday. Well, Angus Fraser's wife was going to have a baby, so we got the race boat, and Mrs. Patterson—she was nurse to everybody on Burrard Inlet—and brought her over to Granville from Moodyville."

DOMINION DAY. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

"Where did we race? Why, on the Fraser River against Westminster crews; at Victoria, on Burrard Inlet against the Moodyville boat, the *Pearl*, or the *Maud*, or the *Grace Darling*; all four raceboats; the distance from Moodyville to Hastings Mill. The *Grace Darling* was built by four loggers in the Lev. Harmon's camp at Port Moody; all were clinker built. The prizes! I forget. But the first prize in Westminster was, once, one hundred dollars. We raced on Dominion Day and Queen's birthday."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY OF PORT MOODY, SON OF JOHN MURRAY, ROYAL ENGINEER, THAMES CITY, 1859, WHO CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 15 DECEMBER 1936.

BROCKTON POINT. STANLEY PARK. EARLY CEMETERIES. PETER PLANT.

Mr. Murray said: "There was no official cemetery at Brockton Point; it was just a place where they buried people; there were several people buried there."

"I went over there in the spring of 1878 or 1879 to attend the funeral of a child belonging to Peter Plant. Peter's children were born and brought up in Gastown. Peter worked for Jerry Rogers for years. At the funeral there were just a few of them, and I went over through curiosity. I was young, about twenty then."

BREW'S POINT. TOMPKINS BREW.

"We all went over in a row boat, coffin and all, from the general wharf, it was called Mannion's wharf; just a float on the Gastown beach in front of Joe Mannion's Granville Hotel. Everything over there was in a rough state; no cemetery of any sort. We just rowed across the bay, and landed at what we called Brew's Point; they call it Brockton Point now; Brew lived there just inside the point; not in the Narrows, but well inside on the shore, where the old landing pier was afterwards, between the point where the Nine O'Clock Gun is and the point, both Brew's place and the grave yard was along that shore, but I could not say the exact spot now, but it was well inside the Narrows; it was just a rough place on the edge of the woods beside the beach; it was not kept up, and I was not very much interested in its location."

JACK JACKMAN, BULL PUNCHER. EARLY DEATHS.

"We had no parson with us, but there was in the group what we called in those days a bull puncher, Jack Jackman, ox teamster I suppose you would call him. There was no minister, so he read the burial service. The grave was just a hole in the ground in the bush, and as near as I can remember, there were other graves there. I was just a young fellow, and I was surprised when the bull puncher read the burial service; he was just a rough bull puncher. Just when they were going to put the child in the ground he said—there was no minister—'Is no one going to say anything,' and somebody said, 'No,' they were just going to put the child in the ground, and he said, 'If you will allow me I will.' He had a book in his pocket, and I was surprised to see a rough bull puncher pull it out and read the burial service out of the prayer book."

ROYAL ENGINEERS, 1859. ARTHUR M. HERRING.

"The children of the Royal Engineers of 1859 who are still living are: Hugh Murray, my brother, New Westminster. John Henry Scales, Vancouver. John McMurphy, New Westminster. John Murray, myself, Port Moody. Arthur M. Herring, New Westminster. Mrs. George Turnbull, New Westminster. Mrs. Wardell, who was Martha Morey, Sergeant Morey's daughter. Thos. Deasy died last year; William Murray, my brother, was born after we got here.

"But about Arthur Herring" (Arthur M. Herring.) "You see, there was a lady in the Old Country, and she married a man by the name of Herring, and Arthur M. Herring was her son. Mrs. Herring also had a daughter, I think her name was Sarah Herring, but don't know; she, the daughter, was also on the *Thames City*. Sarah, if that was her name, married a man, William Smith of the Royal Engineers, orderly of the Royal Engineer hospital. Smith took his discharge same as the rest of them, and opened a drug store on Columbia Street, New Westminster, where Arthur Herring got his training as a druggist, and I think he got some training in San Francisco, too, but am not sure.

"Before Mrs. Herring came out with the Royal Engineers, she again married, this time one of the Royal Engineers, by the name of Crart" (sic.) "I don't know how he spelt it, but it was Crart or Krart or something, and Arthur Herring and his sister came out with their mother and stepfather on the *Thames City*."

TILLMAN HERRING.

"Now the Herring who belonged to the Seymour Battery was not the same Herring at all; different family altogether; no relation. Arthur Herring, child of the Royal Engineers, is still living in New Westminster; so is Tillman Herring living in New Westminster.

"There was a man came to New Westminster in the early days by the name of Sam Herring, and he located across the river opposite the Penitentiary, and used to supply the soldiers in New Westminster with milk and vegetables. One of the sons was Tillman Herring, another was Sir John, after Sir John Franklin; then there was Henry, and the one daughter was Anna Mary. Tillman Herring is the man who belonged to the Seymour Battery who was at your banquet of the 'Old Garrison Artillery Association' at the Hotel Georgia on January 17th, or thereabouts, two years ago."

SCHOONER ROB ROY. ALEXANDER MCLEAN.

"There has been some discussion in the newspapers recently about Alex McLean's *Rob Roy*" (in "Over the Foreyard," Vancouver Daily *Province*) "and a Col. McMillan" (John McMillan) "has been telling about it. Well, he has made mistakes.

"Now, old Mr. McLean, Alexander McLean, came up from Australia with a schooner called the *Rob Roy*; he was an Old Country Scotchman, and he got into San Francisco about the time the Civil War was on, and there was a blockade on, and he wanted to get out, and the blockade was on and they would not allow him to leave the harbour, and he ran the blockade and came up to Puget Sound, up to Whatcom or Semiahmoo." (Mr. Murray says, "Civil War was on," i.e., about 1864, but the McLeans claim 1858 or 1859; something wrong somewhere. JSM.) "He located at Whatcom for a while, but his boarding house or hotel was burned down, and then he came on with his schooner *Rob Roy*, and after looking around Burrard Inlet and Fraser River, he settled at the mouth of the Pitt River, right where the shipyard was where they built the ships during the Great War. Well, he remained there a short while, and then he went up the river a piece to the prairie" (Pitt Meadows) "and established a farm now called the Marshall Ranch, and he went in for cattle and general farming.

"He took the fittings out of the *Rob Roy* into his home, and pulled the *Rob Roy* up on the bank of the river and there she rotted and went to pieces. About the clock which Col. McMillan speaks of. It was an old-fashioned clock; Father fetched the old clock from McLeans, an old bronze clock; it was of no use, but Father fixed it up and it ran in our house for years, until about 1881; I think it is over in Cloverdale somewhere now.

"Col. McMillan says that the masts were standing in 1894 or 1896; he is wrong; he must be wrong, because I was there all the time from 1873, and there was nothing of the *Rob Roy* visible after 1875 or 1876; she was all full of mud, and the last you could see of her was a few of the ribs.

"But the spot where she lay, where she disappeared, was on the west bank of the Pitt River about three quarters of a mile below the present C.P.R. railway bridge, and about two hundred yards up river from the McLean dwelling."

EARLY CATTLE.

"But this story about 250 head of cattle is all a yarn; he had nothing like that number. I remember he had a bull, but he never brought 250 cattle on the *Rob Roy*."

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY OF PORT MOODY (SON OF JOHN MURRAY, ROYAL ENGINEER), ONE OF THE CHILD PASSENGERS OF THE *THAMES CITY*, 1859, SATURDAY, 20 AUGUST 1938.

He was at the City Hall waiting when I arrived this morning at nine; he had just come from Port Moody.

ROYAL ENGINEERS, UNIFORM.

Mr. Murray said: (holding leather pouch with pointed flap, 4" x 3", pipe-clayed, brass button, and button hole, and stamped 814, D. BRA) "This is one of the pouches belonging to the Royal Engineers. I imagine they carried it on their waist belt, and I think it was to hold the percussion caps; they used large, very large, percussion caps; used them on the Enfield rifle; short Enfield rifle; it is one of the Royal Engineer pouches; I swear it is. Father had a whole lot of them in a barrel."

Major Matthews: Well, when the R.E. went away, didn't they take all their accoutrements with them?

"THE CAMP," ROYAL ENGINEERS. SAPPERTON. ENFIELD RIFLES. SCABBARD (SWORD BAYONET.)

Mr. Murray: "Those who went back to the regiment did. But there was a whole lot of uniforms, accoutrements, short Enfield rifles, stores, which were left behind; that remained at 'The Camp.' All the equipment they left behind remained at 'The Camp' for years. We lived next door; that was why Father was looking after those stores."

Major Matthews: Well, I thought he left the Royal Engineers when they went back.

Mr. Murray: "So he did, but the uniforms and equipment was in the old store next to our place; in the old abandoned Royal Engineer store building. Some of the stuff got stolen; I don't know how; nobody did, but the Indians, somehow or other, always managed to get a rifle, but when we found them with one, we always took it away from them; that is, the rifle someone had stolen out of the old store building. I have part of a scabbard belonging to Father's sword" (old name for bayonet); "I cut the tail off it, and made it into a hunting knife scabbard."

SEYMOUR ARTILLERY UNIFORMS. B.C. GARRISON ARTILLERY.

(Holding a leather belt, pipe-clayed, square brass buckle with broad arrow, W.D., 8, also B.C.G.A.)

Mr. Murray: "No. This is not a Royal Engineer belt left behind. I don't know exactly what it is, but it is not a Royal Engineer belt."

"Just previous to Governor Seymour arriving, there was a company formed called the Seymour Artillery, and the belts, pouches, sword" (bayonet) "and rifle formerly belonging to the Royal Engineers, which had been left behind, were served out to the Seymour Artillery. I know, because Father was one of the principals in the Seymour Artillery, and I saw it done."

SEYMOUR'S ARCH, 21 APRIL 1864.

"I remember when the uniforms were made by one of the tailors in New Westminster, Tommy Walsh, Thomas Walsh, who had been in the R.E., and they" (Seymour Artillery) "were the ones who received Governor Seymour on his arrival at 'The Camp'; that was where the arch was erected for him to pass under; they made it all kinds of flags, evergreens, but this is not one of the Royal Engineer belts."

(Note by J.S.M.: The belt, and the pouch were given me by L.B. Lusby of New Westminster. He told me the belt belonged to the B.C. Garrison Artillery in New Westminster, and the pouch he obtained from an outhouse adjoining John Murray Sr.'s home at Port Moody; he found it there whilst they were camping

one summer, and whilst John Murray was away for some time from his home; he just picked it up and kept it. Further, Judge Bole told me about 1908-1910 that the Seymour Artillery wore the uniform of the Royal Artillery [of England] with the exception of the shoulder ornaments—he was an officer in the Seymour Artillery.)

ELECTRIC LIGHT AT MOODYVILLE.

“Well, about the electric light at Moodyville. You see, I left Gastown in 1880, 13th July 1880, and went to Nanaimo, then to New Westminster and to Port Moody in 1882. As near as I can say, this lady, Mrs. Crakanthorp, I knew her when she was a little girl; she lived over at Moodyville, and I think she is as good an authority as anyone. I have a neighbour up at Port Moody, and he tells me he sailed out of Moodyville Mill on the *Don Nicholas* in 1886, and he says they were still using oil lamps then, but I know Mr. Randall, S.J. Randall, was the foreman.” (Electric light at Moodyville in 1885 or earlier. J.S.M.)

GASTOWN BEFORE 13 JULY 1880.

“This photo of Gastown” (from the end of the Sunnyside wharf; original in Provincial Archives, marked “Gastown, 1884.”) “This window here is my bedroom, in the peak of the butcher shop roof.”

SUNNYSIDE HOTEL. ALEX MCCRIMMON. JOSEPH GRIFFITH. JOHN DEIGHTON.

“Alex McCrimmon built the Sunnyside Hotel about 1875, before I went to Gastown; Joe Griffith leased the Sunnyside from him and built the float, oh, about 1878. Gassy Jack did not have a float in this location, he had no float; besides, he was over to the east a bit, out near the back. I don’t know what this building adjoining the Sunnyside is; it’s not the kitchen; I don’t recall it; it must have been built after I left in 1880; it was not there then. This boat, lying on the beach here, between the building and George Black’s cottage, is Constable Jonathan Miller’s boat; he always kept it tied up there, in front of his house.”

GEORGE BLACK’S COTTAGE. GEORGE BLACK’S BUTCHER SHOP. JERRY ROGERS. S.S. MAGGIE. MANNION’S WHARF.

“The next place, where the clothes are drying, is George Black’s cottage; a high platform all along there, and the next is George Black’s butcher shop, with my bedroom window in the gable. You see this high platform here, in front of the Granville Hotel, that’s where Jerry Rogers built the *Maggie*, on that flat top of the platform, oh, about 1873; I don’t know the date. Next to that, on the beach, you can see the” (white) “slant of Joe Mannion’s wharf; many’s a quarter of beef I’ve carried down that float to the end.”

GEORGE BREW. JIM BLAIR. TERMINUS HOTEL. DEIGHTON HOTEL. MOUNT PLEASANT, FIRST HOUSE.

“I don’t know what the little bit of a place may be” (with the door and window) “but this next place is George Brew’s restaurant; at least it was when it was running, when he wasn’t in jail; it was often closed up.” (See evidence in “Street End Case, 1905.”) “Blair had it afterwards, as the Terminus. Blair came down from Chilliwack, and leased the Deighton Hotel, and lived in a little cottage beside it. Tudor Blair was Jim’s brother; his daughter, Ada Blair, married Calvert Simson of the Hastings Mill Store. Jim Blair built the first house in Mount Pleasant; it was next door to Campbell’s, east side, between 6th and 7th; it’s there yet, with a little shop built in front of it now.” (See photo of Campbell’s house, No. P. Bu. 134.)

GIN TEI HINT. WAH CHONG. ISAAC JOHNS.

“This little place with the peak roof, very black roof, two windows and a door, is Gin Tei Hing’s wash house and general store. I don’t know what the next place is, the square top next to Arthur Sullivan’s; I don’t remember it being there in 1880; it might be Wah Chong’s; I don’t know. Ike Johns lived behind Sullivan’s, near what we call Cordova Street; you can see the chimney, here, over Gin Tei Hing’s place.”

ARTHUR W. SULLIVAN. LOUIS GOLD. PETE DONNELLY. JOHN A. ROBERTSON. “HOLE IN THE WALL.” DR. ALFRED MASTERS.

“Sullivan’s is this two-storey place here; general store, built 1878 or 1879; I remember it being built. Then there is a vacant space, and the next square white top building is Gold’s store; there are two or three of them, and I don’t seem to remember them all; there seems to be more stores than I recall; they must have been built after 1880, but the next with the peak roof is Pete Donnelly’s ‘Hole in the Wall’” (also called John A. Robertson) “and the next, the lean-to against the ‘Hole in the Wall,’ is Dr. Masters’ office. Dr.

Masters came here from San Francisco on the bark *Columbia*, and stayed a while, and died in New Westminster about 1884 or 1885.”

JOHN A. ROBERTSON’S HOUSE. BLAIR’S HOUSE. “PORTUGUESE JOE.” GREGORIS FERNANDEZ. BEN WILSON.

“I don’t know what this two-storey building at the end here is; it was not built when I left in 1880, 13th July 1880.” (See photo No. N. Dist. 6, Rev. C.L. Thompson, marked “1882.”) (Also see same photo for Blair’s house.) “And what this house here, between the two-storey and ‘Portuguese Joe’s’ is, I don’t know; it was not there in 1880; of course, the next is ‘Portuguese Joe’s’ old place.

“I remember Ben Wilson taking over from Portuguese Joe before I left in 1880; at least, I think I do.”

SUNNYSIDE WHARF OR FLOAT. MOODYVILLE FERRY. MANNION’S FLOAT. SPARS. GRIFFITH’S FLOAT.

“The Sunnyside float was of four sections of two logs to each section; say two hundred feet long; it was about seven feet wide; that is, about five feet in the clear. The Moodyville Ferry tied up at Mannion’s.”

Major Matthews: Was that because the water was deepest there?

Mr. Murray: “No. Don’t think so. I think it was more because the ferry started there years before the Sunnyside wharf was built.

“You see, you can tell this photo is after 1880 because there was no shed on Mannion’s wharf when I left for New Westminster, 13th July 1880. Nor was there a shed on Griffith’s float; no shed on any float.”

INDIAN TRAILS. INDIAN RANCHERIE.

“West of ‘Portuguese Joe’s’ and the ‘Parsonage’ was the Indian rancherie; just a few Indians, not many, just a few. Then there was an old trail leading on to the west, down to the west end of Coal Harbour; there was another trail down from what is now about the south end of Carrall Street, towards the present C.P.R. Roundhouse, that the Indians used to use.”

“CRAZY GEORGE.”

“‘Crazy George’ was a fine gentleman; I liked him fine, and no one knew him better than I did; he worked for me time and time again. He was a real gentleman. But, as for who he was, we never could find out; we did hear that he was a former Royal Navy officer, but we never actually knew; he was queer, but quite harmless.”

LOUIS GOLD. SOUTH VANCOUVER.

“Louis Gold was taking up a piece of land out on the North Arm Road; he was preempting it, out by the Tea Swamp, and Gold, to hold the land, used to get Crazy George to go out and sleep in the cabin, so as to hold his preemption. But it was a long way out, and one night, it was very wet, Crazy George asked me to let him sleep in the pig pen, down by the slaughter house on False Creek; the slaughter house was on False Creek, just about the end of Columbia Street, or a bit more south. I was frightened he would strike matches and set fire to the place, but that night, there was no sheep in the pen, and it was a wet night, so I let him sleep in the pig pen. Well, during the night, the famous bear got loose, and George had to get up. He came in to me and said, ‘I didn’t strike a match, though,’ and he started to walk out to Gold’s place out on the North Arm Road, but by the time he got there it was time to come back to start to work, so he didn’t get any sleep.”

PORT MOODY, 1886. THE GREAT FIRE, 1886.

“The afternoon of the big fire in Vancouver, 13th June, we were at church in Fraser Bros. store at Port Moody, and the ashes fell on the hymn books as we were standing up singing the hymns.”

BEARS. S.S. BEAVER. CAPT. PAMPHLET.

“Now I must tell you about the bear. I had charge of him from the beginning. There was an article in the magazine section of the *Province* last Saturday, 13th August, about how George Black shipped a bear to Victoria on the *Beaver*, and how it was manacled with leg irons; that story is not correct; it never happened that way; part of the story is true, the rest is ‘bunk.’”

Mr. Murray continues: "I know more about that bear than anyone. We kept the bear here, on this platform, over the water, just west of the butcher shop here in Gastown. I know all about that bear."

Major Matthews: How do you put leg irons on a bear?

Mr. Murray: (irritated) "I don't know."

"That bear's mother was shot on the south bank of the Fraser River, across from Westminster, below the present Westminster bridge, in March 1877. George Black got one of the young ones, and George Bennett, butcher at New Westminster, got the other. The bear was brought over to Gastown by George Black, I suppose; I did not bring it over, but I looked after that bear for a long time, a very long time, until about, say, the 20th December 1879, when we put him on the *Beaver* and shipped him to Goodacre and Dooley, butchers, in Victoria. This story about the leg irons is all bunk. You couldn't put leg irons a bear. We had a chain and collar on him for years, and we led him up to the Hastings Mill; Angus McArthur" (or McCarther) "and I, we two led him up to the Hastings Mill wharf, and put him on the *Beaver*; we had had him for about three years. It would take me a whole day to tell you everything about that bear. During the time we had him, he killed forty-two pigs."

Major Matthews: Forty-two pigs!!!

PIGS. BEAR. SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

"That's quite correct; he killed forty-two pigs. You see, we had him on a chain down at the slaughter house, and the pigs used to run around loose, around the slaughter house, and eat up all the offal; the bear would slack up on his chain, and back up, and the pigs would come near, and he would make a bound and catch a pig; we never got one away from him, not one, and, queer thing, he would always start to eat a pig from the left side.

"The pigs used to run around indiscriminately, around the slaughter house; there were no fences, and they used to have their young out in the bush; we must have had eighty or one hundred pigs running around. There was a little private road running down to the slaughter house, somewhere down at the end of Columbia Street to the edge of False Creek."

(Note: Mrs. Crakanthorp, narrative of 7 July 1938, speaks of the "pigs, pigs, pigs, hundreds of pigs" down at the Hastings Mill; and Mrs. R.D. Smith [Minnie McCord] speaks of how the Kanakas moved down to Kanaka Ranch, Coal Harbour, because the Hastings Mill people objected to so many pigs about the yard. J.S.M.)

INDIAN TRAIL.

"The famous bear got away one day in the month of November 1878 and went down the Indian trail towards where the C.P.R. roundhouse is now on False Creek, about half a mile down the old Indian trail to False Creek, and when we found him, about a month later, he was in a hollow tree which had been burned out; he was away for about a month in November 1878.

"There was a little snow on the ground, and he had been in the hollow tree all that time, and we saw his footmarks in the snow, and he had just been walking around the stump, close up around the stump; we saw his footmarks in the snow." (The bear was recovered about corner of Pender and Beatty Street. J.S.M.)

GEORGE BLACK. PARROT. MONKEY.

Major Matthews: What did George Black keep him for at all?

Mr. Murray: "Black just kept him; one time he had a parrot; another time a monkey." (Note: the sailing ships brought them.)

BEAR MEAT. S.S. BEAVER.

Mr. Murray: "The way it was, was this. When the bear got loose on the *Beaver*, the way they caught him was that the cook got one of the deck hands with a rope, and they reached out of the window of the galley, and they had the plate of sugar down on the deck, and when he was eating the sugar, they slipped the rope around his neck, and then they lashed the rope and the bear to the capstan so tight that, when

they skinned him in Victoria, you could tell how many times the rope was around his body. He was fat, and the rope left its mark in his fat.”

LEG IRONS.

“There was no leg irons in the melee, or whatever you call it, at all. That story about the leg irons is all ‘bunk.’ I have told you the correct history of the bear, and you can sign my name to it, if you like.”

ANOTHER BEAR STORY. DUCKS. HENS. PIGS.

“One day, R.H. Alexander, Ainslie Mouat, George Black and myself came over with some cattle, and when we got to the slaughter house, there was no poultry, pigs, ducks or anything to be seen; everything was as silent as a graveyard. The bear had got loose, and there had been a general slaughter; chickens, pigs, ducks; you could see pieces of them all over the place—and the bear was up a tree.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY (THE SON) OF PORT MOODY, WHO CAME TO B.C. IN 1859 WITH ROYAL ENGINEERS ON *THAMES CITY*, 10 NOVEMBER 1938.

STAGES. STAGE BUGLES.

Mr. Murray said: “This is all nonsense about the Westminster-Burrard Inlet stage blowing horns or bugles.

“I have seen stages leaving for the Cariboo, and the stage leaving Victoria for Esquimalt, and the Westminster stage leaving for Burrard Inlet. W.R. Lewis, who operated the Burrard Inlet stage, was the only man who ever sounded a note, and he blew on a bugle, a military bugle, I suppose it was—never a horn—on the departure of the stage for Burrard Inlet, to warn the passengers the stage was about to leave.

“That was the only horn or bugle of any description in connection with stages I ever saw in British Columbia.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY (JR.) OF PORT MOODY, WHO WAS BORN AT SEA ON THE *THAMES CITY*, 14 MARCH 1859, WHILST EN ROUTE TO BRITISH COLUMBIA WITH HIS FATHER, JOHN MURRAY, ROYAL ENGINEER.

He is now almost 79 years old.

Mr. Murray has served his city of Port Moody well. He surveyed the forest into streets, has been an alderman, police commissioner, and is now police magistrate, and has never taken a cent of remuneration for his public services. He is quick, active despite his age; walks with agility, clear of eye, and has quite a lot of grey, almost white, hair; in appearance and movement he appears to be ten years younger than he is. JSM.

FOREST FIRES. GASTOWN.

Mr. Murray said: “About this letter you wrote me about early forest fires. Well, I’ll tell you. The first fire of any account around Gastown was in the middle June 1880, and it was between what is now Pender Street and what was then False Creek shore, down where the C.P.R. yards are on Pender Street, and it ran up the hill we now call Beatty Street towards the Cambie Street grounds, etc. It did no property damage, but it burned for several weeks. I was working for George Black, butcher; he had a lot of cordwood stored in there in the forest, but we got it out before it was burned. I got out the last load, and then took ill with typhoid, and went home to my parents in New Westminster, until I got better. That is how I know it was in June 1880.”

FALSE CREEK ROAD.

“In the same month there was a bush fire on the old False Creek Road—what is called Kingsway—it burned several weeks too; just an ordinary bush fire; no damage done; it ran all over the country about Central Park, this side of Royal Oak, straddled the False Creek Road, and went down in the hollow towards Deer Lake; it was two miles wide, at least, across the road, or trail, as we called it.”

FOREST FIRES, 1865. THE BIG FOREST FIRE, 1865.

“But the big fire was in 1865. I don’t know where it started; I was too young to recall much, but I know it burned all about Burquitlam, Coquitlam, Burnaby Lake, and burned the North Road bridges; in fact, the whole country was on fire for weeks.”

NORTH ARM ROAD. MAGEE’S. RIVER ROAD. FRASER AVENUE.

“I came to Gastown in 1875; I was then about 16, and worked for George Black, and it was that year that they cut the North Arm Road, now Fraser Avenue, from what is now Kingsway, to what is now Marine Drive; right down to the river, and then west to Magee’s. They started at about Carrall and Hastings Street, repaired the road as far as False Creek, then up the hill of Mount Pleasant, and then on to the junction, and cut the new North Arm Road we now call Fraser Avenue, and then west to Magee’s. Billy Thompson had the contract, Carrall Street to Magee’s.”

HASTINGS-GRANVILLE ROAD.

“Herring had the contract to build the road from Hastings to Granville, along the Burrard Inlet south shore; that was in the summer of 1876, but Herring failed, and his bondsmen had to finish it. Thomas Kidd of Lulu Island—he wrote the history of Lulu Island—was the foreman for the bondsmen, and they finished it in 1877, but you could ride over it with a horse in 1876, but the bridges were not put in until later.”

EBENEZER BROWN. GRANVILLE HOTEL. JOSEPH MANNION.

“Ebenezer Brown started a hotel or saloon in Gastown called the ‘Granville’; he sold out to Mannion; to Jones and Mannion; Billy Jones.”

JOHN HENRY SCALES. HUGH MURRAY. JONATHAN MILLER.

“John Henry Scales is undoubtedly the oldest living man today of Gastown; I come next, and Hugh, my brother, next. I shall be 79 next 14th March” (1938.) “Hugh has been talking about Ada Miller being the first child born in Gastown, but Hugh is all wrong; I came here in 1875, and Hugh came after I did; he says Ada Miller was born here in 1871; that couldn’t be. She was a big girl when I came in 1875.”

JOHN HALL, PREEMPTOR. BELCARRA, NORTH ARM.

“There was John Hall” (see D.L. 195, 229 and 200A) “here in Colonel Moody’s time; he used to go around exploring; I think he did a lot of exploring for Colonel Moody. I think he settled up the North Arm at a place” (D.L. 229) “that they call Belcarra, once called ‘Bole’s Ranch,’ where he shot his klootch. That was how Judge Bole got his ranch; took it in payment for defending Hall for murder of his klootch; Hall was not a Royal Engineer.”

ROYAL OAK HOTEL. COLLINGWOOD HOTEL. JUNCTION INN. GLADSTONE INN. PIG AND WHISTLE.

“The roadhouses on the Westminster Road, as I recall them, were the Royal Oak, then the Collingwood on the left hand side, then the Junction at the junction of Fraser Avenue and Kingsway, and the Gladstone Inn.”

After tea and toast—Mr. Murray had just come from Major Mill’s, mayor of Port Moody, funeral, and was cold—I escorted Mr. Murray around the new City Hall, its Council Chamber and offices; a somewhat remarkable experience for a man who first saw the site of this metropolis as an almost impenetrable jungle of forest, and a few simple buildings arranged around a crescent shore of mud and boulders—Gastown.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM MURRAY, SON OF JOHN MURRAY, ROYAL ENGINEER OF 1859, BROTHER OF HUGH AND JOHN, ALL LIVING.

He has just arrived back from California after a residence there of 25 years, 1910-1936, has remained a British subject, and is now temporarily staying at the St. Regis Hotel with his wife, having entered Canada again on April 5th last.

MURRAYS OF PORT MOODY.

Mr. Murray: "I was born in New Westminster on March 8th 1866 at 'The Camp,' and left B.C. for Los Angeles in 1910; got back April 5th, 1936. Married Miss Kate McFarland from New Brunswick; she is still living; our children are:

William George, eldest, born in New Westminster;
John Henry, born in New Westminster;
Frank Percival, living in Seattle, born in New Westminster;
Charles Howard, living in Victoria, born in New Westminster;
Laura Mabel Belle, born in New Westminster;
Vivian Hugh, youngest, in Los Angeles, born in Kamloops.

"All living; five boys and one girl.

"I am seven years younger than Johnnie" (brother) "who was born on the *Thames City*. Hugh was born in England, and was about two years old when we arrived; he's older than Johnnie. Mrs. Kyle was the first white girl born in New Westminster, Mrs. Raymond came next, I came next, then Mrs. Ems, now of Point Grey. Mrs. Kyle died a year or so ago. I was educated at the 'Brothers' School,' New Westminster, run by Brother Fitzpatrick and Brother Allan; Father Harris was head of it."

GEORGE BLACK'S. HASTINGS, B.I.

"I have been a butcher all my life; cut meat at the first butcher shop in Gastown, George Black's place over the water; used to drive cattle by the old Burrard Inlet Road" (Kingsway) "with a horse; no dogs. The first slaughter house we had was at Hastings and then after they built the Hastings-Granville Road, extended it to Granville from Hastings, the slaughter house was here on False Creek down about the foot of Carrall Street."

BARRELS. COOPERAGE. HAND-SPLIT SHINGLES.

"George Black had a big ship's whaleboat for a butcher boat to take the meat from Granville to Moodyville. When a ship was about to sail he would take over about four to six quarters of beef and ten to fifteen barrels of corned beef. There used to be an old man here who made barrels out of fir; there was another cooper in New Westminster; they both used to make barrels for the canneries, for salmon, 50 lb, 100 lb, and 200 lb barrels; it was quite an industry, and then the logging camps used to take four or five barrels of corned beef at a time, and take them to the logging camps. Same with shingle bolts. There used to be all kinds of shingle bolt camps on both roads between Gastown and New Westminster; an old cabin in the woods, and make the shingles right there, and then take them to New Westminster."

GREAT FIRE, 1886.

"I was on the fire brigade at New Westminster at the time of the big fire here in 1886. Chief Ackerman, chief to the New Westminster Fire brigade, came over to Vancouver; loaded the apparatus on C.P.R. flat cars and brought them around by Westminster Junction. I stayed in New Westminster to look after the town, but Chief Ackerman came over here with the other half of the brigade; of course, he was of no use by the time he got here. Then for twelve years I was chief of the Kamloops Fire Brigade, from about 1897 to 1909."

ELK. CAPE HORN.

City Archivist: What became of the elk?

Mr. Murray: "I did not get much education. Would go to school for a day or so, and then someone would lose a horse or a cow, and I would take my pony and go after it; might stay away from school three or four

days, and then George Black got me to drive cattle, and he would keep me at Hastings three or four weeks.

“The only elk I ever saw was on the Coquitlam Road at an old point known as ‘Cape Horn’—that’s the bluff on the road about a mile past Fraser River Mills—and I was on horseback, and he just ran across the road and went down onto the flats. Johnnie saw him several times, too. I was then about 15 or 16 years old, so it must have been about 1881 or 1882. I knew there were elk in the country, but I had never seen one before, and it interested me to see what they were like.”

(Note: the first mention made to me by a person who has actually seen elk on Coal Peninsula. JSM.)

CHARLESON’S LOGGING CAMP. ELK.

(See photo Bailey Bros. No. 679.) “Charleson’s had a logging camp back of the Fraser River Mills, Millside, beyond Sapperton, and there were lots and lots of elk horns to be found all over the woods near the logging camps; they are probably there yet.”

SALMON CANNERY. JOHN MURRAY. STAMP AND HOLBROOK. FIRST SALMON CANNERY.

“Johnnie and I made the first fish boxes to put salmon in on the Fraser. Father had a little mill run by water from ‘Government House Creek’ by the present penitentiary; the penitentiary put in a dam to get water from, and Father put up the little mill which had a little water wheel for power, and cut the lumber—not logs—they delivered the lumber to us, and we cut the lumber into bottoms and sides, and we got eight cents a box for making. Stamp and Holbrook had the first salmon cannery.”

SURVEY OF PORT MOODY, ETC.

“I helped to lay out the site of the town of Port Moody for my father and Capt. Clarke, who both had 160 acres of land crown grant. The Royal Engineers who stayed had a chance to take up land where they wanted it, but I don’t know for what particular reason Father selected Port Moody. A man named Stevenson surveyed the town into streets and town lots; there were eight of us in the survey party including my two brothers; we lived on a scow at Rocky Point where we afterwards made our home.

“Father and Capt. Clarke named the streets after members of our family. There was one logging camp there then, I think belonging to the Moodyville Sawmill, right at the head of the bay, about a mile away, but there was absolutely no other house or shack, nor was there a trail. If there was a trail from Port Moody to Sapperton it was never used; we always went to Bonson’s at the end of the North Road.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. PATRICK J. MYERS, 1840 EAST SIXTH AVENUE, GRANDVIEW, 30 DECEMBER 1937.

FOREST FIRES. CENTRAL PARK. SHAUGHNESSY. WEST END.

Mr. Myers is a very old logger in and about Vancouver. He came here in the spring of 1884, and has been married sixty-four years; Mrs. Myers answered the phone in a clear voice, and called Mr. Myers; both enjoy the best of health.

Mr. Myers said: “All that timber around Central Park, and out Grandview—along the ridge towards Shaughnessy—was burned over centuries ago. I have been in the woods all my life, all over Canada; I know what I am talking about; those University men” (forestry) “don’t know what they’re talking about; they don’t go out into the woods; no man alive can tell you the age of those trees out at Central Park; well, I came through there in 1884, and those trees haven’t grown two inches diameter in fifty-four years. Those University men try to count the rings; they can’t count the rings; the growth is so small the rings don’t show.”

LIGHTNING.

“All that country out Burnaby way was burned over three or four hundred years ago; that’s what made those trees out there so small; no humus, all burned off; we never got any big logs out that way; that’s all second growth, except in the hollows where the fire missed. Lightning started those forest fires.” (Note: confirmed by Indian tradition.)

"All the good timber, magnificent trees, was in the West End, out Shaughnessy way, and there was a good patch down about George Black's" (Hastings.) "It was fine timber; nothing better in the world. But no man on earth can tell how long it was since some big fire ran through all that area east of the head of False Creek; might be two or three hundred years ago."

HOLLOW TREES.

"Do you know how those big hollow trees start? There's a famous one out in Stanley Park, and another in Central Park. Why, I have seen trees three or four feet thick growing straddled over a dead log. The wind blew over the trees killed by fire; then the log all rotted out, and got covered with moss and rotten stuff, and a seed fell on top of the log and took root, and of course the tiny roots couldn't go down in the wood, so they straddle each side of the old long, like a prong; that was how the big hollow tree in Stanley Park got started, and that might have been before the birth of our Saviour."

(See photos—C.V. P. Tr. 7, N. Tr. 9, and C.V. P. St. 11, G. N. 104.)

"CUT" NAILS.

"Cut" nails were used in all the early buildings of Vancouver. Just when wire drawn nails superseded them is hard to say, but when the St. Andrew's Church, corner Richards and Georgia streets, was pulled down in July 1937, both kinds were found, although the preponderant number were "cut."

"Cut" nails had the disadvantage of being a little brittle; they broke instead of bending as a wire drawn nail bends. Samples of some are in the City Archives. It is stated that after boiling them in tallow, pioneers used them, with quite good success, for boat building.

At first "cut" nails were cast iron, but afterwards they were made malleable.

They were sold as "penny" nails.

1"	two, or tuppenny
1¼	three penny
1½	four penny
1¾	five penny
2"	six penny
2¼	seven penny
2½	eight penny
2¾	nine penny
3"	ten penny
3¼	twelve penny
3½	sixteen penny
4"	twenty penny
4½	thirty penny
5"	forty penny
5½	fifty penny
6"	sixty penny

THE NAMING OF VANCOUVER.

Note: W.E. McCartney, son of A.E. McCartney, of McCartney Creek, North Vancouver, pioneer of Granville, Burrard Inlet, asserts that claims to have been the "first (or second or third) child born in Vancouver" do not take into consideration that Vancouver was "*Vancouver*" weeks and months before the mere approval of a name, already in common use, changed "Granville" into the incorporated "City of Vancouver."

JSM

The earliest appearance we have seen of the name "Vancouver" is in the magazine *West Shore*, published in Portland, Oregon, September 1884, Vol. 10, No. 9, page 304, which says: "investigate the merits of Vancouver on Coal Harbor," etc.

Robertson and Co., Victoria, through their real estate agents, "F.C. Innes & Co., agents," on Carrall Street, sold Lot 9, Block 2, D.L. 196 for \$550 to James Pigott of *Granville* on 27 October 1885, but Henry Mutrie of Port Moody leased Lot 11, Block 2, D.L. 196 (almost adjoining) on 15 December 1885 to J.M.F. Stiles of the "City of Vancouver." Both lots are on Oppenheimer Street near Columbia (or Powell.) (See Graveley papers.)

The *Vancouver Weekly Herald* commenced publication on 15 January 1886, and shows many firms had then adopted the name Vancouver as part of their trade name; as witness:

Vancouver Livery.
Vancouver Market.
Vancouver Transfer Co.
Vancouver Truck and Dray Co.
Vancouver Real Estate, Rand Bros.
Vancouver ... S.T. Tilley, books.
Vancouver ... Granville Livery.
Vancouver ... Granville Market.
Vancouver ... T.B. Spring, contractor.
Vancouver ... Terminal City Land Office.
Vancouver City ... James Hartney, grocer.
Vancouver City ... A.W. Sullivan, dry goods.

The school report, 8 February 1886, is dated "Vancouver."

On 6 March 1886, the C.P.R. issued a printed receipt for deposit of money made by Walter E. Graveley on a lot of land, and the paper is printed as "Vancouver."

J.S. Matthews.

Vancouver was incorporated 6 April 1886.

EXCERPT, GENEALOGY, ETC.

His Worship Thos. F. Neelands, Mayor of Vancouver, 1902-1903.

VANCOUVER GENERAL HOSPITAL (FAIRVIEW).

In 1897 was elected Alderman for Ward Two, continuing in that capacity for four years.

In 1901, in conjunction with the late ex-Alderman Robert Grant, selected his site for the Vancouver General Hospital, and after the incorporation of that institution was one of the first directors and Life Governors.

In 1902 was elected Mayor of the City and in 1903 was re-elected to that office by acclamation.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HIS WORSHIP, EX-MAYOR T.F. NEELANDS, MAYOR OF VANCOUVER, 1902 AND 1903, 5 MAY 1936.

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN VANCOUVER, 31 MAY 1886. HIS WORSHIP MAYOR T.F. NEELANDS.

(Note: records compiled in 1932 in connection with "the last four hundred" show that Margaret Macey arrived in Granville, 1 March 1886, and Alice Macey on 1 April 1886. JSM.)

His Worship Mr. Neelands said: "I was here before incorporation, and voted at the first election of mayor and aldermen, 3 May 1886. Mrs. Neelands, my wife, was Miss Nellie, sister to Samuel T. Macey, and still survives."

FREDERICK CHARLES MACEY.

"At the time of the Great Fire, June 13th 1886, Samuel Macey and his wife lived on the north side of Hastings Street between Columbia Street and what was afterwards Westminster, now Main Street. There, their eldest son was born, Frederick Charles Macey, now living in Point Grey; I remember his birth very

well; Dr. Beckingsale was the doctor. Miss Edith Jackson was born later, and was, I think, the first white girl born in Vancouver after incorporation as a city. Fred" (Frederick Charles) "was born sometime in May just after incorporation."

(Note: Miss Edith Jackson was the *fourth* white child born in Vancouver, not the first.)

POSTSCRIPT.

The "discovery," in September 1939, of the "lost" first white child, i.e., Miss Margaret Florence McNeil, born 27th (or 28th) April 1886, residing at 2043 S.E. 16th Avenue, Portland, Oregon, and employed as glove buyer by Olds, Workman and King, department store, has finally cleared up the former mystery of what was the fate of the first baby of Vancouver city after incorporation.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HIS WORSHIP THOS. F. NEELANDS, MAYOR OF VANCOUVER, 1902-3, NOW RESIDENT WITH MRS. NEELANDS AT 1665 WEST SEVENTH AVENUE, VANCOUVER. UNDATED, BUT SUMMER, 1936.

His Worship, now retired, called at the City Archives to chat. He suffers, more or less, from deficient sight, which prevents reading of newspapers, but not other daily activities; Mrs. Neelands is frail of health, too.

COATS OF ARMS, VANCOUVER. ADOPTED 2 FEBRUARY 1903.

His Worship said: "The question of improving the original coat of arms of Vancouver—that was the idea, of course—was first taken up during the regime of Mayor Townley in 1901. I was then an alderman on the Council, and Mayor Townley proposed it, and others agreed, that we should have something more elaborate, something which would add to the imagination, so Mayor Townley got a gentleman, a Mr. Blomfield, to make two drawings. In due course, Mr. Blomfield sent in his drawings, he was paid for his services, and nothing more was heard of it that year, 1901.

"Later, during my term of office, 1902-3—I succeeded Mayor Townley as mayor—the Council again looked at the designs, selected the most fitting, as we thought, and made an alteration or two. For instance, Mr. Blomfield had the oilskin coat on the fisherman very long, down to the fisherman's heels; we shortened it; then we made a change in the axe, and to balance the two sides" (dexter and sinister), "we put a piece of timber behind the lumberman to match the oar behind the fisherman. Col. Tracey, the city engineer, had the alterations in the design made.

"After we had adopted the new crest, Mr. Blomfield wrote complaining that we had not consulted him before making the alterations, but that did not make any difference; it appeared to us to be, essentially, no different from Mr. Blomfield's original design. It is said that it is faulty heraldry; that the crown should be used only in connection with a fortified city, but we liked the look of it, and we left the crown. The remainder represents, essentially, what the first crest, the engine, etc., represented, and the sea is represented in the new crest by the waves."

City Archivist: What did you put the V-shaped thing (caduceus) in the middle for?

His Worship: "That represents commerce."

MOTTO, CITY OF VANCOUVER.

"As to the motto, this is the interesting part. It was thought by some that it would be more dignified if it was translated into Latin, so we submitted the motto to a professor of languages in the University at Kingston; to a professor of languages in the Toronto University; then someone suggested that the Rev. Father Clinton of St. James Church was a good Latin scholar, so we included him; three in all.

"In each case the translation submitted was different, so that we decided to leave the motto in English, so that everyone could understand it after they had read it. That's as far as I can go on the coat of arms. Mayor Townley started the change; my council finished it."

VANCOUVER GENERAL HOSPITAL. FAIRVIEW, 1901.

His Worship, continuing: "Well, of course, the old hospital at the corner of Cambie and Pender was getting congested; the matter came up from time to time that it would have to be enlarged; I thought the

surroundings were not suitable for enlargement. Col. T.O. Townley was mayor in 1901; I was alderman, and chairman of the finance committee. So the question of a new site was looked into; several sites were examined, and when the final selection was made we obtained from the Land Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, an option on quite a big piece of land; I think it was two blocks, and for, I think from memory, \$5,500. Of course, the original location has been greatly enlarged since.

“As I say, the matter of a site came up in the council and five aldermen were delegated to view the alternative sites, but only two aldermen, Ald. Grant and myself, took any interest. We looked at two sites across False Creek; one in Mount Pleasant, one in Fairview, and there was another in the West End; that was in 1901.

“You must reflect that, in 1901, there was a tremendous lot of vacant land in Vancouver, and that is why I do not know now the exact location of the sites we examined, although a record might be available if wanted which would show it.

“So, Grant and I visited the Fairview site, and thoroughly examined it, and we thought we had chosen the highest part. The area was vacant then, covered with forest debris, stumps, small trees, bushes; a wild and silent place. Afterwards, we found to our regret that we had not chosen the highest part; the highest part was a little to the west where the King Edward” (VII) “High School was afterwards built. But of course we had to take into consideration convenience of access; the Cambie Street bridge made it convenient, and we wanted to get away from the congested part of the city.

“I do not recall what population the city had then, but it was under thirty-five thousand. It required some little imagination as to the future of the city both as to population and direction of growth, but in view of what has happened, I still think we made a good choice.

“At that time, of course, Mount Pleasant and Fairview were leading residential districts. There were no such places as Kitsilano, Shaughnessy, Kerrisdale, Grandview, or Hastings as we know them today, and the West End was sparsely populated. There were locations in Mount Pleasant which would have been suitable, but the Fairview site was more accessible on account of the bridges, and its position centrally to the density of population. Where, if you had a choice, could you put a general hospital today, and improve upon the location? Then again, remember, we had nothing to go on other than our idea of what a wilderness might grow into.

“If mistake we made at all, it was that we did not go a few more blocks further south, perhaps four or five; but then, we had to make the hospital as convenient as we could for the transportation we had at that time, and that, of course, was a single street car line up hill and down dale along Ninth Avenue, which was then little more than a narrow dusty dirt road in summer, and a winding trail of mud in winter.”

GENEALOGY.

“My father came to Canada in 1832, when he was nine years old; my great-great-grandfather lived to a great age, my grandfather to 56, and my father to 66; we came from Ottawa to Vancouver; I had five brothers altogether; one died at 22, two others have died since; one was a lieutenant-colonel, with D.S.O., at Fort William; two beside myself survive. I had six nephews overseas; I have no children of my own.

“I came to Vancouver in November 1885, then went back to Victoria for a few weeks, and came back in March 1886.”

See also “Macey.”

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HERBERT NEILL, NORTH VANCOUVER SQUAMISH INDIAN (NO INDIAN NAME), BORN AT MOODYVILLE, 1890; HIS FATHER WAS "LEON"; 26 JUNE 1935.

BURRARD INLET. FALSE CREEK. CAPT. VANCOUVER'S REPORT, 1792. INDIAN CANOES.

Major Matthews: Did you say that the Indians used to paddle their canoes through from False Creek to Burrard Inlet at Campbell Avenue? (Hastings Viaduct.)

Mr. Neill: "Yes. I know because I have done it myself."

Query: Didn't you have to drag the canoe? (Over the land.)

Mr. Neill: "Well, sometimes. When the tide was not high enough."

Query: Where were you going?

Mr. Neill: "Just shooting ducks around False Creek and in the inlet."

Query: When was that?

Mr. Neill: "I was old enough; born 1890."

Interjection by Andrew Paull: "Haxten" (who is over 100 years old and still living at North Vancouver with Mr. Paull) "Haxten told me that she used to cross from Coal Harbour to English Bay in a canoe."

Query: But did she say that they dragged the canoes?

Mr. Paull: "No. A canoe does not draw much; only two or three inches." (Note by J.S.M.: He means at very high tide; not otherwise.)

SECOND BEACH. COLUMBIA STREET. CARRALL STREET. DUPONT STREET.

Query: How about Hastings Street.

Mr. Neill: "Well, when I was a little boy, it used to be pretty swampy around the corner of Dupont" (Pender) "Street and Columbia."

Note by JSM: Capt. Vancouver stated, in his Journal, 1792, that the entrance to Burrard's Canal is almost blocked by an island (Stanley Park), and a smaller island (Deadman's Island) is beside it. It may be, at the hour the navigator was entering the First Narrows, that the tide was high, or very high, and that he saw Indians, in canoes, crossing at what is now Second Beach from English Bay to Lost Lagoon, or at Campbell Avenue from the harbour to the old head of False Creek, and, as he would not be able to judge the depth of water at these shallow, narrow passages from the surface of the water, he was justified in assuming that they were as navigable, almost as the First Narrows, and so assumed Stanley Park to be an island.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ELIZABETH NEWBURY, 756 EAST 10TH AVENUE, AND WITH MRS. J.J. HATCH, 597 EAST 23RD AVENUE, VANCOUVER, WHO, TOGETHER, VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 24 FEBRUARY 1938.

BEARS IN MOUNT PLEASANT.

Remarks after Mrs. Hatch had read the article on the subject by Mr. William Fleming, published in June, July and August 1936, in the *Mount Pleasant News*, and captioned, "Memories of Early Vancouver." (See typed copies in book form, pages 7, 9, 17.)

Mrs. Hatch said: "My sister-in-law came up from Seattle and was visiting us, and took a couple of cushions—it was summer time, 1890 or 1891, because my son, who was born in 2nd April, was nine months old at the time, and he is now 48 years old—well, she took the cushions, and went out in the woods at the rear of our cottage, and placed them on a long log lying on the ground. The log was covered, on the top, with moss and ferns, and looked so pretty; you know how pretty those old logs looked; it seems a nice place to rest, and she took a book with her to read.

"There were no streets there in those days, but it was 597 East Twenty-third Avenue, because we have lived in the same house since—almost fifty years—on Twenty-third Avenue between Caroline and St. George Street, not in the city then, but in District Lot 301.

"Well, apparently the old mother bear was off hunting food for the three cubs, and the three cubs were under one end of the log, but they said she was up the tree just beside and above the cubs, and of course my sister-in-law was just arranging to spread the cushions on top of the log and lie down to read the story book, when the old bear came along."

DUCKS AND GEESE.

"We had been missing our ducks and geese, and were trying to guess what was taking them. We sent word downtown, and Bob Hatch and Mr. Winskill came up with dogs, guns, picks, axes, and all the men went off on a regular hunt, and came back with the dead bears. They saved the skins, of course, but I think the meat went down to the butcher shop downtown.

"At that time, all Mount Pleasant was woods; Mr. J.H. Hatch came in 1888, my husband in 1889, and we went out there to live; it was the old Edmonds property, and the government was selling it in lots; that was why we went out there."

BEARS. MRS. CHRIS WINSKILL.

"Mrs. Winskill, she still lives beside us, she had just moved out there, had just come up, and they were building a shack, and they had a little white dog which they had put in a split cedar picket pen so that they would not lose him. Mrs. Winskill was outside her shack, and all of a sudden saw a big bear take a bound clear over the picket fence into the pen after the dog. Mrs. Winskill jumped over and got the dog; it was a good big pen, or the bear would have got the little fellow before she let him escape from the pen."

COUGAR IN MOUNT PLEASANT. WATER WELLS.

"Then, we had an old fashioned well, with a windlass, rope and a handle you turned like a mangle to draw the bucket up. We were wondering what it was that was taking our ducks, so one day I was winding up the bucket, when a cougar bounded out right in front of me with a great curve of a bound; down went the bucket to the bottom of the well with a splash, and I ran into the house, and called to them to look out of the back window at the cougar in the yard. It was shot a few days later by Mr. Major, who lived at the corner of Twenty-fifth Avenue and North Road."

MOUNT PLEASANT EARLY DAYS. MRS. CHRIS WINSKILL.

"In those days Mount Pleasant was a wild place; I wondered why I had ever come to such a place; nothing but trees and forest, no roads, nothing. I remember the first woman I met. I was walking along in the trees when I heard a woman's voice—you know, in a silence, the voice carries a long way—I heard a woman's voice singing, 'We'll hang Joe Brock to a sour apple tree.' I said to myself, 'Goodness, gracious, whatever is that; there is a woman somewhere around here somewhere in the trees'; it was Mrs. Hudson."

BEAVERS AND BEAVER DAMS.

"The beaver dam was on Mrs. Winskill's place; we all used to go down there washing; went down there with our coal oil cans for pails, and did our washing in the beaver dam; we used to have to help each other in those days."

BIRTHS. DR. LANGIS.

Mrs. Newbury: "There was no such thing as a telephone; the nearest telephone was down at the Gurney cab stables, down at the foot of the Mount Pleasant hill a mile or more away, and many's the time I have dashed off across roots and stones and sticks until I was breathless, to try and call a doctor, and I remember one time, I was so angry, I couldn't get a doctor, and I had to do the best I could, and then when Dr. Langis did come it was all over, and the child in my arms, and I went for Dr. Langis, and it didn't disturb him a bit. He just said quietly, as though it didn't matter at all, 'Oh, I knew you were here and that everything would be all right.' Dr. Langis might have died wealthy if people would only have paid him. I used to say to him, 'Why do you attend to them if they never paid you,' and he'd say, in his quiet sort of a way, that 'it was all right; it was his duty'; you know his slow, quiet, calm way of talking."

TROUT. DOERING BREWERY. BREWERY CREEK.

"Trout; oh, there were lots of trout in the creek, Brewery Creek I think they called it; just east of Main Street; where Doering had his brewery. Go out in the creek and catch trout for breakfast; all kinds of trout in that creek."

CLEARING THE LAND. HIS WORSHIP G.C. MILLER.

Mrs. Newbury: "The Mayor" (Geo. C. Miller) "was just a kid then, about two feet high; his father used to drive for Mr. Bodwell, of Bodwell Road; the Millers lived in a two-room shack."

Mrs. Hatch: "We all did our own work in those days. I have used a ten-foot crosscut saw; they were building the road around the park in those days, and the men used to start off about four in the morning and walk all the way to Stanley Park; they were making the road, and we were also clearing the land around our own little place too; men and women worked. I used to saw logs, cedar logs, to make cedar shakes and pickets and home-made shingles; pickets for our garden fences, and shakes and shingles for roofs. The men would go off to work and leave us so much to do; tell me what to saw, and I would saw it."

"And my husband was a silver gilder in Toronto, had never done a day's work, comparatively, in his life; never lived in the woods before. We were clearing our land."

WATER WELLS. EARLY WATERWORKS. HOTEL VANCOUVER. EARLY SEWERAGE.

December 7th, 1937
Sechelt, B.C.

To City Archivist

Dear Sir:

Re Water Memorandum

I have to say the office buildings in the early days were only small, and got their water wherever they could; from wells and streams in various parts of the city. One good stream was where the present Post Office, Hastings and Granville, now stands; also everyone kept a good rain barrel.

The Vancouver Hotel had an artesian well, and the water was very good.

Almost all houses had wells, and those who did not have one got from those who had.

Of course, everyone knew the Waterworks was being put in, and they would soon have city water.

The bedrooms all had a washbasin and jug, and the water was carried there every day, and a big tub for bath. And, all dry earth toilets outside the house. Until the sewers were built, there were no water toilets, or bathrooms with running water.

Then, I may say here, that my husband, the late J.J. Nickson, built the first septic tank in Vancouver—at Coal Harbor, which was very successful.

What became of the wells? Some had them properly filled in. Mostly, everyone threw all their rubbish in; tin cans, ashes, until they got filled up. I believe, some of the wells, rats and even cats got in, but mostly the wells were covered with boards; some had pumps, and others, buckets and rope.

The well water that I have tasted came from Mrs. Grant's place on Robson st; a little yellow in color, but very cold and very good. Mrs. Grant was Mrs. Phil Oben's mother.

Hoping this account will help you.

Yours sincerely,

to Major Matthews,
City Archivist
City Hall,
Vancouver.

Jane Nickson

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH ALFRED JOHN NYE, OF LYNN CREEK ROAD, LYNN VALLEY, NORTH VANCOUVER, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, 26 MAY 1939—HIS SIXTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

JERICHO. SMELTS (FISH). DALGLIESH OF JERICHO.

Mr. Nye said: "One of the prettiest things in nature I ever saw was out at Jericho beach once. I was out on the beach one summer morning very early, and a cat with six kittens came from somewhere; there were logging camps nearby; it was close to Dalgliesh's place, now the site of the Jericho Golf Club house.

"The cat went down to the edge of the water—over the sand—and fished out a smelt with its paw, and took it to the six kittens, who enjoyed fresh fish for breakfast. The cat went to the edge of the water, and fished out a smelt with its claw. That will give you an idea, too, of the quantities of smelt there at that time."

EAGLES. TROUT.

"I was up the Cheakamus River, Squamish, once, and saw an eagle soaring around about four hundred feet above me; then it dropped like a stone, splashed into the water; a splash of water about twenty feet high went up, and the eagle rose with a large trout in its talons. He carried the trout in its talons, fore and aft, like the fuselage of an aeroplane."

DAISY LAKE. SWANS.

"Again, I was at Daisy Lake, and a flock of fourteen white swans were out on the ice; that was the winter of 1920. I got to within about three hundred yards of them, and then they arose and flew away, and being such a heavy bird, the angle was quite low before they could rise.

"A few days afterwards I counted them again, and there were thirteen; one was missing. I reported it to the game warden; it was investigated, and it was found that an Indian had killed it. Wild swan are protected. I think the culprit was punished.

"This day, 26th May, is my sixty-first birthday."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH ALFRED J. NYE, OF LYNN CREEK ROAD, LYNN VALLEY, NORTH VANCOUVER, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, 19 JULY 1938.

FOREST FIRES. LOGGING OFF THE FOREST. INDIAN CUSTOMS. STANLEY PARK. PROSPECTORS.

Mr. Nye said: (remarking upon the frightful forest holocaust at Campbell River, etc., at this date) "It's all nonsense for people to say that the Indians set fire to forests to drive the game where they could kill it; or, as others aver, to drive evil spirits away with smoke, which the demons are said to dislike; we must give the Indians credit for having more sense than that.

"What I have heard is that prospectors set fire to the forest in the early days to clear off the mountain side, so that they could examine the ground more easily."

(Note: Andrew Paul, Indian, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, says that it was a tradition that, every seventh year, a calamity, i.e., punishment, was visited upon Indians. August Jack Khaatsalano, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, speaks of the "punishment" the Indians got when thunder [and lightning] set fire to the forests at Squamish, and the Indians suffered from a shortage of food in consequence.)

"An Indian who fells a tree—with a stone axe, of course—was a man of consequence amongst his fellows; at least, so I gathered from an old Indian who was about ninety years old at the time he showed me, with pride, the stump a tree his grandfather had felled; *his grandfather*, mind you—and the old man was ninety then—with stone tools. He was quite proud, apparently, of being the grandson of such a grandfather." (See "Chilaminst," and Paul, in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

"I was in Stanley Park one day—near where the bowling green is now—and noticed that a tree stump on that location was without a spring board cuts, so I climbed up, oh, about twelve feet or so, and got on top of the stump. I found out, by the irregular cuts, that it had been cut down with a stone axe; Indian, of course. It interested me because I recalled being told that, prior to about 1875, or thereabouts, that pioneer loggers cut down all trees with axes; they had not the saw they have now."

EARLY SURVEYS. ROCHE POINT. BROCKTON POINT. *EGERIA* SURVEY MARK. COMPASS.

"Years ago, I talked with one of the Royal Engineers of 1859. He told me of cutting their way from New Westminster to Burrard Inlet; a narrow trail through the trees, for the first surveys of Burrard Inlet. He told me that they cut through to the inlet, then crossed to Roche Point, and climbed the mountain, taking with them a thick rod of copper, which they placed in the ground at some prominent point; I imagine it is there yet.

"Then, he said, they took a sight on Stanley Park—only it was not called Stanley Park then—and afterwards placed a survey mark on the spot sighted there. years and years after the *Egeria* survey ship placed a proper slab bench mark on that spot; it's there yet, at Brockton Point. I recall the old man telling me of a huge compass they carried; three feet across, nine feet in circumference; tremendous thing; anyway, that was what he said it was in size."

Alfred J. Nye, brother to Capt. Percy Nye (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, and file), sons of Arthur Dalton Nye, retired English coachbuilder, arrived Vancouver 1890, settled 1898 on an acre of land, now corner Sixth Street and Chesterfield Avenue, North Vancouver, purchased from North Vancouver Land and Improvement Co., 1898. A water course, or creek, ran through the property, and at first served for household water. Mr. Nye, senior, had seven children; three now deceased. Alfred J. Nye served in South African War with Vancouver contingent, and is a member of Original Garrison Artillery Association, Vancouver.

J.S.M.

CAN. N. 21. P. 4



Mr (beard) & Mrs [redacted] (white collar) with bouquet presented to first lady passenger; A.C. McCandless (white waistcoat), "Teny" (Christina) Robertson, Victoria, (white hat); Miss Lewis (Mrs W. H.R. Collister) ruffle skirt). Living 1936; Miss Robertson, Mr. McCandless. wood fuel. JSM
 Victoria, B.C.

R. H. That the lady with the bouquet is Mrs Simon H. [redacted] is proven by a photo of her alone showing her in the same dress, which she was presented in

CAN. N. 21. P. 4

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[photo annotations:]

Mr. (beard) & Mrs. Hirschberg (white collar) with bouquet presented to first lady passenger; A.G. McCandless (white waistcoat); "Teny" (Christina) Robertson, Victoria, (white hat); Miss Lewis (Mrs. W.H.R. Collister) ruffle skirt. Living 1936: Miss Robertson, Mr. McCandless. wood fuel. J.S.M.

That the lady with the bouquet is Mrs. Simon Hirschberg is proven by a photo of her alone showing her in the same dress.

Courtesy, A.G. McCandless, 10 June 1936

First train through to arrive at Port Moody, B.C.

July 4th, 1886.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. A.G. McCANDLESS, VETERAN OFFICIAL OF THE B.C. ELECTRIC COMPANY, 9 JUNE 1936.

ARRIVAL FIRST TRAIN, PORT MOODY, 4 JULY 1886.

Mr. McCandless said: "You see, the *Yosemite* charged fare to those who came up on her from Victoria, but it was free to all of Vancouver who wanted to go up to Port Moody to meet the first train, consequently everyone who could get away got aboard, and too many people went for the food supply. The *Yosemite* was not prepared to dine so many; there was no place at the railway wharf, Port Moody, where anything to eat could be got; many had not had their breakfast; so many went hungry. Coming back we stopped at Moodyville, and at Capt. Power's Moodyville Hotel, and at the store, a few got something to eat, but most went without. Then when we got back to Vancouver, tied up—I think at the Hastings Mill wharf—some tables made of boards and trestles were set out in the open on Water Street, and the crowd got what they could—not much.

"There was quite a crowd at Port Moody to see the train come in; they climbed up an embankment above the track to watch the arrival. Yes, a bouquet was presented to a lady; I don't know how many got off the train—not many, and they were lost in the crowd."

"*The Vancouver Weekly Herald*, 9th July 1886" (Dr. Mathison Collection) "says 'over 1500 welcomed train.' This is exaggerated—nothing like 1500 welcomed train. Mrs. Angus' statement" (*Manchester Guardian*) "of 500 or 600 is much more exact." (Note: W.H. Evans, C.P.R. engineer in charge locomotive says, "30 or 40 passengers got off train.")

FIRST LADY PASSENGER. MRS. AND MRS. O'NEILL.

"This is a photo" (No. C.V. P. Can. 4 N. Can. 21) "of Mrs. O'Neill carrying her bouquet, and Mr. O'Neill" (beard), "taken just after the train arrived. The rest of the group, taken by R. Maynard of Victoria, are Miss Lewis" (after Mrs. W.H.R. Collister, of Albion Iron Works, Vancouver), "Miss 'Tony'" (Christina) "Robertson of Victoria, and myself; Miss Robertson and I are the only two of the five now living. I do not understand why other accounts say Mrs. Hirschberg got the bouquet; perhaps she did, but I thought it was a Mrs. O'Neill, whom I did not personally know and have never seen since."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM EDWARD McCARTNEY, MOVING PICTURE PROJECTIONIST, 1471 WILLIAM STREET, VANCOUVER.

Son of Allan Edward McCartney, pioneer of Hastings Sawmill and Gastown, and nephew of W.E. McCartney, pioneer druggist of Gastown. (W.E. McCartney was William Ernest.) He very kindly called at the City Archives at my request.

VANCOUVER. NAMING OF EARLY BIRTHS.

Mr. McCartney said: "It is a matter of opinion as to who was the first born child in the city of Vancouver; it is how the matter is calculated as to what decision is arrived at. Vancouver, as a city, was officially incorporated April 6th 1886, but it was commonly known as Vancouver for weeks and months before that."

A.E. McCARTNEY. W.E. McCARTNEY. FIRST CITY HOSPITAL.

"Allan Edward McCartney was my father and a civil engineer and architect; for instance, he drew the plans for the first city hospital. William Ernest McCartney, my uncle was his brother, and was Granville's first druggist. There was a third brother; he vanished; has never been heard of since. Father was born in the Bahama Islands; Irish descent; and he and his brothers went to New York, I believe, and then on to Montréal where Father was employed by the Bell Telephone Co. He was in an early " (1869) "Red River Rebellion; I don't know which one exactly, but it was before the North West Rebellion of 1885. He got a land grant for his services of six hundred acres, and came to British Columbia, and, as I understand it, applied his scrip on North Vancouver land. For a short time, a year or so, he did some work for the Hastings Sawmill, and in the British Columbia directory of 1882-3 is shown as one of their employees—as an engineer."

McCARTNEY CREEK. DEEP COVE. NORTH VANCOUVER.

"He took up some land on McCartney Creek, just east of Seymour Creek, close to the Blair Rifle Range, and he also had some land at Deep Cove, North Arm, Burrard Inlet, which he afterwards sold to the possessor of South African War land scrip. He had more land in different locations; some at Indian River, and some at Pemberton Meadows. As I understand it, he surveyed a lot of land in North Vancouver; when I don't know, but I am told they are using his maps yet. McCartney Creek is named in his honour.

"He married Miss Fanny Mann, from England, from some place called 'Marham'" (sic.)

GENEALOGY.

"Of our family of seven—all boys—three lived. Bertram (Bertie) was born about 1879, died about 1883, anyway when he was four years old, and is buried at New Westminster.

"Allan, the oldest living, was born at Moodyville, October 11th 1881; he now lives at Astoria, Oregon; was formerly of the McCartney Electrical Co.; is still in the electrical business. He has two sons, both born in Vancouver; Ray, born in 1908, and Frank, born about 1910."

DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

"Then there were two sons who both died very young; I suppose one of these was buried on Deadman's Island.

"Percy Gordon was born October 16th 1885, at the Hastings Sawmill, in our cottage which was not destroyed by the Great Fire of 1886. He died at Lytton in 1915, and also is buried in Mountain View Cemetery. His three sons, all born in Vancouver, are Roy, now 26, in New York, and Gordon and Clifford in Hollywood, California.

"As for myself, William Edward, I was born November 14th 1887 at Vancouver—at 513 Powell Street, now called 527 Powell Street, and still standing. I married Miss Aurore De Laurier, daughter of Salvine De Laurier of Montréal, born in Dollarville, Michigan, U.S.A., at the Sacred Heart Church, Vancouver, October 21st 1911. Our children are:

Irene May, born Vancouver, May 1913;
Pearl Fanny, born Vancouver, 16 January 1916;
William Avana, born Vancouver, 29 April 1918.

"Finally, the seventh son, John, was born in Vancouver in 1894, and was buried a year later in Mountain View Cemetery."

OPPENHEIMER STREET SCHOOL. EAST END SCHOOL.

"I attended the Oppenheimer Street school until it was closed about 1895, and the Strathcona School nearby opened. Miss Fraser was the last principal of the Oppenheimer Street school, and afterwards the old school building was used as a gymnasium for the Boys' Brigade. There was no Powell Street Grounds then; it was stumps."

FURTHER CONVERSATION, 28 SEPTEMBER 1937.

A.E. McCARTNEY. W.E. McCARTNEY.

Mr. McCartney said: (and wrote) "Father" (A.E. McCartney) "died in Vancouver in 1900 and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery; Uncle" (W.E. McCartney) "died at Kamloops in 1899."

"Father must have been in the first Riel Rebellion of 1869, for he was eighteen when he was there, and he was 49 when he died in 1900. I have been told that General Buller, commander in chief in the early part of the South African War, 1899-1902, were both corporals" (sic) "together in this rebellion." (Note: he probably means ensigns.)

"The two brothers, my father and uncle, arrived by ship, and landed at New Westminster, but I am not sure whether they came by San Francisco or Cape Horn; I know their effects came around the Horn."

Read and, after correction by William Edward McCartney, approved, 28 September 1937.

J.S. Matthews.



Road to North Arm, 1888, now Granville st south, Shaughnessy Heights, looking north from [text obscured].
"The Summit" (37th) Lolo Island, former mail stage and load of hay on their way to Vancouver, now Granville St at 37th Av. Poles on east side. City Archives

C.V.N. STR. 6. P. STR. 16

Item # EarlyVan_v5_024

[photo annotations:]

Road to North Arm, 1888, now Granville st south, Shaughnessy Heights, looking north from [text obscured].

12 JANUARY 1936 – FITZPATRICK MCCLEERY AND SAMUEL MCCLEERY OF NORTH ARM.

Miss Margaret Elizabeth McCleery told me that the two McCleerys landed on D.L. 315 in 1862, and that the spot where they landed was—I should say by the photograph—half a mile or more above the Celtic Cannery; half a mile above Macdonald Street produced. The front of the old homestead which is still standing in 1936, and now the oldest building in Vancouver, was built in 1873, and the back in 1883. Mrs. H. Logan, daughter of Fitzgerald McCleery, was born there 7 May 1878, lives there still, has lived in it for fifty-eight years. The number of the house in 6750 Macdonald Street. The well-known “Clay Hill” was just behind their place some short distance. There is a photograph extant of the old homestead with a number of people scattered about the strawberry patch—ten or a dozen, young and old, and horse with two children on its back—that photo was taken in 1886 or 1888. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald McCleery are together on the left of the photo, beside a stump. (It is a framed photo.)

CLAY HILL.

The photograph of “Clay Hill” (photo P. Str. 46, N. Str. 8), a forest trail with a bridge at the bottom, a buggy at the top, was taken about 1891, west of Marpole, close to the McCleery Farm. Miss M.E. McCleery says: “Gordon Farrell has his home beside it, so did the late Blake Wilson. The River Road” (now Marine Drive) “was a trail in 1870; that is how I know the photo must be about 1891. There is a little bridge over the same spot now, in Gordon Farrell’s garden at 1890 South West Marine Drive.”

D.L. 315, 316, 317, 319, 323.

North Arm, Fraser River; City of Vancouver.

These preemptions all bear to each other a certain relationship due to the fact that Hugh McRoberts, early preemptor, was the uncle of Samuel and Fitzgerald McCleery, and that the McCleerys were related by marriage to Christopher Wood and his cousin Robert Wood. Fitzgerald McCleery, the elder of the two, married Miss Mary Wood; Miss Margaret E. McCleery is their younger daughter, born 17 May 1880.

On 28 January 1938, Miss Margaret Elizabeth McCleery said: “This is the first time I have known that Mr. McRoberts preempted D.L. 315 before my father, but I can understand it, because Mr. McRoberts had the contract to build the trail down the North Arm from New Westminster, and my father and uncle worked for him, but they were not paid in money; they were paid in” (land) “scrip.”

GENEALOGY OF MCCLEERY OF NORTH ARM, FRASER RIVER.

SAMUEL MCCLEERY of the Toy, Killyleagh, near Belfast, Co. Down, Ireland, had a family of nine children of which John Bailey was the eldest, and Fitzgerald and Samuel the two youngest sons; of these two, Fitzgerald was the older.

JOHN BAILEY MCCLEERY, eldest son of Samuel, married Miss Margaret Henderson, and had four children.

ELIZABETH MARGARET (unmarried.)

AGNES MARY (Mrs. Donald McArthur), deceased.

SAMUEL, living, 3115 49th Avenue West.

CATHERINE JANE, living, Mrs. S.F. James, Macdonald Street.

FITZGERALD MCCLEERY, second-youngest son of Samuel, married Miss Mary Wood, sister of Robert Wood—a cousin of Christopher Wood—in 1873, and their children were:

EDWARD FITZGERALD, died in infancy.

ERNEST, died in infancy.

THEODORA MARIAN (Mrs. Harry Logan), born 7 May 1878, who lives at 6750 Macdonald Street in the oldest existing building now, 1938, in Vancouver, built in 1873, addition made in 1883, and whose only child is Harry Fitzgerald McCleery Logan, now going to the Magee High School.

MARGARET ELIZABETH, unmarried, born 17 May 1880, and who lives on the “farm” in another house built in 1891. (*NOTE ADDED LATER*: Now Mrs. Robert Mackie.)

SAMUEL MCCLEERY, youngest son of Samuel McCleery, married Jane Anne Evans, a daughter of Richard Evans and Elizabeth Pyke of Ontario, and their children are **EVELINE ELIZABETH**, born 2 April 1881 (Mrs. H.B. Barton), who has three children, **BERENICE EVELINE**, **DORIS JANE**, and **EDWARD SAMUEL**. Doris is now Mrs. John Ferrier Ross, who is son of William Ross and grandson of John Ferrier Ross who came to Vancouver in 1889 (Ross and Howard).

There are other descendants of the McCleery family of North Arm, Fraser River.

As narrated by Mrs. H. Logan and her sister Miss McCleery at City Hall, 2 March 1938. J.S.M.

Approved by Miss M.E. McCleery, 15 December 1939.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH ("GRETA") MCCLEERY, DURING A HURRIED VISIT TO THE CITY ARCHIVES, WHEN SHE BROUGHT ME AN OLD 1890 MAP OF VANCOUVER, IN BAD SHAPE, AND WHICH I HAVE SENT TO BE MOUNTED, 6 MARCH 1938.

POINT GREY MUNICIPALITY. SHAUGHNESSY HEIGHTS. HENRY MOLE. FITZGERALD MCCLEERY.

Miss McCleery, who is distressed due to her financial affairs, i.e., the heavy taxes which are taking her property from her, the old farm, and has been to see the Mayor about it, said:

"I just ran up to see you."

(And then later) "The C.P.R. were putting on the new Shaughnessy Heights, and they wanted to have a separate municipality from Point Grey; they wanted to have everything to themselves, and Frank Bowser came to Father" (Fitzgerald McCleery) "and wanted him to go to Victoria to see Sir Richard McBride, the premier, and protest. I heard the whole thing, the whole conversation; I was just a girl. Mr. Bowser said to Father, 'Fitzgerald, you are the only man who can stop this; will you go to Victoria with us.' So Father said he was willing to go if Greta, that's me, would be taken along; he said she" (Greta) "is my right bower. He was deaf, and I told him what people were saying.

"So with Henry Mole, Father and myself, we got on the boat, and when the other people saw us going down on the boat, I suppose they wondered what we were going down to Victoria for; they were on the boat, too. I remember it all so well. We went into the big room, and all the what do you call it, the cabinet, I suppose, were sitting at the big table, and Sir Richard McBride was at one end, and Frank Bowser's brother was there, too." (W.J. Bowser, attorney general.) "And they talked.

"The C.P.R. wanted to have Shaughnessy Heights all to themselves. They did not want to have the rest of Point Grey tacked on. Nice thing for us who had been there, the pioneers, all those years, to be left out in the cold to do for ourselves as best we could."

Major Matthews, City Archivist: Well, perhaps in view of what has happened since, it would have been better if you had been; you would not have had to pay the frightful land taxes.

Miss McCleery: "I don't agree. The C.P.R. just wanted Shaughnessy Heights to have to do what they liked with, and Henry Mole and Father stopped it. Sir Richard said to Father, 'Oh, I remember your place down the North Arm when I was a boy; I used to go down there. I remember the old farm,' and he seemed to [be] pleased with his recollection of our old farm."

J.S. Matthews.

Note: see explanation and elucidation of Shaughnessy Heights in conversation with Newton J. Ker, for a quarter of a century Land Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, conversation, 9 March 1938, Newton J. Ker file.

FITZGERALD MCCLEERY.

Fitzgerald McCleery, of North Arm, Fraser River, kept a diary, in fact several diaries, and his daughter, Miss Margaret Elizabeth (Greta) McCleery, has shown me two, the earliest being a pocket diary for 1863. The latest one contains memorandums shortly before his death. She is exhibiting them today, St. Patrick's Day, 17 March 1938, on eleventh floor of City Hall.

NORTH ARM ROAD. RIVER ROAD. MARINE DRIVE.

An entry in the earliest known diary of Vancouver reads:

May 1st 1963

WEATHER FINE. LANDED THIS DAY TWELVE MONTHS IN NEW WESTMINSTER, UNCLE [Hugh McRoberts] AND JENNIE [cousin, afterwards, Mrs. Charles Bunting] MEASURED TRAIL TODAY. [Now Marine Drive.]

Miss McCleery remarked: "That shows you what women did in those days." (Hugh McRoberts had the contract to build the trail, and Samuel and Fitzgerald McCleery helped him, and were paid by McRoberts in land scrip.)

"ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL."

"You know," said Miss McCleery, who is a very loyal Irishwoman, and brought three pots of shamrocks, three boxes of chocolates and Irish novelties for myself and two assistants, "the first church service held in Vancouver was held in Father's cabin; that's why we called it 'St. Patrick's Cathedral.' It was on District Lot 316, outside the present dyke, and right on the river bank. It was just a small place, and built of drop siding from the sawmill at New Westminster; not of logs. I remember the inside very well. Just inside the door was a wash basin; it was on a shelf attached to the back of the door, and when the door opened, shelf and basin and all swung with the door; at the first service they used that wash basin for a collection plate. I don't know what denomination the congregation was; none at all; everybody came. Later, one Sunday it was Methodist, and the next Presbyterian."

STEWART ISLAND. COWAN ISLAND.

"Stewart Island was called after old Capt. Stewart who married the widow of Samuel McCleery. Cowan Island was named after the man Cowan to whom Stewart sold it; I don't know Cowan, or who he was; ask Roy Stewart, Capt. Stewart's son; he is running a garage out in Marpole."

JOHN BAILEY MCCLEERY.

"The father of the three McCleerys who came to B.C. was Samuel McCleery; he borrowed money on the security of a field of flax at the old home, 'The Toy,' Killyleagh" (or Killyleigh), "Ireland, to send the boys to British Columbia, and when I was in Ireland in 1910, I visited the old home and the field was growing a crop—of flax. James, the youngest son of the family, went to Australia, and did well there.

"Miss Elizabeth Margaret McCleery is the eldest daughter of the eldest of the three brothers who came to B.C., and I, Margaret Elizabeth McCleery, am the youngest; the youngest daughter of the three, i.e., Fitzgerald."

MARY WOOD.

"My mother was Mary Wood; her home was at Port Renfrew, Co. Norfolk, Ontario.

FIRST SEWING MACHINE (NOW IN CITY ARCHIVES). FIRST PIANO. FIRST PLOW.

"The sewing machine you saw upstairs is the first sewing machine on the North Arm. Oh, I remember how as a girl I used to work it; we clamped it on the edge of a table; I made a lot of nice things on that old sewing machine. We have the old first plow on the farm now; I would have liked to have brought it in, but it was too big. In our house we have still today the first piano on the North Arm, perhaps the first in Vancouver." (See Mrs. Richards, Hastings Sawmill [afterwards Mrs. Ben Springer] in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, Crakanthorp.)

“Three pianos came out together around the Horn; one of them went to the girls’ school at Yale. I don’t know where the other went to, but see Mr. Pugsley, my cousin.”

FURTHER CONVERSATION, 14 JUNE 1938.

NAME OF RICHMOND. RICHMOND VIEW.

Major Matthews: Miss McCleery, what did your father (Fitzgerald McCleery) refer to when he wrote in his diary in 1863, and afterwards, about Richmond: “Going over to Richmond”; “going down to Richmond”?

Miss McCleery: “‘Richmond’ was the name given to Hugh McRoberts’ farm on Sea Island, now belonging to Thomas Lang.”

Major Matthews: Well. Where was “Richmond View”?

Miss McCleery: “I don’t know. I must ask.”

Major Matthews: Where did he get the name “Richmond”?

Miss McCleery: “I don’t know. Hugh McRoberts came here from Australia, and I think it was after some Australian place.”

J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION OVER THE PHONE WITH MR. JAMES QUINTIN McCONNELL, 1286 HARO STREET, DOUGLAS 1493Y, BROTHER TO THE LATE ALDERMAN G.S. McCONNELL, 25 FEBRUARY 1936.

(Following notice in press asking for information of anyone who had been in the old C.P.R. Hospital on Powell Street, 1886-1888.)

FIRST HOSPITAL IN VANCOUVER. C.P.R. HOSPITAL. DR. LEFEVRE.

Mr. McConnell said: “I was in the old hospital down on Powell Street, suffering from typhoid fever; must have been there for two months or more. Dr. LeFevre was my doctor; he used to come down and look things over; a Mr. Burke and his wife were in charge.

“It was a little bit of a place, board and batten up and down boards, with a little bit of a verandah in front. I don’t know how many patients were there; I was in the front room all by myself, but I know there were two or three in the back room, but they were strangers to me.”

ST. LUKE’S HOME.

“I think that must have been in the spring of 1888 because there was another hospital in town at the time, St. Luke’s Home on Oppenheimer Street, where Sister Frances and Father Clinton were, but it was full up, and I had to go down to the Powell Street hospital.

“Then, when I got convalescent, I was moved up to the City Hospital, the first one, on Beatty Street.”

As narrated to me and approved by Mr. McConnell.

J.S. Matthews, 17 March 1936.

MEMO OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. JAMES QUINTIN McCONNELL, 1286 HARO STREET, BROTHER ALD. G.S. McCONNELL, 17 MARCH 1936.

FIRST (C.P.R.) HOSPITAL. TYPHOID FEVER.

“It was facing Powell Street because I remember coming out and smoking my first cigarette—I had to learn to smoke over again after the typhoid fever—and I walked up and down on a narrow kind of sidewalk—in front of the little hospital.

“There must have been a lean-to on the east” (sic, perhaps it was west side) “because there was no connection between the hospital building proper and the lean-to where Mr. Burke, the orderly, and Mrs. Burke, lived. There was no way to make him get up at night when I wanted him, so I had a club, and would bang on the wall, and he” (Burke) “would come out of the front door of his lean-to, and come in the front door of the hospital into the front room where I was. You walked right in, no vestibule or passage way, because once when Burke was giving me a sponge bath, she came in the front door, saw what was going on, put her hands over her face, and cleared out again. She was a fine looking woman. I was a kind of special patient there, and had the front room.”

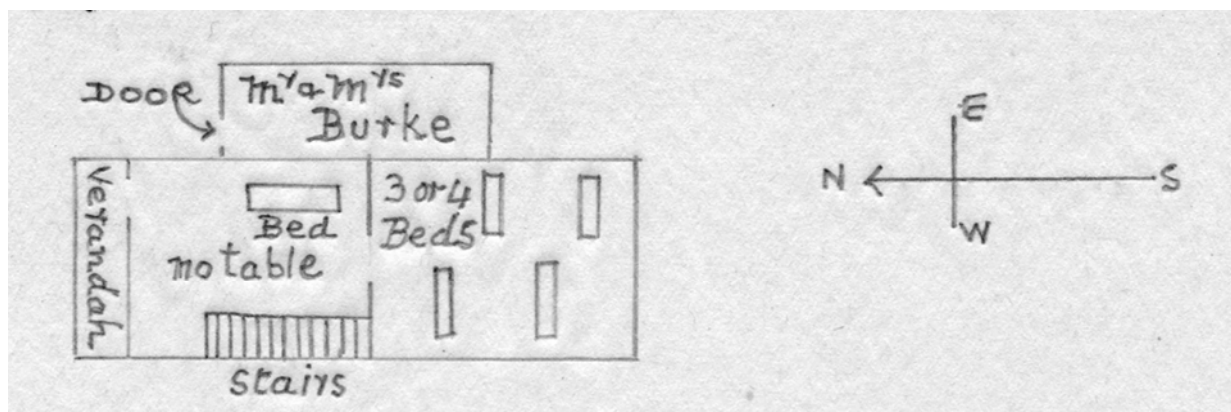
MR. AND MRS. BURKE.

“The stairs went up straight, very steep, straight up, out of the front room; the room was about as big as an ordinary dining room, say 12’ x 15’, and my bed was in the corner, the stairs in the other corner, the front door in a third corner. Burke caught the typhoid fever from me, died in three days, and Mrs. Burke married Hartney, the logging contractor; he logged at Point Grey and elsewhere. The last I heard of her, she was in Seattle.”

MRS. M.A. MACLEAN. SAM BRIGHOUSE.

Mrs. MacLean, the Mayor’s wife, used to come down and see me, and so did Sam Brighthouse. I don’t recall the railway, nor the trains going by, so it must have been—it was spring, because I don’t remember a store or the fire being in it—the spring of 1887 that I was there.

“Here is a ground plan of the C.P.R. hospital as I remember it.”



Item # EarlyVan_v5_025

Compare with narrative and sketch plan by T. Fred Clulow, Shushartie, Vancouver Island, and his letter, 31 March 1936.

THE FIRST (WOODEN) CITY HOSPITAL, BEATTY STREET.

“I was convalescing when we moved up to the new City and I don’t recall an alarm of fire, which you say took place in July 1887, so I must have been there before July 1887.”

MRS. ROBERTS. HOSPITAL MATRON.

“Mrs. Roberts was the matron, and she ran things on ‘old country’ style, lots of discipline; we did not get along very well; not after the easygoing C.P.R. hospital; I don’t think Mr. and Mrs. Burke knew much, as Dr. Langis says, about nursing; they took what they could get; but Mrs. Roberts was all discipline; no smoking cigarettes in bed after nine o’clock, and she would come snooping around to see if she could smell anything. Miss Crickmay was also nurse at the hospital. Mrs. Roberts had a whole lot of clothes made out of grey cloth, and all the patients were supposed to wear them, but I was a bit rebellious and would not do so, so one morning I found all my street clothes gone, and the grey clothes on the chair beside the bed. So Dr. Robertson came along, and Mrs. Roberts said to him, ‘Look here, McConnell won’t put those’ (grey) ‘‘clothes on.’ So Dr. Robertson replied, ‘Well, if he won’t put them on I don’t see how you are going to make him.’

“After Mrs. Roberts, Miss Crickmay was matron; I think there were two Miss Crickmays; both went to the Jubilee Hospital, Victoria; one is dead, but the other is Mrs. Geo. D. Curtis, Comox, B.C.”

FIRST HALIBUT IN VANCOUVER.

“I brought the first halibut into Vancouver, for Fader and Co. After a bit they got an old boat and went up after the halibut. I never saw so many halibut. Just throw a line over the side of the boat, and pull in six or seven tons as fast as we could haul them. We just went to the north end of Vancouver Island, and the Indians caught the halibut. I think our vessel had made about three trips and things were not going good, so I went up to take charge; they were making money; shipping it to Boston, so I was to get the fish all ready by a certain date when the steamer would be back; I was to get to the Indians to catch the fish—but they never came back. What happened was this.

“After the last trip—that is, the third—they had not got any returns” (money) “from Boston, and on the fourth trip, the halibut rotted in the cars on account of the eastern combine, and that finished it, and the venture blew up. I am not sure of the ins and outs of the whole thing, but that is what they told me afterwards, that the halibut of the fourth trip rotted in the cars in the New England railway yards.

“There I was up in Blunden Harbour with the Indians and no way to come down; after the fourth trip they left me up there; they did not come back. The way I got down was through young Carter-Cotton, son of Carter-Cotton of the *News-Advertiser*. I heard that he was at a party here in Vancouver, and told them that they had left me starving on a deserted island—it wasn’t deserted, of course, and I wasn’t starving—so they rented the old *Agnes* belonging to Capt. Babington, and came up after me.

“There was only one boat up to that part of the world in those days, the old *Boscowitz*; came in once or twice a year. The Indians wanted me to start a store there; offered me all sorts of inducements, but I made the mistake of my life and would not accept. Some young fellow came along afterwards and started a store, and in a few years he went off for a trip around the world; wealthy.

“I was born at La Chute” (sic), “county of Argenteuil, Québec, on the banks of the Ottawa River, and when I was fifteen years of age, about 1879 or 1880, went with my brother, who was a geologist, over the headwaters of the Athabasca. Then I went back home, and was afterwards in the northwest during the rebellion where my brother, who was afterwards an alderman of Vancouver, had a ranch, and then I came on over the C.P.R. right of way to Port Moody in 1886. Years after, in 1898, I drifted down the Yukon river from Lake Bennett, the headwater, twenty-eight hundred miles to the mouth; then I was at Nome in 1900.

“My one child, daughter, Mrs. Leslie Osborne (Viola) is in Seattle. Two brothers are living, and two sisters, all in Montréal. One brother, R.G. McConnell, was head of the Canadian Geological Survey.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. AND MRS. H.P. McCRANEY, 3350 CYPRESS STREET, WHITHER I HAD GONE TO VISIT MR. McCRANEY, WHO IS AN INVALID, ABLE TO BE OUT OF BED, SEATED IN A CHAIR PACKED WITH CUSHIONS, AS HE HAS BEEN FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, 15 MAY 1937.

He is now the only survivor of the first Board of Park Commissioners.

STANLEY PARK OPENING. LORD STANLEY.

Mr. McCraney said: "I don't recall Lord Stanley laying a cairn of stone or anything of that sort, and I was on the platform."

(The newspaper account says a cairn was laid, but I have never been able to find anyone who ever saw it. Mr. McCraney took the photos in feeble hands, turned them over and over; they interested him, but he was too feeble to talk more than a few words.)

LIQUORICE ROOT. FERNS.

Mrs. McCraney: "It makes my heart bleed to look at Stanley Park now; they are cutting it to pieces, and" (gesticulating with one arm) "this road they have cut to the First Narrows bridge, we don't need." (She shook her head—as many others have done, too.)

Mrs. McCraney was looking at photos of Stanley Park by Bailey Bros., about 1889. "Yes, they took those photos to show the moss on the trees; the moss was wonderful; it was everywhere, but—sadly—it's all gone now. The moss used to hang down in great festoons from the branches, and all along the ridge of the branches grew little ferns, scores and scores of them, in the damp moss of the branches. What did we call them? Liquorice, I think; yes, that's what we used to call them. Liquorice."

(Note: see George Cary, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, and also Bailey Bros. photos.)

J.S. Matthews.

(See photos: C.V. P. St. 35, N. St. 32, G.N. 474 and C.V. P. St. 63, N. St. 8.)

[LETTER FROM JOHN McDUGALL TO GEORGE H. KEEFER.]

June 21, 1932.

Quesnel, B.C.

Mr. Gorge Keefer

Dear Sir

I am pleased to here from you. It is like geting one from home. My noneforgetful memory of the Keefers will always be a pleasure for me. I have had some wonderful experance with H.F. in 1883 we locked horns once after he give me the contract for the largest cut on the C.P.R. (110000 yards) he give me 5 and board and the others got 3 and 4 and pay 5.50 board, when I asked for the contract he sade yes Jack and I will give you better than I am geting for it he was too furnish 50 cars and all the strap iron free. 105000 was to go into a fill. The stell bridge was comming around cape horn and had to come over the fill to its foundation over the fraser river 3 miles east. Underdonk had then secured 100 miles east from Ashcroft. he and H.F. fighered that it take six months according to there old way to get the train through my cut so as to get the freight for the new 100 miles by train instade of wagons to Ashcroft. he told H.F. to rush my cut as swift as posable and have my gang of 31 men incresed to 100 to do the work in six months. the old way was to bench out on the sides with bracks on the cars and get a front wide enough to make room for 100 men to shovel into cars. I told H.F. that I would need only 3 cars instade of 50 and one tenth of the iron he loocked like if he was going to ask me if I was going bugs but instade asked what I ment I told him that I did not intend to shovel that 110000 yards (another case of bugs) I told that I was going to disgarge ½ my gang of men and get a strat face on the cut and run a timbered tunel under the cut and let the dirt fall in cars. That was 60 feet deep in the center and

195 feet on the high slope he asked me if I had ever seen any thing like it I told him no. he got hot and told me that I was the youngest forman on the road and that there was more than 7000 men on the job that railroaded in all parts of the world and it would loock funny if a kid like me was going to give pointers to all them old timers and he told me that if Underdonk knew that I was going to cut down my gang of men to experment he would take the job of my hand in five munits. but there was a magnet telling me to say to hell with the job I owened a 1/20 intres in the Central mine on Jack of Clubs Creek in Cariboo where I worked 100 feet under groung (in 1881) where I got as high as \$54.00 to the pan corse gold, but I told him that I would know in three days if my plan would work and that I would work 18 hours a day to get it going so we unlocked horns. he told me that Mr. Helmer subertend on the upper division told him that a plan that I worked there was used all over the line and that Colter the superintend before him lost his job by bucking me. So H.F. told me I dont want to buck you Jack and if you can get your plan to work in 3 days go to it and I will keep Underdonk from knowing what you are doing in three days, H.F. loded the cars in the tunel and he told me that he could lode 1000 cars in one hour. with half my gang on the dump we could not dump the cars as fast as one man could fill them. I maid \$1800.00 the first 23 days and had the cut out in four months with eight m 9/10 of the time. All the improvement on my plan is the name (glory hole) it is used all over the world since 1883 when Underdonk copyyed it topen the big Treadwell gold ledge in Alaska and made a 160000000 mine of the white elephant that all the mining engineers in the world give up as no good.

I hope your mining propision will turn out good, it is as safe as any these hard times. rember me to Jack I hope he is doing well. Mostly all our old acquaintance has dropped off. I am having good health and stepping on the heel of 78.

Dont forget to drop me a line

Yours truly

John McDougall.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

John McDougall is "Chinese" McDougall of Vancouver, who was associated with the "Chinese riots" of February 1887, and the consequent suspension of the charter of the City of Vancouver.

McDougall, among other things, cleared the forest off most of the "West End" of Vancouver, 1886-1887; in 1884 he made the False Creek Road into the "New Road," now Kingsway; he claimed to have originated the "glory hole." He died, in penury, in a cabin at Quesnel, B.C., about 1 March 1933. Photo in City Archives N. Port. 103. George H. Keefer, now, 1935, of Cowichan and Cobble Hill, cleared the right of way for the C.P.R. from Port Moody to Granville (Vancouver), etc., etc.; was associated with Vancouver's first water system. (Don't confuse with Geo. A. Keefer.)

J.S. Matthews
City Archivist.

[LETTER FROM KEEFER AND MCGILLIVRAY, CONTRACTORS.]

Office of

Keefer & McGillivray

Contractors

Vancouver, B.C.
Sept. 27th 1888

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The bearer Richard Llewellyn has been in our employ for some time past and we have found him perfectly reliable in all he has undertaken for us.

We have had means of verifying his reports and have found them correct in every particular.

He is, as we believe, the first diver to make an examination of the bottom of the First Narrows of Burrard Inlet, and while in our employ has proved himself a capable and fearless diver, ever ready to go down when called upon; he even went down in the dark with only small boats to attend him when it was necessary to cut loose some barrels that were attached to the submerged water pipes, and the current was making pretty fast at the time, the depth of water at that point is 58 feet at low water, and the velocity of the water reaches 9 miles an hour.

We have no hesitation in recommending him as a careful, reliable and fearless diver.

[signed]

KEEFER & MCGILLIVRAY

CONTRACTORS

THE OUTBREAK OF WAR. 4 AUGUST 1914. 6TH REGIMENT D.C.O.R.

The command of the contingent from the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. devolved upon Major W. Hart-McHarg, second in command of the 6th Regiment. In a subsequent conversation with Captain W.H. Forrest, paymaster of the 6th Regiment, and a close friend of Major McHarg's, he reports Major McHarg as saying to him, "I can't understand Hulme." (Lt. Col. Hulme commanded the regiment; McHarg was his second-in-command.) "Here he has got the chance of a lifetime; why doesn't he take it? But with me it is different. I have only a couple of years to live in any case." Major Hart-McHarg had for years suffered from indigestion, and once told me that about all he ate was "biscuits and milk." He was a man of five feet ten or eleven inches, but weighed 145 pounds only; his large head belied the fact that very slender legs supported a large frame. A conversation I once had with this remarkable personality is illuminating; it was concerning his more youthful days.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MCHARG.

"I cannot fathom the young man of today," he said (about 1912.) "When I was in Winnipeg all I got was \$25 a month and lived on it" (he was a law student); "but today, a young man gets pretty much what he wants and spends it; I don't know how they manage it."

How did you live on \$25 a month? I queried.

"Well, I walked to the office, wore celluloid collars, and washed them; and as for going to a theatre, why, that was beyond my wildest dreams."

Captain John McMillan, quartermaster, both of the 7th Battalion C.E.F. and 6th Regiment D.C.O.R., told me that McHarg sat up all the night awaiting news of the outbreak of war, and was "bleary eyed" when, next morning, about 10 a.m., a few of the officers of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. met at the Drill Hall. There were present Colonel Hulme, Major Hart-McHarg, Captain Gardiner, adjutant, Captain McMillan, and others.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL H.D. HULME.

But, in relinquishing the command of the first troops to leave Vancouver, Colonel Hulme, commanding the Sixth, was actually self-sacrificing, and logical. Major McHarg had had war experience in South Africa as a sergeant; Colonel Hulme had no war service at all, and at that time, and to soldiers especially, war service was considered far more essential to command than later, when all manner of business men rose to high military station and rank. Major McHarg was without ties of business or family; he was unmarried; had a business partner of repute. Colonel Hulme was married and had three children approaching their 'teens, and his business affairs included trusteeships, etc., which he could not drop at a moment's notice without injury to others. To let Major McHarg take the first body of men to the front was proper to a logical mind. But it brought unkind thought, and some criticism from the less thoughtful.

Colonel Hulme afterwards commanded the 62nd Overseas Battalion, the third battalion to leave Vancouver.

MACE BEARER ALEXANDER MCKAY.

Conversation with City Archivist Major J.S. Matthews in the City Archives, on the afternoon of 6 January 1937, after Mr. McKay had on the same day, at high noon, officiated as Mace Bearer at the first "swearing in" ceremony of Mayor and Council (eight alderman) in the New City Hall.

Mace Bearer Alexander McKay, born 25 June 1878 at Port Gower, Sutherlandshire, Scotland; joined the Royal Marine Artillery at Portsmouth, England, in 1898, and for eighteen months was ashore there, training as gunner.

He left Portsmouth in April 1900, on the transport S.S. *Jelunga* for the China station. (Admiral Culme-Seymour.)

His next ship was H.M.S. *Barfleur*, from which ship he took part in the Boxer uprising, 1900-1902, including the assault from small boats on Taku Forts and the Relief of Legations at Pekin; was standing up to his knees in snow when word of Queen Victoria's death was received. Next served on H.M.S. *Glory*; four years on China station.

Then "paid off" and returned on transport S.S. *Syria*, reached Royal Albert Docks, London, October 1904, and reported to depot at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth.

Joined to H.M.S. *Renown*, battleship, converted into a "yacht" for the Royal tour of India by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards King George and Queen Mary), and for twelve months was orderly to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales (Queen Mary), 1905-6.

On the 25 April 1907 in Glasgow, Scotland, he married Matilda Brock, and retired from His Majesty's service.

Reached Vancouver by C.P.R., 10 December 1910.

1910, '11, '12.

After arrival in Vancouver, during real estate "boom," building contractor, built many houses in South Vancouver.

1913.

Joined C.P.R. Investigation Service (C.P.R. Police) under Chief Wunderlin. Took part, as member Provincial Police, aid of civil power, Nanaimo coal strike, August 1913.

JULY 1914.

One of party, as constable, on coal scow which went out to enforce order on S.S. *Komogata Maru*, anchored in Burrard Inlet, with large number of Hindoos on board, who had been refused entrance to Canada, under the immigration laws.

1915.

Left Provincial Police service, and returned to C.P.R. Police as constable. Was in charge of Revelstoke station.

Intention to report back to Navy, in England, for duty, but induced to join C.O.R.C.C. (Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps), a strictly all-Canadian Pacific Railway overseas unit formed of all sorts of C.P.R. railway employees. Served as Regimental Sergeant Major, and under Col. Ramsay, helped to form and train the unit at its base in St. John, New Brunswick.

1915-1919.

Regimental Sergeant Major, Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps, building railways, etc., in France and Belgium; standard gauge, at Abeele, Poperinghe, Dickebusch, La Clytte, Berges, La Panne, Dixmude, also dugouts for protection against the long range gun fire—immense dugouts—observation towers, light railways, ramps, bridges, and then the same work on the Arras, Albert and Amiens fronts, St. Omer and Audricque.

JULY 1919.

Discharged from C.E.F. at Vancouver, and after three or four days rest, rejoined the C.P.R. Investigation Service.

1920.

About 1920, transferred to the Municipality of South Vancouver Police Department, and continued there until 1 January 1929, when the amalgamation of South Vancouver with Vancouver took place, and was absorbed into Vancouver Police Department.

1935.

In the spring of 1935, during His Worship Mayor McGeer's tenure of office, served as special police officer on the sixth floor, Temporary City Hall, 16 Hastings Street East, outside the Mayor's office, and so continued until 30 November 1936, when the new City Hall was occupied. Then transferred in same capacity to new City Hall.

1936.

About 8 August 1936 appointed (first) Mace Bearer by resolution of City Council, and as such officiated at the ceremony of the presentation of the mace at the Hotel Vancouver, 20 August 1936, and carried the mace at the unveiling by the Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Percy Vincent, of the statue by Chas. Marega, sculptor, to Capt. George Vancouver, erected before the north entrance to the new City Hall, 20 August 1936.

1937.

Carried the mace at the installation of His Worship George Clark Miller, the first installation to take place in the new City Hall, 6 January 1937.

Transferred from Vancouver Police Department to City Hall staff as "Sergeant at Arms" (cap and shoulder badges), 1 January 1937.

MEDALS.

Boxer Rebellion, 1900
1914-1915 Star,
British War,
Victory Medal.

Coronation Medal, 1937.

1938.

Accepted as member, National Mace Bearers Association, London, England.

1939.

Carried mace at installation, as mayor of Vancouver, of His Worship Dr. James Lyle Telford, M.D., M.L.A., January 1939.

Carried mace before Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, first reigning sovereigns to visit Vancouver, on occasion of their visit to City Hall, Vancouver, when, in token of their acceptance of the homage of the citizens, his Majesty touched the mace with his hand. His majesty engaged in conversation with Mr. McKay for about two minutes, 29 May 1939.

MR. MCKAY TELLS A LITTLE STORY OF THE ROYAL TOUR.

One night, whilst acting as orderly outside the cabin door of Lady Eva Dugdale, lady-in-waiting to the Princess, he heard calls in an alarmed voice, "Orderly, orderly, orderly," and very nervously opened the cabin door a few inches, peeped in, and heard still more calls, "Orderly," so stepped inside.

Lady Dugdale was gowned in preparation for sleep, in a peach coloured nightgown, which Mr. McKay describes as "a beautiful thing" (it was before pyjamas for ladies were invented) and was seated right in the middle of the narrow upper bunk; her feet under her; clutching a silver slipper by the toe and striking wildly, first here, then there, at something in the bunk. It appears she had been getting into bed when a

mouse scampered from beneath bedclothes or pillow, and she was trying frantically to slaughter it with the slipper, but with no success.

Bombardier McKay gallantly drew his long glistening bayonet and endeavoured earnestly to stab the poor little thing, but the mouse was too elusive, and won the unequal contest with slipper and bayonet, and escaped with his life. Bombardier McKay shamefacedly retreated; his training at Portsmouth Dockyard included bayonet fighting, but the training syllabus does not include mouse contests. Lady Eva went to bed. What happened to the mouse is not recorded.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH PIPE-MAJOR HECTOR MACKENZIE, 2074 WEST 6TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, 6 OCTOBER 1939.

Photo No. Port. 391, also *Province*, 31 December 1938, front page.

ORIGIN OF SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

Mr. MacKenzie, a tall soldierly figure with white moustache, carrying a military cane, and with most genial presence, said: "My name's Hector MacKenzie, Seaforth clan, and that's how the Scottish regiment in Vancouver came to be the Seaforth Highlanders.

"My father was Roderick, and my mother Isabel, née MacLean, of the MacLeans of Argyle, and I was born at Lochcarron, Rosshire, 1 October 1866; I had a birthday last Sunday. Father was a seafaring man, and they had seven children; four boys; all deceased now save three; my brother, D.M. MacKenzie, in business at 560 Granville Street, and one of my sisters, Mrs. Coughlan, and myself. I went to the parish school in Lochcarron; then, as a young man, went to Glasgow; was apprenticed to a large wholesale house; remained with them for years until I left to Canada in April 1902 on the Allan liner *Sarmation*; landed at Montréal; stayed a short time at Winnipeg, and came to Vancouver, September 1902. I came by myself; knew no one here.

"I got my training in playing pipes at my paternal home, and in Glasgow. I did not belong to a band, but I was properly trained, and I got a military training in the Volunteers in Scotland."

VANCOUVER PIPE BAND, 7 JANUARY 1904. VANCOUVER PIPERS' SOCIETY, 22 SEPTEMBER 1904.

"When I got to Vancouver I found there was no one here who was playing the pipes; at least, none who had had any special training; there may have been one or two bagpipers."

Major Matthews: Were you the first pipe-major in Vancouver?

Mr. MacKenzie: "Yes. It soon got around that I could play the pipes; I had my own with me; have them yet, the same set; had them all through the war, in France and Belgium; was in the 1st Pioneers, C.E.F., and of course the Scottish people in Vancouver heard me playing, and I got an idea to form a pipe band in Vancouver; in fact, I think I was requested to do so. I formed the first pipe band, and later it was organised as the Vancouver Pipers' Society.

"Well. The end of it was I got twelve pipers and four drummers together; fine big young fellows, and we practiced down in a hall—we called it the 'Pipers' Hall'—in the 1100 block on Seymour Street, and finally we got our uniforms from Scotland. I ordered the uniforms, Royal Stewart" (a square of the original tartan, presented by Mr. MacKenzie, is in City Archives), "same as the pipers of the Scots Guards; and our first appearance was on a Sunday, when we piped the 6th Regiment, "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles" to church at Wesley Church on the corner of Georgia and Burrard streets. Col. J.C. Whyte was in command, Capt. J. Duff Stuart, adjutant, and Capt. the Rev. C.C. Owen, chaplain. The pipe band continued for a good many years, until about the advent of the Seaforth Highlanders. And I will tell you how they came to be 'Seaforths,' and not something else.

"There was a Colonel Davidson down at Ottawa; I knew him, and started writing to him; he was very helpful. He recognised the great deal of work I had done in originating the pipe band in Vancouver, and in attending the meetings which led to the formation of a highland regiment in Vancouver. There was a deal of correspondence between Colonel Davidson and myself, and it was done quietly; we did not want it known what was going on until the organisation was complete, and we had chosen those we preferred to be officers of the new regiment. John Hendry, father of Mrs. Hamber, and one of the Hastings Sawmill,

was wealthy—he did not make his money by ‘graft’—and we were going to ask him to defray the cost of raising the regiment.

“There was quite a colony of United Empire Loyalists living down by the Hastings Sawmill; he was one, and they took quite a pride in themselves; we were going to get John Hendry to raise the regiment, but there was a meeting about a forthcoming dance, and after the details of that were done with, the questions of organising the regiment came up, and Henry Bell-Irving—you know how important he thought himself—he took it upon himself, much to the disgust of many, to ‘steal the whole show,’ and, you know, he just ‘rode right over’; was very domineering. Well, the end was there were three Scottish battalions formed: the Camerons at Winnipeg, the Gordons in Victoria, and the Seaforths in Vancouver.

“The nucleus of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Vancouver was the Vancouver Pipe Band of January 7th 1904, actually functioning in 1903, and formally organised into the Vancouver Pipers’ Society, 22nd September 1904, as you see by this printed constitution of the society.”

72ND REGIMENT, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

Major Matthews: But why did they select the name “Seaforth” for the Vancouver regiment?

Mr. MacKenzie: “Because of MacKenzie, that’s me. I was the prime mover in getting the thing started. You see, there were a lot of Scotch people who did not know anything about the history of the clans, and highland regiments, and I used to teach them. The knowledge I had acquired in the Scottish Volunteers—I was in the Highland Artillery for fifteen or sixteen years—and that came in useful to me; and of course I could play the pipes.

“You see, in the Highlands, the chiefs have their followers, and when they became militarised, the government then granted each chief permission to raise his own regiment; the Earl of Seaforth was the head of the MacKenzie clan, and his regiment was called the Seaforth Highlanders, like the Gordon Highlanders were raised by the Duchess of Gordon. And Colonel Davidson, he knew I was a Mackenzie, and that’s how the Vancouver regiment became the Seaforth Highlanders.”

Note: so far as memory can be relied on, Mr. MacKenzie’s statement regarding the playing of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. to church is correct; I was a member of that regiment, and marched behind the pipe band. The brass and bugle bands of a rifle regiment play a quick step; the pipers played a longer, swinging step, and I recall that—it was the first time we had marched behind pipes—how it was remarked upon, and how easy and agreeable pipes were to march to. The pipers wore green coats. The whole thing was an innovation, and remarked upon.

J.S. Matthews.

Hector MacKenzie, 13 October, 1939.

COPIES OF LETTERS.

His Worship M.A. MacLean, first Mayor of Vancouver, tendering thanks and gratitude to people of Moodyville for help to the distressed citizens of Vancouver following the Great Fire, 13 June 1886.

Vancouver, June 18th, 1886.

Mrs. Thain,
Moodyville

Dear Madam:

As Mayor of the City of Vancouver I wish on behalf of its inhabitants to tender to yourself and the kind ladies of Moodyville, our sincere thanks for your liberal contributions of money and clothing in aid of the sufferers of the late fire here. Also allow me to express my sense of our deep obligation for the generous hospitality extended by the people of your village to our suffering citizens on the evening of Sunday last, and even up to the present time. The assistance thus afforded will, I assure you, be not soon forgotten but its memory will always remain with us side

by side with the remembrance of our great calamity. Again thanking you, and those ladies who have so kindly assisted you,

I am, dear Madam,

Yours very gratefully

[signed] M.A. MacLean.

Mayor.

Vancouver,
June 19th, 1886.

Miss M. Thain,
Moodyville

Dear Miss Thain,

Your very kind gift of pillows from "The Little Helpers" of Moodyville was received by me and distributed according to your instructions.

In addition to the other aid offered to our destitute citizens by the inhabitants of your village, in the way of shelter, food and money, your contribution for their benefit proves you to be worthy children of worthy parents.

The assistance thus given to us in our hour of need will not soon be forgotten, I assure you. Thanking you in the name of our citizens.

I am very gratefully,

Yours,

[signed] M.A. MacLean.

Mayor.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION OVER THE PHONE WITH LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McMILLAN, FORMERLY QUARTERMASTER, 6TH REGIMENT D.C.O.R., VANCOUVER, AND 7TH BATTALION C.E.F., 3 NOVEMBER 1936.

Following an item in "Over the Foreyard," 10 October 1936, *Vancouver Daily Province*, asking if any person knew where the wrecked hull of the McLean schooner *Rob Roy* lay in the Pitt River.

ALEXANDER MCLEAN, SR. ALEXANDER MCLEAN, JR. SCHOONER ROB ROY. LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McMILLAN. STURGEON.

Col. McMillan: "Did you have any answer to your query in the *Province*, Matthews?"

City Archivist: Not a word.

Col. McMillan: "Well, I'll tell you. I came up from the Columbia River in the winter of 1894; I was working for Wallace Bros. at their 'Bon Accord' plant on the Fraser River, and we used to go up the Pitt River every day collecting sturgeon, and so we passed the MacLeans' place almost every day.

"The wreck of the *Rob Roy* was lying in the mud on the west bank of the Pitt River opposite Donald McLean's farm house below the Pitt River bridge. The rigging was gone, so were the top masts, but the two masts were still standing, just the main spars, and the hull was down in the mud, and the tide ebbed and flowed in and out of it. I have not been there for many, many years, and don't know if there is any remains left now or not.

"The elder Alexander must have been a wonderful man; I never knew him personally, but from what I have heard. He was born in Scotland and went to Australia, and sailed his vessel from Australia to San Francisco." (See fuller details in McLean file.) "Billy Saunders and Dave Bailey, half-breeds, used to tell me about him. He sailed the *Rob Roy* from San Francisco to Puget Sound without any nautical instruments other than a clock; no sextant, or quadrant—that was quite a feat; found his position by dead reckoning. And he had his wife and family with him.

"The account in the *Province* says he had a lot of cattle on the *Rob Roy*, 250 head or something, but I don't think she could carry more than ten or twelve; she was only a little thing; he must have made a number of trips and got a few at a time. They had a lot of trouble with the river water in those days; the Pitt River was not dyked, and the river water and tide was continually backing up; his farm was below the Pitt River bridge on the west bank.

"Old Mr. Alexander had two sons, Donald and Alexander. Donald's farm was highest up the Pitt River, and his house stood well back from the river; the *Rob Roy* was in the mud of the bank in front of his house; Alexander's, or 'Alex's' was further down the river, adjoining, west bank; between that the knob of a hill called Mary Hill at the mouth of the Coquitlam River; the *Rob Roy* was lying nearest Donald's house. The last time I saw her would be, well, about 1896.

"The younger Alexander McLean was born in 1852, and died in Vancouver in the summer of 1932. There is an old Scotch adage that 'Every McLean has a boat of his own,' and the McLeans of Pitt River were no exception; the younger Alex took to sculling; was a famous oarsman, and rowed on the Fraser River against the world's champion sculler." (I think Ned Hanlan. JSM.) "He staked his farm, or rather mortgaged it, and he lost the race and he lost his place" (farm) "and went up to Kamloops, and was ferryman there for some years.

"But the old man, the elder Alexander, must have been a wonderful man from what I have heard."

(Note: and so was the son Alex, whom I knew personally; a fine fellow, indeed, perhaps a bit wild in his youth, but a great athlete, Scotsman, and a venerable figure in his old age. J.S.M.)

Corrected and approved by Col. McMillan, 4 November 1936.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH J.C. MCPHERSON, PRESIDENT AND MANAGER, MESSRS. PEMBERTON REALTY CORPORATION LTD., REAL ESTATE AND FINANCE, HOWE AND HASTINGS, 17 OCTOBER 1939.

TALTON PLACE.

Mr. McPherson said: "Talton Place was the first properly organised building project in the City of Vancouver; it was commenced in the spring of 1910. It derives its name from Thomas Talton Langlois, a well-known pioneer of Vancouver, and organiser and president of the B.C. Permanent Loan and Savings Company, and Pacific Coast Fire Insurance Co. Talton Place extends from the Vancouver-Marpole interurban track to Cypress Street, and from the old city boundary on the north side of Sixteenth Avenue to the south side" (inclusive) "of Thirteenth Avenue; six city blocks.

"We purchased the property from the Canadian Pacific Railway, paying an average of fifteen hundred dollars per fifty foot lot. The actual site was chosen because of its commanding position, at a point high above the smoke of the city, overlooking English Bay, and at that time on the outskirts of the 'old' City of Vancouver. To the south and west there was practically no development at all; the land lay in clearing and in stumps; a few houses, to the north, scattered on the brow of the hill overlooking Kitsilano Beach. The ground where commencement was made was level, with gradual slope to the north.

"Construction of about twelve houses were commenced on Fourteenth and Fifteenth avenues simultaneously; the concrete sidewalks and curbs laid, and trees and shrubs planted upon the boulevards. The houses which were of the California bungalow type, and very modern at that time, were set back thirty-five feet from the property line; over one million and a quarter dollars was expended in the development of this model residential area.

“Mr. Langlois had visited Los Angeles, where he had seen the activities of the Los Angeles Investment Company who had undertaken, in Los Angeles, a similar construction programme, and in a very large way. Upon his return the Prudential Builders Ltd. was organised, and a large plant started for manufacturing houses—many of them the ‘ready made’ type—at their factory on Dufferin Street, now 2nd Avenue West. I was in charge of the sales at Talton Place from the beginning to the end.

“The houses were good houses; very well built by the ‘ready made’ plan; that is, they were built at the factory, fitted, then pulled down, transported to Talton Place, and the walls re-erected; it was a scheme which, actually, had been originated by the Prudential Builders Ltd. to meet the needs of a host of new settlers establishing themselves in the prairie provinces. The Royal City Mills, E.C. Mahoney, manager, on Carrall Street, False Creek, had the patent on that type of construction. Ultimately, upon my representation to the directors that the houses were too expensive, that type of construction was abandoned.

“We sold vacant lots from \$2,500 for inside lots to \$3,000 for corners. Where homes were erected upon them, and all ready for occupancy, the homes sold from \$6,000 for the lowest, to a brick one on seventy-five feet on Sixteenth Avenue, I sold for \$14,000; many were sold on the installment plan.

“Following the outbreak of the Great War, the Dominion Trust Co. went bankrupt; this similarly affected the National Finance Co., and in turn the Prudential Builders Ltd. The factory on 2nd Avenue West was subsequently destroyed by fire.

“I repeat, it was the first organised attempt of home building in Vancouver, and long before the institution of the Town Planning Commission. There were difficulties and vicissitudes, of course, but today, thirty years after, Talton Place, as a locality, is as neat and picturesque as any similar one I know of.”

Approved, 18 October 1939.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS K.H. MCQUEEN, 1453 LAURIER STREET, VANCOUVER, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE ALDERMAN JAMES MCQUEEN OF VANCOUVER, 30 MARCH 1937.

ALDERMAN MCQUEEN. MAGISTRATE MCQUEEN.

Miss McQueen said: “Alderman James McQueen was born in the township of Beverley, Ontario, Wentworth Co., in 1839, and came to Vancouver in September 1891. In 1873 he married Mary Jane Whetham, and their children were:

Miss Ann McQueen, unmarried.

Miss K.H. McQueen (myself).

[*Magistrate*] George R. McQueen, who is now a Police magistrate at the City Police Court.

“Just the three of us. Father served as Alderman on the City Council, and of course was brother-in-law to James Whetham, Dr. James Whetham, M.D. and executor of his estate. Dr. Whetham died in March 22nd 1891. He had built the Whetham Block on the northeast corner of Cambie and Cordova streets.”

DR. JAMES WHETHAM, M.D. CHARLES WHETHAM. WHETHAM BLOCK.

“My uncle James had extensive interests in and about Vancouver; he was quite wealthy. His brother Charles, Charles Whetham, M.A., of Toronto University, was principal of the first private school for boys, the ‘Whetham College,’ which occupied quarters in the Sir Donald Smith block, at the southeast corner of Granville and Georgia, where Birks jewellery store is now; it was the first private school for boys in Vancouver. Dr. James Whetham is a wealthy man, and it was he who financed the school.”

“NEWCASTLE.” COAL. CAPILANO INDIAN RESERVE. WEST VANCOUVER.

“As you will see by this letter, he received permission from the Indian Department at Ottawa to prospect for coal on the Indian Reserve at the First Narrows, in December 1889.”

Note: “Newcastle” is shown on Admiralty charts as a place on the West Vancouver shore just outside the First Narrows, and as mentioned in the report of 4 March 1890 by Mayor Oppenheimer to the effect that efforts to discover coal there have been commenced. (See Mayor Oppenheimer’s brown book with title outside, *Mayor David Oppenheimer*, Vancouver. JSM.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. PHILLIP OBEN, CENTRAL PARK, VANCOUVER, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED FOR A CHAT, CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, 28 JULY 1937.

VANCOUVER WATERWORKS.

Mrs. Oben said: "I ought to be crying, instead of smiling; have just paid \$500 city taxes, and you know how it feels to do that," (laughingly) "and you know, we had a fire at Central Park, and our old picture house" (moving picture theatre) "burned down; no insurance."

J.J. NICKSON. J.W. MCFARLAND.

"It's a little unfair. J.W. McFarland, you know him, used to be secretary of the Vancouver Water Works when it started; he died the other day, and the newspapers give a story of how he built up the Capilano Waterworks system. The real credit should go to J.J. Nickson."

Note: I read to Mrs. Oben the following.

From *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, as being said by Mr. T.R. Nickson, son of J.J. Nickson:

R.M.S. ABYSSINIA.

"... but not long afterwards the steamer *Abyssinia* 'sat' on the pipe and there was a compound fracture; for one end of the pipe went west and the other went east ... in the interval Vancouver went around getting its water from horse-drawn wagons. When the pipe line had been repaired, Father put on a diver's suit, went down, and inspected it himself."

From *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, as being said by Mrs. Jane Nickson, widow of J.J. Nickson:

"The water pressure gauge was in our house, and I used to watch the gauge; a gauge like a steam gauge; if the pressure went down, the indicator needle went back. I saw the pressure had gone, and telephoned the water works. The people used to come to my house, too, for water. We had a big cistern made of wood and lined with lead or zinc; all my neighbours came to us for water."

From *B.C. Historical Quarterly*, July 1937, p. 159:

"In November" (1890) "the *Abyssinia* touched bottom in the Narrows, but a diver found her to be unharmed except for a slightly bent propeller. An amusing controversy followed as to whether or not she had struck the water main, which had been crushed mysteriously the day she sailed."

Mrs. Oben, continuing: "It's very amusing; is it?" (indignantly) "Well. They had an awful time putting the new pipes down in place of the broken ones.

"I remember that incident so well. J.J. Nickson, big stout man; they lived next door to us. Llewellyn was the diver, and they had to 'work the tides' right. Mr. Oben" (her husband) "could wake up at any time of the night he wanted to; that he decided on before he went to sleep, but Mr. Nickson could not; my husband used to assist him" (Mr. Nickson) "and Phillip would go over next door, and say, 'get up,' and then the two would go off, often two or three in the morning, and I would go over and stay with Mrs. Nickson, and then about 5 or 6" (a.m.) "the two of them would come back again; like drowned rats; it was awful wet that winter, and we" (Mrs. Nickson and Mrs. Oben) "would have dry clothes ready.

"They had an awful time repairing that break made by the *Abyssinia*. It wasn't very amusing; it was tragic. You see they had to get the pipes from England, and there was a lot of bother about the supply of pipes. It wasn't very amusing for the people of Vancouver who had to carry water from wells, or get it from carts. Suppose the city had got on fire, that wouldn't have been amusing if it had burned down again."

Major Matthews: Well, did the *Abyssinia* break the pipe?

Mrs. Oben: "I don't remember that it was ever *proved* that she did. But she was the biggest steamship. You cannot see under the water, under a steamer passing down the Narrows; something pretty big broke it; she was aground. What bent her propeller?"

Major Matthews: Is what Mrs. Nickson and Ralph (T.R. Nickson) said true.

Mrs. Oben: "Every word of it exactly; it's true." (emphatically)

COL. TRACEY, CITY ENGINEER.

Mrs. Oben: "The city" (of Vancouver) "served J.J. Nickson a dirty trick. After all that Mr. Nickson had done—after building the Capilano water system, all the trouble and difficulty he had; after putting it successfully under the Narrows, a difficult thing as it was the first time it had ever been done; after he had done so well—the city sent east for another man to take charge, Colonel Tracey, and put Mr. Nickson under him. Of course, Mr. Nickson would not stand for it and left at once; left the city's employ, but it was a shabby way to treat him."

(Note: Mr. Nickson afterwards became a successful contractor.)

ABYSSINIA'S ARRIVAL.

Mrs. Oben: "I don't recall exactly it if was the *Abyssinia* I saw come in; perhaps it was not, but it was daylight, and there was a crowd of people down to see her steam in; that great big policeman, chief Stewart, was down there, and the people wanted to go on the dock, but he would not let them, so we stood on the cliff and watched from the foot of Granville Street, on Cordova Street. The reason he would not let them on the wharf was not on account of the crowd; there wasn't so many as that, but because the wharf was rickety."

Note: the first wharf, built, if memory serves, by the San Francisco Bridge Co. (as both were) fell down, or a portion of it did. The sandstone at "Puchahls," i.e., "white rocks" in the Indian tongue, was the cause; the piles had not penetrated properly, and during construction, a portion of the wharf "fell down," according to old timers, which probably means that it got out of true perpendicular owing to high tide, or something.

J.S. Matthews.

BRIG.-GEN. VICTOR W. ODLUM, C. B., C.M.G., D.S.O. ("COME BOYS, DON'T SAY ODLUM, CALL ME GENERAL.")

"He was a man with so firm a jaw that, once he had shut it, he couldn't open it himself. We are not likely to forget the 'rum' incident of 1916."

J.S. Matthews.

COLONEL W.W. FOSTER, D.S.O.

A short history of Col. Foster, by J.S. Matthews—"Foster fosters Foster's."

Gen. Odlum: (to Major Matthews) "Why wasn't Foster a success as O.C." (Officer commanding, the British Columbia Regiment, D.C.O.R.)

Major Matthews: Too cold (austere).

As a sergeant in the old militia unit, No. 6, Co. B.C.B.G.A. and later in its successor, the 6th D.C.O.R., Sergeant Foster was not popular; he shirked the work, but always turned up, smart and shining, for a ceremonial parade; he was smart; he was in the militia but not of it. He found his true level in 1935 when he was appointed Chief of Police. Honourable enough for an officer, but imagine Col. Worsnop, Col. McHarg, or Major Tite, accepting such a post. Worsnop's red face would have blushed redder; he would have exploded at the mere suggestion of his name; McHarg would have guffawed, long and loud, and Tite would have merely looked at you, and turned away; the severest rebuke of all.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JAS. OLLASON, 103 29TH STREET, WEST VANCOUVER, FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, 1915-1930, MUNICIPAL CLERK, CORPORATION OF WEST VANCOUVER, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 19 JUNE 1937.

FIRST NARROWS BRIDGE. WEST VANCOUVER.

Mr. Ollason said: "I'll tell you this. If I had not been Municipal Clerk during the years 1925-1930, there would be no First Narrows bridge. It is possible that there may have been some mention of it before that time" (see A.P. Horne narrative; also G.G. Mackay) "but I never heard of it. I was the first to actually promote it, and to keep it going from January to December 1926, when the plebiscite killed it.

"What gave me the first idea was that we had so much tax sale lands which had come back on our hands." (Note: subsequent to the real estate boom, and the Great War.) "We got some eastern people to agree to take some two million dollars worth of tax sale lands in return for the bridge. Then David Morgan, he was reeve, went over and saw Mayor" (L.D.) "Taylor of Vancouver, and that was where Mayor Taylor first got his idea; he gets credit for promoting the bridge; it makes me laugh.

"Then, another thing. At the time the bridge *did* go through, and when they had the big meeting," (Reeve) "Leyland was up on the platform, and the crowd were clapping and cheering him, and he was saying wonderful things. Well. After the meeting was over, and we were all standing outside the entrance to the Hall, David Morgan put his hand on his" (Leyland's) "shoulder, and said, 'Leyland, you know it's a surprise to me that you'" (Leyland) "'could stand up there" (on the platform) "'and take all that applause, and never say a word about the one man" (Ollason) "'who did the most to get that bridge started and put it through.'"

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. J. OLLASON, FORMER MUNICIPAL CLERK, WEST VANCOUVER, WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 11 APRIL 1939.

HOLLYBURN, B.C. JOHN LAWSON. WEST VANCOUVER. WEST VANCOUVER FERRY CO. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Mr. Ollason said: "The photograph which you have captioned, 'Looking up Lawson Avenue, Hollyburn, B.C.' is explained this way." (Photo No. P. Out. 207.)

"The plank wharf is at the foot of Seventeenth Avenue, and was the Dominion Government wharf, where the West Vancouver Ferry landed before it was moved to Ambleside. I forget the name of the first ferry boat; I think it was the *West Vancouver*, perhaps not, but the next was the *Sea Foam*. The West Vancouver Ferry Company was formed about 25th February 1910. Both boats were insufficiently powered, and when there was a good strong tide, had not the power to get out and in the Narrows, and used to lie in the shelter of Prospect Point awaiting a favourable opportunity. At the end of the wharf you see a lamp standard with a goose neck; that is a gasoline light—there was no electric light, and before we got any, we had to get the Dominion government inspector to threaten the B.C. Electric Co., and tell them that they could not export power to the United States at Sumas, etc., until local needs were supplied, so the B.C. Electric Railway Co. drew up a hard agreement which made the municipality responsible for the payment of all light bills. They thought they would lose money on account of insufficient demand, but it paid from the start after it was installed."

HOLLYBURN WHARF.

"On the right is a small floating wharf; that is the freight wharf; you can see bricks and barbed wire on the end of it, and the shed at the end is to put the freight in. To the right of the freight shed is a little cottage behind the piles—an old lady lived there, and it was a sort of tea room for summer visitors."

JOHN LAWSON'S OFFICE. J. OLLASON'S OFFICE.

"Lawson Avenue is 100 feet wide; the only 100 foot wide street in West Vancouver. On the west side of Lawson Avenue is a concrete sidewalk from the wharf to Marine Drive; John Lawson built that himself, and paid for it himself, and the building in the centre with two windows, and a door in the middle, is John Lawson's office. Across the street is my office; I was in the real estate business; I built that building, and it is still standing. I sold it."

ARCHIBALD, CITY CLERK. FIRST STORE, WEST VANCOUVER.

“Behind John Lawson is a small white building not wholly visible—before you come to the store. It was a real estate office belonging to Archibald, afterwards City Clerk at North Vancouver. Further back, the high building on the corner of Marine Drive and Lawson Avenue is the first store in West Vancouver; the building belonged to John Lawson, and the store was run by Ferguson, of the Ferguson Transfer, now in Vancouver; he was proprietor, and ran it, and had to move out when John Lawson moved the post office in there, and he was pretty annoyed about that, too.”

“NAVY JACK.” FIRST MUNICIPAL HALL IN TENT, 1912. FIRST MUNICIPAL HALL. WEST VANCOUVER INCORPORATION.

“The orchard is on ‘Navy Jack’s’ property, the original settler, whose property John Lawson acquired in some way, and on the extreme left of the photo is the original ‘Navy Jack’ house, improved by John Lawson. John Lawson had good horses, and the building behind his house, one with a window in the gable, and a chimney in ridge, was his stable and barn. Over my office can be seen a tent; that is the first ‘Municipal Hall,’ used in the summer time, and until the first Hall was built. They used the tent in the summer of 1912. The big building—touching the lamp—is the new Municipal Hall, probably just finished. After West Vancouver became incorporated, their first Municipal Office was in the basement of the Trustee Building, on the southeast corner of Homer Street and Cordova.”

GEORGE HAY OF WEST VANCOUVER. J.B. MATHER OF WEST VANCOUVER.

“George Hay, in those days a very prominent man in West Vancouver, and J.B. Mather, were partners, and they owned the Trustee Building. I worked in the basement. I went over to North Vancouver City Hall, and transcribed the tax roll of West Vancouver district of North Vancouver—which extended from all the way to Point Atkinson—and then, when they were incorporated, I told them I wanted to be Municipal Clerk, but Charles Nelson was reeve, and Charlie told me they were all ‘green’ at civic affairs, and to have a green city clerk would be worse still. Nelson told me they had secured a thoroughly competent man, George Peit” (sic) “for Comptroller, from South Vancouver Municipality, but they had no sooner got him in office than they wished they did not have him. I was appointed assistant clerk, April 1915.” (Something wrong here.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION, OVER THE PHONE FROM HIS OFFICE AT OAKALLA PRISON FARM TO THE CITY ARCHIVES, WITH WALTER OWEN, ESQ., WARDEN, OAKALLA PRISON FARM, 4 OCTOBER 1938.

STANLEY PARK. BURIED TREASURE.

(Note: in the early part of 1922, the Union Bank, at Ladner’s, was held up by three international robbers, and \$83,500 of negotiable bonds stolen. Two years later, “Smiling Johnnie” Reid, one of the robbers who had been captured, and who, in various places, had been responsible for the theft of one million or more dollars, confessed, and offered to show the police where much of the loot was hidden. Accompanied by Assistant Superintendent Owen of the B.C. Police, he journeyed to Stanley Park and dug up eighty thousand dollars worth of securities near the entrance.)

(See *The Shoulder Strap*, Vol. 1, p. 19, published by B.C. Provincial Police, September 1938.)

Mr. Owen said: “The small grip or valise was buried at a point beside a forked cedar tree of very deformed shape, which grew approximately one hundred yards west of the end of Nelson Street; there was a lot of very heavy timber thereabouts at that time; the bag was down about eighteen inches in soft, damp, muck earth. When the valise was lifted, the bottom of it tore away, and a four pound jam tin, one of those cans with tight lid, rolled out into the bottom of the hole; it contained. The can was about the width of the bonds, and the bonds were neatly rolled up, and fitted nicely inside the can. They were quite dry, clean and unsoiled; the Ladner bank stamps were clearly legible. I saw the valise dug up. At first, he could not locate it, but finally struck it.”

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION IN THE CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, WITH CAPT. FREDERICK WILLIAM PAMPHLET, 322 SIXTH STREET, NORTH VANCOUVER, FRIDAY, 6 MAY 1938.

JOHN DUNN, 1821.

Capt. Pamphlet said: "My grandfather, John Dunn" (see Lewis and Dryden, *Marine History of the Pacific Northwest*) "arrived at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River in 1821 as an apprentice to the Hudson's Bay Company. Then he was transferred to the Hudson's Bay brig *Cadboro*, and remained on her until the *Beaver* arrived. Then he went to the different forts on the Pacific Coast, Fort Taku, Fort Simpson, Fort Tungas. He wrote the *History of Oregon*, and after he wrote that, the Hudson's Bay Company got rid of him. That book was published in 1844. Then he wandered around and finished up on the Sandwich Islands, where he died and is buried."

JOHN DUNN'S WIFE.

"John Dunn married a Russian girl in Sitka. I don't know her name. They went to live at different forts, and they had two daughters, one of which was my mother, Elizabeth Dunn, who was born, as far as we can make out, well, Father says she was born at Port Simpson, but Mother says at Fort Tungas, Alaska; it's close to the international boundary—about fifty miles away. Our records are not very complete, and beyond the fact that the other daughter died very young, we do not know where she died or when, but I have an idea it was at Fort McLoughlin, as Mother and Father were there quite a number of years, prior to 1844—sometime in the '30s. Mother was born about 1833 or 1834, because she remembered the first arrival of the *Beaver* at Fort Tungas, which was about 183?."

ELIZABETH DUNN MARRIES JOHN COTSFORD.

"My mother, Miss Elizabeth Dunn, was married to John Cotsford, Hudson's Bay trader, about 1848, I think at Fort McLoughlin, and they had two sons and two daughters." (About 1868, Mrs. Cotsford became Mrs. Pamphlet.)

1. The first was an infant who died very young. I do not even know the child's name.
2. The second child was Harriet. She was born at Fort Victoria in 1854, and she is now a widow, Mrs. Donald Mackay [*sic*] living on Eleventh Avenue West, near Hemlock Street, Vancouver, with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Gellyman [*sic*]. Her eldest daughter is Mrs. John Hart, wife of the Finance Minister in the Pattullo government.
3. The third child was John Cotsford, born in Victoria, 1856, and still resident in Victoria, but although married, he has no children.
4. The fourth child was William Thomas Cotsford, also born in Victoria, and in 1861. He died last March [1938 or 1937] leaving a widow and three sons and three daughters.

DEATH OF JOHN COTSFORD.

"John Cotsford died in 1865 in Victoria; that completes the Cotsfords."

CAPTAIN THOMAS HENRY PAMPHLET.

"My father was born at Barking, in Essex Co., I think, England, about 1835 or 1836, and served his apprenticeship at sea. He was in the merchant transport service during the Crimean war, and was in the Crimea at the time of the battle of Balaclava. After the war was over he returned to London, where my grandfather Pamphlet was in H.M. Customs. Father was slated for the customs service, too, but being under age, they would not accept him for another year, so he shipped on the chartered Hudson's Bay ship *Agnes Garling*" (sic) "for Vancouver Island, via Sandwich Islands. He arrived in Victoria in 1856.

"Then the first steamer he was on—he was transferred to it—was the Hudson's Bay steamer *Otter*, Capt. Lewis; first officer, John Swanson."

BAMFIELD.

"I cannot tell you all the different schooners or ships he was on, but I do know this. That he was on the *Otter* in Burrard Inlet in 1856, and that he left the *Otter* to form partnership with Bamfield the same year

that he reached B.C. He was young to form a partnership with anyone, but he was twenty-one years old, and in those days there were not many here with whom a partnership could be formed.

“Father remained on the *Otter* most of the year 1856, then Bamfield, after whom Bamfield cable station is named, formed a partnership, and they went trading with Indians on the west coast—there was nothing much else other than Indians to trade with—there were only two or three white men on the whole west coast—in a schooner, I think her name was *Iona*.” (Probably *Ino*. JSM.)

CAPT. BAMFIELD MURDERED, 1860S.

“Capt. Bamfield was murdered in the early 1860s on Barclay Sound by the Indians, but my father and he were not partners then. They remained the best of friends, but Father was captain in the schooner *McMurray*” (sic) “at the time.”

BURRARD INLET, 1856. S.S. OTTER.

“Going back again. He first sailed into Burrard Inlet on the *Otter* in 1856. I don’t know what they were doing here but the *Otter* poked around all over the coast.”

(Note by JSM: This is the earliest mention, as yet, of a vessel, other than Capt. Vancouver’s boats, entering Burrard Inlet.)

City Archivist Matthews: How do you know it was 1856, and that it was the *Otter*.

Capt. Pamphlet: “He was on the *Otter*; that was the only time he ever was on the *Otter*; it was the first year he arrived, 1856. He told me that himself.”

HUDSON’S BAY BRIG CADBORO. CARIBOO GOLD RUSH.

“Again, in 1859, my father chartered the Hudson’s Bay brig *Cadboro* to run to Fort Langley with passengers and freight in the gold rush. They had her a short time only because the ‘boom’ was falling to pieces, and also, they had a hard time getting up the river with sail only.”

1858. ROYAL CHARLIE.

“In 1858 he was running passengers on a schooner from Victoria to Langley; that was before he got the *Cadboro*. I think, after he gave up the *Cadboro*, he had the *Royal Charlie*; she had quite a history, both before and after, the Indians massacred, but see Lewis and Dryden’s book.”

MCMURRAY SCHOONER (SIC.)

“Then, after he gave up the *Royal Charlie*, he had the *McMurray*” (sic) “to cruise timber for Capt. Stamp’s Alberni mill. He remained with her until the steamer *Isabella* was built for Capt. Stamp’s mill on Burrard Inlet.”

CAPT. STAMP, ALBERNI. JERRY ROGERS.

“Father took Capt. Stamp down to Alberni about 1860 to look at the timber, and Jerry Rogers was the timber cruiser. There was another cruiser besides Jerry Rogers, but I forget his name.

“Stamp sent one cruiser up each side of the river to Sproat Lake, to cruise the timber. Jerry Rogers came back and reported that there was not enough timber to support a sawmill, and Stamp thought Rogers was trying to double cross him, so the expedition broke up in a row, and Rogers was fired on the spot by Stamp.”

OTTER, 1856. BROCKTON POINT.

“When my father was second mate on the *Otter* in 1856, when they were coming in the Narrows, and just before they got to Brockton Point, the engine broke down, and they had to anchor, and the anchors would not hold, and she dragged right out into English Bay, so the holding ground at Brockton Point was no good.”

STAMP’S MILL, BURRARD INLET.

“So later on in years, when Capt. Stamp came here about 1864 to pick out a site for the new mill, he cleared off land at Brockton Point.”

HASTINGS SAWMILL.

(Note: a map of the proposed Stamp's mill site and proposed road to it from about Second Narrows to about Bute Street, is attached to conveyance Thos. Spence to H.P.P. Crease, 8 September 1864. J.S.M.)

STANLEY PARK.

"Capt. Stamp was taking the whole of the peninsula, now Stanley Park, for the mill site and yards and other things. Capt. Stamp came up with Father on the schooner, the *McMurray's*" (sic) "about 1864, and as they were coming along through the Narrows, Stamp said to Father, 'Tom, that's my new mill site.' Stamp was going to have the log boom on the east side of the Point" (Brockton Point) "and the ships to load on the west side. Father said, 'Not by a damn sight; you cannot hold your ships; the holding is no good,' and then he told Capt. Stamp his experiences in the *Otter*, several years—1856—previously; the anchors not holding.

"So Stamp did not like to abandon the location, but said, 'Where the devil would *you* go?' and Father said, 'I'll see if I can locate something,' and so he took the schooner *McMurray's*" (sic) "boat, and a lead line, and sounded the whole south shore of the inlet up as far as the Second Narrows, and he selected the piece of shore where Stamp's Mill was afterwards built."

STEAMER ISABELLA.

"The *Isabella* was the first steamer built for Burrard Inlet work; built in Victoria; the engines and boilers were built in 1864; you can see that is correct for here in the Inspector of Vessels' own figures in his own book; this book really belongs to the government, but it also belongs to Westcott; here are the original figures; lots of the early steamers. The *Isabella* was launched in Victoria in 1865, two weeks after Father took her over as her master, and he remained with her until he joined the B.C. Pilotage service."

WHISKY. JUDGE BEGBIE. POOLEY.

"In Victoria, in 1858, it was a crown colony, and Westminster was a different colony, and of course there was rum wanted, and there was a hell of a difference between the price of rum in Westminster and in Victoria, so Father brought over a couple of kegs of rum with him on the schooner, and brought them ashore at Westminster in a small boat, and had them on the float, when a customs officer came along and seized them. Father shoved him into the river, and by the time he was out again, the two kegs had gone, and so was my 'old man.' Father went down to about where the old Royal City Planing Mills was afterwards and stayed with some friends in a tent for a couple of days, and then went back to the schooner.

"He was walking along, and who should he meet but Judge Begbie and Mr. Pooley, walking together, and Mr. Pooley winked or nodded at Judge Begbie, and Judge Begbie stopped Father and said, 'Isn't your name Pamphlet?' and Father said, 'Yes,' so Judge Begbie said, 'Oh, then, we'll try you right here.'

"It was a Sunday morning, so Begbie and Pooley and Pamphlet, all went into a bit of bare space in the bushes, and the trial started right there and then. Father told Judge Begbie some sort of long harrowing tale about the rum, but Judge Begbie said, 'You cannot spin that yarn; you're fined fifty dollars,' and the case was all over.

"That was one of the first cases Judge Begbie had after he came."

CAPT. THOMAS H. PAMPHLET.

"Sometime about 1868, Mother married Capt." (Master Mariner) "Thomas Harrigan" (sic) "Pamphlet at Victoria. The Rev. Mr. Cridge, he was not bishop then, married them. At that time Father was a B.C. pilot with headquarters at Victoria, and lived, I think, on Menzies Street; anyway, over James Bay; the place was not surveyed then; I don't think the streets were even named at that time.

1. The first child was Kate Elizabeth, born James Bay, about the latter end of the 1860s; she never married.
2. Then the next was Thomas Henry (Harry) who was born in the same house in 18—, and died in Victoria; he never married.

FREDERICK WILLIAM PAMPHLET. MARY HARRIS.

“The third child, that’s me, was born in Victoria, in the same house, 30th August 1871, and I married Miss Mary Harris, daughter of” [blank] “Harris, not in a church, but by the Rev.” [blank]; “he was a Methodist minister. Our children are three sons and one daughter.

1. The eldest is Alford Clayton Pamphlet.
2. The second was John Piercy Pamphlet.
3. The third Frederick William Pamphlet.
4. The fourth and last is Olive.

“None of them are married. Mrs. Pamphlet and I now live at 322 Sixth Avenue West, North Vancouver, and our children live with us. Father died in Victoria about twenty years ago.”

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION AT CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, VANCOUVER, 15 OCTOBER 1935, WITH REV. P.C. PARKER, RETIRED BAPTIST MINISTER, AGED 80, OF GIBSON’S LANDING, B.C.

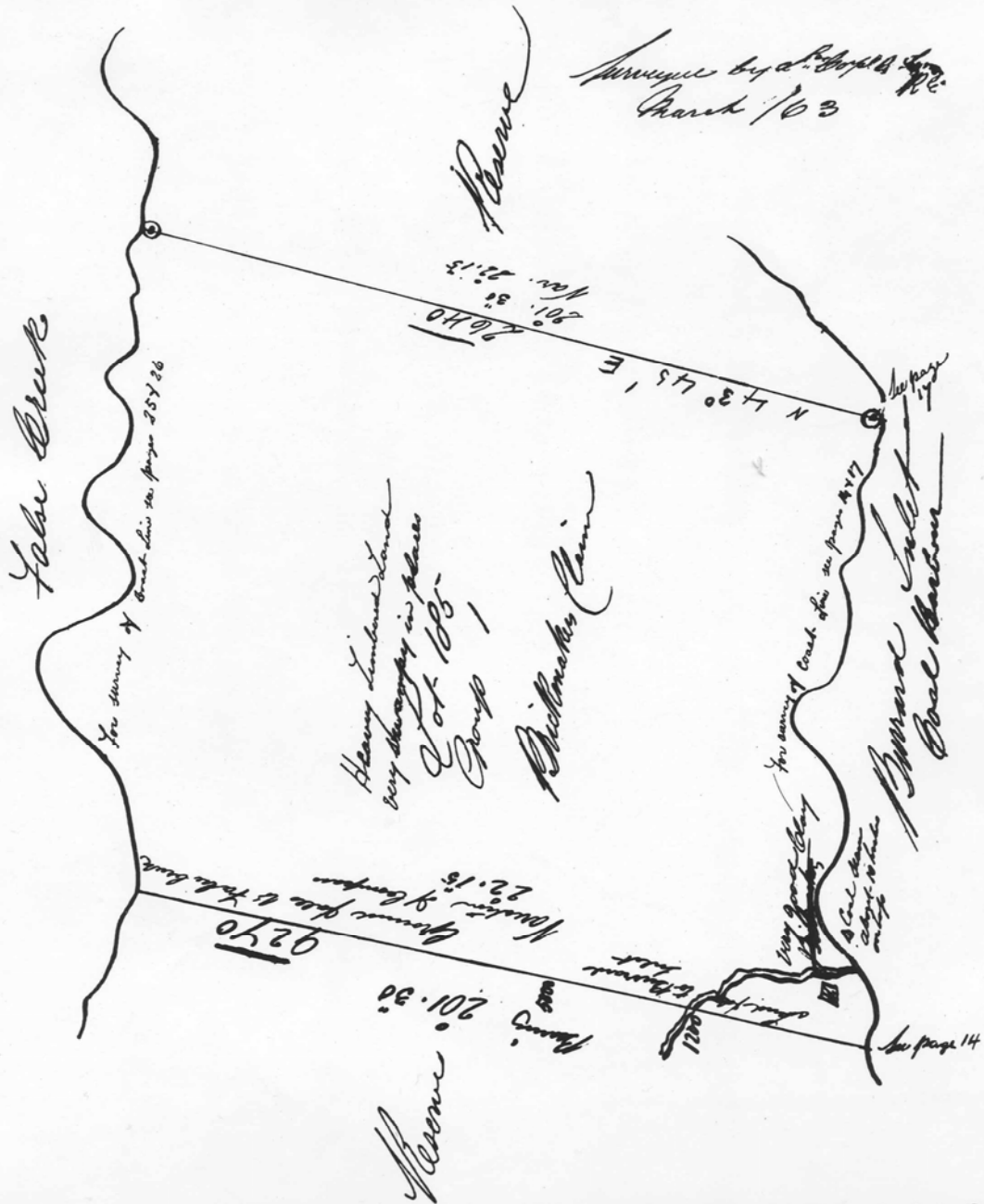
Introductory: Mr. Parker was one of the witnesses to John Morton’s will, is named as a trustee of some of its bequests, and, despite his years, is very active, wears glasses for reading only, and his memory is very clear. His wife of fifty years died this year; he has grandchildren in Vancouver. He lives alone in his home at Gibson’s Landing.

JOHN MORTON.

Mr. Parker said: “The way I became interested in the Mortons was that soon after my ordination in November 1879, I preached in the old Baptist Church at Salendine Nook, near Huddersfield, England. This church was the home church of John Morton. I came to Canada from England in 1883, was in Toronto for fourteen years, and early in December 1907, came to Vancouver, and was—temporarily for about seven months—minister at the First Baptist Church here on Hamilton Street. Afterwards I was at the Fairview Baptist Church.”

MORTON’S ARRIVAL AT BURRARD INLET.

“The way I recall that John Morton came to Burrard Inlet on a certain date is that he told me that he arrived in British Columbia on the 16th April 1862, having come up the Pacific coast, and that he arrived on Burrard Inlet on the 16th October 1862; both dates were the 16th, that impressed itself on my memory. After arrival at Victoria he took the first boat across to the Fraser River and up the Cariboo. I don’t know what happened much, but one story which he told me himself was that, whilst at Quesnel or some place near there, he was sitting down one morning getting his breakfast at a restaurant, when a man came in and called out, ‘Had anybody got any horse shoe nails?’; there was a sick man somewhere, and the doctor had been called to go on a long ride to the man, and the blacksmith was without horse shoe nails to shoe the doctor’s horse. Mr. Morton—he told me himself—replied that he had some, and he went and got twenty-two, and received one dollar each for them. It is just an incident, but it illustrates how careful Morton was. Morton was, like scores of others, disappointed in his search for gold, and returned to the lower mainland.”



Tracing of field notes, survey "Brickmaker's Claim" (D.L. 185, West End from Burrard st to Stanley Park) made—written instructions Col. Moody to Capt Parsons, 26 Jan 1863— by Lce-Corp-George Turner, Mar 1863. Showing Morton's "cabin, clay, coal seam, heavy timbered land, very swampy in places" Original Provincial Archives, copy City Archives, Vancouver.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_026

[photo annotations:]

Tracing of field notes, survey "Brickmaker's Claim" (D.L. 185, West End from Burrard st to Stanley Park) made—written instructions Col. Moody to Capt Parsons, 26 Jan 1863—by Lce-Corp-George Turner, Mar 1863. Showing Morton's "cabin, clay, coal seam, heavy timbered land, very swampy in places"

Original Provincial Archives, copy City Archives, Vancouver.

JOHN MORTON AND THE LUMP OF COAL.

“When he left the Cariboo, for a time he herded cattle on a ranch on the banks of the Thompson River, and hence came to New Westminster. Morton told me that it was *not* in a cobbler’s shop window that he saw the lump of coal. You cannot trust Joseph” (Morton’s son) “and, by the way, Joseph’s mother” (Morton’s first wife) “was also Morton’s cousin; so was Sam Brighthouse a cousin of Morton’s. The Mortons came to Salendine Nook about 1560 or 1561; they fled from Scotland owing to religious persecution. And first the church at Salendine Nook was Presbyterian, but there were few Scotsmen in England, and gradually the Mortons joined the Baptists. Brighthouse, as I have said, was Morton’s cousin, but Hailstone was a man they met on the way across the Atlantic.

“Joseph says that his father came on the first trip of the famous cable laying ship *Great Eastern* but that cannot be correct because Morton told me himself it was on a vessel—I cannot remember her name—which was sunk the next trip she made across the Atlantic by the Southern Confederate warship *Alabama*, and—well, the *Great Eastern* was not sunk.

“Anyway, Morton came down from the Cariboo, and he told me he saw the lump of coal in the only store of whipsawed finished lumber—the others were of logs—there was in the whole of New Westminster. What store the lump was in I don’t know. When he saw the piece of coal in the window he went inside the store to see the man in charge, and the man said that ‘There is the Indian’ going up the Port Moody Road. Morton chased after the Indian. Morton was not after the coal, he was after the clay; Morton was a potter. I don’t know if you know, but where there is coal there is clay under it, a seam of clay; sometimes the clay has been washed away, but usually it is under the coal. Morton came first; first of three friends to Burrard’s Inlet.”

16 OCTOBER 1862.

“Well, the Indian got the dugout. I asked Morton once where they landed, ‘Where about was it?’ and he replied that it was about where the Blue Ribbon Tea warehouse is now on Hastings Street West, east of Burrard Street. He told me that he came together with the Indian and they stopped where the Blue Ribbon Tea people are, they stayed all night under the trees; that was the 16th of October 1862. He told me that definitely and distinctly, just as he told me he had landed in Victoria on 16th April previously.

“The next morning the Indian took him through the Narrows, and around to a point somewhere near Siwash Rock, and the Indian showed him the coal, but said Morton to me, ‘I was not bothering about the coal; I wanted the clay, and there was no clay.’ So the Indian said to him, ‘I show you the white sand of English Bay,’ and when they got there, he pulled the dugout up into the bush and ‘brought me back to the very place we had started from.’

“John Morton told me he said to the Indian, ‘Take me back, take me back,’ and the Indian replied, ‘I take you back when the tide going in.’ So the two waited for the turn of the tide, and came back through the Narrows in the canoe into the inlet; they went right around again and through the Narrows.”

(Note by JSM: The salient features coincide with Joseph Morton’s narrative in *The First Settlers on Burrard Inlet*, but the detail varies.)

“‘As we passed through the Narrows,’ Morton told me he said to the Indian, ‘How deep?’ The Indian replied, ‘Totelem, totelem, totelem, totelem, totelem, totelem,’ six totelems. ‘I put the word down in a book,’ said Morton, ‘and found out afterwards that “totelem” meant ten yards, so that the depth was one hundred and eighty feet,’ and Morton told me that the Indian thought that was the depth because the Indian had brought 180 feet of fishing line to catch rock cod.”

BURRARD INLET A NATURAL HARBOUR.

“Morton told me, ‘I said to myself, “This is a natural harbour, and I’m going to locate here.”’ Oh, Morton had foresight. So Morton said, ‘What I did was this. I went up to New Westminster, and asked Judge Brew if that land had been taken up, and Judge Brew told me that there was no survey of the place,’ that he” (Morton) “would have to stake it out himself, and also, Brew told him that when he had done his duties” (legal requirements) “he could have it surveyed and would get his land.”

CHRISTMAS, 1862.

“So Morton told me that he came back. Morton never told me about Brighthouse or Hailstone. Anyway, Morton stayed there under the trees—stayed by himself—until a day or so before Christmas 1862. He got his log hut up, and then, as I understand it, Brighthouse and Hailstone came.”

(Note: the application for the land, signed by all three, is dated 3 November 1862, and witnessed by Brew.)

“Of course, he told me this, that he never went away from the place after staking it, not to go to work or anything. Finally, they found they could not make much out of it, and arranged with Judge Brew to get work to keep going” (see Joseph Morton narrative) “until the three years were up.”

MORTON’S OCCUPANCY DISPUTED.

“I have heard little of how he went to or from New Westminster, but here is an instance of Morton’s carefulness. One day he received a letter, and the letter was from somebody who said he had already staked the land which he” (the writer of the letter) “understood they were occupying; that he was sorry they were working on it, but if they would pay him a shilling a year as rent he would allow them to stay on.”

Mr. Parker, looking at photograph of the three partners’ application for land:

“I am surprised at this, for all three must have been there at the time, Brighthouse, Hailstone, Morton. I see that Morton’s name is the last signature on the application; he never told me where the other two were, but he did want them to come, but he came first. He said to me, ‘I wanted the narrowest part.’” (Coal Harbour end, and he got it in the end.) (For explanation, see Mrs. Morton’s narrative about white sands and Blackpool.)

Query: Did he ever say anything to you about drawing straws for who took the different parts when they divided it up?

Mr. Parker: “No.

“Morton said to me, ‘When we got the letter, Sam and Bill wanted to throw up, and give up the whole business; they would not do anything. I said, “No.” I said, “I’m not going to leave the place for anybody.”’ So Morton said, ‘I took the letter to New Westminster and to Judge Brew.’

“Now here’s another instance of John Morton’s carefulness. Morton told me that when he showed the letter to Judge Brew, he doubled under the signature so that the judge would not see it. Judge Brew read the letter, leaned back, heaved a sigh, and said, ‘I don’t know who has written this letter, but he is either a liar or a knave. You go on with your duties’” (legal) “and when your time’s up, you can have your land surveyed and get your papers.’ Morton told me confidentially who wrote the letter; it was Burnaby.”

DEADMAN’S ISLAND AND INDIAN TREE BURIALS.

“One morning—he told me this—it was April and he looked across towards what is now Stanley Park, and there was Deadman’s Island before him; it looked so beautiful; he was alone; he thought he would like to have it, so he took his boat and went across there. He told me the story one day when we were walking along Stanley Park Driveway in October 1911—shortly before he died—it was a beautiful morning, and when we got near Deadman’s Island, he told me the story. He went on that he took his boat, went over to Deadman’s Island, and tied his boat up, and as he did so he saw a box in a tree. He said, ‘I took my axe and knocked that box down, and opened it; there was a dead Indian sitting in it, so I skipped over to my boat and went.’” (Note by J.S.M.: This varies with other narratives of this incident.) “Morton continued, ‘I came back in a couple of days and put the box back; then I went to see Judge Brew about it at New Westminster. I drew a sketch of the island and handed it to Judge Brew, and Judge Brew looked at it and said, “That’s like the ace of spades”—the shape of it. “Now,” said Judge Brew, “I’ll tell you, Mr. Morton, we had better find out before you do anything further; we had better find out from the chief; it is evidently the island that is the burial ground of the Indians, and they may hold it sacred, so we must not offend them; better find out before we do anything.” The Indians called the island ‘Memelous Siwash Ille.’” (Ill-lee.) “So Morton decided he did not want the island. I answered him with: ‘Our footsteps tread where centuries ago, the red men fought and conquered, lost and won, whole tribes and nations gone like winters’ snow.’”

[Note:] Memelous, i.e., dead; illahee; i.e., house of slabs, cedar.

INCIDENTS WITH INDIANS.

“One day, there were two Indians came along bringing with them a squaw. At the time they did not understand the Indian language” (see Joseph Morton narrative) “—all three Englishmen were there at the time—and the Indians talked and talked. Mr. Morton and his two companions were at one end of the room; the Indians were inside and the squaw began to dance, and finally jumped over a bench. By and by they went away. Morton had put down the words they were saying, and finally found out that what the Indians wanted was, that they saw three men living there alone and thought they should have someone to look after them, and the squaw was showing that she was capable. The three men, at first, thought the Indians were there about land, and were a bit afraid at first, and thought the squaw dance was the war dance.”

INDIAN HANGING.

“The other story is that—Morton must have been alone—one day when he saw a lot of Indians coming across the bay, over Stanley Park way, some in canoes, some walking along the trail, beating tom toms, he was alarmed; thought they were coming after him, so in the little time that he had he fixed up a dummy in bed; hat at the top of the bed where a man’s head would be, boots at the bottom under the clothes with a bit of boot sticking out, and then he bolted up towards the Hastings Mill, and watched what would occur. By and by he saw that they had put something up a tree” (see Joseph Morton narrative) “and that the thing was twisting and dangling around as if it had been hung, and as the Indians did not go near his place he went back and found that they had hung an Indian woman—near the entrance to Stanley Park. This squaw was the wife of a chief, ‘Slippery Dick’ or ‘Nimble Dick’; one of his other wives had had a baby, and the squaw they had hung was one of the wives of the chief; she was jealous, and had pinched the infant’s throat and killed it. ‘Now,’ said Mr. Morton to me, ‘there had been a hanging in New Westminster; some man had killed another’ (I think it was Jack Sprague who was hung; Bishop Sheepshanks mentions it) and, in Morton’s phraseology, ‘Whitemans hung for killy whitemans, they hung squaw for killy papoose.’” (Note: Mr. Parker spent his early years among eastern Indians, hence squaw and papoose.)

EARLY ACCIDENTS.

“Another thing he told me. It was a case in which he had been saved from drowning; he had had two or three narrow escapes. He and Hailstone had gone over to what is now North Vancouver to get some poles; there were better poles over there; and coming back they fastened the poles to the top of the canoe and Mr. Morton got in the front of the canoe and Mr. Hailstone at the back, and when they thought the tide was right they came along, but were overtaken with the rush of the waters. They kept coming on and on and when they got to the landing place, Morton jumped out, the canoe tipped, and Morton had some time fishing Hailstone out; he” (Hailstone) “was nearly drowned.” (See Joseph Morton narrative.)

TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.

“When Morton was through with the preemption duties and they had got their deed to the land, Morton took a trip to San Francisco. He and some of the boarders where he was staying decided to go to England; they went down to get their tickets; others were before him, but he had put his baggage on board. But for some unexplained reason he got nervous, left the line of ticket seekers, went to the boat, got his baggage and went home. He regretted this and went back again to get a ticket, but his courage again failed him, so he went back home again, and they giped him a good deal. Next morning the landlady came to him waving her arms and said, ‘You lucky man! That boat has gone down with all hands.’ The vessel was the *Golden Age*.”

MORTON’S CHARACTER.

“I’ll give you an insight to Morton’s character; he was a very careful man, very thrifty, great foresight. One day just before I came here in 1907 there was a man doing some work for him on his house down at English Bay. Mr. Norton was pulling out some old nails out of boards, straightening them to use again; the carpenter he was employing would not use them; said he was mean.

"It was about that time that John Morton went to church one morning, and there was a Russian baron, Baron Uxgull or some such name, who was making an appeal for funds for a college for the Baptists in Russia, for training preachers for their churches. John Morton gave \$250 that Sunday at that service.

"I said to Mr. Morton afterwards, 'that if a man does not save he cannot give.'"

BAPTIST COLLEGE.

"Morton gave the property for a Baptist college, right where Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper's house was down in the West End; Hamilton, the engineer" (C.P.R.) "was consulted as to the best location, and the property was donated to the Baptist convention, but they did not pay the taxes and the property reverted to the city for nonpayment of taxes, and Morton bought it back. Mrs. Morton should have some letters which Mr. Morton wrote to Rand Bros., real estate agents, in which he expresses himself in regard to education for the Baptist ministry. He had a lawsuit, too, over some property down at the foot of Bidwell Street, where that sawmill was; there was a squaw or some Indian who had squatted there, and he lost his property." (Kanaka Ranch, Denman Street.)

MORTON'S WILL.

"I witnessed his will. He asked me over and over again to make his will for him, but I would not do it. I said that it was a legal matter and that I did not know anything about that sort of work. Mr. E.B. Morgan afterwards did it; you will see my initials to the changes, and I witnessed it. Mr. Morton was leaving a small annuity only to Joseph. I said, 'You cannot do it.' I said, 'Joe will have a legitimate cause for complaint, and people will sympathise with him.' He replied, 'If I leave more he'll only "sit" on it.' So he left Joe one thousand dollars a year instead of fifty dollars a month, or five hundred a year. Mr. Morgan said nothing during these conversations. What I said was on my own responsibility as a minister.

"When the started the Fairview Baptist church, he gave me three hundred dollars, and when they finished it, he paid off the whole thing that was unpaid. There was no furnace; 'Winter coming on,' he said, 'and no furnace'; he said he was going to get the very best furnace to be got, and he gave it. When Mrs. Morton dies the Baptist church will get \$100,000; originally I was the sole trustee, but since there have been some changes and just now it stands now I am not sure. I expect there will be some sort of friendly lawsuit to determine matters. Mr. and Mrs. Morton furnished all the funds for the Ruth Morton Church building during the Pastorate of the Rev. J. Willard Litch, and also paid off the indebtedness of the North Vancouver Baptist Church. There was no lack of generosity on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Morton."

As narrated to me, put down at once, 15 October 1935, and edited by Rev. Mr. Parker.

J.S. Matthews,
City Archivist.

**MEMO OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH REV. P.C. PARKER IN CITY ARCHIVES, 12
NOVEMBER 1935.**

CITY OF LIVERPOOL AND C.P.R. AGREEMENT RE EVERY THIRD LOT.

"My deduction is that Mr. David Oppenheimer, afterwards Mayor, or someone, was personally interested in the agreement whereby every third lot in the West End was deeded to the C.P.R." (Examine Land Registry records; think Oppenheimer and others had an interest.)

"Mr. Morton told me that Oppenheimer and the Rev. Mr. Lennie, father of Dr. Lennie, and Mr. Lennie, the barrister, went up to Mission. To the farm, to see Mr. Morton about giving every third lot to the C.P.R. Morton said to me, 'I did not want to give them every third lot,' and then stressed that the C.P.R. had a charter from ocean to ocean, and what was the use of giving them every third lot. 'But,' Mr. Morton said, 'they bothered me and bothered me.'"

City Archivist: Well, what did Hailstone and Brighthouse do? Morton was very loyal to both his partners.

Mr. Parker: "Yes, but they had separated their lands earlier, but I think the others did the same as Morton. Oppenheimer could get nothing done by correspondence with Morton, so Oppenheimer and Lennie went up to Mission. Morton told me that himself. He told me he did it reluctantly. He said the C.P.R. had got to come down to Coal Harbour, so, said he, 'What's the use of giving every third lot?' However, he did it."

BAPTIST CHURCH.

"The first Baptist Church in Vancouver was on Westminster Avenue opposite the Market Hall" (Old City Hall) "and on the east side between Hastings and Dupont streets. Lewis and Sills afterwards occupied it as a hardware store, about 1910-1915. That was the first Baptist church. Rev. J.B. Kennedy was the minister. See the Rev. A.W. Ward, Jackson Avenue Church; I think he has some old photographs."

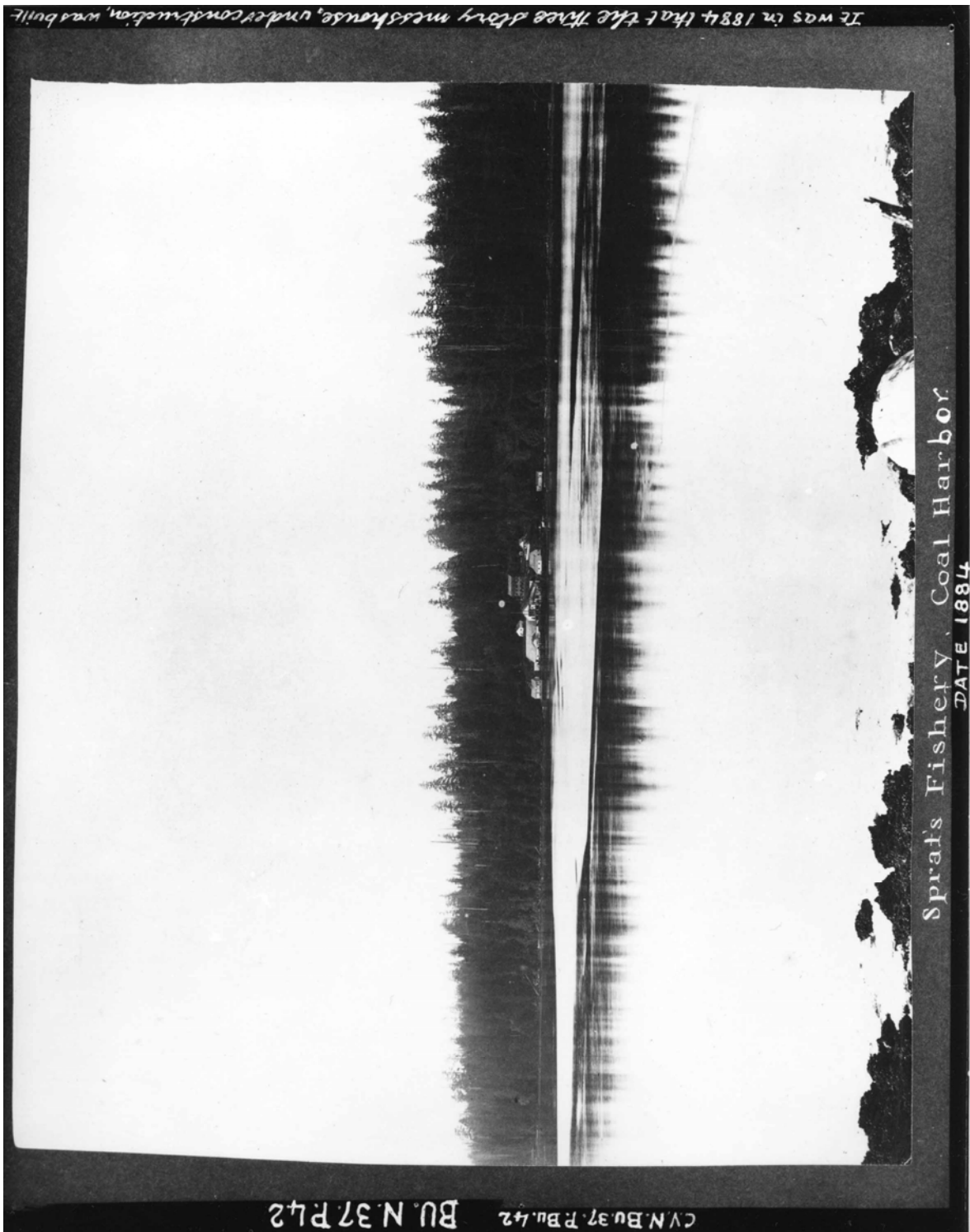
B.C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

"When the street car—the one going to New Westminster—got into financial difficulties, Morton wrote to a friend of his in Yorkshire, William Dale Shaw, J.P. Mr. Morton's father and Mr. Shaw's father had been old friends, and so were the sons of the two fathers. Morton was in touch, told Shaw, 'Not yet,' 'Wait,' then when the time came, Morton wrote, 'Now is the time to put your money in and buy out the street car company,' and that was how it was arranged."

On 8 February 1939, Rev. Mr. Parker called with his son at City Archives for a few moments. He is not looking very well; he has had a paralytic stroke.

He tells me Mrs. Ruth Morton has lost her sight.

J.S. Matthews.



[photo annotations:]

Spratt's Fishery, Coal Harbor.

Date 1884

It was in 1884 that the three story messhouse, under construction, was built.

[LETTER FROM REV. P.C. PARKER.]

Gibson's Landing
Dec. 18, 1935.

Dear Major Matthews:

Thank you for the mss you have forwarded. You wrote them on the 73d anniversary of John Morton's advent to Vancouver site.

I was up to see Mrs. Morton on the 16th, and found her well and hearty and overjoyed to see me. We had a fine talk and she showed me the latest record of Salendine Nook Church's History, but it does not give Dr. Stocks information. The last visit I made to England was in 1897, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee of Victoria's reign, and on the last Sunday of July of that year, I preached in the church to a crowded congregation.

In my talk with you I forgot to mention that Mr. Morton told me he herded cattle for a rancher on the Banks of Thompson River, and when he was through that fall he came down to New Westminster, where he saw the lump of coal. I also forgot to say that when he had seen Judge Brew about the land he desired to locate on and found it was available, "he got in touch with Hailstone and Brighthouse, and promised he would share with them if they would join him," but when he said he stayed under the trees until a few days before Christmas when the shack was completed, he never told me they had joined him, but of course they must have as their names are on the application. I have given you what he gave me as nearly as possible in his own language. My conversations with him covered a period of years.

Further, there was a Methodist minister named Elliott S. Rowe, whom I knew when I was in Toronto, and when I came to Vancouver I found Rowe out of the ministry. He was engaged in some press work. I told Rowe about Mr. Morton and induced him to send a young man to interview Mr. Morton about his early experiences. He did so, and published in his paper the interview which was very complete. There surely must be some of Rowe's family in the city, and there must be a copy of that paper. I had one but don't know what has become of it. I imagine I gave my copy to Mr. Morton. The recovery of that publication would be a boon to you in your research.

I must have another interview with you as I know I can help you in other ways. I would like to read over Mrs. Morton's account and also Joseph's, because it seems to me he has taken more notice of his father's history that I have given him credit for.

There are surely records of the lawsuit over the property at the foot of Bidwell street where the saw mill was eventually erected.

There was also another lawsuit with Mr. Major (which I think Mr. Morton won) about that land which is now the Park at English Bay, the records of which should be available.

Mr. Morton's account of the donation of one third of his estate to the C.P.R. was interesting. He was not willing to give his; he told me the C.P.R. would be "bound" to come down to the deep water from Port Moody, and why should he give his every third lot, and he resisted for a long time Oppenheimer's request, and Lennie's [*Rev.*] when they came to withdraw him at Mission.

Did you ever hear his account of suit with the C.P.R. for the killing of his cow by the train?

I have to attend to some duties now as I am expecting some visitors and I have been away in the City since Monday, so I will close.

Yours very sincerely,

P.C. [*sic*] Parker.

P.S. I cannot lay my hand on the History of the Nook Church. I know I put it away carefully with that of another church history, and I don't just remember where. "Of books there is no end."

MEMO OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH REV. P.C. PARKER, JANUARY 1936.

MR. AND MRS. MORTON. JOSEPH MORTON.

"Mrs. Morton was a very liberal woman. For years before Joe died—Joe told me himself—she allowed Joe \$50 a month over and above what his father had left him in his will; about \$1,200 a year annuity. Joe told me that Mrs. Morton offered him \$50 a month, but Joe told me he had replied, 'Give \$25 to my wife and \$25 to me,' and that was how it was paid.

"I" (Rev. Parker) "never asked Mrs. Morton for anything I did not get. She used to send presents to us we did not want. I used to say to her, 'Don't do that,' 'You are no trouble to us'; that would be after she has stayed with us, or we had paid her some little attention.

"She" (Mrs. Morton) "can get a prejudice against a person very quickly. If there was some society which wanted to get money, she gave it if she fancied it; there was Rev. McLeod; I don't know what she gave him, but it must have been a deal.

"There was *absolutely*" (emphatically) "nothing stingy about Mrs. Morton."

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH QOITCHETAHL (ANDREW PAUL), NORTH VANCOUVER, 12 FEBRUARY 1934.

Query: Can you tell me what Sasamat means? I understand Galiano and Valdes say that they called Burrard Inlet Floridablanca, and that the natives called it Sasamat—at least that portion up about Indian River.

Qoitchetahl: "I never heard it called Sasamat, but I'll find out from Haxten. It sounds to me like Tsaa-tsmat. You know Tsa-atstum, the cool place out at Point Grey; well, both names are from the same derivation, and I presume that the North Arm of the Burrard Inlet might be considered a 'cool place,' especially around Indian River."

INDIANS. ARRIVAL OF FIRST C.P.R. TRAIN.

"You know the story of the Qoitchetahl" (Serpent.) "Well, I have always been told that when the train first came down from Port Moody to Vancouver, the Indians along the south shore of the Inlet took fright and ran. A great long black snake of a thing with a big black head came twirling around the curves, blowing long blasts, 'Hoooooo Hoooooo Hoooooo,' and the Indians thought it was a Qoitchetahl coming back."

[LETTERS FROM CHAS. J. PIPER TO ROBERT MATHISON.]

4931 Hastings East,
January 7, 1930.

Dear Mr. Mathison:

Yours of the 2nd inst. to hand; first let me hasten to assure you that you are not taking any joy out of life for me by your being the first to ride a bicycle around Gastown, (or perhaps it was called Vancouver then) and I am delighted to have made the acquaintance of the first cyclist of our fair city.

FIRST BICYCLES.

Far be it from me to rob Bob Mathison of such an honour, the magazine editor got mixed up a little, I stated to him that I was the first to own and ride a PNEUMATIC tyred bicycle in B.C., this is correct, the balance of the family coming out from Plymouth, England, in March 1891, my father bringing out a "Referee" safety wheel for me with him, a bike made then in London, the tyres of same were 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter, and I was also the first to ride this type of bicycle for any long distance in the Dominion of Canada. The dad broke his journey a little at Toronto and Winnipeg, taking the wheel out at each place and riding a few blocks, hundreds of people crowded around the bike with the huge tyres; this being the first time they had seen a pneumatic.

When my folk arrived at Victoria from England I took the wheel and rode it home to Cadboro Bay, about five miles out of town, the next day went for a long distance I think to Goldstream. (I was then sweet 21.) We all subsequently moved over to Vancouver in 1898. Since that time I have ridden a good many miles in this city and neighborhood, my present mount, a B.S.A., I have had it nearly 12 years, my mileage on it to date is 59,468.6 miles, so you will note I do a little riding still, and back in July I made a trip to Bellingham and back, 110 miles, a nice moderate day's cycling, staying at the other end about five hours.

I first rode the rear driving safety bike back in 1883-1884. There being only half dozen safeties, (as the present type was called then) in the City of Plymouth, so I was among the earliest safety bicycle riders; previous to this I rode the tricycle, but when I set eyes on the safety, I soon abandoned the three wheeler for the two wheels, and subsequently made several 225 mile journeys from Plymouth to London on same, up to date I have covered approximately 125,000 miles on cycles of various makes.

My first bicycle was a "New Rapid" made by St. Georges Engineering Co., of Birmingham, it weighed about fifty pounds, fitted with one inch solid tyres, with hollow rims.

The reason the bicycle of today was called a safety was, because you could not come a cropper on it like you could on the ordinary or high wheeler, a mount I have never ridden. I have competed and won prizes for racing both in Plymouth and out here in Victoria, B.C.

Wishing you and yours the compliments of the season and hoping you are still full of pep as I am.

Yours very truly,

[signed] Chas. J. Piper.

P.S. Shall be delighted to get a line from you any time you feel like writing.

5457 Culloden Street,
Vancouver, B.C.
Sept. 22nd 1936.

Dear Mr. Matheson:

Many thanks for your letter of July 21st, you are right about my total cycle mileage which is somewhere about 225,000 to 250,000, it was around /83 when I started riding the solid tyre safety, a year or two before that I was riding about Plymouth on the tricycle, I was one of the earliest safety riders in Plymouth, there were about half dozen to dozen machines around Plymouth when I got mine, a "New Rapid" cross frame safety with tangent spokes and steering head same as they are today, there were no diamond frames in those days, weight around fifty pounds.

Since the commencement of the Jubilee ceremonies I have to date cycled 1,825 miles, this is taking from June 28th last, (July 659.4) (Aug. 661.3) (Sept. to date 453.2) I think my long runs are over for this year, but my around the city riding will be around 400 to 500 per month, not too bad for a kid. The bicycle has covered to date 100,113.8 miles. How is that for a mouthful? I don't know how long I will be doing the next 100,000.

I am a pretty good healthy subject yet, keeping my subtle brain fully occupied, having several hobbies, the chief being music, I play two instruments, viz. the organ and the aeola, this instrument aeola looks something like a concertina, but is neither that or an accordion, but something a great deal better toned than either. I carry it around a great many miles on the bike, and is just about the same as the organ itself, total weight, in case, seven pounds, a wonderful little instrument made in London, England. I still possess a good tenor voice and am a member of a large church choir, am inordinately fond of church music, to me there is no music like it; clocks is another hobby, have four of my own, all running, so am not hard up for the time, and European makes, at that, one of them is an English fuzee over one hundred years old and running good yet. I always keep the standard time home. Drawing is another at which I am an expert, it comes natural to me like music, so I pass no dull moments altho a widower, with one charming daughter. I find music makes you a heap of friends, but there I think I will draw this lengthy epistle to a close.

With very kindest regards,
Yours very truly,
[signed] Chas. J. Piper.

P.S. Drop a line when you feel that way. On looking over old diaries, I bought my B.S.A. bike, May 18th, 1918.

Another P.S. The organ (3 manuel) that you have up in the Anglican church in Kelowna. I helped back in 1901 to install in the old Wesley Church, I was then in this choir, since then, I have put in twenty years in the Christ Church Anglican choir here, am now in the Chown Church Memorial United Church choir, joining same a few months ago, have had a good musical training, starting when I was about seven years old.

STREET NAMES OF PORT MOODY.

Memo of conversation with John Murray of Port Moody (son of Murray of Royal Engineers), 8 December 1934, with Major J.S. Matthews, City Archivist, Vancouver, B.C.

STREET NAMES OF PORT MOODY.

"Queen Street is the dividing line between the Murray and Clarke properties. The other streets were named as I will tell you."

D.L. 201 (MURRAY PROPERTY.) D.L. 202 (CLARKE PROPERTY.)

Esplanade.
Murray St.—after my father
Clarke St.—after Capt. Clarke
John St.—after myself
St. George St.
Henry St.—after my brother
Jane St.—after my mother and sister
View St.
Little Dominion St.
Dominion St.—after Canada
Little Prince +
Prince St.
Kyle St.—after my brother-in-law
Mary St.
Grant St.—after Capt. Grant, R.E.
Moody St.—after Capt. Moody, R.E.
Hugh St.—after my brother
William St.—after my brother
Little Albert St.
Albert St. +
Charles St.
Douglas St.—after Sir James Douglas
Elgin St.—after Lord Elgin

(+ probably Prince Consort (Albert) or Capt. Clarke's son Albert)

D.L. 190 (MCINNES PROPERTY.)

McInnes St.—after Senator McInnes, afterwards Lieut. Gov. of B.C.
Buller St.—after Dr. Buller, partner of McInnes, and who has relatives now in Vancouver.
Kaulback St.—after Senator Kaulback who bought part of McInnes property.

D.L. 235.

"This was originally Col. Moody's; a strip two chains wide. After Col. Moody left, it was known as the Ford property; Ford was Col. Moody's son-in-law."

D.L. 233.

"I don't know who Moray, Lovatt, Fraser, Gordon and Renfrew were." (Lot 191 was outside the original Port Moody, and at once time belonged to Judge Bole.)

"The map 'Port Moody, the Western Terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, scale 8 chains—1 inch' was got out by Capt. Clarke in 1884; we bought fifty of them, others bought lots of fifty. You will see that they were printed by A. Mortimer, steam litho., Ottawa. They were prepared for distribution to prospective purchasers of lots in Port Moody."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. S.H. RAMAGE, (DAUGHTER OF FORMER ALDERMAN EDWIN SANDERS OF VANCOUVER), 2415 ALDER STREET, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 20 SEPTEMBER 1937.

See Howay's *History of B.C.*, biographical section, Sanders.

ARRIVAL FIRST TRAIN, 23 MAY 1887.

Mrs. Ramage said: "I saw the first train arrive; in fact, we children hardly left the" (C.P.R.) "station long enough that day to eat our meals; the recollection is all very real to me even after fifty years. I was given a bouquet of flowers plucked from the floral decorations on the engine, and pressed a number of them; some went to dust in the process of time, but here are what remain; you may have them for the city of Vancouver, and you can have this photo, too, Dr. Mathison's Christmas card, 1924, of the site of the present C.P.R. station as it looked in the stumps in March 1886."

THE GREAT FIRE, 13 JUNE 1886.

"We lived in the cottages on Prior Street which escaped the fire; they are still standing; oh, yes, here they are; we lived in the west one, on the left. Seventeen men slept on the floor of our home, mostly in the dining room, the night of the fire; Thomas Mathews" (the well-known pioneer real estate agent) "was one of them; we have often joked about it; and Pat Myers—and others—he slept in our chicken coop; they cleared out the chickens and made themselves comfortable." (Note by J.S.M.: Mr. Sander's cottage is now, 1937, numbered 217 Prior Street; the others 221 and 225; see photo N. G. F. 5 and P. Bu. 71. Also see Pat Myers, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.)

PRINCESS STREET, 1889. DUPONT STREET, 1886. PENDER STREET EAST.

"Princess Street! I named Princess Street; we lived on it; they called it Dupont Street, but we did not like the name, so I changed the name to Princess Street; that was before 1890."

(Note by J.S.M.: The original map of Vancouver, adopted by the Council as official, and signed by Mayor MacLean and City Clerk McGuigan, shows Dupont Street in 1886 as extending from Carrall Street to Vernon Drive, but the Dakin Fire Map of November 1889 shows it as "Princess, sometimes called Dupont." The two blocks west of Westminster Avenue (Main Street) were the centre of social degeneracy; and naturally those residents east of Westminster Avenue—where resided many of the most influential citizens—were not complimented, so that part of the street now continuously Pender Street East for miles, was Dupont, and the rest, Princess. Note 2: Directories for 1891 show Mr. Sanders resident at both 306 and 416 Princess Street, both numbers south side between Gore Avenue and Dunlevy. Note 3: The City Archivist surmises that the name "Princess" was in compliment to the little lady who lived there.)

GENEALOGY.

"Mr. Ramage died April 1st 1930, and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery. Our children were:

Edwin, served overseas, now of Vancouver, who is married and has two sons, Edward and Wilbur; Dorothy Ruth, our second child, now in U.S.A.; John Stephen, the third, now in Vancouver, who served overseas in the R.C.H.A., unmarried; Joseph, born 19 September 1900, now 37, unmarried; and youngest is Marguerite, now in Seattle, unmarried. Both Edwin and Stephen were in the Battle of the Somme."

Approved by Mrs. Ramage after reading.

23 September 1937.

JSM.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY, 1959 VENABLE STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C., 25 AUGUST 1936.**

VANCOUVER WEEKLY HERALD. FIRST NEWSBOYS.

Mr. Ridley said: "The old *Herald* was published on Carrall Street, east side, between Powell and Oppenheimer Street; many a time I have turned the handle of the old Washington press; 'Washington press' they called it; had a handle on it like a mangle. We used to print all one side first, one side at a time; the sheet ran forward up the machine; you took it out, and put it in a pile; then you changed the type, and printed all the newspapers on the other side, and then—go out and deliver them. I've done it lost of times."

JACK FANNIN OF HASTINGS. START OF PROVINCIAL MUSEUM.

"Talking about Jack Fannin, who lived in a little cottage out at Hastings, just on the little hill above George Black's; I have often been in his cottage; his collection of stuffed birds and animals started the Provincial Museum at Victoria; he had all the birds and animals you could think of in that little cottage, packed around on the floor, on the walls, everywhere; big barn owls, white owls, mink, martin, everything you could think of.

"I don't know who it was, but someone in authority from Victoria, came over the Douglas Road one day, probably going to Hastings Sawmill or somewhere; it may have been a judge on his rounds to hold court, or it may have been the Premier himself; anyway, the story went that he saw the collection and said to Jack, 'I'm going to see if I can get you moved to Victoria,' and that was how the Provincial Museum started.

"I read an account, oh, long, long ago, in some journal, about a mountain goat which he kept around his cabin; tame one."

BARQUE ROBERT KERR. BARQUE CORNELIS, WRECKED 1871.

(See Hastings Sawmill.) "When I was a little boy, the ribs of the old vessel were lying in the mud, just west of the school house, on the beach in front of the store; that would be about 1880.

"Then there was one vessel, they pulled up on the beach and careened her to clean her; she refitted, got a load of lumber, and put to sea.

"Then, I recall the *Robert Kerr*. She ran on Race Rocks, stove a hole in a her bow; Capt. Soule bought her at auction in Victoria, brought her to Gastown, and beached her right in front of the school house, and repaired her there; then she was towed out and anchored in the stream; you know the rest, she served as coal hulk for the C.P.R."

DR. WALKEM OF HASTINGS SAWMILL. R.H. ALEXANDER OF HASTINGS SAWMILL.

"The two cottages facing the old mill store; well, Henry Harvey lived in the most northerly; afterwards Dr. Walkem lived in it. R.H. Alexander lived in the south one, the one nearest the school."

Harold Ridley died 1937, and was buried in a rude box, by a sorrowing family, who could not afford better. He was a fine man, a natural gentleman.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY, 1833 WEST 4TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1936.

DEADMAN'S ISLAND. EARLY CEMETERIES.

Mr. Ridley said: "The little collection of graves on Deadman's Island wasn't a cemetery; just graves in the trees."

City Archivist: Do you recall where they were. Which way did you turn after you crossed the little footbridge from Stanley Park? My recollection is that we turned to the left a few steps; that is, towards the east.

Mr. Ridley: "No; it was to the west a step or two; into the trees. McCartney's little son was buried apart from the rest; little fence around it."

City Archivist: Well, I remember them as little bits of enclosures, not much bigger than a large table, fenced in with sharp pointed pickets, split cedar or sawn, I forget, and more grass inside the fence than outside, and the seed heads of the grass sticking up above the pickets.

Mrs. Ridley: (smilingly) "That's it."

BROCKTON POINT. EARLY CEMETERIES.

Mr. Ridley: "The graveyard by the nine o'clock gun was just about one hundred feet further on towards Brockton Point; just who was buried there, I cannot think at this moment."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH DR. A.M. ROBERTSON, FIRST CITY HEALTH OFFICER, AT HIS OFFICE, 525 SEYMOUR STREET, VANCOUVER.

Dr. Robertson looks fairly vigorous, luxuriant white hair, and attends his office each day despite the fact that this is his fiftieth year as a medical practitioner, in Vancouver.

I showed Dr. Robertson a photo of a gang of men laying street railway tracks on Powell Street, 1889 (opposite 637 Powell Street, between Heatley and Carl Avenue) and pointed out a building which I hoped he would say was the first hospital, the C.P.R. hospital in Vancouver, 1886.

FIRST HOSPITAL IN VANCOUVER. C.P.R. HOSPITAL.

Dr. Robertson: "I think that *must be* the first hospital, the one the C.P.R. had; it looks like it; the two windows on the side are in the same position, but the building looks almost too new; I am not sure; it is in the position the hospital was, about opposite the old Barnard Castle Hotel, and I don't know what other building it could be. This photo was taken some three years after I was first there, and after the city got their own hospital, perhaps the C.P.R. sold or rented the old building for a store or something; this long white looking building, and this smaller" (darker) "one to the north of it" (with the forest behind.)

DR. J.M. LEFEVRE.

"You see, Dr. Lefevre was the C.P.R. medical superintendent, and I was his assistant; I came here as his assistant. Each week I walked down the right of way from Port Moody while the C.P.R. construction was going on, and visited the camps on the way. Then I went back to Port Moody on the *Princess Louise*. Dr. Lefevre started the hospital."

C.P.R. CONSTRUCTION. PORT MOODY.

"Dr. Lefevre got sick of walking down to the hospital on Powell Street from his office uptown" (on Hastings Street near Granville Street), "got sick of walking back and forth—it was quite a long hard walk in the mud and roots in those days—and he left it to me to do, and" (significantly) "the walk back from Port Moody, too."

STREET CAR RAILS (CURVES). MAYOR GARDEN (HERMON, BURWELL AND GARDEN).

"Look at these curves" (passing siding) "in these car tracks." (See photo C.V.P. Trans. 11. N. Trans 7.) "Those were all curved by hand. I remember once someone saying to Jimmy Garden that the street car

curves on the street car corners were better than they used to be, and Jimmy retorted, 'Yes, I put them in, but we put them in by hand.' The curve in the rails in those days, in the first street car tracks, were all done by hand. Nowadays the curves in the rails are put in by machinery, before they are laid, but when the first street car curves were put down in Vancouver, it was all done by hand."

THE FIRST NURSE.

City Archivist: Remarkable thing, Dr. Robertson, that you, the doctor, and J.B. Kay, a patient, both of the first hospital, are still with us to celebrate the Golden Jubilee year.

Dr. Robertson: "Don't recall Kay. The hospital was a two-storey affair; only two beds I can recall upstairs. Hughes, who was cook as well as nurse, slept up there, and afterwards there was a woman used to come; she slept up there. I was never up there more than once or twice; the four beds and kitchen were downstairs; it was right beside the track, but of course there were no ties on the right of way from Port Moody; I walked on the grade."

As narrated to me today, 19 February 1936.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION OF A FEW MOMENTS WITH MRS. JONATHAN ROGERS OF VANCOUVER, 16 FEBRUARY 1938.

Who very kindly called at the City Archives and presented me with a small and a large copper medallion, issued by C.W. McCain, in 1901, etc., made from the historic steamer *Beaver*, and also with a coverless copy of the first edition of the history of the *Beaver*, autographed by the author, C.W. McCain.

S.S. BEAVER.

Mrs. Rogers: "Of course, you know, Mr. McCain blew up the *Beaver*; that was to increase the value of his own relics, so that no one else should get any more."

Major Matthews: Well, may I presume to point out, this office has to be very, very careful what they record.

Mrs. Rogers: "Quite so. All I know of it personally is that Mr. Rogers" (Mrs. Rogers's husband) "told me he" (Mr. McCain) "did; that he blew her up."

DEADMAN'S ISLAND. STANLEY PARK.

"I was in London, and Lord Dunedin asked me, 'How is the island; have you got it still?'"

"I replied, 'Yes, we have,' and he answered, 'And, so you should have; I know something about it; it was proven that it was part of the reserve'" (Stanley Park); "I had the last word in that matter, on the Privy Council."

"Then Lord Dunedin said to me, 'What you ought to ask me is, How much were you offered?'"

Major Matthews: Did Lord Dunedin say that to you?

Mrs. Rogers: "Oh, yes. That I know about positively. Those were his remarks to me; there's no hearsay about that."

DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

The judgment of Lord Dunedin, of Privy Council, London, England, in the Deadman's Island case, Attorney-General of B.C. versus Attorney-General of Canada, 1906, Appeal cases, page 552. (In Corporation Counsel's Office, City Hall.)

BY AN OLD TIMER.

To have served under every mayor since the incorporation of Vancouver, is the unique distinction held by two civic employees, Chief J.H. Carlisle, head of Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade, Vancouver's Fire Brigade, and Josiah Romang, janitor of the City Hall.

VANCOUVER VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE. CHIEF J.H. CARLISLE. JOSIAH ROMANG. SAM PEDGRIFT.

Although Chief Carlisle became head of the fire brigade in the fall of 1886, on the hurried departure of Sam Pedgrift to the land of the Stars and Stripes, the fire brigade was then a volunteer organisation and his appointment was made by election, by the members, and he continued to carry on his dray and teaming business. Chief Carlisle's first civic appointment was to the office License, Fire and Health Inspector, to which he was appointed by the City Council on 24 January 1887, at a salary of \$75 per month. These duties he performed, as well as acting as chief of the volunteer fire brigade, until the city established a paid department, when he became its chief and was relieved of his other office.

Mr. Romang, or "Joe" as he is usually called, arrived in Vancouver shortly after the Great Fire, and well remembers the day when he and his wife landed at the Hastings Mill wharf, off the old side-wheeler *Princess Louise*. "That was the only wharf in those days," explained "Joe." "Vancouver was then a very small place, and nearly the whole site of the present city was covered with blackened stumps or standing timber. At first, my wife and I boarded at the old Brunswick Hotel on Hastings Street, kept by Pat Carey. A few months later I bought a lot on Homer Street, and built the first residence on that street. The lot was on the east side, just south of the lane off Pender Street, and soon after the Methodist Parsonage was built opposite it and also a house, in which the late Mayor Garden and several others kept Bachelor Hall. I sold the lot many years ago and the house was pulled down."

HIRSCHBERG. J.P. LAWSON. MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY. H.P. MCCRANEY. FIRST BURIAL. LELAND HOTEL.

It was in the year 1887, during Mayor MacLean's second term of office, that Mr. Romang's connection with the city started, so that he has been in the city's employ for about 37 years. The late J.P. Lawson, Vancouver's first City Engineer, engaged him to assist in laying out the cemetery, which had just been granted the city by the Provincial Government. H.P. McCraney, who now resides in Point Grey, was one of those who had the contract for clearing the land, and as the contractors finished a section, the engineer surveyed the four corners of the space to be used for burial purposes, and Joe Romang and another man laid it out in plots for graves.

The first burial to take place in the city cemetery was that of a man named Hirschberg, of Hirschberg and Somes, the first proprietors of the old Leland Hotel, who committed suicide.

CEMETERY ROAD. NORTH ARM ROAD.

Only a small amount of the clearing had then been done, but sufficient brush and timber had been got off to enable the grave to be dug in a corner. The road to the cemetery was in terrible shape in those early days, and the hearses and funeral rigs often sunk down to the axles in the mud.

That job at the cemetery led to further engagements in the City Engineer's Department, and for many years the payroll of the Board of Works regularly contained his name. As rod and chain man, he has assisted in establishing the grade and laying out the streets, and other civic works in all the older portions of the city. A short time after the civic offices were moved from Powell Street to the present structure, Mr. Romang was appointed to the position of caretaker and has held down that job ever since.

During the early years of his tenure as caretaker, the upper floor of the buildings was not used for civic purposes, and was available for hire, for meetings, etc., and "Joe" had to attend to the letting of same. Many exciting political gatherings were held in that hall, in quite a few, of which, the late Joseph Martin took a prominent part.

MARKET HALL, 1890. CITY HALL.

Small travelling theatrical companies also rented the hall, which was provided with a stage, the late Harry Lindley and his company, including "Little Mystic," appearing regularly for a lengthy engagement for many years.

Nearly every successive city council has for many years re-arranged, added to, or altered in some way this apology for a city hall which was erected in 1890, from plans prepared by C.W.H. Sansom for a civic market. This was the first of two buildings which the city has erected for market purposes, both of which have proved dismal failures.

January 27th 1925.

Copied from a penciled manuscript in the Library of the *Daily Province*, discarded as of no further use at the death of Mr. Romang in June 1939.

This manuscript was undoubtedly written by Cecil Carter-Cotton, a son of the Hon. F.L. Carter-Cotton, proprietor of the old *News-Advertiser*. Mr. Cecil Carter-Cotton was a journalist and reporter of high standing, and prior to his death soon after 1925-30, was a reporter on the *Province*. He frequently wrote reminiscences of this character.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH HENRY S. ROWLING, SON OF W.H. ROWLING, OF ROWLINGS, NORTH ARM, WHO WENT TO LIVE ON HIS MILITARY GRANT IN SOUTH VANCOUVER IN 1868, TAKING HIS SON, THEN FOUR YEARS OLD, WITH HIM, AT CITY HALL, 15 JULY 1935.

BURNABY LAKE, FIRST LOGGING OPERATIONS. BRUNETTE RIVER.

"It was me who opened up the Brunette River for logging; before I opened it up no logs whatever had been taken out of Burnaby Lake; the only timber which had been cut was the brush, and surveying, and roads; that was about 1890 or 1891 when I was about 26 or 28. We had no contract at all, just logging for the open market; when you first bought land in this province everything went with it, timber, minerals, water rights, and, on the banks, right down to low tide. We took out about five million feet and sold most of it to the Brunette Sawmill at Sapperton. No royalties in those days, at least not on that land, but we paid stumping of 50¢ or 75¢ a thousand to the owner of the land."

WATER SUPPLY, NEW WESTMINSTER.

"Before I could start to use the Brunette River for logging, I applied to the Provincial Government for a charter to do so; it was necessary to put a dam across the river. The City of New Westminster petitioned against the granting of the charter as they had a water pipe across the stream, and they got an injunction from Judge McCreight to stop us driving logs down the Brunette. The trial was quite a long affair, a long story, but the gist of it is that I won; even with all the petitions, and I succeeded in getting our charter, that is, myself. Afterwards William McPherson joined me. The city thought that the logs would break the supports in the Brunette River which supported the pipes and brought to the city of Westminster from the Coquitlam the only water supply the city had. The supports were never damaged by us."

LOGGING, BURNABY.

"Well, we first built a skid road down to Still Creek to just west of Douglas Road; then we dammed the Brunette, but had to move our rollway landing" (where the logs are put in the water) "as we had dammed the Brunette so high that we could not float the logs under the Douglas Road bridge across Still Creek, so then we commenced to put our logs in the lake on the east side of the bridge.

"Still Creek was a little paradise of a place at that time. The crab apple trees overhung the banks of the creek, and to look down it was like looking down a beautiful sinuous avenue with green overhanging boughs all white with blossoms, and so sweet smelling; when the crab apple trees were in blossom—they were very numerous—the sweet scent was most pleasant. The banks were lined with wild flowers. The brown water was so still that it acted like a mirror, so that when looking down upon it you could see your own face midst the reflections of the white crab apple blossoms on the trees above you. Sometimes we took a little excursion or picnic, party, down to our camp—took them on the little steamer I will tell you about.

"I gave Bill Smith a contract to take the logs down Still Creek and across Burnaby Lake to the dam at the head of the Brunette River; that was before McPherson joined me."

STEAMER ON BURNABY LAKE.

“Bill got a small steamer, no name that I can recall, and put it on a sleigh, and hauled it with horses—early spring time—from George Black’s at Hastings to Still Creek on Douglas Road; a little bark burner; there were no gasoline boats in those days.”

BRUNETTE RIVER DAMS.

“When the logs got to the dam at the head of the river—we built two dams, one was down river about a mile, the fall of land compelled the second dam—we flooded the logs down to the Fraser River.

“We logged that area of land north of Still Creek near Douglas Road; mostly fir, cedar and spruce, fair sized logs, twenty inches to five foot six; compared with other logging localities it was not first class; there was not the percentage of clear timber.”

PRICE OF LOGS.

“That fall the price of logs was \$5.75 per 1,000 feet for fir; the next spring it was down to \$4.00. If we had sold the logs that fall we would have finished out operations with five span of horses, five yoke of oxen, our completed camp, our equipment and improvements, all to the clear and about \$1,500 in the bank to the good, but Mr. McPherson did not want to sell until the spring. There were no log scalers in those days, and the mill men claimed that the water stained through the sap and damaged the wood, and so gave a lower scale in the spring after the logs had lain in the water all winter—at least, the mill men claimed the water stained the sap. In addition, we had to boom them for towing down the Fraser—we did not sell to the Brunette Sawmill who would have taken them in the fall, but would not in the spring—and that cost us 50¢ a thousand we would have saved if the Brunette had taken them at the mouth of the Brunette—then we lost a boom of 400,000 feet in the gulf, and we sold one boom of 400,000, and took a note of it for ninety days, but the mill failed before it came due, and the outcome of the whole thing was that we got practically nothing for our logs and summer’s work.

“That’s the story of the first logging on Burnaby Lake.”

As narrated to me, and corrected by Mr. Rowling afterwards. J.S.M.

22 July – added:

PETER CORDINER. KRIDLAND’S, AFTERWARDS LAWSON’S. BILL DANIELS, “CREEPING JESUS.” SOUTH VANCOUVER MUNICIPAL COUNCIL, FIRST MEETING. FIRST SCHOOL.

“Kridland’s owned the land on the river front west of the North Arm Road” (Fraser Avenue) “and afterwards sold to Lawson’s. Bill Daniels owned a large area on the east side of the road, facing Kridland’s, and also on the river bank. Daniels sold the piece next to the road to Peter Cordiner” (alderman of first Vancouver city council) “for one thousand dollars; afterwards he sold the rest up river for \$25,000.

“The Cordiner barn, in which Mr. Chaldecott says the first meeting of the South Vancouver Municipal Council took place, was beside the North Arm road. The first school was on the northeast corner of River Road and North Arm Road, almost where it is now.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH HENRY S. ROWLING, FORMERLY OF ROWLING, NORTH ARM, FRASER RIVER, WHO CAME TO SOUTH VANCOUVER AS A CHILD, FOUR YEARS OLD, IN 1868, 22 SEPTEMBER 1937.

LOGGING OFF THE FOREST. ROWLING ISLAND.

Mr. Rowling said: "Jim and John Gillies logged their logs down to a boom between Rowling Island and the north bank of the river; they held the logs there in a boom between island and shore. Jim McWhinnie" (James McWhinnie, latterly owner of the Badminton Hotel, now of Western Parkway, Point Grey) "was barking for the Gillies" (taking off bark from logs.)

C.P.R. GRANT.

"I did quite a little logging in many places. The logs I got off the C.P.R. grant were put in the water on the North Arm through 'Daniels' Ditch,' somewhere about the foot of Ontario Street; there was a creek between Ontario and Manitoba Street, I think it was. The creek ran into the ditch and filled it, and we had a flood gate near the river, and when we opened the flood gates, all the logs, front ones first, floated out into the ditch through low ground to the river. There were three flood gates on that ditch, each lower than the other; the logs were lowered by stages."

DANIELS OF NORTH ARM. CRIDLAND OF NORTH ARM.

"William Daniels' place fronted on what we now call Fraser Avenue; also on the river bank, east of the road. Cridland fronted on Fraser Avenue and the river bank west of the road; John Daniels was west again of Cridland's—on D.L. 311—the Daniels Ditch was on John Daniels' property."

D.B. CHARLESON'S CAMP.

"We yarded in the single logs on branch skid roads with four or six oxen, and made the single logs up into 'turns' of logs, and then hitched on six or so, five or six, yoke of oxen, and dragged them to the water, oh, one or two miles, usually less than that. D.B. Charleson had a camp at Millside, now Fraser Mills, about Westminster, and I have seen him take out some big turns of logs, thirty thousand feet in a turn. Of course, the skids were oiled—with fish oil—though in some places where it was steep, the skids were sanded to stop the logs getting down on the oxen; sometimes we had a pole or tongue between the two beasts in the first yoke, to stop the logs running up on the oxen; once in a while there was an accident, and the logs came down on them, and killed or injured one or two, but not often."

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

Major Matthews: What do you think of this for a drawing by an Indian? (showing coloured drawing by Haatsalano.)

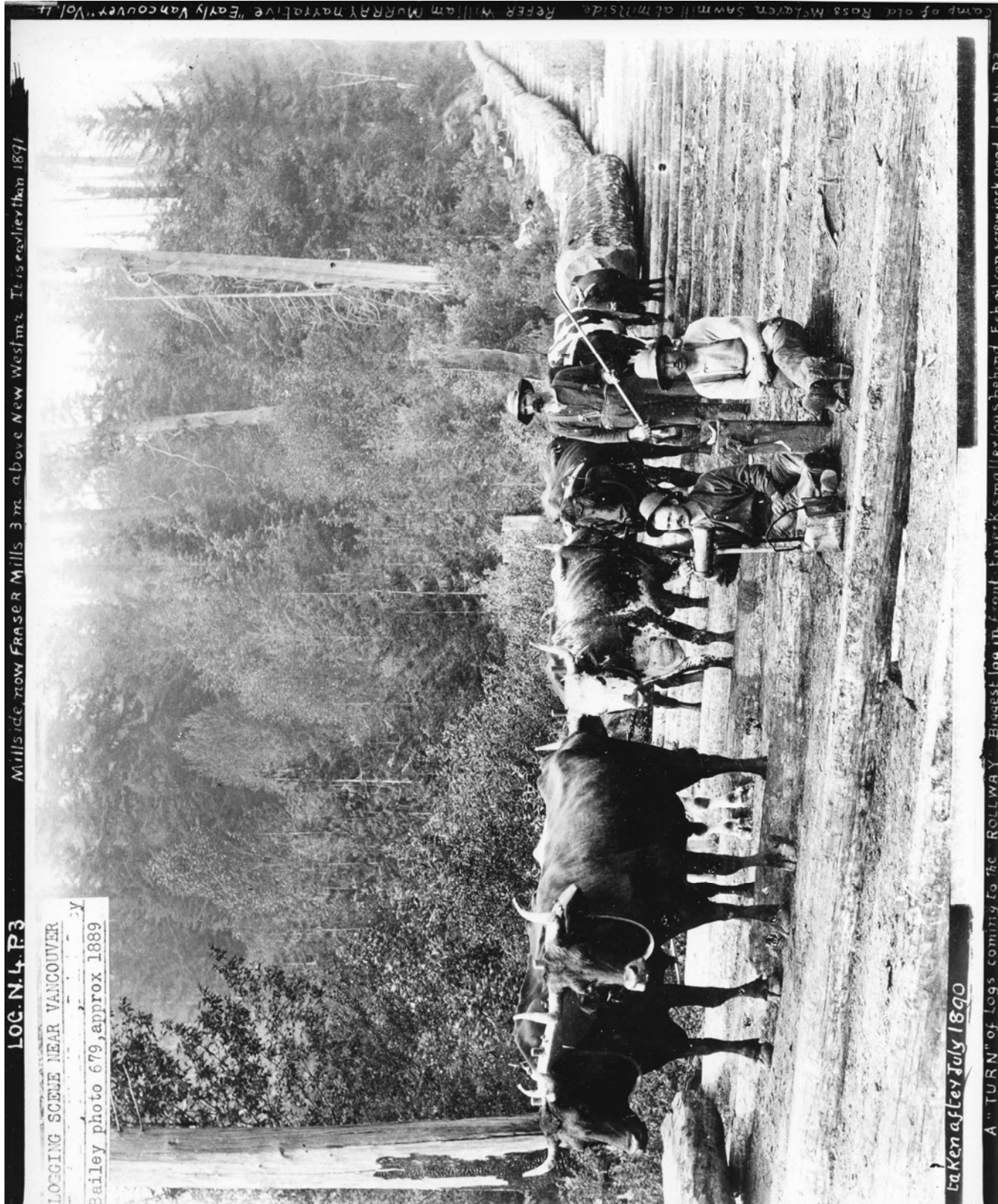
Mr. Rowling: "Indians! Draw! Why I have seen them take a piece of charcoal, and draw your face on the end of a log so that you could recognise it."

Millside, now Fraser Mills 3 m. above New Westminster. It is earlier than 1891

LOG. N. 4. P. 3

LOGGING SCENE NEAR VANCOUVER

Bailey photo 679, approx 1889



Taken after July 1890

A "TURN" of logs coming to the ROLLWAY. Biggest log in front to jerk small logs behind. Fish can screw jack good. Log N. 4. P. 3

Chapman's Logway millside B.C. published page 26 News Advertiser Christmas number 1889-0890

Item # EarlyVan_v5_028

[photo annotation:]

Logging scene near Vancouver.

Bailey photo 679, approx 1889

Charleson's Logway, Millside B.C. published page 26 News-Advertiser Christmas number 1889 [text obscured]

taken after July 1890

A "TURN" of logs coming to the "ROLLWAY." Biggest log in front, to jerk smaller logs behind, fish oil can, screw jack, goad. Camp of old Ross McLaren sawmill at Millside. Refer William Murray narrative, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. [text obscured.]

CHARLIE DAGGETT. DAGGETT AND FURRY.

"Charlie Daggett got his logs out of Magee's ditch on Magee's farm, D.L. 194. He paid Magee six hundred dollars for the use of the ditch, and got into a lawsuit." (Note: Daggett and Furry also had a camp in Stanley Park.) "He dug the ditch himself; the six hundred dollars was for the right of way through Magee's property."

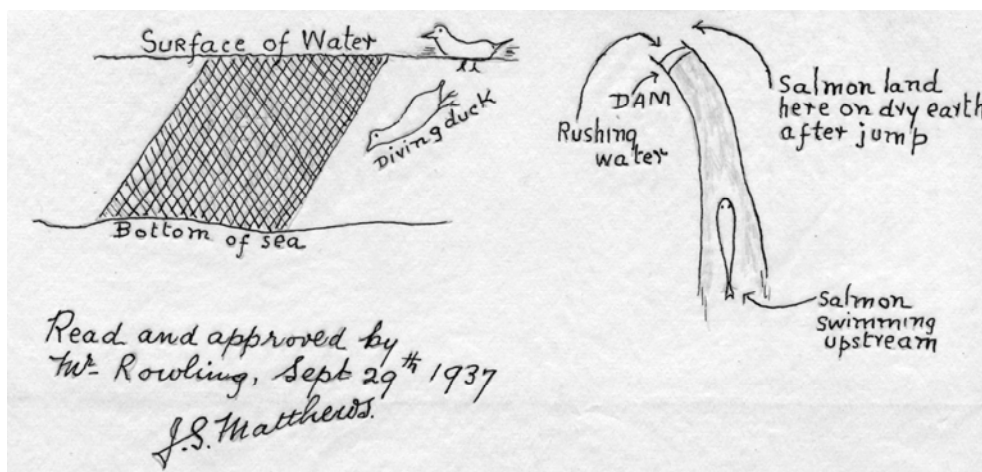
INDIAN FOOD. OOLICHANS. STURGEON. SALMON.

"I see in the *Advertiser*" (Burnaby) "George Green says we packed oolichans in barrels for the winter; we never did. We never bothered with oolichans, except once in a while; and he says we put up barrels of salmon for the winter; we never did. We used to put up a few salmon bellies; they used to cut the bellies off, and throw the backs in the river. I have seen the backs, lots of them, floating down North Arm. Same with sturgeon; we never used sturgeon, never used them, but they got in the fishermen's nets; big things, sturgeon, 400, 500, as much as 800 pounds, tore the nets all to pieces; they were big fish; hard to kill; you can pound a hole in a sturgeon's brain, and he's still alive; we did not eat sturgeon, they were not saleable; very saleable now; about twenty-five cents a pound; I liked sturgeon; makes nice meat pie; can hardly tell it from meat."

INDIAN FOOD. DUCKS. SALMON.

"You know, the Indians are clever. They used to fix a sort of dam in a stream, a little stream, so that the water rushed down; little bend in the creek. I don't know just how they fixed it; the water must have come in through the side in a little 'box.' Anyway, salmon are strong swimmers, and would take a rush up stream below the little dam, and then jump, and would land on dry land.

"Then they had a way of netting ducks. I've seen them down at Boundary Bay. They would spread a big net in the water, spread it on an angle, a slope, from the bottom to the surface; angle of forty-five degrees, I'd say; and the ducks would dive, or course, and they curved up towards the surface, they got caught in the nets."



Item # EarlyVan_v5_029



	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
HASTINGS SAWMILL, July 1886																															
1	Forest beyond	6	Shack																												
2	Smoke of clearing fires	7	Campfield cottage	for	11	Water box or troughs																									
3	Duck pond, invisible	8	Cap Neilson cottage, near	11	Library	12	Mechanic's Institute																								
4	Bachelors shacks	9	Two cottages, for up Dunlavy Ave	13	Fire Hall, open door	14	School roof																								
5	"	"	"	15	Old old store, ledge, kansas	16	Sawdust, Playground																								
Observe closely the water																															
flume on supports; in																															
flume is Cap Neilson's; he saw																															
underground to cook house																															
for J Bell-Ivings-Henry B-I																															
The two distant houses are																															
for J Bell-Ivings-Henry B-I																															
The "Hastings Institute" also included the library,																															
308-310 Alexander St																															
the genesis of our cultural institutions.																															
The First Store.																															
See photos CVR MI-19, N. Mi. 2																															
" " " P. Mi. 11, N. Mi. 12																															
See "Early Vancouver", Vol. III,																															
pages 70-73, Matthews,																															
City Archives 56.																															
See "Dakim Fire Map, Nov. 1889																															
<i>J. S. Matthews</i>																															

Item # EarlyVan_v5_030

[photo annotation:]

HASTINGS SAWMILL, July 1886

Hastings Institute Fire Engine Shed The First Store

1 Fore st beyond

2 Smoke of clearing fires

3 Duck pond, invisible

4 Bachel or shacks

5 Bachel or shacks

Observe closely, the water flume on supports; in lower left hand corner

6 Shack

7 Caulfield cottage, far

8 Capt. Neilson cottage, near

9 Two cottages, far up Dunlevy Av.

10 Flume, water, 12" x 8" deep

The white cottage with white fence is Capt. Neilson's; the saw filer. (Neilson Creek, West Vancouver.)

11 Water box or troughs

12 Library & Mechanic's Institute

13 Fire Hall, open door. Ducks

14 Office

15 Old old store. Lodge, dances

At 11, the flume goes underground to cookhouse

16 Sawdu st. Playground

17 Gran dstand

18 School roof

19 Tow houses on Alexander St.

20 Dunlevy Ave (white fence)

The two distant houses are for Dr. Bell-Irving and Henry B-I 308-310 Alexander St.

21 R.H. Alexander big house

22 Roof of oil house

23 Pig sty (long building)

24 Cookhouse, bell in cupola

25 Hastings Mill Store

The Hastings Institute also included the Library, the genesis of our cultural institutions.

26 Ald. C.A. Coldwell's cottage

27 Road to Granville

28 Clea ring; stumps

29 Lumbe r

30 Burrard Inlet near

Coldwell's cottage saved, 13 June

See photos C.V. P. Mi. 19, N. Mi. 2

See photos C.V. P. Mi. 11, N. Mi. 12

See "Early Vancouver," Vol. III, pages 70-73 [*of original volume*], Matthews.

City Archives. J.S.M.

See Dakin Fire Map, Nov. 1889

J.S. Matthews

According to Mrs Ruby M Bower nee Spender (Mrs E. Hays) second school teacher at Hastings Mill

this photo was taken Friday June 11th 1886 - two days before GREAT FIRE bid 1 45 N



HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL, first school, 1873, whites and Indians. Mr Palmer, teacher, on walk, ~~_____~~ date 1886

June 11th 1886

Alderman Peter
Cordrey's cottage
at rear on right

Think building was demolished as it was in the way of P.R. construction. J.S.M.

[photo annotation:]

Hastings Sawmill School, first school, 1873, whites and Indians. Mr. Palmer, teacher, on walk, June 11th 1886.

Think building was demolished as it was in the way of C.P.R. construction.

Alderman Peter Cordiner's cottage at rear on right.

This photo was taken Friday June 11th 1886 – two days before Great Fire.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HENRY S. ROWLING, PIONEER OF VANCOUVER, 1868, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES TO CHAT, 3 JANUARY 1938.

FOREST FIRES. GILLIES' CAMP. ROYAL OAK.

Mr. Rowling said: "There was a tremendous forest fire started north of the" (River Road) "trail, where Gillies' camp was, just east of our place on D.L. 258, when I was about ten years old; that would be about 1874. A big wind drove it along about as fast as you could walk, and it went a long distance, and was fairly wide; I don't know how wide, but it was more than two miles long; it ran up in the direction of Royal Oak. That is the only really big fire between Vancouver and New Westminster that I can recall."

W.H. ROWLING OF ROWLING. D.L. 258. CHIEF SEMIALANO.

"I don't know who the James Brown is who is recorded as preempting D.L. 330 before Father bought it, but there was such a Brown. He was living on D.L. 258 at the time. I don't know where he went, nor anything about him, except that he was there; because the old Indian chief, Semialano" (sic), "I don't know how his name is spelt, but it was something like that, was in the cabin one day, and Brown was cleaning his" (Brown's) "rifle, and the rifle discharged. The bullet passed" (horizontally) "through the chief's shirt, across his stomach—the chief wasn't hurt."

"Before that accident they had been trying to get him to talk English, but he gave them to understand he could not talk English; he used signs; but when the gun discharged, he lost his temper, and he could swear in English. I used to hear Father talking about it when I was a boy. The old chief couldn't talk English, but" (laughing) "he could swear in it; really good."

JAMES GIRLIN METCALFE. D.L. 328. MARY ROWLING. PREEMPTIONS.

"D.L. 328 was in Mother's name at one time; Mary Rowling."

"This was the way the sections ran. First there was Boundary Road, then D.L. 331 was my brother's, James William Russell Rowling; then D.L. 330, myself, Henry Sayre Rowling; the D.L. 258, Father's, William Henry Rowling; then D.L. 329, W.H. Rowling; then 328, Mary Rowling; and then 327A and B, a long, narrow strip along the river front, that was William Daniels; and then came the road, what we call Fraser Avenue now."

"Across the road was D.L. 313, Cridland's; John Daniels had D.L. 322 at the foot of Ontario Street, and William Daniels had D.L. 327 east of Fraser Avenue."

BELL ISLAND. TWIGG ISLAND. ROWLING ISLAND.

"'Jimmy' Bell got the crown grant of Twigg Island; at one time it was called Bell's Island. Rowling Island was sold after Father died for \$500, and three years later was sold for \$35,000."

W.H. ROWLING.

"Father got mixed up in some slate quarry up the coast, and gave property as security to the Bank of Montréal, but Mr. Sweeny" (Campbell Sweeny), "the manager, said that as long as Father lived he would 'carry him.' But when he died, Mr. Sweeny said, 'He's dead now,' and told me to sell. I sold for \$5,500, but Thomas Kidd, one of the trustees, died, and they appointed another, and then he was coming to see me, and there was a train accident and he was killed, and finally they appointed Mutrie, but there was so much delay, and the price of real estate was going up so fast in the real estate boom that finally I sold for \$58,000. They tried to make me deliver for \$5,500 because I had accepted \$50 as a deposit, but the judge told them that, according to their own evidence, I had told them I did not own the land; that it belonged to trustees, and that they acknowledged I had given them the address of the trustees, and told them to go and see them."

Series of six logging scenes, 1890. Logs from heights above taken by rail down valley from Quilchena, etc, through Kitsilano to English Bay. Camp could also be reached by trail from North Arm Road (Granville St) going west
City Archives JSM



Kitsilano, circa 1890. A logging camp in the unnamed area of forest, now Kitsilano. The logs were yarded to logging railhead by yoke of sixteen oxen, load onto cars, and hauled on non rails by steam locomotive to log dump on shore of English Bay at foot of Trutch St where they were rolled into salt water at foot of Trutch St; boomed and towed to Hastings Sawmill. Scene No 6. This logging camp was in low area near present Quilchena Golf course.
Photo presented, 1940, by John Elliott & Miss Dawson, City Archives

[photo annotation:]

Series of six logging scenes, 1890. Logs from heights above taken by rail down valley from Quilchena, etc., through Kitsilano to English Bay. Camp could also be reached by trail from North Arm Road (Granville St.) going west.

Kitsilano, circa 1890. A logging camp in the unnamed area of forest, now Kitsilano. The logs were yarded to logging railhead by yoke of sixteen oxen, load onto cars, and hauled on iron rails by steam locomotive to log dump on shore of English Bay at foot of Trutch St. where they were rolled into salt water at foot of Trutch St.; boomed and towed to Hastings Sawmill. Scene No. 6. This logging camp was in low area near present Quilchena Golf course.

Photo presented, 1940, by John Elliott & Miss Dawson. City Archives.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH HENRY S. ROWLING, WHO CAME TO SOUTH VANCOUVER IN 1868 TO HIS FATHER'S MILITARY GRANT OF LAND.

PEMBERTON TRAIL. SEYMOUR CREEK TRAIL.

Mr. Rowling said: "The reason the Seymour Creek trail was a failure was because the cattle got sore feet. The cattle had been raised on the Pemberton Meadows, on the soft ground, and had soft feet, and when they got on that hard trail, the gravel and rocks made their feet sore, they lay down, and would not walk."

OXEN.

"I often thought they might have shod them. We did it, but I was never good at it myself; their hooves are thin. We used to put a band under their bellies and haul them up off the ground, then shoe them."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. (CAPT.) H. SACRET, 415 TENTH AVENUE EAST, ONE OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS OF MOUNT PLEASANT, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 19 JANUARY 1937.

WILLIAM JOHN ALLEN.

Mrs. Sacret said: "My father, William John Allen, builder, came to Vancouver from Emerson, Manitoba, together with my mother, Elizabeth, who died September 6th 1936" (see Obituary Book, page 146), "and we resided on Hornby Street for a period, and then—before the street cars ran up the hill to Mount Pleasant" (November 1891) "—we built at home at 23" (West) "Twelfth Avenue, and we remained there until Father's death about 1924. Father never filled any public office in Vancouver."

W.J. ANNAND. FIRST AUTOMOBILE WEDDING. FIRST AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS.

"W.J. Annand, my brother-in-law, who has a grocery store now at the corner of 16th Avenue and Cambie Street, had the first automobile business in Vancouver, in the old wooden building still standing on the south side of Hastings Street, just east of Columbia Street." (See Fire Insurance map of Vancouver, 1889, where it is shown as a "livery" stable.)

"My wedding was the first automobile wedding in Vancouver." (Captain and Mrs. H. Sacret.) "It was a kind of cold wedding, too, in an open car, and they played all kinds of tricks upon us; white streamers behind and all that sort of thing, and the car was open and as we drove down to the Seattle boat at the C.P.R. wharf, everybody could look at us seated high up in the motor car without any protection from wind, weather, or their gaze. We were married by the Rev. John Hethington, Methodist, at 23 West Twelfth Avenue, 14th September 1905, and drove down to the *Princess Victoria*; I think that was the boat; we were going to Seattle for the honeymoon. It was the first four-cycle engine in Vancouver. The Governor-General, Earl Grey, had a ride around the park in it in 1909. W.J. Annand came here about 1898, and started a bicycle store; at first, a little way up Hastings Street" (to the east) "and then he went in with the Starks, and moved down the street a little to the old livery stable I spoke of; that was before I was married on September 14th 1905. Mr. Annand was in the bicycle business, and then went in with Willie, Walter and Ernest Stark" (Vancouver Cycle and Auto Co.) "and then they brought out a car, a little one at first, and then the big red one."

FIRST STARK AUTOMOBILES. "THE ROLLING PEANUT."

"Automobiles would never run in those days; they would get stuck, and people would pass remarks; call to us, 'Get a horse,' jeeringly. They called the first little one we had the 'rolling peanut.' I used to stop at the store" (Vancouver Auto and Cycle Company) "on Hastings Street, and they" (Mr. Annand or Mr. Stark, partners) "would send me home to Mount Pleasant in the car. It used to bump up and down, especially when going over a crossing" (when Vancouver had macadam roads, and the crossings at street corners were three boards, twelve-inch planks side by side, and the earth used to wear away on each side of the crossing.)

"I had to sit in the only seat beside the driver, and there was nothing to hang onto, and I did not like to hang onto him; oh, it was terrible; you couldn't hang onto a man out in the street with passing pedestrians on the sidewalks to watch. They used to say at the shop, 'Take Miss Louie home in the peanut,' and I did not know the 'boys' who drove; it was terrible. Billy Stark is the only one of the Stark boys living."

"Capt. Sacret is on the Hudson's Bay steamer *Silverpalm* now."

Unrevised, J.S.M.

Note: a postcard photo of the wedding automobile shows Earl Grey and three ladies, with Stark as driver, in front of the "Hollow Tree" in Stanley Park. (See photo C.V. P. Trans. 27.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION (PHONE) WITH MR. J. FRED SANDERS, 1232 WEST FIFTEENTH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, 25 FEBRUARY 1937.

Son of Alderman Edwin Sanders, member of City Council, 1887, and 1895 (by-election), and brother to Mrs. S.H. Ramage, 2415 Alder Street, Vancouver.

ARRIVAL, FIRST TRAIN, VANCOUVER, 23 MAY 1887.

Mr. Sanders said: "I was born in Winnipeg, April 30th 1882, and came with Father and Mother to Vancouver, via Portland, Seattle and Victoria in March 1886. Father was an alderman on the Council of 1887.

"I was only five years old at the time we went down to meet the first train to arrive in Vancouver, and don't remember very much about it, except that Father often impressed upon us that we had been there, and had witnessed the inauguration of a great Imperial service. My sister, Mrs. Ramage, was with us when we met the train, but my wife was not. She was not here then."

FOR ILLUSTRATIONS.

See *British Columbia*, Biographical, Vol. IV, page 556 and 612 for illustrations of Mr. Edwin and Mr. J. Fred Sanders, and narrative.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN HENRY SCALES, TODAY THE CITIZEN OF VANCOUVER WHO SAW BURRARD INLET EARLIER THAN ANY LIVING PERSON, ONE OF THE CHILD PASSENGERS OF THE *THAMES CITY*, APRIL 1859, OF 3520 MAIN STREET, VANCOUVER, AND WHO VERY KINDLY DROPPED INTO THE CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, AND REMAINED CHATTING FOR ABOUT TWO HOURS, 14 JANUARY 1938.

Note: Mr. Scales is 84, came alone by street car, looks a picture of health, a clear facial complexion with tinge of colour, a mustache almost but not quite white, and slightly drooping at the ends; considerable hair almost white, a tolerably firm step for a man of his age, and a happy smile.

He tells me Mrs. Scales is not so well; has been confined to her bed since just before Christmas; overdid it—they have been married fifty-three years—but is a little better today.

FOREST FIRES. THE BLACK TRAIL.

Major Matthews: Mr. Scales. You were born on the 26th June 1854, so that you must have been nearly five years old when you arrived, and ought to remember things pretty well; what forest fires can you recollect about here?

Mr. Scales: "Between here and Westminster? Well! That fire that came through there, I think started up near Port Moody, and came through back of New Westminster, at the back of the town; it cut around the place where the Royal Columbia Hospital is now at Sapperton; burned two houses down and passed right through at the back, between Westminster and Burnaby Lake; you can see the marks there yet; the tall black tree stumps, high ones, along there by the interurban, the Vancouver-Central Park interurban electric railway line; the fire passed right through there; it took everything before it, timber and everything; *it was an awful fire.*" (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, "Black Trail.")

"Father had a piece of property about two and a half miles out of town" (Westminster) "on the road to Port Moody, out Burquitlam way, just about where the road turns off at an angle to go to Port Moody. You go past Sapperton, down the hill, across the bridge over the Brunette, up the hill; there was a stream at the back running into the Brunette. We were kids; Mother, Father and the four of us children were out there—it was before George was born" (note: George is supposed to have been born June 24th 1865 and, it is

said, has been getting his Old Age Pension, which starts at 70, for about two years); “we had a log cabin; I think the old log cabin is there yet.

“We kids saw the fire coming; we were scared; Father had a dry well, and we were all ready to get into it; Father was going to put us down the well until the fire went over us, but it went past us. Mother and Father were fighting the fire in a fern patch close to the house; I was only a bit of a kid at the time, but I remember seeing the fire coming towards us from Port Moody way, and it got past us, and we were there for *three days* before anyone could get out to see if we were all burned up, or not. It was just the family living there, Mother, Father, and the four children. We never heard how it started; somebody cutting wood or something, I guess.

“I don’t know exactly what year that was, but Father took that property up just before the Royal Engineers went back to England” (October 1863) “and it was before we came to Burrard Inlet. The reason we came to Burrard Inlet was because Father had his thumb poisoned, and his hand was in a sling for nine months, and he had to give up; he had Mother and the children, and could do nothing” (no work.) “I remember the incident well enough; Father had the empty well, and we were all ready to get into it ... I was twelve when we came to Burrard Inlet, so that the big fire must have been 1865 or 1866.”

FOREST FIRES. JEREMIAH ROGERS. TRACTION ENGINES. JERICO.

“Then, I remember the fire that old Jerry Rogers started out at Point Grey; it was the first year that he went out, I think. We had a road tractor engine out there, a steam tractor, the one that was brought out for the Cariboo road but was a failure; great big things with one wheel in front; he got that running.

“He put on a spark catcher after that fire, so as not to start any more fires. They got the fire out afterwards, beating it, but it got pretty serious down in the timber there at Jericho.”

INDIAN CANOES. CANOE VOYAGES. SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

“I have never been out of this country since I came, excepting for six weeks when five of us went ‘crazy’ and took a canoe from Nanaimo for Seattle. It was the 10th of March, some year, I remember well enough it was the 10th March because, after it was over, we thought what a silly thing to attempt at that time of year, and it took us nine days to get there. There was in the canoe George Sage, Joe Sage, Elijah Ganner, Jimmy Hawks—the only one living, in Seattle now, I think—and myself. Five of us, all about 20 or 25, in a canoe. We started out in the canoe, and got so far out in the straits we could not turn back; then it got dark, so dark we could not see each other in the canoe; and then it started to rain, oh my, how it did rain; and all at once a great big wave picked us up and landed us flop on a sandy beach; just dropped us, canoe and all, on the beach.

“We did not know where we were, so we felt along in the darkness with our hands and found a ledge of rock about as high as we could reach, and we kept on walking backwards and forwards along the bit of beach in front of the ledge—we could not go any further either way—until daylight came; we had struck some island. We did not know what had become of the canoe; not until next morning when we found it, buried all but an inch or two of it, in the sand; we lost all our food; lost everything, and there were five of us in the canoe. We had got into some bay; it was down where the San Juan Islands are. I shall never forget that experience.

“So we dug the canoe out of the sand and went on to Seattle; the most foolish thing I have done was to go off on that trip in a little canoe like that, but those were the days; the days when horses on milk wagons didn’t make a noise when they went up the street, and when the only butcher shop on Burrard Inlet was a floating one.” (George Black’s boat.)

SEATTLE IN EARLY DAYS.

“Seattle was a little place then; there was hardly any Seattle. I was down there recently with Mother” (Mrs. Scales) “and we wanted to go out to — Street. Mother said I ought to know where it was; she said, ‘You’ve been in Seattle before.’ Well, so I had, but it didn’t look like that then. All I can remember was two hotels, the New England and the Occidental; don’t think there was another. And when we asked where we could get some amusement, they said, ‘There was a dance hall up on the sawdust’; there had been a sawmill there. So we went up and looked in, but didn’t think much of it; we backed out. If you wanted to go to Lake Washington, you had to go through a deer trail.”

GEORGE SCALES.

“George was not with us when the forest fire took place back of Sapperton, but he was with us when we came to live on Burrard Inlet; but he was a little fellow. I’ll tell you how small he was. Avis, my sister, was chopping wood with a little axe, and George kept pushing his hand in, and snatching the chips, and she warned him not to, but he kept on, and at last the axe struck his finger, and cut it off by the thumb, and we had to take him to New Westminster before we could get a doctor; there was no doctor here then, and he nearly died before we got him there because we had to take him by boat to the ‘end of the road’” (Hastings) “and then over the trail to Westminster; I told you about that before.”

GLADSTONE INN.

“I’ll tell you how you can find out about the Gladstone Inn because there are two boys” (men) “who used to run it living out on Welwyn Street, Cedar Cottage; Thomas and Bob Curry.” (4080 Welwyn Street.)

We were becoming weary of talking, so Mr. Scales and I went down nine floors in the elevator, walked out of the great building, the City Hall, and the venerable old pioneer, today the earliest living man to see Burrard Inlet, got on the Fairview street car, and he went home, east to his home in Mount Pleasant, while I went west to Kitsilano Beach. I had been talking, across my desk, to a man who first saw this great city, spreading ten miles wide by seven long, as a towering wall of green forest lining a sinuous shore; who had seen Burrard Inlet when three small huts stood alone in the trees on the site of our busy mercantile section stretching from Carrall Street to Burrard Street. Men will not again see so extraordinary an epoch as that through which John Henry Scales has lived. I had been talking to one of “The Early Builders” of Vancouver.

J.S. Matthews
15 January 1938.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN HENRY SCALES (SON OF JOHN SCALES, R.E.) WHO CAME TO BRITISH COLUMBIA ON THE *THAMES CITY*, 12 APRIL 1859, [ON] 28 JUNE 1938.

Mr. Scales called at the City Archives for a chat; he looks well; hair getting very white now; carried a crooked cane, smoked a pipe, and climbed to the tenth floor to see Dr. Raley’s Indian curios, with agility.

ROYAL ENGINEERS SURVIVORS OF *THAMES CITY*.

Mr. Scales: (to Major Matthews) “Those who came on the *Thames City* still living. There’s Hugh and John Murray, and John McMurphy, Arthur Herring, and Mrs. Wardle, and Mrs. Turnbull and myself; that’s seven.”

LOGGING OFF THE FOREST. NORTH VANCOUVER. LONSDALE AVENUE.

Mr. Scales: (to Miss Margaret Giles) “Father took us over to live in what is now North Vancouver for two or three years; there was nothing much to do in those days, so for something to amuse ourselves, we used to watch the logs come down a long run way where Lonsdale Avenue is now. One day while I was watching, a large log came shooting down at terrific speed and struck the water with a great splash before it got clear away; another one came down the slip, hit the first log end on as it was rising up out of the water. The speed was so great that as they hit each other, they split into pieces, and huge splinters flew in all directions. It was a wonderful sight, and not likely to happen again.”

WHALES IN BURRARD INLET.

“We used to go across from ‘Gastown’ to the North shore in a canoe. One day my sister and myself were going across, she was pulling and I was paddling. We got half way across, when we noticed several huge whales coming towards us; she told me to pull as I could get along faster; I don’t know yet how we ever managed to get across safely, but we managed to get there, but we weren’t in any hurry to come back. The whales used to come up the Inlet all the time, you would see them spouting up water; they would go up to Port Moody and back.”

Note: the period Mr. Scales refers to is thought to be 1873-1874, perhaps before that, not later. JSM.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH S.T. SCARLETT, IDEAL SHEET METAL WORKS, 765 BEATTY STREET, 17 SEPTEMBER 1938.

A.J.T. TAYLOR. TAYLOR ENGINEERING CO.

Mr. Scarlett, speaking of the building of the First Narrows Bridge, said: "The Taylor Engineering Co. went 'broke' about 1920, over the Dollar Varden Mine, and at the same time, the company had the contract for some repairs to the warehouse of the Imperial Oil Limited at Cambie and Beatty Street; I had the sheet metal work. Then the Imperial Oil Company had the fire with gasoline; the gasoline caught fire while loading a tank wagon, and the end of it was the Taylor Engineering Co. never paid me two hundred and sixty dollars they owed me."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH GEO. L. SCHETKY.

(See volumes 1, 2 and 3.)

KEEFER'S HALL. ST. JAMES CHURCH.

"St. James used Keefer's Hall after the fire until they got their church up and Keefer's Hall was on Alexander Street west of where the old St. James, which was burned, stood; a few yards, you could have thrown a stone from the site of old St. James to Keefer's Hall."



Item # EarlyVan_v5_033

[photo annotation:]

Sunnyside Hotel, Vancouver BC 188—

The leading Hotel at one time. This may be May 23rd 1887. This is May 24 1887 Observe crown on balcony. Northwest corner Water and Carrall St. May 23 1887.

Horse and wagon coming from City Wharf or Andy Linton's Boathouse.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH GEO. L. SCHETKY, ROYAL TRUST BUILDING, WHO HELPED TO FORM THE FIRST VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE IN VANCOUVER, AND WAS LONG A MEMBER, BUT WHO DID NOT VOTE AT THE FIRST CIVIC ELECTION IN 1886 AS HE WAS TOO YOUNG.

He was away from Vancouver for some ten years prior to 1905 or 1906.

THE FIRST CIVIC ELECTION. "SCENE FROM THE BALCONY." SUNNYSIDE HOTEL. MAYOR M.A. MACLEAN. R.H. ALEXANDER.

Mr. Schetky said: "After the election, the candidates, with their supporters and friends, got up on the balcony of the old Sunnyside Hotel on Water Street—it was one of those old-fashioned balconies out from the second floor—and appeared before the crowd on the road below. It seems to me that there were some torches there" (see *Early Vancouver*, W.G. Gallagher and others); "there were no street lights, of course. Then they called on the two candidates, the defeated and the elected, for speeches.

"MacLean spoke first and made some nice remarks, thanked them, and spoke the usual post-election pleasantries. He was well received, and stood back.

"Then Alexander appeared, and said bluffly and bluntly, 'Well, I am defeated; it was a case of might against right.' Then you should have heard the boos."

"NORTH AMERICAN CHINAMEN."

"Another thing which he is reported to have said—I do not know whether he ever did or not, but they said he did—was that 'As far as these Canadians were concerned, they were only North American Chinamen. Give them a bowl of blackstrap'" (molasses) "'and a chunk of salt pork, and that's all they need.' Of course, if he did say it, he did not say that on the balcony, but before or during the election."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH COLONEL JAMES SCLATER, D.S.O., ETC. OF "THE PORCH," JOAN CRESCENT, VICTORIA, FORMERLY OF VANCOUVER, ETC., WHO CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES TO GOSSIP, 11 OCTOBER 1939.

FIRST C.P.R. STATION. SIR GEORGE MCL. BROWN. COL. JAMES SCLATER, D.S.O.

Col. Sclater: (looking at photo of arrival of first C.P.R. train at foot of Howe Street, 23 May 1887, photo No. P. Can. 7, N. Can. 5) "See that shed over there; Sir George and I occupied part of that office; over the sea."

72ND SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

"The Seaforth Highlanders gave us a dinner the other night; Col. John Tait, Major Archie Rowan and myself; the last three survivors of those who formed the 72nd Seaforths.

"You see, Duff Stuart was to be the" (first) "colonel; I was to be adjutant, and Archie Rowan was coming with us, but Ottawa said that Stuart was soon to take over the command of the Sixth, and further, they did not approve of transfers from one regiment to another in the same city. Leckie" (Col. Leckie, 1ST O.C., 72nd) "kept a company open for me for about a year, but I could not transfer; Ottawa would not allow it. The night of the first parade of the Seventy-Second, I stood on the sidewalk curb, and could almost have wept."

MAJOR-GENERAL J.W. STEWART, C.B.

"There" (looking at Gen. Stewart's photo) "was a splendid character if ever there was one. When he died, I came over from Victoria especially for the funeral, but I was not a pall bearer, and when they saw me, they came over to me and said, in surprise, 'We didn't know you were coming over; never thought of it, or you would have been one of the pall bearers.' I replied that it didn't matter; I felt it made no difference; I would have come anyway; that 'I was quite content as I was.' So afterwards we went down to Gen. Clark's office, and he was all apologies, but I said it was quite all right; I really did not mind; but Gen. Stewart was a fine character."

72ND SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, TITLE.

Major Matthews: Why did they call them Seaforths?

Col. Sclater: "Oh, I don't know; suppose I knew once, but I don't know now."

Note: see Pipe-Major Hector MacKenzie's narrative, 6 October 1939, as to why they were given the name "Seaforth." No evidence has, so far, presented itself to show that the name was especially applied for, and, though I was very active in militia circles—in the 6th D.C.O.R.—neither then nor since has anyone ever mentioned to me why the title was chosen. Col. Leckie, the first commanding officer, was practically a stranger to Vancouver; it is extraordinary that Col. Sclater—so keen to become one of them, and so active at that time—does not know. It would seem that Mr. MacKenzie's explanation is right; perhaps the documents at Ottawa show.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. AND MRS. FRANK J. SCOTT OF R.D. No. 5, WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A., WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES DURING THEIR VISIT TO VANCOUVER TO WELCOME THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, 23 MAY 1939.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK J. SCOTT. OBEN AND SCOTT. JOHN OBEN. PHILLIP OBEN.

Mr. Scott said: "We have been coming up to Vancouver for twenty years; at last we have come, to see the King and Queen. Mrs. Scott is American; I was born in Toronto, 20th May 1879; then our family went to Plattsmouth, Nebraska, then moved to Vancouver in the fall of 1887; left it in 1895 for San Francisco, California. John Oben was my father's partner; he was my uncle; so was Phillip Oben; we are staying with his sister, Mrs. C.J. Neville, 3231 School Road, South Vancouver."

Major Matthews: Do you recollect much about early Vancouver, Mr. Scott?

DEADMAN'S ISLAND, LAST BURIAL. EARLY CEMETERIES. CHINESE. WEST END SCHOOL, 1888. MINNIE McCORD. KANAKA RANCH.

Mr. Scott: "I remember the last burial on Deadman's Island. I was just a school boy; went to the West End school which was erected in 1888; that was my first school; Minnie McCord was one of the pupils of the same school; she lived down with her mother, who was half Indian, down on the Kanaka Ranch, about half way between Denman Street and Nicola and the entrance to the park. And I went to school with Mrs. J.Z. Hall. I was standing on Georgia Street when the Chinese funeral went past; that was the last burial on Deadman's Island."

FIGS. DUCKS. WEST END. FALLING THE FOREST. OBEN'S CAMP. KANAKA RANCH.

"The coffin was on a spring wagon, drawn by horses, and followed by another spring wagon with a whole roast pig—or hog—and many roast ducks, and Chinese delicacies, and numerous Chinese in Chinese costume and pigtails. Following the improvised hearse was a Chinese standing on the back end of the rear spring wagon; he was distributing small pieces of thin paper with a Chinese inscription—the name of the dead person on it—to those who were following. I was standing about Nicola Street, at the foot of the hill; I did not follow the funeral, but at that time—this will help you to establish the date—the forest was still standing in the West End from about Nicola Street to Coal Harbour and the park; that is, with the exception of a little clearing about Denman Street where my uncle Phillip Oben had his camp at the Kanaka Ranch."

MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY. DEADMAN'S ISLAND. BRIDGES. PARK ROAD.

Major Matthews: Well, Mountain View Cemetery was opened about January or February 1887; how was it they were not burying the dead Chinamen there?

Mr. Scott: "At that time they would not allow Chinamen to be buried in Mountain View, so he had to be buried on the island. The way I know the date—that it was after the park road was built—is because the first time I ever saw the road around Stanley Park, it was covered with white clam shells, and the funeral was after that."

"In order to get the funeral to the island they had to go at low tide. Afterwards they built a small bridge, a small foot bridge, and—I was a boy—I was one of the first to cross it; I remember them building it. But at the time of the Chinese funeral there was no bridge, but they could walk across when the tide was out; you can do it even today. The first time I ever got onto the island I got there without wet feet; there was a sandy bar across; no wet feet."

LORD STANLEY, GOVERNOR GENERAL. STANLEY PARK.

"I remember Lord Stanley coming and taking a drive around the park, and I was not at the dedication ceremony" (October 1889.) "All the school children in Vancouver were assembled; there were not many of us; and they had a sort of little grandstand in a park in front of the old Hotel Vancouver" (Howe, Granville, Georgia streets) "and we sang songs; I don't remember what they were. Then at the entrance to the park there was an arch with the word 'STANLEY' on it, and they had decorations."

FIRST WATER WORKS.

"I remember the time they put the water pipes across the Narrows and the trouble they had." (Subject inadvertently discontinued.)

FIRST DANCE OR BALL IN THE WEST END. STUMPS.

"The first dance they had in the locality where the old Hotel Vancouver stands today was on top of a big cedar stump; anyway, that was what I was told, and I suppose it was in the daytime. The stump had a great big flat top which would accommodate four couples, or four 'sets,' as they called them, and do the old time square dance. I was told they did it on top of that old stump."

VANCOUVER OPERA HOUSE.

"Then I saw them lay the cornerstone of the old Vancouver Opera House, now the Lyric Theatre."

NORTH VANCOUVER, FIRST BUILDING.

"The first building in North Vancouver was a little holiday resort; they had just a little bit of a building, and a floating landing where the tugs could land." (Probably Tom Turner's.)

COURT HOUSE SQUARE. WILD DUCKS. PHILLIP OBEN. "VERY SWAMPY IN PLACES."

"That piece of ground where the Court House stands was very swampy; I should say, roughly, now bounded by Howe, Robson, Burrard and Georgia; I have seen wild ducks in it; Phillip Oben, my uncle, shot ducks in that swamp."

(Note: see Royal Engineer's survey sketches of 1863 marked "very swampy in places." Also see George Cary, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, where he says he shot ducks in that swale where the Court House now stands.)

SALMON. HORSESHOE BAY.

"My sister and brother took me yesterday over for a drive to Horseshoe Bay; they wanted me to go trolling salmon, but we did not go, but I told them about catching salmon in the early days there."

WEST VANCOUVER. "BIG BAY." FIRST NARROWS. INDIAN CANOES.

"As a boy, I fished in the First Narrows; just outside the First Narrows—west of Capilano Creek—there was a bay there we called 'Big Bay,' and I used to fish from a small Indian canoe; at that time there were many Indian canoes about the Narrows, and I had to keep the canoe on an even keel, so I would put a good-sized rock in one end of the canoe to hold it down in the water.

"I had a partition in the canoe near the bow, and I kept the rock in that partition, and it was a common occurrence to have to throw the rock overboard, I had caught so many salmon. Used a spoon; all spoon fishing in those days."

CHIEF CAPILANO JOE. INDIAN CHURCH, CAPILANO. FIRST C.P.R. TRAIN.

"I had learned to talk a little Chinook; could converse a little with the Squamish Indians in Chinook. One day I was sitting on a log in front of the old Indian church at Capilano, now deserted and gone to decay" (near Chief Joe's cottage) "and I talked to the old lady" (Indian) "and Chief Capilano Joe. I knew the old man quite well, and he told me of the coming of the first whiteman, and of the first C.P.R. trains. I don't

remember what he told me about the first whitemen coming, but about the first trains, he told me how the whitemen fooled him on the speed of trains. He said, 'I take my musket, and I shoot, and whiteman tell me train go so fast as slug'" (bullet) "'from musket to crane'" (heron.) "'I wanted to see that, so I take my klotch and we got to Port Moody, and wait several days until train come in. When train come in I buy a ticket to Langley. I had my musket with me, powder flask, and then I get on the train.'" (Note: it was a work train with cabooses and flat cars.) "'When train start to move I get frightened, and throw off my musket and powder flask.' Then the old chief grunted, 'Ugh,' and continued, said, 'He not go so fast, and when I come back I look for my musket and he's gone.'

"That was old Chief Capilano."

Read and approved by Mr. Scott, 30 May 1939, who said also that he and Mrs. Scott enjoyed immensely witnessing the procession of King George and Queen Elizabeth.

J.S. Matthews.

CONVERSATION WITH MR. CALVERT SIMSON, FORMERLY STOREKEEPER AND POSTMASTER, HASTINGS SAWMILL.

HASTINGS SAWMILL OFFICE.

"I came here in 1884. The photograph of the Hastings Sawmill sent you by Miss Lawson of Victoria must have been taken in the 'seventies'; it is strange to me. When I came here, Charlie Coldwell, Capt. Soule and Rev. Ditcham were living 'on the hill.'

"The old office burned down in the winter of 1884-5; date according to old Mr. Davidson. I was at the fire; a new office was built; that will explain the slight difference in the office as shown in Miss Lawson's photo and subsequent photos of the office. Charlie Coldwell told me of how the Indians worked so hard to save the books, and that he" (Coldwell) "had a bottle of rum and wanted to give them a 'snort,' but Mr. Alexander, who was a magistrate and knew it was illegal to give Indians liquor, turned his back."

THE GREAT FIRE, 1886.

"The woman, Miss Mary Raymur Lawson, writes about as being so badly burned, was taken out of a well down in Gastown, and carried down to the Hastings Sawmill. She, and boy, got down in a well, and the hot fumes burned the skin off her. I got a bottle of carbolated oil from the store, and took scissors, and slit her dress open right to her chin, right up the middle of the bosom; she was lying on a mattress; I got lint, soaked it in the carbolated oil, and wrapped it around her. The boy got better, but she died."



Item # EarlyVan_v5_034

[photo annotation:]

Hastings Sawmill. 722 LOOKING ACROSS BURRARD INLET FROM VANCOUVER B.C.
May-June, 1890 Bailey Bros.

- 1 Mill Store, new addition, circa 1888
- 2 Mill Store, old, 2nd, now Alma Rd.
- 3 Sidewalk above beach, a stump
- 4 School house (demolished) site
- 5 Two women with baby carriages
- 6 Mill road to Gastown-Hastings Road
- 7 R.H. Alexander, P. Cordiner
- 8 Can. Pac. Ry. single track main line
- 9 B.I. & N.W. Telephone pole
- 10 Can. Pac. Telegraph pole.
- 11 Pile driver
- 12 Lumber for export
- 13 Barque
- 14 Cookhouse bell in cupola
- 15 Cook & Messhouse
- 16 Lean-to on cookhouse
- 17 Big stump
- 18 Woodshed & school closet
- 19 Dr. Walkem. Mahony, Simson
- 20 Stove Pipe. Stump
- 21 J.P. Patterson, built 1873 also Riddleys and McCartney
- 22 Office (2nd)
- 23 Old First Store, hall upstairs, later warehouse
- 24 Old dressed lumber shed
- 25 *[blank]*
- 26 Road to mill
- 27 Can Pac Ry telegraph pole
- 28 Caulfield's cottage, board & batten
- 29 Stovepipe, through wall
- 30 First office & Capt. Nelson's cottage
- 31 Lumber pile
- 32 Tug at mill dock

33 New shed
34 Adolph Nelson's cottage, planerman
35 Bachelor's shacks and
36 Fire engine
37 Mechanics' Institute & Library
38 Tom Hunter's cottage, mill foreman
39 Can Pac Ry box car, high fence
40 Cottage where Harold Ridley born 1875
40A Stump
41 Cottage
42 Engine room & machine shop
43 Can Pac Ry signal post
44 Burners' Hall, dances, smoking
45 Boilers
46 Fence to stop pilfering, etc.
47 Granville -Hastings Road
48 Creek and duck pond & spillway
49 Can Pac Ry fence, and cattle pen
50 Stump
51 Open water tanks, Trout Lake flume
52 Log haul from log boom
53 Scow
54 "The Mission" & Indian Church
55 Tom Turner's early shack
56 now Lonsdale Ave
57 Wharf shed roof (addition)
58 [blank]
59 [blank]
60 [blank]
City Archives
1934
J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, BARCLAY STREET, FORMER POSTMASTER, HASTINGS SAWMILL, 29 APRIL 1936.

FIRST CIVIC ELECTION.

“John McDowell was telling me that he came to Vancouver the day of the election, and they wanted him to vote, but he said he had only just arrived. So they took him up to Pat Carey’s” (Brunswick Hotel, Hastings Street) “and wanted to give him a receipt for rent of his room, and date it back, so that he could vote, but John said, ‘No,’ and wouldn’t stand for it, and he didn’t vote.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH R.C. HODGSON, WHO WAS A BOY AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST CIVIC ELECTION; HERE WITH HIS FATHER.

FIRST CIVIC ELECTION.

“It was the most enthusiastic election I have ever seen in Vancouver.”

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, FORMERLY STOREKEEPER, HASTINGS SAWMILL, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A FLEETING CALL (WHILST THE BOAT WAS AT DOCK) AT IRVING’S LANDING, PENDER HARBOUR, 31 JULY 1936.

“PORTUGUESE JOE.” JOSEPH SILVEY. GREGORIS FERNANDEZ.

Mr. Simson said: “I had fifteen minutes only with Joseph Gonsalves just while the boat was stopped, and he was busy, selling ice cream to tourists, etc., on the 26th. He tells me that Gregoris Fernandez of Gastown was his uncle, and owned Lot 16 in Block 6, O.G.T.” (northwest corner, Water and Abbott) “as well as Lot 1 in Block 5” (southwest corner, Water and Abbott) “and had a store on the bank on Lot 16 with a slip down to the inlet, but had a storehouse and kept chickens on Lot 1.

“According to Joe” (Gonsalves), “whom I knew quite well when he was in Gastown and I was storekeeper at the mill, Gregoris Fernandez was a Cariboo miner who came to Gastown and bought these lots; he never did any fishing.” (See Street Ends Case, evidence, Appeal Court, January 1905.) “He took ill and died, and Henry Saunders, grocery and liquor merchant, Victoria, wound up his debts.

“Joseph Silvey was a fisherman; Gregoris Fernandez was never a fisherman.”

JOSEPH GONSALVES. GASTOWN.

“Joseph Gonsalves, long known to me as ‘Portuguese Joe’” (note: this makes three “Portuguese Joes”), “says he came to Gastown in July 1874, and he remembers that the wreck on the beach beside the Hastings Mill wharf, and in front of the store, was there when he came.” (Lawson photograph.) (Note: Mrs. Crakanthorp states it was there when she came in April 1873.) “Joe tells me that ‘The Deighton House came first; then Miller’s, then an American named Billy Jones, then Bill Blair’s, and at the very end, John Robertson’s ‘Hole in the Wall’ saloon.”

JOSEPH MANNION.

(Note: Billy Jones appears as on the same property as Joseph Mannion’s “Granville Hotel.”)

“NAVY JACK.” JOHN THOMAS.

See “Dissolution of Partnership” between William Jones and John Thomas (“Navy Jack”), and “Partnership Notice” between William Jones and Joseph Mannion, published in *Mainland Guardian*, 5 April 1873.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, FORMER STOREKEEPER, HASTINGS SAWMILL, 27 AUGUST 1936.

“PORTUGUESE JOE.” GREGORIS FERNANDEZ. JOSEPH SILVEY. JOSEPH GONSALVES.

Mr. Simson said: “I saw Joe Gonsalves this week. He tells me he came to Gastown from Madeira, via New York and San Francisco, in July 1874, to join his uncle, Gregoris Fernandez, who died about 1875, a year after he arrived. He landed in Westminster, had no money, and started to walk to Gastown, but got lost in the forest, which he told me would give me an idea of what the trail between Westminster and Gastown was like at that time.

“Joe” (Gonsalves) “followed fishing for a living.

“Then in 1904 he bought out Irving of Irving’s Landing, Pender Harbour, and established himself there as a general store merchant, and is still in business there. Sometimes later than 1904, he formed a partnership with Dames, his deceased son-in-law, as the firm of Gonsalves and Dames; his daughter still survives.

“Amongst Gastown people of later days, Joe Gonsalves was known as ‘Portuguese Joe’; according to Joe Gonsalves, his uncle as known to early Gastown as ‘Portuguese Joe’; this accounts for ‘Portuguese Joe’ No. 2; Joseph Silvey was ‘Portuguese Joe’ No. 1, and Joe Gonsalves himself was ‘Portuguese Joe’ No. 3.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, SECOND STOREKEEPER (1884 ONWARDS) AT HASTINGS SAWMILL, CITY ARCHIVES, 4 SEPTEMBER 1936.

HASTINGS SAWMILL RANCHERIE. “HOWE SOUND JIM” (INDIAN.) “JERICHO CHARLIE” (INDIAN.) “AUNT SALLY.”

Mr. Simson: “‘Aunt Sally’s’” (of Stanley Park, died April 1923) “husband was Jim ‘Grouse’; he may have been called ‘Howe Sound Jim’ too, but I nicknamed him ‘Jim Grouse,’ why I don’t know, may have been because he brought us grouse, I forget. Then we had ‘Jericho Charlie,’ who used to take a great big load of feed down to the logging camp at Jericho every alternate week—went in his big canoe through the First Narrows at slack tide, and took down a load of forty sacks of barley, or feed; sometimes he came into False Creek” (Carrall Street) “and our dump carts” (two-wheel carts) “took it to him there and dumped it.”

BARLEY. JERICHO. INDIAN POTLATCHES. INDIAN DANCES.

“The Indians used to save up and give a potlatch down at the rancherie just east of the mill, down by the Ballantyne Pier.” (Note: this rancherie was visited in 1876 by Her Excellency Lady Dufferin.) “They would buy about one hundred boxes of hard tack, about two hundred sacks of flour, ten bales of blankets—not the big ones, but the smaller size—and they always paid for it in twenty dollar gold pieces. They would have a fire or two in the middle of the floor and poke away a shingle or two of the roof to let the smoke out, then each would beat a little stick on something, and as they did so, would call out” (slowly) “‘Salaam, salaam,’” (then faster and faster) “‘salaam, salaam, salaam,’ and then a girl would come out and dance, or a man, pointing in mimicry as though he was shooting a deer with bow and arrow, do a hunting dance; the dancers worked themselves up into a regular frenzy; the audience sat all around and watched.”

POTLATCHES.

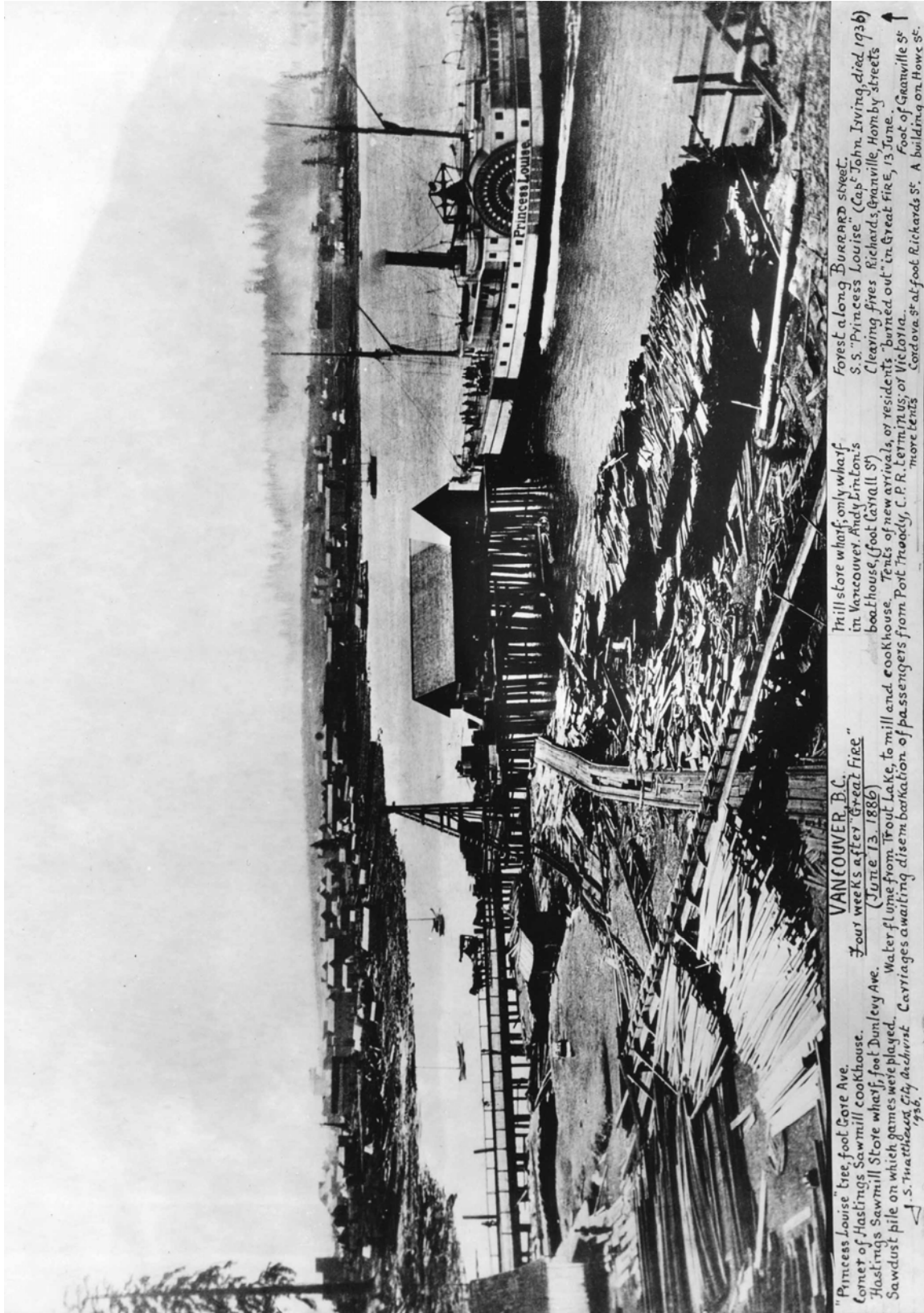
“They did not throw the gifts; they handed them out. A man would beggar himself giving away all he had, so that after the potlatch he would not be possessed of a thing in the world; the more he gave, the bigger the chief he would be; there was keen rivalry as to who could give away the most; at one time, they gave away sewing machines; it got so that the government stepped in and stopped it.”

Comment by City Archivist: I have always held that the abolition by law of potlatches amongst Indians was a whiteman’s indiscretion; the bad white first spoilt them with his liquor, then the good white forbade them; they should have been controlled, not abolished. The abolition of Christmas gifts amongst whitemen would be an equivalent. The Indian practiced the fundamentals of Masonic goodwill to one

another long before the whiteman brought Christianity; the whites would have done better to emulate the principles of the Indian Potlatch rather than to abolish them.

How splendid it would be if the chief object of life amongst whites was the acquisition of riches that such may be again scattered amongst the less fortunate before death intervened.

J.S. Matthews.



"Princess Louise" pier, foot Gore Ave.
 Corner of Hastings Sawmill cookhouse.
 Hastings Sawmill Store wharf, foot Dumfries Ave.
 Sawdust pile on which games were played. Carriages awaiting disembarkation of passengers from Port Moody, C.P.R. Train plus more tents
 1936.

VANCOUVER, B.C.
 Four weeks after "Great Fire"
 (June 13, 1886)
 Water flume from Trout Lake, to mill and cookhouse. Tents of new arrivals or residents "burned out" in Great Fire, 13 June 1886.

Thrill store wharf; only wharf in Vancouver. Andy Limton's boat house (foot Gayral St)
 Foot of Burrard street.
 S.S. "Princess Louise" (Capt. John Iwing, died 1936)
 Leaving pier Richards Granville Hornby streets
 Foot of Granville St
 Condova St at foot Richards St. A building on Howe St.

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MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, 9 OCTOBER 1936.

THE GREAT FIRE, 1886.

Mr. Simson said: "Sunday morning I went over to the 'Mission,' now North Vancouver; in those days there weren't many places one *could* go; so we went for a sail. We started to come back for lunch; then the wind got up very strong. We made for Hastings Sawmill, but when my companion jumped ashore on the float he took the end of painter; the other end wasn't made fast, so the boat drifted off, and I had a time getting it back. Whilst doing that I saw the St. James' Church, on the beach, catch fire. I don't think it could have been five minutes until it was gone completely."

ST. JAMES CHURCH. HASTINGS SAWMILL STORE.

"That night the store sold out entirely of crackers and cheese; we had the store open night and day for several days. Some slept that night under the mill, some in my sail boat; some in the store, some in the open."

TUG MAGGIE.

"I have never been able to discover when the tug *Maggie* was built, but when I came in 1884, she was a wreck on the beach just in front of the cookhouse, north of the mill store. She gradually rotted away."

DOGFISH OIL. LOGGING CAMPS.

"Whilst storekeeper at the Mill Store, I used to buy dogfish oil for the logging camps, four gallon coal oil tins; paid one dollar a tin for it. They used it on the skid roads, swabbed it on top of the skid—the bark was peeled off, and it soaked into the wood; then, when the big heavy logs were drawn over by the oxen, the pressure would squeeze the oil out, and the log drew along easier."

LYNN CREEK. HUGH LYNN.

"As to cost? Well, the total cost for grub for the men, and feed for the oxen, both added together, would equal the cost for the dogfish oil; say, perhaps, \$500 per month for each camp—I used to buy 300, 400 or 500 tins at a time from Jack Green; he was on Savary Island, and used two crutches. Hugh Lynn, the son of Lynn, the Royal Engineer, and who lived there, murdered Jack Green, and a man named Taylor, and got hung for it."

LITTLE MOUNTAIN. JERICO.

"Really, there were two large logging camps only, one at Little Mountain and the other at Jericho. The one at Little Mountain was low down in the float which I think they now call Douglas Park, where the Chinese had a garden afterwards; that was so that the oxen could be turned out to graze in the old elk swamp."

FIRST NARROWS.

"I think this is all wrong about the *Cornelis*" (wrecked, Howe Sound, August 1871) "being the only vessel to ever pass out of the First Narrows under her own sail" (without a tug.) "I met Davidson, the old saw logger, yesterday, and he told me he had seen a full rigged ship coming in under her own sail."

(Note: John Henry Scales, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, also mentions an "only vessel ever to sail in or out under her own sail." Evidently, it was a sufficiently rare event to excite comment. JSM.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, ABOUT 6 DECEMBER 1936.

EAGLE HARBOUR, WEST VANCOUVER. EAGLE CREEK, WEST VANCOUVER. EAGLE ISLANDS, WEST VANCOUVER. PREEMPTIONS, WEST VANCOUVER.

Mr. Simson: "August Neilson took up a preemption down at Eagle Harbour, then Ainslie Mouat, and Ed. Caulfield, not Caulfield, engineer at the Hastings Sawmill, started to build a sawmill there; they put all their money in the foundations, and had nothing left for the mill; they put in strong stone foundations; elaborate. That was how it was I used to go down there every Sunday; the three of us in my sailboat; there were some rocks down there, and there was always three or four eagles on them; that's how it got its name; the eagles were fishing, bald-headed eagles, at least, bald-headed when they got old, not when they are young."

POINT ATKINSON LIGHTHOUSE. WALTER ERWIN. "NAVY JACK." CYPRESS PARK.

"Walter Erwin staked 'Navy Jack' when he went up to Barkerville prospecting or mining or something. Walter was lighthouse keeper; he got a medal for long service. Erwin owned Cypress Park; he had a preemption; Bailey, the photographer, afterwards got hold of Cypress Park."

COWAN'S POINT. BOWEN ISLAND.

"The man who started Cowan's Point was the man who preempted it. I don't know his name now, but he afterwards mortgaged it to A.G. R.A. Seymour, M.A., of Oxford. Seymour got some money from England, and thought a mortgage would be a good way of investing it, but he finally had to take over the place to protect his money. Mr. Seymour occupied it for a time; grew a few apples; used to bring them out in a row boat—bare feet and hatless and all—for a passing steamer to pick up and take to Vancouver; Seymour never washed, and he could swear perfectly.

"Later, Geo. H. Cowan, M.P. for Vancouver, acquired it, and it got called 'Cowan's Point.'"

Read and approved by Mr. Simson, 16 April 1937. J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, FOR MANY YEARS STOREKEEPER AT THE HASTINGS MILL STORE; LIVED ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE STORE, IN A COTTAGE; 14 DECEMBER 1937.

HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL. C.P.R. CONSTRUCTION. EARLY TRAINS.

Mr. Simson said: "The Hastings Sawmill school was pulled down; it wasn't moved; it was pulled down either before or after—I don't recall—the C.P.R. graded their right of way; the school was on a slope, and they had to level that off; then, to the west, there was a high bank down to the shore; that was thrown down; the C.P.R. did considerable work grading and levelling around that curve."

EARLY WATERWORKS. CAPT. CATES. S.S. ABYSSINIA.

"Yes. There was a water scow; not 'Spratt's Ark,' but a water scow; that was how Capt. Cates got his start; he used to take the scow over to Moodyville, fill it out of the spout from the flume—good water from Lynn Valley—and tow it over to the" (sailing) "ships for ballast and fresh water; I think he got five dollars for watering a ship; the steam tug pumped it."

Major Matthews: What about the water scow tying up at Hastings store wharf, and water being filled in wagon to take up town?

Mr. Simson: "I don't recall that; perhaps it was when the *Abyssinia* broke the water pipes and cut off the supply of water to Vancouver."

GASTOWN FLOATING WHARVES. JOSEPH MANNION.

"You see, there were three floats on the beach, now Water Street, of Gastown. Joe Mannion of the Granville Hotel had one; Ben Wilson had one at the foot of Abbott Street, and the Sunnyside had one at the foot of Carrall Street. Farmer, I think his name was Dan Farmer, had a small scow and long sweeps, and he used to load it down with supplies at the Hastings Mill store wharf, and then row it over to Gastown; piled high with supplies; he would call at the Sunnyside float and put off their stuff, then at Mannion's and put off his, and then at Wilson's and put off his; then he was through. Just row the scow up alongside the float when the tide was right, and unload. That was one way Gastown got its supplies in from our mill store wharf."

JOS. MANNION. GRANVILLE HOTEL. BURRARD INLET POST OFFICE.

"The stage brought the mail from New Westminster as far as George Black's at Hastings, and left it there at the official Burrard Inlet Post Office. Then, and this was the annoying part, the stage came on to the Hastings Mill and Gastown without the mail for these points.

"The mail went by boat over to Moodyville, and then by boat over to Hastings Mill.

"The Gastown outward mail was put in a little private bag kept at Joe Mannion's, and brought down to the store; and went back to Joe Mannion's where it more or less sorted itself."

SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.

“The Sunnyside Hotel has a dance hall in the basement; the Sunnyside was on stilts over the beach; the loggers used to get down in the dance hall and enjoy themselves.”

JOE MANNION.

“Joe Mannion married an Indian, and had one child, Mrs.” (Dr.) “H.A. Christie; then his Indian wife died, and he married a white woman and had one daughter and three sons; two sons were drowned somewhere off Point Atkinson. The other son worked on the S.S. *Cutch* as an engineer, got a lot of experience around boilers, went to New Zealand, and did well for himself; very well indeed; was sent to England to superintend the building of ships for some New Zealand shipping company. Oh, he did well. The sons were educated by a governess on Bowen Island.”

S.S. MAUDE.

Major Matthews: They say the *Maude* was the first regular ferry boat between Burrard Inlet and Victoria; what was the reason no regular service was established earlier?

Mr. Simson: “No need; not warranted; there was no traffic. Supplies came up from San Francisco; when a ship was chartered to load lumber, we would get a telegram from San Francisco asking what stores we wanted and we would wire back so many ten pound chests of tea, so many firkins of butter, so many sacks of flour, and so on; there was no traffic between Burrard Inlet and Victoria to warrant a regular service; New Westminster was ‘town’; it would have been ridiculous to have a regular service between Burrard Inlet and Victoria; nothing to warrant it.

“Not until 1883 when they started to build the Canadian Pacific Railway at Port Moody; then the *R.P. Rithet* and the *Princess Louise* began to run regularly.”

S.S. R.P. RITHET. S.S. PRINCESS LOUISE.

Major Matthews: I see by the 1882-3 directory that the entire male population of Burrard Inlet—Port Moody, Hastings, Moodyville and Granville, and some in Howe Sound—was 297 men; how many women and children do you think there would have been?

Mr. Simson: “Not many. Why, you could put all the white girls in a big row boat. When we went off on a picnic, one good big boat would hold all the young ladies there were.”

Major Matthews: Children; how many at the Hastings school? Thirty? Some, I suppose, were away at convents, or Victoria?

Mr. Simson: “Less than that, and many of them half-breeds, Kanakas, Indians, all sorts. There was nothing to warrant a regular boat service between Victoria and Hastings Mill. Of course, after they started to build the C.P.R. everything was different.”

C.P.R. LOCOMOTIVES.

“On October 19th 1883, the S.S. *Victoria* arrived with one locomotive, the ‘Lytton.’

“On May 31st 1884—I took it out of my records—the schooner *Courser* entered with two locomotives, No. 6 and No. 7; she had cleared from Port Townsend, her last port of entry; the duty paid was \$3,786. And on December 22nd 1884, also from my records, the S.S. *Beda* arrived with two locomotives; duty \$4,020.”

(Note: see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, E.E. Austin.)

- No. 5 called Lytton.
- No. 6 called Nicola.
- No. 7 called Kamloops.
- No. 8 called Shuswap.
- No. 9 called Columbia.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, ABOUT 14 FEBRUARY 1938.

Mr. Simson said: "When they were surveying the line from Port Moody, it was raining pretty hard, the rain was getting on the instruments, on the notebooks, and was a big nuisance, so the surveyors bought some of those great big umbrellas on a pole sometimes used to keep the sun off at fairs, picnics, etc, and sent the bills to Winnipeg.

"Just what impression the bills caused at the accountant's or purchasing agent's offices can be judged by the fact that a message was received asking why surveyors had umbrellas to work with; presumably they thought that surveyors were 'tough' enough to work out in the open.

"Explanations were made, and the bills paid, but the little incident throws a light on how the surveyors worked—in the wet forest, downpour of rain, etc., etc."

J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CALVERT SIMSON, FORMER STOREKEEPER, HASTINGS SAWMILL, 26 MAY 1938.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. R.M.S. ABYSSINIA.

Mr. Simson said: "I am positive the *Abyssinia* came in about midnight, because when I heard her siren going, 'Whoooo, whoooo, whoooo,' I thought it was the dogs; we had some dogs on a scow, tied up on a scow, and I got up and looked out of my bedroom window, and I could see her lights ablaze; it was about midnight."

J.W. McFarland tells, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2: "While I was in that cottage, one night I heard a moaning sort of howl, and went outdoors to 'murder' the supposed cat, but it was the C.P.R. *Abyssinia* coming in; the first steamer from the Orient. We were not accustomed to such noises in those days."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION BETWEEN CALVERT SIMSON, THIRD STOREKEEPER, HASTINGS SAWMILL; AUGUST JACK KHAHTSAHLANO, INDIAN, GRANDSON OF CHIEF KHAHTSAHLANO, FROM WHOM KITSILANO TAKES IT NAME; AND MAJOR J.S. MATTHEWS, CITY ARCHIVIST, 16 DECEMBER 1938.

SALMON. DUCKS. FALSE CREEK.

(All three are at the corner of Broadway and Cambie Street, awaiting a street car.)

Major Matthews: See that hole across the street. (Southwest corner.) There used to be lots of salmon go up that creek.

Mr. Simson: "Yes, and the North Vancouver creeks were full of dog salmon."

August: "And down in the creek that ran through the swamp back of Kitsilano beach; the pools were full of them."

Mr. Simson: "There used to be two or three acres of ducks swimming off the Hastings Mill wharf eating the herrings; the water was just black with them."

August: "And at night, on False Creek, they made such a noise you could not sleep" (at Indian village of Snauc.)

CARRALL STREET.

Mr. Simson: "We used to carry a boat over from False Creek to Burrard Inlet at Carrall Street. I have helped to carry over a four-oared boat; four of us carried it; it wasn't far; a little more than a long block. Of course, when the tide was high, that was a pretty wet place.

"I used to know your stepfather, August. 'Jericho Charlie'" (Chinalset) "was a fine man. He used to come through the Narrows in his big canoe, and take a canoe load of barley and supplies down to Angus Fraser's camp at Jericho. One week, when the tide was right, he used to come through the Narrows; next

week, when the tide was running out, he would come into the bit of wharf at the south end of Carrall Street, and we would send the supplies down to him on a wagon. He was a fine man.”

“HOWE SOUND JIM.” “MOWITCH JIM.” “JIMMY JIMMY.” “JIM GROUSE.” “CHARLIE HUNDRED.” “JERICHO CHARLIE.” “PIE FACE.”

Major Matthews: August, were “Howe Sound Jim” and “Mowitch Jim” two different men?

August: (smiling) “Yes, too many Jims. ‘Mowitch Jim,’ ‘Howe Sound Jim,’ ‘Jim Grouse,’ and ‘Jimmy Jimmy,’ but” (laughing) “his father’s name was Jack” (Tow-who-quam-kee.) “And ‘Faithful Jim.’ Too many Joes too.”

Mr. Simson: “And Charlies. I named Jim Grouse; he was always ‘grouching’” (i.e., grumbling.) “Charlie Hundred lived down in the rancherie east of the mill; he always had lots of money; if ever we wanted change at the mill store, we would send down to Charlie Hundred’s wife” (Indian), “and she always had change.”

Major Matthews: Why did you call him “Hundred.” He was an Indian, too, like the others.

August: “He would save up until he got a hundred dollars, and then ‘blow it in.’ ‘Pie Face’ had a face that looked like a pie; his real name was Saits-kul-tun; he lived on the False Creek Reserve.”

TOO MANY JOES.

See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3. (One copy of the four only.)

“Joe Silvey, Joe Gonsalves, Joe Fernandez, all ‘Portuguese Joes.’ Joe Mannion, Capilano Joe, Joe Humphries, Lockit Joe, ‘Holy Joe,’ Joe Huntly, etc.” Hyas Joe, Isaac Joe.

FOREST FIRES. CLEARING THE FOREST AWAY.

In answer to a question, Calvert Simson, who came to the Hastings Sawmill in 1884, tells me that he does not recall any forest fires anywhere about Vancouver until after the Canadian Pacific Railway came.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. DONALD ROBERT SMITH, NÉE McCORD, 914 PENDER STREET WEST, VANCOUVER, SEY. 53930, AT CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, 20 JULY 1936.

Mrs. Smith is the only child of Benjamin Campbell and Margaret McCord, pioneers of Coal Harbour; her parents and grandparents settled on about three acres of land at the foot of Denman Street in very early days, and appear to have been the first settlers—other than John Morton, et al.—in that region of the “West End.” It is stated three acres were originally preempted, but in the final settlement, made in 1895, they secured one lot only, 66 feet by 125 feet, being the northeast corner of Georgia and Denman Street, and numbered 1789 Georgia Street West, and sold to a Mr. Crane, for use as a shipyard, for \$23,500.

MR. EIHU. KANAKAS.

Mrs. Smith said: “Mr. Eihu, my maternal grandfather, was a Hawaiian, and worked for the Hudson’s Bay Co. at Langley Fort; he married a Cowichan Indian woman, a chief’s daughter, whose name I do not know, but I do know that they were married at Fort Langley by the factor. Then, later, my grandfather, Mr. Eihu, came to work at the Hastings Sawmill; his Indian wife came with him. My mother, Margaret Eihu, was born in New Westminster, what year I don’t know; the only other child they had was uncle William.”

BEN C. McCORD. MARGARET McCORD. INDIAN CHURCH. METHODIST CHURCH. FIRST CHURCH IN VANCOUVER.

“My father” (Mr. McCord) “came to British Columbia during the gold rush to Cariboo; then he too came to Burrard Inlet, and went logging for Jerry Rogers at Jericho Beach. He was married to my mother by the Rev. Thos. Derrick at the little church on what is now Water Street; I think you know it as the Indian church, or Wesleyan Methodist church; anyway, it was the first church we had in what is now Vancouver. I am their only child, and was born on the 1st October 1877. Subsequently I was christened in the same

church. Mother died 26th April 1925, and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery; Father went over the Skagway trail in 1898, died the following year, and was accorded the first Masonic funeral in Dawson City. My first recollections of the little old church are that the Indians used to come to it as well as whites; I was in it many times. It was just a little old building, about as big as these two rooms" (16 x 30) "and only now and again would the minister come. The back" (north end) "of the little building protruded a little over the beach; it was to the west of the 'Parsonage.'"

CUM YOW. CUM YEE.

"You see, the front faced south, because we entered by a little door from a narrow trail; it was such a tiny clearing the church stood on; there was stumps all around everywhere; if you went a few feet beyond the church, you were in the thick timbers. We used to play around, and go in the church; you know how churches are never locked. It was just near where the Dominion Hotel is now; Eddie Gold's father, Louis Gold, had a few cottages to the west of the church; he used to rent them to anybody; to the east was the Chinaman's place" (see Sanborn map of Granville, 1885) "run by Cum Yow, the interpreter's father." (See Angus Fraser, John Murray, and Cum Yee, brother of Cum Yow, coxswain, *Annie Fraser*, racing boat.)

REV. C.M. TATE. INDIAN CHURCH.

"Inside the church there were just benches, and at the front a bit of platform on which the minister used to stand, but what minister I don't recall, because I was so small; my father used to carry me into church. They sang the hymns, sometimes in Indian, sometimes in English; sometimes Mr. Tate would talk; he talked the Indian language well. After a while we went to church at the little school house at the Hastings Sawmill; we used to walk along the trail from Gastown—we were living in Gastown at the time—to Hastings Sawmill, and one Sunday, when we were at service in the little school at the mill, I was sitting there with Father, and Harry Alexander pulled my curls. I had on a kilted suit, and a glengarry. I got up and hit him on the head with it. I shall never forget it; the minister looked at me, and when we came out of church, my father looked sideways at me; he shook his head; oh, he thought it terrible. Then later St. James was built, and we went there. Harry Alexander fell off his horse and broke his arm, and it never was quite straight afterwards.

REV. C.M. TATE, INDIAN MISSIONARY. DEADMAN'S ISLAND. CEMETERIES.

City Archivist: Do you recall Rev. Mr. Tate?

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, yes, I do. He was a great friend of ours. He used to come and see us at Coal Harbour. There was living there at that time only my mother and myself; Grandfather died when I was a little girl about nine, and is buried on Deadman's Island, which was the burial ground; a lot of people are buried on Deadman's Island and at Brockton Point; they used to take the bodies over in a boat. Grandmother went to live with her son, my uncle William, at North Vancouver, where Uncle William still lives. There was no 'Mission' there then; they built that afterwards. Mr. Tate used to call sometimes."

COAL HARBOUR, EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

"Our buildings at Coal Harbour were not much; just a couple of small houses on the beach beside a creek. My grandmother planted apples from seed, and they grew into fine trees bearing such enormous apples, as big as saucers; and we had lots of berries, we certainly did have berries; raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries. No, we were not 'on relief'" (and Mrs. Smith laughed) "we had" (with emphasis) "*everything*: lots of fish and game, chickens, and pigs."

City Archivist: How did you come to go to Coal Harbour?

MR. EIHU. BEN C. MCCORD. CHARCOAL.

Mrs. Smith: "At first my grandfolks only lived down at Coal Harbour. Mr. Eihu, my grandfather, came to Burrard Inlet to work for the Hastings Sawmill; Grandfather and Grandmother had lots of pigs and chickens, and that was why they had to leave the sawmill, because old Capt. Raymur did not like the pigs and chickens running all over 'the spit,' you know what I mean, over the sawdust" (note by JSM: there was another sawdust "spit" at Moodyville) "so they went down to Coal Harbour, down on Georgia Street, and preempted three acres, but the reason they went there to that particular spot, they told me, was because of a little creek there. It certainly was a pretty place with a big beach of pebbles; of course, when they started cutting trees, roots and branches drifted in and spoilt it, and the creek dried up, and then my

grandfather made charcoal for the blacksmith shop at the Hastings Sawmill; he had great big charcoal pits.”

SQUATTERS, STANLEY PARK.

“Agnes F. Cummings, daughter of James Cummings, original squatter, and Margaret West, were squatters in Stanley Park; they left them there.

“When I was about ten years old, I went out to work; oh, anywhere. I worked for” (Fire) “Chief Carlisle’s sister, Mrs. Bray, and Mrs. Crakanthorp; sometimes used to go to the little bit of a Baptist church on Westminster Avenue, just across from the old City Hall, and then in 1895, I married Mr. Robert Donald Smith; the ceremony was at my home at 1789 Georgia Street West. The Rev. Mr. Cloverdale Watson was the minister.”

VEGETABLES IN GRANVILLE.

“When I was about five years old, there was an old fellow named Billy Patterson; he had a little sloop. He would come up from Salt Spring Island with vegetables to sell; he would bring his vegetables, because there was nothing here. I remember one time, one of the women asked him if he had any oranges, and he replied, ‘Only bog oranges, Mam.’

“Then on one other occasion we went down to Victoria in a little boat; sailed all the way; there were no passenger boats running up and down in those days.”

PREEMPTIONS.

City Archivist: How did you get your land? I thought John Morton preempted all the “West End.”

Mrs. Smith: “I don’t know; I never heard much about Morton. Mother had to give the lawyer some money, and that was how she got the land, but it was a preemption. It was in 1895 that Mother gave the lawyer the money. The Mortons never bothered us.” (See Rev. C.M. Parker, who states that Morton lost a lawsuit over land.) “I planted a cherry tree down on our property; it’s there yet; planted it from seed; it’s a beautiful tree now. My husband” (Donald Robert Smith) “is up at what was once the Surf Inlet Mines, Princess Royal Island.”

GENEALOGY.

“My three children are Albert C. Smith, who lives at 1626 North West Everett Street, Portland, Oregon; he is quite a hockey player. He was born at 1789 Georgia Street on January 18, 1895. Edith, now Mrs. William Rennie, born the same place, the year of Queen Victoria’ Diamond Jubilee, July 2nd 1897; and Mrs. Florence Dean Smith, the youngest, who married a man of the same name; his Danish name was Schmidt, but he changed it to Smith; he was a musician; she died in Shanghai in 1929. She was getting ready to come home to see me, and waiting for the *Empress* when she died; it was a terrible blow.

“My grandchildren are June Rennie, born Selkirk, Manitoba, and now about seventeen, and William Rennie, also born Selkirk, now about fifteen.”

As narrated to me, 20 July 1936. J.S. Matthews.

MRS. BEN C. MCCORD.

“As I told you, my mother was half Indian; my grandmother was full Indian; she was a lovely woman; she was very particular, never went without a hat, always wore shoes; and everyone loved her. I cannot talk the Indian tongue; my mother would not allow me. Mother died April 26th 1926, or was it 1925?”

NICKNAMES.

“I told you I wore a glengarry and a kilted skirt; the children used to call me ‘Scotsy Two Tails.’ Speaking of nicknames, there was an old German named Jack Bruntz; he used to come to dances, but he could not speak English, and people did not associate with him much. He used to say people did not ‘soak shakes’ with him, so he got the name of ‘Old Soak Shakes.’”

Read and approved by Mrs. D.R. Smith, 28 July 1936. J.S.M.

Mrs. Smith died in the fall of 1937.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. D.R. SMITH (NÉE MINNIE McCORD), 914
PENDER STREET WEST, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 2 APRIL 1937.**

HAWAIIAN BIBLE. KANAKAS.

Mrs. Smith came, due to a slight lameness, carrying a cane; also carrying a good-sized soft black leather bag, apparently quite heavy with contents. She opened it and laid a large, heavy book on my desk, a large bible, printed in 1872, in the Hawaiian language.

Mrs. Smith: "I have brought you the Hawaiian bible; the front has gone; my half-sister has been very careless; she let the children play with it. Originally, it belonged to my grandfather, Mr. Eihu—that was his Hawaiian name. Eihu was pure Hawaiian, and originally came from the Hawaiian Islands where he had been a teacher in the native schools. The Hudson's Bay Company brought him, together with a number of his compatriots of the Hawaiian Islands, to Fort Langley, where he was one of their employees, and where he met his wife, a full blooded Cowichan Indian woman from Vancouver Island. Afterwards, he came to Burrard Inlet, and worked for the Hastings Sawmill, and their daughter, my mother, became Mrs. Benjamin Campbell McCord, married by the Rev. Thos. Derrick in the Methodist Church, built by the Indians and whites together on the beach at the foot of Abbott Street, and where I was baptised.

"The bible belonged to Eihu, and, of course, my mother got it from him" (her father), "and naturally it finally came into my hands; I now give it to you, for your City Archives."

HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL. RUNAWAY SAILORS. TRAIL FROM "WEST END."

"Yes! I went to the Hastings Mill School. Why, of course I walked to school from our place" (the Kanaka Ranch at the corner of Georgia and Denman streets.) "How else could I get there? I used to walk along the trail through the woods, and oh, I was so frightened! I was only a little girl, and the runaway sailors had shacks in the bushes; they were hiding there, along by where Cardero Street is now, and I used to hurry by." (Mrs. Smith made signs as though she were crouching, and shielded her face with her hands.) "Sometimes I took the beach, and walked along the beach all the way from Georgia Street to the Hastings Mill School" (Dunlevy Street.)

JOSEPH MANNION. INDIAN WIVES. "MOWITCH JIM."

"A lot of white men had Indian wives. There was Joe Mannion, Tompkins Brew, Navy Jack, Gassy Jack, Portuguese Joe, John Beaty, the Cummings—his family are living in Stanley Park now—and Johnnie Baker, who had his little house just where the Nine O'Clock Gun is, and Capt. Ettershank the pilot, and, of course, my own father" (Ben McCord.)

(Note: Sue Moody of Moodyville's white wife lived in Victoria, but had an Indian "consort" at Moodyville.)

STAGE BUGLE.

"Joe Mannion had a little daughter; she is Mrs. Dr. H.A. Christie now; her name was Maggie, and when her Indian mother died—I think that was the reason—the little thing—she was about five years old—'Mowitch' Jim, her mother's father, brought her to our place; she came to live with us for a few days before they sent her to the convent. She stayed at the convent many years—until she was grown up. I remember it so well because, when she went, they put her on the stage, she took my little hat, a pretty little hat; how I did love that little hat, and I cried because they put my little hat on her, and there she sat with it when she got on the stage at the foot of about Abbott or Carrall Street; the stage just came so far, as far as it could get, and then turned around. I can see Harry Frieze" (sic), "the stage driver, up there on the stage with his bugle; he used to put the bugle up to his mouth and blow it—on the stage—and Maggie took my little hat" (note: "Maggie" is now Mrs. Dr. H.A. Christie, of 1853 Broadway West, a very gracious lady with a charming son and daughter) "and I watched her drive off on the stage with it; she was just a little thing."

MRS. EIHU. INDIAN WOMAN.

"My own mother did not look after me very much; I was really brought up by Grandmother at the ranch on Coal Harbour" (Kanaka Ranch.) "She was really a lovely woman; everyone loved her; pure Indian, of course. Grandmother always talked English; she had such small feet and always wore boots, and a hat, and she used to tell me to try and do like the whiteman did, copy him, because he knew a lot, and not 'be

like a Siwash.' You know how it is. Half-breeds either rise or go down; some of them do well; others just go back to Indian."

SUE MOODY OF MOODYVILLE. "NAVY JACK." JOHN THOMAS.

"My father" (Benjamin Campbell McCord) "was a Campbell on his mother's side; he was a clever man, and always made friends with the best men; he was a great friend of Sue Moody, and Moody was slack of work, so he put my father and 'Navy Jack' out hand logging up Jervis Inlet; they got some supplies, about \$800 worth, and went hand logging up Jervis Inlet; and Navy Jack took his Indian wife with him, and my mother went along, too. But Navy Jack was not like my father; my father was an intelligent man; Navy Jack wasn't; and they quarrelled, and Navy Jack pulled out and left his Indian wife. Then Navy Jack got that place in West Vancouver, near Dundarave, now, and after that he was bartender in Gastown, bartender for John Robertson of the 'Hole in the Wall' saloon."

EARLY CEMETERIES. BROCKTON POINT. NINE O'CLOCK GUN.

(I showed Mrs. Smith a crayon drawing of the "Park Road" near the Nine O'Clock Gun.)

"No. The graveyard in Stanley Park was not" (as Dr. Langis states) "at the Nine O'Clock Gun; how could it be? That was where Johnnie Baker lived; the graves were nearer Brockton Point; some day I'll show you the exact place, but they were not by the gun, but about there" (pointing to the deepest part of the bend in the road towards Brockton Point) "about 100 or 200 yards further on. Baker's must have cleared the site on the point where the gun is; I suppose they did; Baker cured fish there; they had their little place on the point right where the gun is; he was a Scotchman, too. No, the graves were in the bend of the road."

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"I remember the little Baptist Church on Westminster Avenue" (Main Street); "stumps all around it; just a little bit of a place, about as big as this room" (pointing to a space about 20 x 36), "a little entrance at the side, with a little pointed top over it, and inside, benches and a stove, and a bit of a pulpit in the middle of the far" (east) "end. I joined it because I asked to join it. We children, the Spinks, Townleys, McTaggarts and Nicksons, all used to be going along all dressed up, flocking along from the West End to the churches in the east end; all the churches, Presbyterian, Methodist, and St. James, were in the east end then, and on a Sunday afternoon, all the children, one after the other, used to walk along together."

FIRE CHIEF J.H. CARLISLE.

"One day I asked if I could go to the little Baptist church on Westminster Avenue, and they said, 'Yes'; Chief Carlisle used to look after it. The same children afterwards used to go to the little school on Burrard Street, where they afterwards built the big Aberdeen school."

15 FEBRUARY 1937 – MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CAPT. CHAS. E. SPRING, RETIRED, 2284 WEST 8TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, WHO, TOGETHER WITH MRS. SPRING, CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES.

Capt. Spring and his father (Capt. Spring also) were heavily interested in sealing, and sealing vessels on the North Pacific, owned several schooners—the largest, the *Favorite*, 100 tons—and suffered severe financial loss during the 1890s due to the Bering Sea Treaty. They formerly resided at Victoria, but since 1920 at Vancouver. Capt. Spring was born on 16 February 1859 at Queensborough, in the Crown Colony of British Columbia, 1859, then a separate colony from Vancouver Island; the same year, 1859, as an infant, went with Capt. Spring, Sr., his father, and his mother, to Victoria, Vancouver's Island, then a separate colony. They have a son who is a wireless operator on the *Empress of Asia*. Capt. Spring is now, 1937, probably the oldest resident of Vancouver born on the mainland, 16 February 1859.

J.S.M.

(Note: Mr. Spring died 11 February 1938.)

EXCERPTS.

Letter, F.W. Alexander, 23 June 1936. (Mr. Alexander was born, 1869, son of R.H. Alexander, manager, Hastings Sawmill.)

I don't recall her name, but she was a French bark which loaded lumber at the Hastings Sawmill and was THE FIRST AND ONLY vessel which endeavored to sail out of the inlet. [Note: she did successfully.]

Conversation, J.H. Scales, *Early Vancouver*, Matthews. (Mr. Scales came to Burrard Inlet about 1867.)

I never saw but one vessel sail in; she sailed in the Narrows; prettiest thing you ever saw. Usually the old *Isabel*, Capt. Stamp's boat, towed them in.

THE FIRST NARROWS. SAILING SHIPS.

Capt. Spring said: "Father sometimes came to Burrard Inlet—I came with him as a young boy to load lumber for California at the Hastings Mill or Moodyville; we also took coal from Nanaimo. We did this in our largest sailing schooner only, the *Favorite*, of 100 tons, which could carry a small cargo of lumber.

"The way we entered the Narrows was to put out the stern boat and a crew of, perhaps, five men, to go ahead of the schooner *Favorite* with a line from the bow. Of course, we always waited until wind and tide were favourable, and then came right through. The reason for the boat with line ahead was to keep her bow in the right direction; the eddies were strong and swirling, and it needed something just to keep her straight."

ISABELL. FIRST TOWBOAT. CAPT. STAMP.

"The *Isabell* was the first real towboat on the B.C. coast. The old *Fly* did a little; then they built a bit of a boat, the — *Harris*" (I think he said *Grace Harris*), "but she was a poor thing; the *Isabell* was a great improvement; Capt. Stamp built her at Port Alberni."

EXCERPT, LETTER, CAPT. CHAS. E. SPRING, 20 FEBRUARY 1937.

Regarding the method used in early days by vessels navigating the First Narrows.

Mr. Alexander's statement is probably correct insofar as vessels over tonnage is concerned, as it was not usual for shipmasters to dare take the risk of sailing through the Narrows without a pilot or tug, except in cases where they were familiar with the waters, and such shipmasters were few.

With regard to vessels under tonnage, they very frequently sailed right into Burrard Inlet to their berth at the mill, but of course this was done only when conditions were favorable. Such as on one occasion with father, having a commanding breeze, and not too strong a flood tide, we sailed right in to our anchorage without having to put a boat ahead. On another occasion we came to anchor off Siwash Rock, and held on to get under way just before low water slack, so as to tow in with the ship's boat ahead in a dead calm, with five men in the boat, and so towed to our berth at Hastings Mill.

Bricks.

As an illustration of neglecting to order a boat ahead to steady the ship's head. In 1886, after Vancouver's great fire, building material was in demand there. One of my vessels, the schooner "Aldred Adams" of Victoria, with a cargo of bricks for Vancouver, sailing in with a light air and no boat ahead, was swept by the current right on to the north shore of the First Narrows, where she remained until floated off, and warped out into the stream without damage on the same tide.

EXCERPT, LETTER, CAPT. CHAS. E. SPRING, 2284 WEST EIGHTH AVENUE, 27 FEBRUARY 1937.

Tonnage.

Over and under tonnage of vessels. These are terms which in former days applied to the British Columbia Pilotage regulations, effecting vessels over and under the regulation limit of 250 tons register; going and coming from a foreign port; wherein over tonnage was compulsory, and under was optional, as to whether or not a pilot was taken.

Except in cases of over tonnage vessels, where the master was familiar with the local conditions of the locality, and had the necessary backbone for the task; he could be his own pilot.

Whereas in cases of under tonnage vessels where exempt from the regulations, such master, on accepting the services of a pilot, would be subject to the regulation rate on the register tonnage of his vessel, when a specific sum was not agreed upon.

A 100 ton schooner, such as the "Favorite" would measure about

Length [blank]

Beam [blank]

Depth [blank]

[LETTER FROM DERBY TO J. LYLE TELFORD.]

Knowsley,
Prescot,
Lancashire.

25 October 1939.

My dear Sir:

I cannot tell you how touched and grateful I am for your more than kind letter which shows the affection that you have in Vancouver for my father.

I did hope that perhaps it would have been possible for me to have been present this year at the 50th anniversary, but Lady Derby and I are both getting rather too old for such a long journey, and even if we had accepted I am afraid the War would have prevented it.

Your letter and the beautiful Album of views which you were good enough to send me brought back to me very vividly the particular day of the Dedication of the Park. I was with my Father as A.D.C. all through that long trip that he paid to the West of Canada, and especially to your town, which hardly merited the name of town then, but which now can be called a City. It is a very pleasant recollection. As you rightly say, I was honeymooning. I had been married in the previous January, and both Lady Derby and I often talk over that trip to the West. It is a memory which can never die.

I do wish that written words of mine could convey to you the gratitude which Lady Derby and I feel to you for your most kind and generous letter. With all our hearts we reiterate those words of my Father when he asked the Almighty to bless your great Park for the use and pleasure of future generations of all colours, creeds and customs. Long may it act up to that wish, and no-one is more sincere in wishing to Vancouver every possible happiness and prosperity than are Lady Derby and myself.

Yours very sincerely,

DERBY.

J. Lyle Telford Esq., M.D., M.L.A.
Mayor of Vancouver.

CONVERSATION WITH MR. WILLIAM McINTOSH STARK, "BILLY STARK," 2454 CORNWALL STREET, SON OF JAMES STARK, PIONEER, OF "STARK'S GLASGOW HOUSE," CORDOVA STREET, WHO IS HERE ON A VISIT FROM CALIFORNIA, AND STAYING WITH HIS SISTER MARY, MRS. HARRY P. ARCHIBALD, 12 DECEMBER 1939.

FIRST AUTOMOBILE. THE "ROLLING PEANUT" OLDSMOBILE, 5 MAY 1902.

Mr. Stark said: "I have been looking up Father's diary for 1902, and this is what I found: 'MONDAY, MAY 5th 1902. AUTOMOBILE ARRIVED,' and again, 'TUESDAY, MAY 6th 1902, WROTE DRY GOODS REVIEW, TORONTO, RE AUTO. "PROVINCE."' I went down to the *Province* office to look at their files, and there is a long article there, May 5th 1902, captioned, 'AN AUTOMOBILE DELIVERY VAN,' and 'FIRST MACHINE OF THE KIND ARRIVES FOR A LOCAL FIRM.'" (See photo C.V. Trans. P. 47.)

"The name 'Rolling Peanut' was applied to all Oldsmobile automobiles by George Ade, the American humorist. The Oldsmobile people sent out a little pamphlet of the humorous article written by Mr. Ade.

"Our car was not the first automobile in Vancouver, but it was the first internal combustion car; single cylinder, four and a half horsepower; under the seat; single tube rubber tires; no inner tube, no fender, no lights, no horn, but a bell on the dashboard which sounded when a foot button and ratchet were kicked. Originally, it was intended for a delivery van for 'Glasgow House' on Cordova Street, and had two seats in front and a box at the back which could be lifted off, but we put two seats at the back; then it held four; two back to back. The foot brake was on a ratchet on the back wheels.

"The car was manufactured by the Olds Motor Co., Detroit, Michigan, and was owned by James Stark and Sons; it cost about one thousand dollars landed in Vancouver. In this photos here" (C.V.P. Trans. 46, C.V.N. Trans. 23) "in the Hollow Tree, Park Road, Stanley Park, E.W. Stark, my brother, is with the Misses Wright, sisters to Frank Wright, grocer, now dead."

FIRST GARAGE. VANCOUVER AUTO AND CYCLE CO. BEGG MOTOR CO.

"The first garage in Vancouver was the Vancouver Auto and Cycle Co., 108 Hastings Street West; it had been an old livery barn. We handled bicycles, too; here are a number of photographs which you can have. My brother-in-law, F.R. Begg, bought out the Vancouver Auto and Cycle Co., and that was how the Begg Motor Company started; now a big firm."

FIRE ENGINE, FIRST AUTOMOBILE. FIRE CHIEF J.H. CARLISLE.

"I must tell you something I have often wondered about; just what a ride I gave Fire Chief J.H. Carlisle had to do with Vancouver getting its first automobile fire engines; I think Vancouver was the first city in North America to have an automobile fire engine department." (Not correct.)

"Well, one day, after we had moved from our old home at 1027 Robson Street, and we were living on Harwood Street near Bute Street, I was passing in the auto I was driving and saw Chief Carlisle running down his steps; of course, I knew that meant there was a fire alarm. The Chief had his headquarters at No. 2 Fire Hall, Seymour and Georgia, and when there was a fire, they sent a horse and buggy from the Fire Hall galloping to his home to get him, and he used to run towards the way he knew they were coming.

"This day there was no horse and buggy in sight, and I was passing in the car, so I beckoned to him to get in, he jumped in, and drove off to meet the horse and buggy; the fire was somewhere down in Chinatown. We met the horse and buggy galloping towards us. I asked the Chief, 'Shall I go on'; he replied, 'Yes, go on,' and as we passed the horse and buggy he beckoned the driver to follow, which he did; he was soon away behind. I said to Mr. Carlisle, 'Shall I drive fast; we're doing twenty-five miles now'; he said, 'Yes; go thirty-five if you like.'

"We got to the fire a long time, oh, a long time, before the horse and buggy, and I have often wondered just what that ride in my car had to do with Vancouver changing from horse-drawn fire engines to motor engines; it might have impressed the Chief with their superiority."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH CHIEF STOGAN OF MUSQUEAM INDIAN RESERVE, WHO CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, ABOUT 1 NOVEMBER 1938, IN COMPANY WITH SOMEONE.

He stayed just a moment, looked out of the windows, and promised to call again.

I showed him the black stone round ball in the glass case, mentioned and described in conversation with August Jack Khahtsahlano, 11 July 1938 (diameter 4 inches, weight 3 pounds 6½ ounces), and pointed to it, as it lay in the glass case. He remarked:

INDIAN CUSTOMS AND GAMES. INDIAN RUGBY. INDIAN LACROSSE. TCK-QUALLA.

Major Matthews: (to Stogan) See that black stone ball?

Chief Stogan: "Eh, yes. Indian rugby."

Major Matthews: You are Thitsimalanough?

Chief Stogan: "Eh, oh."

Chief Stogan is a short, stalwart man of possibly sixty, perhaps more, hardly less; and bright of eye, quick of movement, light copper complexion, and a man of personality and authority. I was sorry he stayed so short a time; we promised to meet again. I was impressed by his appearance, and the indication of intellectual capacity his features and movement gave. A large wrinkled face; lips not so thick as most Squamish; square jaw; Grecian rather than Roman nose; broad forehead, and high; and kindly smile.

Rev. C.M. Tate, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2: "Thit-see-mah-lah-nough was chief at Musqueam."

(Also see page 14 [of original volume] as to different meanings given to "lanough" by Tate and Hill-Tout. The former says it means "the place of," or "the property of," and the latter says it means "man"; actually, both agree as to its meaning, but put it in different words. A wide interpretation would be "The Man of Thitsemach," or the "Prince of Thitsemah." JSM.)

HIS WORSHIP L.D. TAYLOR (LATE MAYOR OF VANCOUVER.) THE *WORLD* NEWSPAPER. BRIGADIER-GENERAL VICTOR W. ODLUM, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. 12 FEBRUARY 1935.

His Worship: "No. Victor Odlum did not put up any money, nor his father, Prof. Edward Odlum, when he joined me in taking over the *World* newspaper about thirty years ago. He promised to put up half, and on the strength of that I gave him a five year contract to employ him; he was just a young fellow then. At the end of two years I got sick of him. He had not put up any money, left me to carry the whole load, I had to find security, and every time I went away he would change the policy of the editorials. So I told him I wanted his resignation. He replied that he had a contract and said, 'I've three years to go.' I said that didn't matter; I wanted his resignation and was going to have it. I got it. I was afraid he would go around saying that I had gipped him; he was a Methodist. So I signed an agreement to pay him \$35 a week for three years and he got it, and then he left the *World*."

HIS WORSHIP LOUIS D. TAYLOR. CITY ARCHIVES, 1933. APRIL 1935.

City Archivist (J.S. Matthews): I thank you, Your Worship, for what you did towards establishing the City Archives. (Appointment by Council of first City Archivist, and an allowance of \$25 a month.)

His Worship, ex-Mayor Taylor: "I should have liked to have done more, but those Alderman; they're only a lot of ignorami; they never read."

Note: the essence of this remark is that it is an opinion of a man, many times Mayor of Vancouver, of an electoral system which allows almost any person, regardless of his fitness, who feels he is capable of being mayor or alderman, to attain that office; witness the candidature of a kindly but eccentric old gentleman attired in queer garb (Mr. Rubinowitz) for mayor; or the case of artisans, such as street car conductors, who never earned more than 75¢ an hour, nor had more than a few dollars in their pockets, suddenly finding themselves administering an expenditure running into sixteen millions of civic funds per annum—one of the weaknesses of democratic government. JSM.

HIS WORSHIP GERALD GRATTON MCGEER, MAYOR OF VANCOUVER, 1935 (AND 1936).

Mr. McGeer is the son of James (Jim) McGeer, a pioneer farmer of a preempted farm at the corner of Kingsway and Fraser Avenue, known as the "Tea Swamp"—an old elk pasture. He conducted a milk business. (See *Early Vancouver*, vols. 1, 2 and 3, Matthews.)

Reeve W.B. Russell, Reeve of South Vancouver Municipality in 1916-1917, says in part (see his genealogy sheet), 2 May 1935:

"As a boy, I peddled milk same as 'Gerry' did when he was a boy with holes in his pants and no boots on his feet. Gerry and I were apprenticed to our trade at the same time, and worked together in the old B.C. Iron Works at the foot of Dunlevy and Heatley Avenue."

CHIEF JUSTICE AULAY MORRISON.

In a speech at the annual banquet of the officers of The British Columbia Regiment (D.C.O.R.):

"I love even the name" (with emphasis on *British*) "*British* Columbia."

CHARLES E. TISDALL, FORMER MAYOR OF VANCOUVER. JOHN INNES, SCENIC PAINTER.

John Innes loved to joke, even when he was ill in bed, as he was from September 1934 to March 1935. Mr. Tisdall was a pioneer gunsmith, afterwards had the first and the finest sporting goods store in Vancouver, but was always noted for his economy.

"Bill Barnes," said Mr. Innes, "was City Hall reporter on the *Province*, and in that capacity was able to do Mr. Tisdall, while he was a mayor some years ago, several favours. Bill decided to go on a fishing and hunting trip, and somehow Mr. Tisdall got to know about it. Anyway, Bill got a letter from Mayor Tisdall saying he wanted to see him before he started on the fishing trip. Bill conjured up visions of something good; thought he was going to get a cheque 'for past services' to help with the expenses, and provide a bottle or two to keep the cold out. So Bill goes down to the Mayor's office in high glee and expectancy.

"What do you suppose His Worship handed him?" chuckled Mr. Innes.

J.S.M.: Cannot imagine.

"A sporting goods catalogue," laughed Mr. Innes.

PIONEER ICE, AND "WHISTLING TEXAS."

By the City Archivist.

"Texas," warmhearted, smiling, queer identity, got his sobriquet from cold ice; Texas Lake natural ice; and before they made it artificially; before frigid air.

Pioneer Granville, now Vancouver, lived well, and liked it; nature provided ice for summer cooling. When the first Vancouver was melted, June 1886, by an angry blast of flame, a mysterious black mound remained on Water Street beside what had been the celebrated Sunnyside Hotel. A man scaled that low mound to scan the distance for a missing brother; then slipped and fell, his hands pawed the charcoal; and, astonished, he got a bucket and drank. Those pioneers who first ventured back into the still burning embers, quenched the fierce thirst of their parched throats from that same mound; the second Vancouver's first water supply was melted ice in buckets.

As the hotel icehouse was consumed by fire, its sawdust lining had fallen in flame upon a deep shield of damp sawdust beneath which the icy blocks were stored, and thus protected from a heat so intense that iron office safes turned into molten amalgam, and silver coins into lumps of metal.

In the years before the first artificial ice plant was established, ice came in carloads by the new railway from Texas Lake near Yale. The TEXAS LAKE ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO. LTD., the first in our city, had its icehouse on Pender Street beside the first C.P.R. roundhouse of wood, with its long row of water barrels on the roof—just behind the present B.C. Electric interurban depot; access from the narrow road

of dust or mud, now paved and polished Pender Street, was by a bridge of planks across the ditch. All Vancouver lived within a mile of Pioneer Place, and received their ice from three horse drawn "rigs"; Texas is said to have been "on the staff." And now he has gone; with his old boats of a quarter of a century ago, the Bowen Island ferries, *Defiance*, *Britannia*, *Bowena*, *Baramba*, and *Ballena*.

Of the one hundred and seventy four customers served with Texas ice during the summer of 1892 very few survive, but among them are the Vancouver Club, Sir George McLaren Brown, J.W. McFarland; the others are with "Texas." Here are some names which will awaken fond memories.

15 March 1936. J.S. Matthews.

ICE CUSTOMERS, SUMMER OF 1892.

From delivery book, Route No. 1.

TEXAS LAKE ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO. LTD.

J.J. Mulhall, president, D.W. Sheehan, superintendent.

D.M. Cashin, secretary and manager.

Office, 403 Cordova street, Telephone 424, P.O. Box 136.

Ice House, Pender street, near C.P.R. tracks.

HOTELS: Regina, Oriental, City, Waverley, Leland, White, Swan, Ottawa, Colonial, Union, Manor (Badminton) House, Sherman House, Ellesmere House.

CLUBS: Vancouver Club, St. George's Society Club, St. Laurence Hall.

SALOONS: Opera, Boulder, Crown, Alhambra, Fountain, Pullman, Cosmopolitan, Bayview, Stag and Pheasant, Pig and Whistle, Richmond, Union, Office, Edinburgh, New Fountain, Gambrinus, Merchant's Exchange.

RESTAURANTS: Jubilee, Cosmopolitan, Scott's, Tapley's, Alcoma, Tremont, Nickle Plate, Oyster Bay, Spa. Smith.

FIRMS: Hastings Mill Store, Hudson's Bay Co., B.C. Fishing Co., Thorpe & Co., Brown & Sons.

MARKETS: City Market.

HOSPITALS: City Hospital.

STORES: Ross & Co., Major and Eldridge, R.V. Winch, G.W. Weeks, McMillan and Hamilton, Alderson, Dominion, Homestead and Arcade Groceries, A. Muir, E. Fader, Harcus, W. Templeton, A.W. McIntosh, Scuitto.

PRIVATE RESIDENTS: [a few] Campbell Sweeny, Dr. Kendall, Wm. Murphy, Mrs. Thain, A.G. Ferguson, H.H. Abbott, J.M. Browning, Hugh Keefer, Evan Thomas, Innes and Richards, Mr. Berteaux, R.D. Kinmond, W. Green, A.J. Dana, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. C.D. Rand, Mr. McGilvray, Wm. Sulley, H. Bell-Irving, Mr. Grant, Jonathan Miller, H. McDowell, Mr. Tolmie, T.O. Townley, R.H. Alexander, R.B. Oxley, E.V. Bodwell, The Wigwam, George McLaren Brown, S.J. Emanuels, Rev. Mr. Hobson, Peter McNaughton, Capt. Webster (Union S.S. Co.), S.T. Tilley, Mr. Ceperley, Gen. Twigg, Mr. Searles, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. H.J. Cambie, E. McGarrigal, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Pringle, Mrs. P. Cook, J.S. Anderson, Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. F.W. Hart, Mrs. O'Dwyer, J.M. Howell, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Coburn, J. Byrne, A.W. Black, Capt. Soule, Mrs. Hammersley, Dr. Lefevre, J.W. McFarland, Mrs. J.C. McLagan, Mrs. Cooper, J. Bailey, Mr. Weeks.

In all 174 customers.

“THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR,” I.E., REV. JAMES TURNER OF GRANVILLE, B.C.

Just who told me—I have heard it so many times—the Rev. James Turner, who, with the Indians built, and he afterwards in company with Rev. Charles M. Tate, dedicated the first church in Vancouver, used to be known colloquially as “the Minister of the Interior,” because his ministry extended all over the “Interior,” then so called more than today, of British Columbia. He was stationed in Salmon Arm at one time, and I recall having heard that he was short of a church to hold a service, so prevailed upon the C.P.R. to sidetrack a coach for the purpose; the story runs something like that.

J.S. Matthews.

Dr. A.M. Sanford has, so Rev. Tanner (sic) told me, quite a lot of his papers.

JSM.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE F. UPHAM, 1125 WEST 12TH AVENUE, ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE, “BEFORE THE FIRE” (JUNE 1886), WHO CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES TO CHAT, 18 FEBRUARY 1937.

ARRIVAL FIRST TRAIN VANCOUVER, 23 MAY 1887.

Mr. Upham said: “I was a member of the first volunteer fire brigade, and we were paraded to swell the throngs to witness the great event of the arrival of the first passenger train from Montréal in Vancouver. We did not take the engines down, just the hose reels, and that was the first day we wore our fancy helmets.

“There are very few of our old volunteer firemen left to tell the tale, but, thank God, I am one of them.”

ARRIVAL FIRST TRAIN PORT MOODY, 4 JULY 1886.

“I also saw the first passenger train arrive in Port Moody, 4th July 1886.”

FIRST LADY PASSENGER BY RAIL OVER ROCKIES.

(Exclusive of Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Lefevre and their party who arrived in Mr. Abbott’s car, 27 or 28 June 1886.)

“You see, there was the mayor of Seattle and the city clerk, and the mayor of Nanaimo and the city clerk, and the mayor of Victoria and the city clerk, and the mayor of Westminster and his clerk, and Mayor MacLean and” (City Clerk) “Tom McGuigan, and we had all got there too soon, and had an hour and a half to wait, so everybody made pretty good use of the time up at the hotel, and of course when the train *did* arrive, they were all pretty well warmed up.

“Well. They had prepared a fine bouquet of rose buds to give the first lady passenger to come over the Rockies in a passenger train. Tom McGuigan had a nice little address all ready for her; guess he had got it off by heart, but, anyway, he read it from a piece of notepaper, nicely fixed up for her, and when the lady, Mrs. Hirschberg, with her two daughters, stepped off the train, Tom approached her, and made his little speech, and handed her the written address, which she took. Mayor MacLean’s part was to hand her the bouquet of rose buds, which he did, but did not make such a to-do about it as Tom; he just bowed and presented them.”

City Archivist (JSM): Mrs. Hirschberg (or Hirshberg); what did you say her name was?

Mr. Upham: “Yes. Mrs. Hirschberg; she came out to take over the Leland Hotel on Hastings Street.”

City Archivist: Well, Hirschberg committed suicide, didn’t he? Frank Hart (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, F.W. Hart) told me that when the city got Mountain View Cemetery, he (the undertaker) couldn’t open it because no one would die, but finally Hirshberg volunteered, and they opened it with him.

Mr. Upham: “Make any man commit suicide to have a wife like that; a hard old bat; she was hard, *hard*.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE F. UPHAM AT CITY ARCHIVES, 10 MARCH 1937.

OPERA HOUSE. GRANVILLE, B.I.

Mr. Upham said: "The 'Opera House' which Mr. Hedley Otton of San Rafael, California, sends you an account of, was a rough two-storey shed on what is now Trounce Alley, but then the lane to the stables at the back of the Deighton House and Jonathan Miller's court house on Water Street. It was between and behind Miller's and Johnston's house, which was between Miler's and the 'Deighton.'

"It was a place with bare bunks on the ground floor, and if you had your blankets, they would let you sleep in it at fifty cents a night. Upstairs was a dance hall, just a roughish sort of room; hold about twenty-five couples; coal oil lamps, wood stove and cord wood; dance there in anything you liked, boots, moccasins, logger's caulks; anything you liked to, it was all the same. Ask Harry Chase; he knows."

JOSEPH MANNION.

"Joe Mannion's first wife, of course, was an Indian, but his second wife was white, and a fine good woman, too, she was. She brought up those stepchildren well; she looked after them wonderfully and properly; no woman living could have done it better; one is now Mrs." (Dr.) "H.A. Christie."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH GEO. F. UPHAM, 1125 WEST 12TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, 7 APRIL 1937.

FOWLS AND THEIR EGGS. EARLY STREET CARS.

Mr. Upham said: "What do I know about chickens in the early days of Vancouver? Well, they were the usual barnyard variety; mostly Plymouth Rocks, or Black Minorca. The Minorcas were wild birds. Everyone had hens in their back yards; sometimes they got out.

"I remember one time Alex Struthers told me someone had moved out of a house down on Haro Street near Bute Street, and that a couple of hens had been left; the hens were 'sitting' out in the clearing. So I got a box that night and went down and I got a hen and thirteen chickens; it gave me a bit of a start in life. I did not look for the other one; thought I had done well enough. Then soon after, my mother-in-law gave me a Plymouth rooster and twelve Plymouth hens; that would be about 1891.

"The first Black Spanish I ever heard of in Vancouver, or ever saw here, was one that Dr. Fowler brought here. He came up from San Francisco in 1886, and two or three years after he was living in Sedro-Wooley, or Bellingham, and he and his wife brought a pair of Black Spanish hens here from some place in Washington."

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JAMES EDWARD SMITH, 1630 CHARLES STREET, VANCOUVER, 3 MAY 1935.

STREET CARS.

"I was the first baby to ride on the street cars of Vancouver. The story goes that when the first street car came out of the Prior Street barn, that Mr. Snyder, our next door neighbour, grasped me from my mother's arms, and said as he did so, 'He's going to be the first baby in Vancouver to ride on a street car.' Mother is said to have protested that my face was dirty, and that I was not dressed. But Mr. Snider said 'that did not matter. Car was coming; no time to wait,' jumped on the car in the middle of the block—it stopped for him—went a short way, and got off.

"The car in question was out for a trial spin from Prior Street as far as Hastings Street; Westminster Ave. was a bit of a rough thoroughfare then." (He may mean Front Street barn; don't think Prior Street barn was built; the Vancouver Street Railway's Carhouse was on Front Street early in 1890. The *World* panorama map of 1890 shows no buildings on Prior Street, but does show a siding turning in there.)

YALETOWN.

"My father came to Vancouver about 1887, and first went to live in Yaletown. Then he squatted where the B.C. Electric Railway Company located their first barn, but the Vancouver Electric Railway Company

forced him out; he squatted right on the beach; there was trouble, and they were going to arrest him. Then we moved over to Prior Street to some little old cottages, still there.

“Father helped to grade Georgia Street in front of the Hotel Vancouver.” (The Council let the contract for this work on 19 July 1887.) “The work was done by John Clendenning.” (See photo No. ? of Mr. J.I. Smith, also see B.C. Electric Railway *Buzzer*, 1935.)

FIRST STREET CARS.

“When the first street cars arrived, they side tracked the flat cars down at the first C.P.R. roundhouse on Pender Street back of the present B.C. Electric, and tried to unload them, but were making a mess of it. They asked me how much I wanted to do it. I said sixty dollars. They were little cars—just two and a half tons. So I got a dozen Chinamen, and I had them off in an hour and a half or two hours; then I gave the Chinamen a dollar each.”

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE FRED UPHAM, 30 DECEMBER 1937.

FOREST FIRES. WESTMINSTER ROAD. KINGSWAY. FALSE CREEK ROAD. “ROYAL OAK.” “PIG AND WHISTLE.”

Mr. Upham said: “I don’t recall any big forest fires around here after I came in 1885; there has always been little patches burning here or there in summer, but I cannot remember anything especially noticeable.

“What I do recall is that when I was working at the Royal City Planing Mills on Carrall Street, I was to be best man at Harry Berry’s wedding to Alice Howay at New Westminster, so I got a horse and rode over, and, well, I didn’t get lost, but for a mile or so, there was no road.” (Note: Mrs. Berry died in 1888.) “There had been a trail at one time, but it was so grown over you could not find it.

“There was a clearing out there, somewhere about the ‘Royal Oak’ or the ‘Pig and Whistle’; about a mile or more of it; all the forest had gone; you could see a long way through the small trees; lots of oregon grape, blackberries, stumps and stone; dreary sort of place with hundreds of white spikes of dead trees sticking up in all directions; a big fire must have gone through there some time long before 1885 because all the dead trees were whitening.

“But down around Vancouver, I cannot remember any big forest fire; lots of little ones when people were clearing out Grandview, Mount Pleasant, and Kerrisdale.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE FRED UPHAM, WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, FRIDAY, 7 JANUARY 1938.

THOS. H. BOYD. ARRIVAL FIRST TRAIN, 23 MAY 1887. GRANVILLE STREET. CORDOVA STREET.

Mr. Upham: “I was talking to Tom Boyd yesterday, and he was telling me that he saw the first train come into Vancouver, May 23rd 1887.

“He told me he had the contract to plank Granville Street so that they could get up and down from the C.P.R. wharf where the train stopped under the bank” (Howe Street), “and they had to hurry up like mad to get it finished before the train arrived, and Mr. Boyd laughed as he said, ‘We just drove the last spike in the planks as the train pulled in to the station.’”

Mr. Boyd will be 80 years old tomorrow, 8 January 1938.

VANCOUVER—A SHORT HISTORY

Published 1936.

In 1934, two small boys, of 12 or 13 years, and one by name Gross, timorously rapped on the door of a small room, City Hall, 16 Hastings Street East, Vancouver. Room 1016, the "CITY ARCHIVES," was ten feet by sixteen, and a cardboard sign on the door, "CITY ARCHIVIST," designated its purpose. Inside was a litter of parcels of brown paper, cardboard cartons, shabby boxes, a desk, a chair, no other furniture, no phone, but a borrowed typewriter, and the City Archivist himself.

The boys peeped in; "Can we come in, mister?" They could. They sat down.

They were from Templeton Junior High School, they said; and wanted historical material for the school magazine; someone had sent them. They stayed an hour or more. The first question they plied was, "What do you know about...?" mentioning something. It was a queer way for a lad to address a major with a bald head, but the archivist rose to the occasion, and successfully withstood their assaults. The two boys came back on many occasions; principally Saturday morning at noon, just as the archivist was leaving for a week end rest.

The outcome was an invitation to the archivist to address the scholars of the Templeton High School, but not until after the "TEE JAY," June 1935, Vol. VIII, No. 7, the school publication had been mimeographed. (See page 19.)

Later, Mr. Kenneth A. Waites, one of the leading teachers, called at the "City Archives," and to make quite a long story shorter, early in the Golden Jubilee year he conceived an idea to publish a booklet. This idea, after a great deal of work, mostly on his part, finally culminated in "VANCOUVER—A SHORT HISTORY."

The first five thousand sold for ten cents, and went so fast that a second five thousand was printed; ten thousand in all; in September 1936 none were obtainable; out of print.

Then, on Sept. 29th, 1936, in compliance with the request of W.A. McAdam Esq. Agent-General for B.C. in London, England, fifty copies were sent him for distribution in the British Isles. In the words of the hard working Waites, the boys of the "Templeton School" were "tickled pink."

Perhaps, who knows, the two small boys at the door were the heralds announcing that a start was being made on the writing of the marvellous romance, THE HISTORY OF VANCOUVER.

30 September 1936.

J.S. Matthews

City Archivist.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JAMES WALKER, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JOSEPH SILVEY, PIONEER, 1868 OR EARLIER, OF GASTOWN, WHOSE LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER, MISS AGNES LAUREN TAYLOR, A SCHOOL GIRL, TELEPHONED ME LAST EVENING THAT SHE DESIRED ME TO CALL, 27 OCTOBER 1938.

Mrs. Walker was waiting in front of her home, 721 Cambie Street, an old dilapidated rooming house, and received me with a gracious smile, and conducted me by a narrow stair, scarce thirty or thirty-six inches wide, upstairs to a long passage, uncomfortably narrow, to her solitary room at the back, about ten by twelve feet square, and containing a poor bed, two chairs, a gas cooking plate, a small tall heating stove. Mrs. Walker told me she was "on relief," and the room certainly did not belie her assertion. The whole spectacle was unseemly for anyone, especially for the eldest daughter of Joseph Silvey, one of the earliest settlers of Burrard Inlet, a pioneer of pioneers, who established himself on Water Street before even the townsite of Granville existed.

Mrs. Walker is a woman of pleasing appearance and kindly manner; short of stature, alert, practical, keen memory, motherly, and natural dignity; her semi-Indian origin is indicated by her dark eyes, stiff black hair, and light copper complexion. She was a most gracious host.

It is not to the credit of Vancouver that this native daughter—one of the first children born on Burrard Inlet—should, at her age, be permitted to continue in such a state of penury.

JOSEPH SILVEY OF GASTOWN. "PORTUGUESE JOE" No. 1.

Mrs. Walker said: "Joseph Silvey of 'Gastown' was my father. His real name was Joseph Silvey Simmons. I cannot say exactly whether the name is spelt Silvey or Silvia, or how; nor can I say where he was born, excepting that it was in Europe somewhere.

"He came out to British Columbia with a lot of men for the Hudson's Bay Co., Victoria, and then they went prospecting for gold up the Fraser River, up at Yale or somewhere; up the Cariboo, anyway. That was when he was a young man, and before he was married.

"They had a lot of trouble with the Indians; the Indians were killing the whitemen off, and then one night six men, whitemen, ran away from the mines at Yale, or wherever it was, and escaped down to New Westminster in a canoe; they could not stop where they were any longer as the Indians were killing whitemen off.

"From Westminster, a report was sent to Victoria—by telegraph I think, or somehow, if there was a telegraph—asking Victoria to send a man-o-war, and a gun boat came, and went up the river after the Indians, and that tamed the Indians down."

MUSQUEAM INDIANS.

"Then my father, together with four or five whitemen who had come down the river with him, went on down the North Arm of the Fraser in the dugout canoe, and when they approached the Point Grey Indian Reserve on the North Arm, they saw a crowd of Indians in front, and they were frightened, and clasped their hands together before their faces as in prayer, because they thought they would all be killed, and that the Musqueam Indians were like the Yale Indians.

"But the Musqueams treated them with kindness, and they sure were good" (with emphasis) "to my father and his companions."

CHIEF KIAPILANO, THE OLD CHIEF. BOW AND ARROWS.

"The big chief, Kiapilano, from Capilano, happened to be at Musqueam, and he stood in the middle of the crowd of Indians. All the Musqueams had their arrows ready, but Kiapilano, the chief, stopped them; he put up his two arms over his head, and that motion held the crowd in check; he was my great-grandfather on my mother's side.

"The old chief lived at Capilano Creek" (the village of Homulcheson), "but he also had a home at Musqueam; his mother was a Musqueam. I remember they used to take me to see the old chief

Kiapilano; a great big man, fine tall man, grey hair. He was kind and nice. I was a little girl.” (Note: all accounts speak highly of old Chief Kiapilano. J.S.M.)

JOSEPH SILVEY AT POINT ROBERTS.

“Father stayed a night with the Musqueam Indians, and was treated so well there, and the next morning, Father and his companions went to Victoria in the canoe. He was in Victoria for a while, and then he came back, and he was at Point Roberts with a man named Mr. Dublin, or some name like that; that was before Father was married; and my father had a little store there, and that was how he came to propose to my mother down at Musqueam.”

JOSEPH SILVEY MARRIES. INDIAN MARRIAGE. MARY ANN SILVEY.

“Mother and Father were out in a canoe, and then afterwards Father said by signs to the old chief, Chief Kiapilano, that he wanted my mother for his wife, and could he have her; all by signs. Then the old chief said, by signs, that he could; waved his hand and arm with a motion, signifying to ‘take her.’ He motioned with his right arm, waved quickly, upward and outward.

“She was a pretty girl with dark eyes, and hair down to her middle; large deep soft eyes. Her name was Mary Ann in English; I don’t know what it is in Indian, but my aunt’s name was Lumtinat. My grandfather, Mother’s father, was Musqueam; he was a son of old Chief Kiapilano, and I suppose his name was Kiapilano too, but don’t actually know; but my mother’s name was Squamish.” (Khaal-tin-aht.)

INDIAN MARRIAGE OF JOSEPH SILVEY.

Major Matthews: When your father married your mother, was the ceremony in a church?

Mrs. Walker: “Oh, no. In those days they married under Indian law. Well, you know, my father told me how the Indians married; you see, Father and Mother got married at Musqueam, Point Grey. The old chief, Chief Kiapilano, took my father, and the chief of the Musqueams took my mother, and the two chiefs put them together.

Major Matthews: Was anyone looking?

Mrs. Walker: “Oh, yes” (with emphasis), “I should say there was. They had canoes and canoes and canoes, all drawn up on the beach, and a great crowd of Indians, and they had a great time. They had a lot of stuff for the festivities, Indian blankets, and all sorts of thing, and—threw” (gave) “it all away; they had a great big potlatch.

“And then they put my mother and father in a great big canoe with a lot of blankets; made them sit on top of the blankets, and then brought them over to home at Point Roberts.”

JOSEPH SILVEY COMES TO GASTOWN.

“My father, Joseph Silvey, left Point Roberts after a short period, and came to Gastown, and put up a saloon; that’s what they called it; not a hotel, but a saloon. He built it quite close to the beach, down on Water Street somewhere; it had a square top, but I don’t see it here in this photo of ‘Gastown, 1884’; I remember all the bottles on the shelf, and there was a counter” (bar.) “It was on the Gastown beach, and the street was just planked over, and then my mother died; she caught cold in her back, I gathered, from remarks my father dropped, when my little sister was born, and my little sister was less than a year old when Mother died; my only sister—I had no brothers—Josephine, afterwards Mrs. Anderson; so Father was left alone with two young children, one unable to walk. Then he sold the saloon to some hand loggers.”

INDIAN LEGEND OF COMING WHITEMEN.

“My mother has told me that Great-grandfather Chief Kiapilano had twin boys, and the boys were growing up and about six years old, and wanted to go down to the beach, and their mother would not let them go, but they argued that there was water down there, and they wanted to go down and see it. So old Chief Kiapilano told them that they could go down, but that some day the whitemans would come, that they were to treat the whitemen nicely; that they would probably come on an island” (ship) “and that they were just like us, only lighter colour skins, and that they were all right, and that they would not stop long; that they were just travelling through; and to be nice to them. That’s what old Chief Kiapilano told the twins;

that they were always to be kind to the whitemans; there was never any crime committed by the Indians towards the whitemen about here. No, I should say not, old Kiapilano was a fine man; would not allow it.”

CHIEF KIAPILANO.

“Chief Kiapilano had lots of wives; the chiefs used to have a ‘princess’ from each of the different tribes as a wife. Chiefs used to marry a daughter from each tribe; only the chiefs had a lot of wives—not the common people—but they used to say Kiapilano had the most; used to visit them every month.

“I don’t suppose you believe in fortune telling, but the Indians used to foretell things; I don’t know what you call it in English, but they used to tell what would come someday; and about how the white faces would come, and they would be different; have white faces, and things would change, and not be the same anymore. I don’t know just exactly what that had to do with it, but they tell me that, when the whitemen did come, that Chief Kiapilano wanted to give them land; I think he did give them some land somewhere.

“Kiapilano was a very nice man; he was very nice and kind.”

GOVERNOR DOUGLAS. DATE OF BIRTH OF MISS SILVEY.

“Father told me I was born on the Fourth of July. It was an American Day, and they were having a celebration at New Westminster. They always told me, jokingly, that I was an ‘American baby.’ They were having a celebration, the Americans were, and Governor Douglas was there, and they were firing guns, or practicing or something—no, it was not the 24th of May or July 1st—it was some American celebration at Westminster. That was the day, Father said, that I was born. Father had a big time that day; treated his friends with brandy, because he had a baby girl, and that was the day I was born.”

(Note: as she was born at Gastown, it is much more likely that the celebration was at Moodyville, where the “Glorious Fourth” was customarily celebrated; it is hardly likely it was at Westminster.)

“And my own mother told me that, too. I must have been about four years old when my mother died, but” (with emphasis) “I can remember these things. My father told me there was two years between my sister Josephine and me.”

DEATH OF MRS. JOSEPH SILVEY. CHIEF KIAPILANO.

“Mother died when my little sister was not, as yet, actually walking; less than a year, and she wanted to be buried at Musqueam, so she was buried there. I don’t know her father’s name, but her grandfather, that’s my great-grandfather, was the original old Chief Kiapilano. Great-grandfather Chief Kiapilano used to come and camp at Brockton Point, in a tent in front of our house, and I used to see him resting on his bed in the tent.” (Note: this is the Indian chief invited on board H.M.S. *Plumper* in August 1859. J.S.M.)

“Everybody is surprised that I know these things, I was so young, but I have a good memory, and I remember my mother dying in Gastown, and how her people at Musqueam came for her body, and took it in a canoe for burial at Musqueam.

“Father has often told me that she was a wonderful wife, and woman.”

JOSEPHINE SILVEY.

“For instance, I can remember the birth of my little sister Josephine in Gastown, because they took me to a strange house, and the next morning, when I went back, there was a strange baby in the house; I remember, too, I tried to pick it up.

“My sister Josephine married Steve Anderson at Vancouver Island, either Nanaimo or Kuper Island, and they had four sons and three daughters; Josephine died in Vancouver in 1935, and is buried in Ocean View. Her sons were Cleveland, Harry, Alfred, and Frankie, the youngest son; her daughters were Nellie” (Mrs. McDonald), “Minnie” (Mrs. Penderson), “Florence” (married name unknown.)

JOSEPH SILVEY MOVES TO BROCKTON POINT.

“Father sold out and went to live at Brockton Point. He put up a house there, near Deadman’s Island, facing east, and while at the point was married a second time to a Sechelt Indian woman, Lucy, and she died at Reid Island, as Mrs. Watson, about 1935.”

JOSEPH SILVEY BUILDS A SLOOP. THE SLOOP *MORNING STAR*.

“Father built a sloop; I helped him; he built it at Brockton Point. I was only a little girl, but I could hold the boards, and I could hand him the nails, and could hold something against the other side of the board when he was hammering; put a little pressure on.”

TOMPKINS BREW, CUSTOMS OFFICER.

“Tompkins Brew was living at Brockton Point when we went there; he had quite a nice little cottage; it was about twenty feet or so—just a little bit—west of the nine o’clock gun, on that little bit of clearing right on that little point; but my father was the first one there, and when he left, Gonsalves got it. I tried to find out if my father sold it to Gonsalves, but from what I could learn, he did not; he just left it and went to Reid Island.” (Note: these squattings are shown on the map of squatters’ locations in Stanley Park, 1923.)

“PORTUGUESE JOE” No. 2.

“I got little or no education; only about six months, but I can read a few words. But I have seen to it that my children got good educations. Father had a man at Reid Island, he boarded with us for six months, and that is all the education I got; I can read a little. We were too young to go to school when we lived at Gastown. I don’t know when we left Gastown to go to Brockton Point, but it was before I was old enough to go to school, because I never went to the Hastings Sawmill School, and I remember, Joe Little went to the Hastings School, but I remember Arthur Brew, son of Tompkins Brew; he was a big boy going to school, and I remember running over to Joe Fernandez’s store across from our place—just a few steps—nearly every day. The men who came into the bar room used to give me ten cents, or fifty cents, and I used to run over to Joe’s store and get candy. Joe Fernandez had a great big cordwood stove in the store; I used to stand by it when I went over to get candy from Joe.”

GASSY JACK.

“I remember Gassy Jack, but don’t know much about him. We children did not have much to do with the men; he had a place along the beach—to the east—of Father’s saloon; he had a saloon there; he was a stout man; he had a saloon too. He had an Indian wife, and so had Joe Mannion.”

INDIAN CHURCH.

“Yes, I remember the Indian church.”

GREGORIS FERNANDEZ. “PORTUGUESE JOE” No. 2. “PORTUGUESE JOE” No. 3.

“Joe Fernandez of Gastown died. We had left Brockton Point and gone to Reid Island when he died. When I first recall him, he was an old man with a big long beard; all the men wore beards then; even the young men had big beards.

“When Gregoris Fernandez” (“Portuguese Joe” No. 2) “was ailing, he sent for his nephew, Joseph Gonsalves” (“Portuguese Joe” No. 3) “to come from Portugal; he is up at Pender Harbour now; his wife died last month.

“*There is no relationship between Joseph Silvey and ‘Joe’ Fernandez; Mrs. Buss, my half-sister, says there is, but she imagines all sorts of things; she knows nothing about it; why, she was not born.*”

JOSEPH SILVEY MARRIES SECOND WIFE.

“His second wife was a Sechelt Indian woman, Lucy, and he married her at a church ceremony at Sechelt, and they had four boys and two girls; the children are still living. They were:

Domingo, now on Reid Island;
Joseph, now at Egmont;
Henry, also at Egmont;
Anthony (Tony), on Reid Island;
Mary, now Mrs. Buss, at Egmont;
Rose Alena, in Egmont, now Mrs. Beal [*sic*].

“And there are lots of grandchildren.”

HERRING IN COAL HARBOUR. DOGFISH OIL.

“Father taught the Indian women how to knit nets at Brockton Point; taught them how to make seine nets, and then he used to stain the nets in vats, and then they went out on the little bit of sandy beach, facing this way from Brockton Point, and used to catch herrings. One would go away out in the boat with one end, and one away out with the other end, and then they would circle around, and two men on one rope end and two men on the other end would pull the net, slowly, slowly, into the sandy beach, and they would get, well, I heard them say there was a ton of herrings in the net, you could see the net coming in with the herring all splashing in it; drawing it up on the beach. Father had the first herring seine license; made out to Silvey and Sons; I believe Domingo sold it and its rights to someone.

“Then they used to put the herrings in barrels, and they used to salt it, and they used to sell the herrings for one dollar a barrel; they used to sell them to the schooners. The schooners used to come in, and get one hundred barrels each, and go away; sometimes as much as one hundred and fifty barrels; that” (with emphasis) “one hundred and fifty dollars; they used the herring for bait; used to catch dogfish up the coast, and they sold the dogfish oil to the mines at Departure Bay.” (Coal mines.) “But the oil was so high” (in price) “those days.

“Ewen and Wise, at Westminster, used to call my father the ‘net boss’ during the salmon fishing season, in the summer. In the summer, when they were fishing salmon, we used to live in the boathouse by Mr. Wise’s store in New Westminster. There were just three of us then; Mary—Mrs. Buss—was not born then; there were just three children.”

JOSEPH SILVEY MOVES TO REID ISLAND.

“Then Father left Burrard inlet and went to Vancouver Island, and crown granted Reid Island, died and is buried there, and as there was no will, the eldest son, by the second marriage, of course, Domingo Silvey, got the whole of the island, and he is there yet. I hear they have a school there now.

“I am the eldest of Joseph Silvey’s children; my name is Marion Elizabeth; born in Gastown, I don’t know what year, and christened in Victoria, where I had a godfather, Mr. John Munto” (sic); “he had a lot of property in Victoria; Father took me to see him once, and he nursed me in his arms and told me I could have anything I wanted. My godmother was Mrs. Morie” (sic); “they kept the Dominion Hotel in those days.

“Then I married James Walker when I was sixteen, at the Church of England, Kuper Island, and by the Rev. Mr. Roberts. My sister, Josephine, my full sister, died in Vancouver seven years ago; she was Mrs. Steve Anderson; Mr. Anderson is still living.

“There were just the two girls, Marion Elizabeth, that’s myself, and my sister Josephine; that’s all Father had by his first wife.

“Father had a little store on Reid Island, alongside of the house. He was a builder; he could build a house, as he did for himself at Gastown, or he could build a sloop, as he did at Brockton Point; could build sail boats.”

JOSEPH SILVEY DIES ON REID ISLAND.

“My father lived on Reid Island” [blank] “years, and died there, aged about 60, and, according to his wish, was buried on the island.”

INDIAN WIVES OF WHITEMEN.

“Domingo, Father’s eldest son, got everything when Father died; there was no will; thought he had some coal rights on Reid Island, and he said to Mr. Planta” (Senator Planta) “that the two girls—that’s my sister and myself—could not claim anything because my father was not married to my mother. But Mr. Planta said to him, ‘Don’t you think anything like that. Their father and mother were married according to Indian law.’”

GRANDFATHER SILVEY. JOHN SILVEY. JOSEPH SILVEY.

“My father’s father was an old sea captain in New York, and he married a Miss Silvia, and she gave my father his name Silvia; it was just her maiden name.” (An attempt to find out, by pronunciation, if the name

was Silvia or Silvey, was unsuccessful; sometimes it sounded one, sometimes another. Mrs. Walker used Silvey when speaking, but when I asked her which was correct, she replied, "Silvia." J.S.M.) "That is how my father came to be known as Joe Silvey; his real name was Joseph Silvia Simmonds.

"Grandfather Silvey died of heart trouble on his ship. My father told me that he, Grandfather, was training my father and my uncle, his brother John, on the ship. Father was to be second mate, and Grandfather was training him for it; the two brothers. And then Grandfather called the two boys into his study—a place where they could sit, sitting room—and Grandfather was sitting in a big chair, and he told the boys to be good boys when they grew up, and then he just sunk down in the chair and was dead, while they were with him; Father told me that."

MARRIAGE OF MRS. JAMES WALKER.

"I was born on the 4th of July" (year not known) "and I was sixteen the year I was married. I was married on the 15th July. Mr. Walker kidnapped me; I did not know I was going to be married until I was in the little row boat; nor did my father. James Walker asked my father if he could have me for his wife, and my father was furious about it; said, 'No,' that I could not be married until I was twenty, and I heard him telling my stepmother that he did not want me to marry James Walker. James Walker, my husband, used to come over and visit me; what they call a 'boy friend' now; and he asked my stepmother if he could take me out for a boat ride. So I went.

"I stepped into his boat, and he rowed me away from Reid Island; his home was on Thetis Island; he kept on rowing, and rowed over to Kuper Island, and we were married by the Rev. Mr. Roberts. Mr. Walker is still living, but I have been away from him for twenty years; I was just his 'slave.'

"I have ten children; four are dead; six living.

1. Frank Matthew. My eldest. I was seventeen when he was born. He is married and lives on Vancouver Island, and has three sons.
2. William James. He is married, lives in Vancouver, and has a daughter, Norma Jean.
3. Dora Caroline. She is dead. She was Mrs. William Sims of Ladysmith, and she had seven children.
4. Rose Edith, now Mrs. Edward Knox, of Alert Bay; she has two sons and a daughter.
5. Adelaide, now Mrs. John Miner of Courtenay, and has two sons and several daughters.
6. Robert Joseph, named after his grandfather; he is a locomotive engineer up the coast, is married, no children. His wife has been in England for about eleven years.
7. Elizabeth Agnes, she is dead; she was Mrs. J. Crone of Seattle; she had one son.
8. James Alexander. Killed at Prince George about 1934 in a railroad accident; there was a washout, and a collision, and the locomotive went over. He was a fine man; his death was a great blow to me; he was unmarried.
9. Marion Jane. She is dead, too. She was Mrs. Albert Taylor, and her only little girl lives with me; she ought to be home from school in a few minutes. [*Agnes Laureen Taylor.*]
10. Vera June, the youngest; she is Mrs. F. Lambert, living in Seattle; one son and one daughter.

Correct, as read to me, 17 July 1939.

(Signed) Marion E. Walker (née Silvey.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JAMES WALKER, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JOSEPH SILVIA, "PORTUGUESE JOE, NO. 1" OF "GASTOWN," WHO HAD BEEN INVITED BY MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHORP, SOLE SURVIVING PUPIL NOW LIVING IN VANCOUVER AT THE FIRST CLASS OF THE FIRST SCHOOL, HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL, TO TAKE TEA WITH HER AT HER HOME, 586 EAST 59TH AVENUE, 28 NOVEMBER 1938.

Mrs. Walker, daughter of an Indian mother, and so half Indian, was most becomingly dressed in black velvet, with a broad collar ornamented with tiny purple flowers, a necklace of two bands of imitation pearls of good quality, and a pearl brooch. A remarkable feature is her activity, almost vivacity, considering that she was old enough to be married over fifty-five years ago. She has a remarkable memory.

JOSEPH SILVIA. "PORTUGUESE JOE, NO. 1." "PORTUGUESE JOE, NO. 2."

Mrs. Walker: "As I have told you, my father was no relation to other 'Portuguese Joes' of 'Gastown.' Father was fair haired, with rosy cheeks; he must have got that from his mother, she was Scotch. Mr. Walker, my husband, was half Indian, but two of my children have fair hair. Father played the violin, guitar, and the mandolin. I remember" (Gregoris) "Joe Fernandez; I used to buy candy at his store in 'Gastown,' but I was not married when he died, so he must have died before 1883."

Mrs. Crakanthorp: "There was a drunken brawl, or fight, and Joe Fernandez got mixed up in it, somehow, and got a cut on the leg, and gangrene set in; he died. I was a little girl, but I can remember it. I think he was put in jail at Westminster, and died there."

Mrs. Walker: "You see, Father had a sister, and my cousins in Massachusetts used to write to me; there are a lot of Simmons" (or Simmonds) "they told me, in Massachusetts. You see, Father's real name was Simmonds, or Simmons; that's Scotch. We had gone to the farm at Reid Island more than a year when Joe Fernandez died." (Note: Joseph Silvia preempted Reid Island 9 September 1881. D.L. 35, preemption record No. 31, and crown grant.)

BROCKTON POINT. TOMPKINS BREW.

Mrs. Walker: Tompkins Brew was the first to build a house by the nine o'clock gun; then we were next; Brew was there when we went there; he was Justice of the Peace. Then my father was next; then Peter Smith came, and he used to come over and borrow Father's tools. Father had a bar at Brockton Point" (saloon bar); "he had a license. He was the first man to have a seine license to fish, too. It was quite a profitable undertaking—fishing; I remember some of the 'Gastown' men joking about going to give up storekeeping and lumbering, and go fishing; there was money in fishing; lots of money in it.

"We had moved from Brockton Point to Reid Island about two years when Vancouver began to grow, and I remember that my father was so sorrowful that he had sold the place at 'Gastown' so cheap, just as the great big city was starting to grow where he had been so long, and so early."

WHOI-WHOI. LUMBERMAN'S ARCH. POTLATCH. "TAYHAY."

"They gave a great big potlatch in Stanley Park, right where the Lumberman's Arch is. I was little, but I can remember it clearly. My mother took me to it on her back; she 'packed' me to it, and when we got near there were 'thousands' of Indians; 'thousands' of them, from everywhere, Nanaimo, Cowichan, everywhere, and I was frightened. I don't know who gave the potlatch, but I think my grandmother's brother, and I think Supple Jack; yes, that's Haytulk, that's his Indian name. I think he was in it too.

"They held the potlatch in a great big shed; a huge place; the Indians built it themselves long ago."

Major Matthews: How long would it be, a city block?

Mrs. Walker: "Oh, yes. More than that, I should think; it was all divided up into sections inside."

Major Matthews: How big inside?

Mrs. Walker: "Oh, huge. You could put this house inside it. There was no floor; just earth; and the fires were all burning. A great big high shed."

Major Matthews: How many? How about smoke.

Mrs. Walker: "About three fires, but the flames were leaping up high, as high as your chin, and part of the top of the potlatch house was open to let the smoke out.

"The platforms were high up, inside, of course, and the chiefs were away up on the platform, and throwing blankets and money down, and those below were scrambling for it.

"Mother took me, on her back, but when they began to dance and throw money about, I got frightened, and ran. I darted through under their legs, in and out of the crowd, and dashed out of the building; I didn't wait for anyone; not even Mother; she came after me and had to take me home; she could not stop at the potlatch because I was so frightened; I was properly frightened."

INDIAN BLANKETS. INDIAN PRINCESS.

"Before the potlatch started they had a great pile of blankets, and they got a 'high'" (i.e., girl of high social station) "girl to sit on it. That was part of the ceremony. To show that they had the blankets, I suppose. She, the princess, was my aunt" (Lomtinaht) "my mother's sister; daughter of old Chief Kiapilano.

"It would be improper to have a common girl sit on the blankets; they had a great pile of them, and a princess sitting on top. They could not put any common girl on the blankets; you have to choose some high society girl."

INDIAN CANOES.

"They gave away a big canoe; great big canoe. All the men Indians would gather around the canoe and catch hold of it with two hands; everyone that could get a hold of the canoe" (gunwale) "had a hold on it, and if there was no one bid for it—like an auction—they would go wild, and even break it up, but as soon as someone bid for it, all would let go, suddenly, just like that" (demonstrating releasing hold as altogether.) "Of course, if the canoe was not too big, they would have the ceremony of the canoe inside the potlatch house, but if it was too big, then they would have it outside.

"The blankets were all in a pile, and the seat on top of them was the seat of honour, to show all the people present, to show all the blankets to the people, and the princess on top was 'somebody,' a good looking girl. They then threw all the blankets away from the platform above; threw them down for the people to seize."

INDIAN GRAVES.

"There was a lot of Indian graves all along the First Narrows. They did not bury their dead; they put them on the ground, with the blankets, and put a shelter over them; just slabs of wood, no floor, two slabs leaning one against the other to cover the body; there was quite a lot of them along where the *Empress of Japan* figurehead is erected now on the First Narrows shore. There was Indian graves all along there. And some of the little houses had windows of glass in them, but that was only the chiefs, or some 'high' Indian, but the others they just laid them on the ground with their blankets and things, and put the shelter over them." (Note: an illustration of such a grave is to be seen in L.A. Hamilton's watercolour of Stanley Park, 1884.)

INDIAN WIVES OF WHITEMEN. PETER SMITH. TOMPKINS BREW. KINCAID. HARRY TRIM. JOSEPH MANNION.

"Tompkins Brew had an Indian wife; big fine beautiful woman, and he was fond of her. But she got sick, and I can see him yet, with his arm around her neck as she was lying there in her bed; but she did not get better, and she died. She had a son, Arthur Brew.

"Peter Smith had an Indian wife, too. And Kincaid, he had an Indian wife. And he had a sloop, too. Harry Trim had an Indian wife. She belonged to the False Creek Indian Reserve, and they had two daughters; one was Maria."

MOWITCH MAN. "MOWITCH JIM."

"Joseph Mannion had an Indian wife; they called her father the "Mowitchman"; everybody was afraid of him; they said he was an Indian doctor. The way he got his name was that when they" (whiteman)

"wanted a deer, they would tell him to get them a deer, and he would say, 'All right, I get you two,' and go off. And he would come back with a deer, perhaps two. Where he got them I don't know, but 'Mowitch' is

the Indian word for deer, and that was how they called him 'Mowitch.' 'Howe Sound Jim' and 'Mowitch Jim' were two different Indians."

WILD ANIMALS. BEARS. WOLVES.

"Oh, the bears used to come right down to the cabin. I remember how" [blank] "used to tell about being inside a cabin and hearing a thump, thump, thump, outside, and then her father went out and there was a bang, bang; her father had shot the bear. And the wolves. You could hear them howling. But there was not many wolves around Burrard Inlet. It was up Howe Sound that the wolves were. You could see lots of them up Howe Sound, hanging around the beach like dogs. We lived a couple of years north of Gibson's Landing, at a logging camp where they had oxen; the wolves ran about like dogs."

HOWE SOUND. SCJUNK. STAW-KI-YAH.

"Indian name? They used to call Howe Sound, Scjunk. Staw-ki-yah?"

"Stawkiyah, that's wolf; Indian name for wolf." (Refer: Indian places names, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, for Scjunk and Stawkiyah, given by Khahtsahlano as the Indian names for Gibson's Landing and Roberts Creek.)

BROCKTON POINT.

"There are a lot of Chinamen buried along by Brockton Point, between the Nine O'Clock Gun and the lighthouse. We used to walk along there, and in and out among the little mounds; no head boards; it was quite a little burying ground."

MRS. JAMES WALKER.

"Yes, I know. They have it down on the marriage paper that I was twenty years old when I was married, July 15th 1883, at Kuper Island Anglican Church, but they cheated on my age. I was only sixteen; I had four children, two girls and two boys, before I was twenty."

CHRISTMAS DAY IN GASTOWN. HALLOWE'EN IN GASTOWN.

"Oh, yes. They used to have lots of fun at Christmas and Hallowe'en in Gastown. The men used to dress up, and put on long white whiskers, and at Hallowe'en put on masks. Oh, yes, I remember it; it used to be delightful for the children."

Read to and approved by Mrs. J. Walker, 17 January 1939.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH BROTHER WALSH OF VANCOUVER COLLEGE.

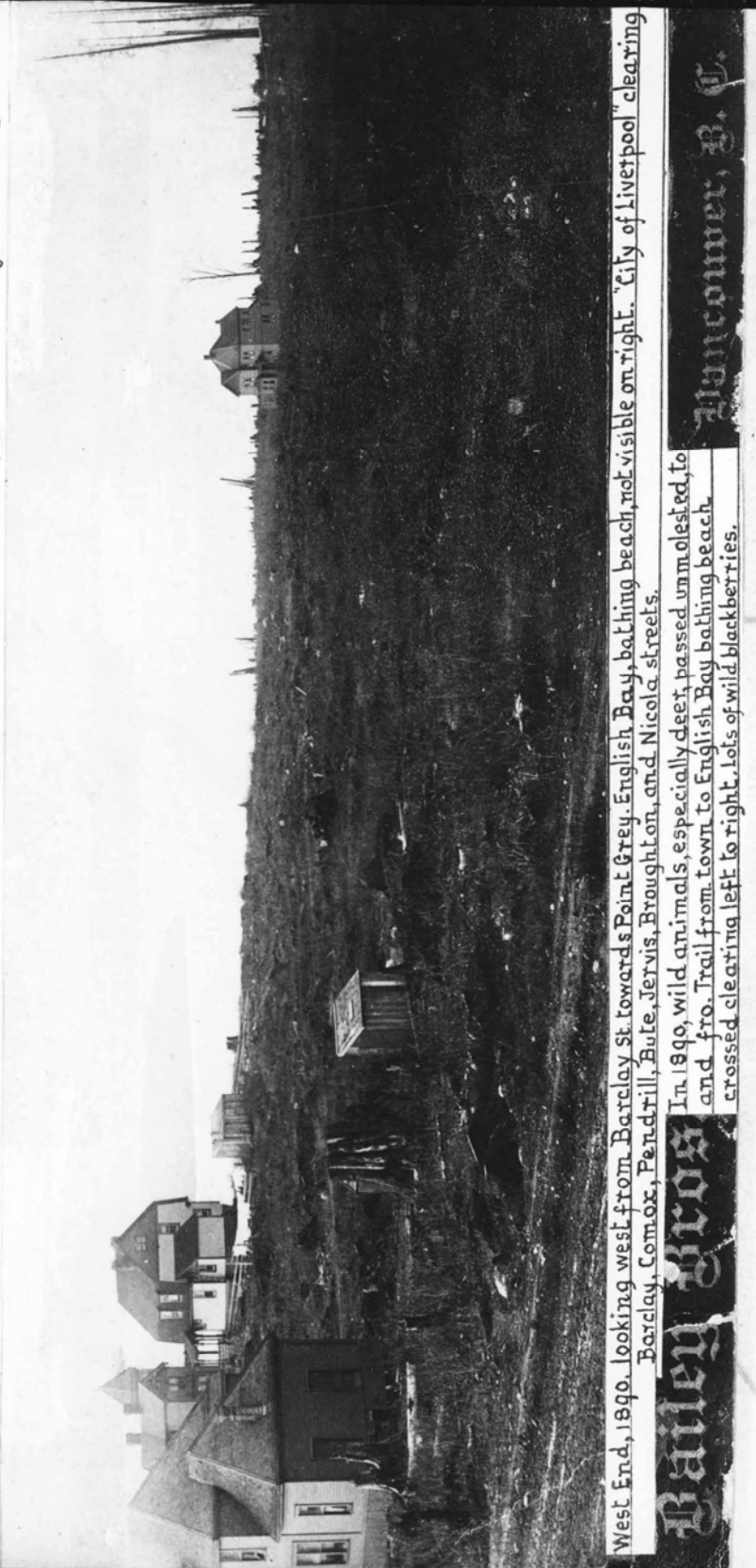
KEEFER'S HALL. FIRST MASS. VANCOUVER COLLEGE.

Brother Walsh: "The first mass was said in Keefer's Hall. Vancouver College was started as a school for boys in 1922, in just a bit of a wooden building on Richards Street, about the middle of the block; then we moved to Shaughnessy Heights."

left to right: - Bute St, graded in centre through clearing. Portion of house in lower corner is on north west corner Nelson & Bute St's, Lot 25, Blk 34 D.L. 185, and No. 1225 Nelson St, in 1944 site of Beverley Apts annex. Mr & Mrs Page Ponsford & four children lived there. All houses lighted by oil lamps. House with gable end and tower is on south east corner Comox & Jarvis, Lot 7, Blk 36, formerly 1228, now 1288, Comox St. Owner, W.H. Armstrong, of Armstrong & Morrison, standing in 1944, originally wood, rebuilt about 1897 of stone, and tower removed. Erected prior to 1899.

White house with clothes on line is next to north east corner, Comox & Jarvis, Lot 24, Blk 35, formerly 1225, now 1275 Comox St, standing in 1944. Built by L.A. Hamilton, (Hamilton St), occupied circa 1889, by nephew, A.O. Leask, owned & occupied 40 years by Geo D Mackay family, who still, 1944, resides there. Widow's dau. House in lower corner is next to north west corner, Bute & Nelson, Lot 25, Blk 34, formerly 1215, now 1225 Nelson, occupied about 1890 by Mr & Mrs Page Ponsford & family. Huge stumps all about, no sewerage, water well, lots of wild blackberries in clearing; in 1944 Beverley Apts's annex. Observed 2 backhouses. This photo was taken from residence on north east corner of Bute & Barclay; in 1890-1892 home of W.D. Creighton; in 1893 Wm Skene, 1147 but now 1183, & known as Coniston Lodge Apts's. Lot II, Blk 20. Oil lamps.

House all alone in clearing is on south west corner Comox & Broughton, Lot 1, Blk 8, formerly 1402 Comox, later 1079 Broughton, owned by Geo. Stevens and family of seven. No sewerage, water from well, no basement; wood shed, wood cut in clearing, nearest school, "West School" (Aberdeen), Burrard St. nearest street car Granville St. Heated with base burner in down stairs hall & two small stoves upstairs. Now, 1944, Gainsborough Apts, St John's Church is opposite. Spikes of dead trees, killed by clearing fires, on Comox & Nicola. Description by son, F.H. Stevens, 6090 Willingdon Place, Mr's G.D. Mackay, and Mr's Page Ponsford, other near by residents: - W.J. Trythall, J.W. Campion, T.C. Alcock. Wall bridge, Gibb; Cornish, Humphrey. See photos C.V.P. Dist. 39, N. Dist. 28; C.V.P. Dist. 59, N. Dist. 45. C.V.P. 228, N. 20, 89, and close up of Stevens' residence. Photo presented, Jan. 1944, by Mr's Page Ponsford, widow, 1627 Davie St. & Matthews City Archives.



West End, 1890, looking west from Barclay St towards Point Grey, English Bay, bathing beach, not visible on right. "City of Liverpool" clearing Barclay, Comox, Pendrill, Bute, Jarvis, Broughton, and Nicola streets.

In 1890, wild animals, especially deer, passed unmolested, to and fro. Trail from town to English Bay bathing beach, crossed clearing left to right. Lots of wild blackberries.

Matthews, B. P.

[photo annotation:]

Left to right: Bute St., graded in centre through clearing. Portion of house in lower corner is on northwest corner Nelson & Bute Sts. Lot 25, Blk 34 D.L. 185, and No. 1225 Nelson St., in 1944 site of Beverley Apts annex. Mr. and Mrs. Page Ponsford & four children lived there. All houses lighted by oil lamps.

House with gable end and tower is on southeast corner Comox and Jervis, Lot 7, Blk 36, formerly 1228, now 1288 Comox St. Owner, W.H. Armstrong, of Armstrong & Morrison, standing in 1944, originally wood; re-built about 1897 of stone, and tower removed. Erected prior to 1889.

White house with clothes on line is next to northeast corner, Comox & Jervis, Lot 21, Blk 35, formerly 1225, now 1275 Comox St., standing in 1944. Built by L.A. Hamilton (Hamilton St.), occupied circa 1889, by nephew, A.O. Leask, owned and occupied 40 years by Geo. D. Mackay family, who still, 1944, reside there. Widow & daughter.

House in lower corner is next to northwest corner, Bute & Nelson, Lot 25, Blk 34, formerly 1215, now 1225 Nelson, occupied about 1890 by Mr. & Mrs. Page Ponsford & family, huge stumps all about, no sewerage, water well, lots of wild blackberries in clearing; in 1944 Beverley Apts annex. Observe 2 backhouses.

This photo was taken from residence on northeast corner of Bute & Barclay; in 1890-1892 home of W.D. Creighton; in 1893 Wm. Skene, 1147 but now 1183, & known as Coniston Lodge Apts, Lot 11, Blk 20. Oil lamps.

House all alone in clearing is on southwest corner Comox & Broughton, Lot 1, Blk 48, formerly 1402 Comox, later 1079 Broughton, owned by Geo. Stevens and family of seven. No sewerage; water from well; no basement; woodshed; wood cut in clearing, nearest school, "West School" (Aberdeen), Burrard St., nearest street car Granville St. Heated with base burner in downstairs hall, & two small stoves upstairs. Now, 1944, Gainsborough Apts. St. John's Church is opposite.

Spikes of dead trees, killed by clearing fires, on Comox & Nicola. Description by son, F.H. Stevens, 6010 Willingdon Place. Mrs. G.D. Mackay, and Mrs. Page Ponsford. Other nearby residents: W.J. Trythal; J.W. Campion; T.C. Alcock, Wallbridge; Gibb; Cornish, Humphrey. See photos C.V. P. Dist. 39, No. Dist. 28; C.V. P. Dist. 59, No. Dist. 45, C.V. P. Bo. 228, No. Bo. 89, and close up of Stevens' residence. Photo presented, Jan. 1944, by Mrs. Page Ponsford, widow, 1627 Davie St.

J.S. Matthews, City Archives.

West End, 1890, looking west from Barclay St. towards Point Grey. English Bay, bathing beach, not visible on right. "City of Liverpool" clearing Barclay, Comox, Pendrill, Bute, Jervis, Broughton, and Nicola streets.

In 1890, wild animals, especially deer, passed unmolested, to and fro. Trail from town to English Bay bathing beach crossed clearing left to right. Lots of wild blackberries.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH EX-SERGEANT CLAUDE H. WILLIAMS, FORMERLY OF B.C.B.G.A. AND 6TH REGIMENT, D.C.O.R., VANCOUVER, 1 MAY 1935.

SHAM FIGHT IN WEST END.

“It was, I think, after Queen Victoria died; it was July 1st, Dominion Day, and I think 1901, that we had the sham fight in the West End. Col. Worsnop was in command; Tite was captain, I think, at the time.

“The ‘enemy,’ which was the Navy and the 5th Regiment, C.G.A., Victoria, went out ahead of us; they were supposed to have landed at English Bay; we followed. We went down Georgia Street, and turned south through the clearing. I recall we had one gun with us, which we fired at the enemy as they approached through the rough clearing of shrubs, stumps and holes. It was not much of a show to look at, as in those days there were only four companies of about forty or less men in each company—the only troops of any sort, volunteer or otherwise, in Vancouver.

“They say that afterwards we went to the Hotel Vancouver, and beer and biscuits were brought out to us, but I forget.”

(Captain N.M. McNeill, late of 102nd Battalion, C.E.F., and also Prince Rupert, confirms this. J.S.M.)

[LETTER FROM J. EADES WARD.]

July 29th, 1937.

MAJOR J.S. Matthews,
Archivist
City Hall,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Major Matthews:

In reply to your letter of July 27th, 1937, the following information regarding “Woodlands” on the North Arm of the Burrard Inlet is correct.

Alexander Myddleton Wood served in the South African War with the Artillery and Infantry. He enlisted in Victoria, about the year 1899, and after returning, as his father, mother, and sisters were living in Vancouver, he returned to this city.

The Canadian Government issued script to all soldiers, who served in the South African War, for the purpose of securing a quarter-section of land or any land up to 160 acres.

Alexander Myddleton Wood secured district lot 2048 in the municipality of North Vancouver. He and his father rowed up in a boat to see the land and thought it would make a good camping place, so they camped by the stream, and then decided they would build a small cabin. His mother and sisters also became interested in the summer camp, so they built another cabin for the ladies and all of them were so pleased with the place they decided to reside there permanently, and kept on adding to the house until there were about six rooms and a large verandah.

Mr. Hugh Myddleton Wood, who is my father-in-law and is still living, age 89, and about 6'4" in height; now residing at 891 E. 11th Avenue, cleared up about 1½ acres of land, which at one time was anything from six to twelve feet deep in logs. He made this work his hobby. He planted an orchard and garden; the fruit trees are still there. Then built a greenhouse. His grapevines are still producing, and also installed a Pelton Wheel and put electric light into the house and grounds.

Mr. Wood is a Clergyman, and he and his wife and daughters used to row into town to church each Sunday, and sometimes on week days to go shopping, and row back again.

Alexander Myddleton Wood, the ex-soldier, developed tuberculosis and died a few years after his return from South Africa, in Vancouver General Hospital. Mr. Wood then had district lot

2048 surveyed into 100 foot waterfront lots and placed them on the market for sale. He also purchased the adjoining district lots and finally was the owner of approximately 1000 acres. The other district lots were also subdivided on the waterfront, including district lot 1407 and district lot 950.

The first man to purchase a lot was Mr. John L. Kerr, (now deceased), Cashier of the Federation Life Insurance Co., who built a beautiful home which is still occupied every summer, Mr. Thomas Alfred Ostler was one of the first settlers and worked for Mr. Wood. He purchased a lot at "Woodlands," and assisted Mr. Wood in building houses, developing, and clearing the land.

Dr. H.B. Finlay (Dentist) bought the next lot and built a summer home. Others who purchased land and built houses were Brig. Gen. J. Duff Stuart, Major A. Rowan, Wm. C. Brown, K.C., J.M. Whitehead, John Garden, J. Eades Ward, Joseph D. Inkster, and many others, until today there are approximately sixty houses, built on the waterfront or adjoining the waterfront.

There are three landings. The first one is named "Grey Rocks" named by Mr. Wood. The centre landing is a public wharf at "Woodlands," being owned by the District Municipality of North Vancouver. The third wharf to the north is "Sunshine," and "Sunshine" is considered to be a separate summer resort because there is a cliff between "Sunshine" and "Woodlands," however, there is a connecting road, and H. Myddleton Wood, T.A. Ostler, and J. Eades Ward owned all the property in between, which was sold for camping lots.

Originally Mr. Wood's wharf was known at "Wood's Landing," but I suggested they should change it to "Woodlands," which was done, and the Steamship Company adopted the new name, and it is now shown on the local maps as "Woodlands."

Mr. Wood has three daughters, the eldest is my wife, Louise Ellen. Miss Mary Wood, the second daughter, lives with and takes care of her father. The youngest daughter is Mrs. Noel Joy, and lives at 1109 E. 10th Avenue. My wife and I have 5 children and 2 grandchildren, the only grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Mr. Wood. Mrs. Wood died about six months ago.

There are two good streams flowing through "Woodlands" and "Sunshine"—"Allan Creek" and "Sunshine Creek." I have been informed that if a dam was installed, the two streams would provide sufficient water to supply a city as large as New Westminster. They proceed from "Elsay Lake" on the top of the mountains. [*Note: this is all wrong.*]

I built a summer home with five rooms, 28 years ago, where my wife, myself, children, and grandchildren enjoy their holidays during the summer months. "Woodlands" faces East and gets the morning sun. The view from the waterfront is beautiful and practically the same scenery which you would see from Howe Sound or Pender Harbour, as there are no mills, factories, or industrial plants in sight.

There is daily boat service, good fishing, also good hunting in the mountains behind. It is an easy climb to the top of the mountains by following a skid road from Deep Cove; on arriving at the top, one would imagine they were in a different country. The timber is smaller, consisting of white pine and yellow cedar with acres of blue berries, no underbrush, and strings of small lakes with water lilies.

Even the insects are different. The large blue dragonflies exist in great numbers. There are many signs of bears in the vicinity, especially on the lookout trees, which show the claw marks.

Also, there is good deer shooting. One year my eldest boy, Jack, killed a deer weighing about 200 pounds. Sometimes in winter, the deer come right down to the waterfront. One resident, hearing a noise at night, looked out of the window, and saw a deer eating the bark of one of his fruit trees. He went back, and securing a gun, fired through the window and killed the deer. On another occasion, a deer was seen going into the water and commencing to swim across the inlet. Two residents followed it in a rowboat, and caught the deer just as it was landing on the other side.

There are lots of hair seals on the rocks on the waterfront at night, but they are very difficult to catch. The fur is of practically no value, but were used by Mr. Wood and his family for mats in the bedrooms, and the fat boiled down was found very useful for oiling boots in the wintertime.

In the year 1911, my wife and I made a trip to Switzerland, and after seeing the beautiful roads around Lake Lucerne, and realizing the necessity of providing good scenic roads on the waterfront of the harbour of Vancouver, and being a member of the Municipal Council of North Vancouver District, I introduced a resolution to provide a scenic road from North Vancouver to Indian River on the waterfront of Burrard Inlet. This road has been surveyed with the intention of recording the grades, and establishing the road in order that all subdivisions on the waterfront would be made to conform with this road, which I named the "Indian River Drive." It has now been opened as far as "Woodlands" so that it is possible to drive from North Vancouver to "Woodlands" in a motor car.

Mr. H. Myddleton Wood was born in Brentford, London, England, and immigrated to Canada in the year 1868, at the age of 17 years. Before coming to the coast he was in the logging business on the Georgian Bay, and afterwards owned and operated three lumber mills at Fesserton, Ontario for several years, and could walk a log with any river driver. He was related to Sir Hugh Myddleton, who introduced the water system into London, England. A Statue was erected to his (Sir Hugh Myddleton) memory on Islington Green and is still there.

Yours truly,

J. Eades Ward

Major, C.E., ret.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. AND MRS. HIRAM W. WOODWARD, 151 WEST FOURTH AVENUE, NORTH VANCOUVER, WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 27 SEPTEMBER 1939.

Mr. Woodward is the nephew of Edward Woodward, first lightkeeper at Point Atkinson.

HIRAM W. WOODWARD. PIONEER, 1873.

Mr. Woodward said: "My father and mother came to British Columbia with four daughters and one son, Hiram, that's me, and we all landed at Victoria, 24th May 1873, from St. Williams, County Norfolk, Ontario. Father was Wesleyan; Mother Church of England, and our farm at St. Williams was next to Mayor Fred Cope's, of Vancouver, old home.

"We came by Union Pacific Railroad; it was unballasted at the time, and the trip to San Francisco from Ontario took three weeks. There were two boats a month only from San Francisco to Victoria, and we 'just missed the boat,' and had to stay two weeks in a hotel in San Francisco. Then we took the *Prince Alfred* up to Victoria—she was afterwards lost at sea.

"Father had lung trouble for about a year; pneumonia; and the doctors sent him out to British Columbia. He had no idea what he was going to do, but, by trade, he was a carriage builder. On arrival at Victoria we stopped at the Pacific Telegraph Hotel.

"I don't know, exactly, how long we stopped in Victoria, but we took the ferry boat, the old *Otter* to New Westminster, and got off at New Westminster; there was a man named Robert Wood met us, and took us down the North Arm of the Fraser River to his place."

ROBERT WOOD. CHRISTOPHER WOOD.

"When my father hunted and fished on Lake Erie, he used to take Robert Wood, a young fellow, out with him, and Wood used to say, 'When I get to be a man, I am going to British Columbia, and take up a farm for each one of us.' Of course, when Father came out to British Columbia, Mr. Wood, naturally, met us; he already had his farm down the North Arm. Robert Wood was a single man, and had a shack to live in, but

Christopher Wood had a farm, and took us there. Robert's sister Mary is the mother of Margaret Elizabeth (Greta) McCleery.

"We left New Westminster in an Indian canoe; seven of us; Mother, Father, and the five children—there may have been an Indian paddler, or some others, I don't recall—anyway, we went down the North Arm. We landed on the river bank; Christopher Wood's home was not far from the river; no wharf or landing place."

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"We stayed with Mr. Christopher Wood about three weeks; he was a farmer; had a few cattle, chickens, and around his roomy farm house—built of lumber, not cedar shakes—there was a general farm. Before the three weeks were over, the Fraser River had risen, so that when we left Mr. Wood's to go to church in an Indian canoe, we tied the canoe to the church steps while we were in church. And, too, I think, all the women were on one side of the church, and all the men on the other." (Read Calvert Simson, first wedding, Vancouver.) "And we all stood up to pray. I don't know where the church was exactly, excepting that it was on the river front."

EARLY CEMETERIES.

"While we were there, Christopher Wood had an infant die; they buried it in the garden, and Robert Wood read the burial service. Christopher Wood fell heir to an estate in England, and went back. We were living in Nanaimo at the time, and they all came over to visit us before they went."

EDWARD WOODWARD. FIRST LIGHTKEEPER. POINT ATKINSON.

"Then, from Wood's we went back up to New Westminster, and went to live in a house which belonged to Ashwell of Chilliwack. It had coloured glass lights over the door, and coloured glass lights beside the door; that was considered quite grand; it was up the hill, diagonally from the school. We were hardly settled there before Ed" (Edward) "Woodward and his wife Ann, née Salmon—she was a daughter of our family doctor—came out, together with Ed's brother Demetrius—we called him 'Meet.' 'Meet' went back, 'Ed' stayed with us.

"'Ed' did not stay long because the lighthouse at Point Atkinson was just finished, and they did not have any unemployed in those days; you did not need 'pull' to get a job. You see, Ed had never done a day's work in his life, and did not know how to do anything. He was not more than twenty-five, if he was that old. I think he was married when he was twenty-one, and they had a small baby boy, a month old, when they arrived; his name was Vernon. He, Vernon, is now on the old farm in Ontario; then they had a child born at the lighthouse, and they named him James Atkinson Woodward.

"You see, the way I know about those dates is because we stayed in New Westminster in 1873 only; we went to Chilliwack in 1874, and all this happened while we were in New Westminster." (Mr. Woodward's dates are not confirmed. Point Atkinson light was established 1875.)

"I was never at Point Atkinson, but my sister, Mrs. Gough—her husband was City Clerk at Nanaimo for fifty years—she went and visited the Woodwards at Point Atkinson; before they left to go back to Ontario, of course. She said Ed had a fine garden and kept a cow. Ed had seven children; four boys and three girls altogether. The old aunt has not got it clear in this letter here; she says Vernon was born at the lighthouse, but he was not; he was a month old when he got there. James was born at the lighthouse.

"Ed had the whole north shore" (of West Vancouver) "to hunt over; he used to shoot a lot of deer, and he used to smoke venison, and send it to us in Nanaimo. Ed had a good garden, with peas and corn, at Point Atkinson.

"Well, the old folks, they objected to the marriage, to Ed marrying the girl; they said he was not able to keep her; that's why he came out here. But when they found out he was able to keep her—he was the old woman's favourite—they forgave him, and in 1877 he went back and took the farm over again. His father—the old fellow—he had rheumatism, and could not work, so he was glad enough to have Ed run the farm."

WELLWOOD. LIGHTKEEPER. POINT ATKINSON.

“Well, my sister visited Point Atkinson before they left there to return to Ontario. She told me Mr. Wellwood would only give her five dollars for the cow, and of course he could not sell it to anyone else, anyway. And she” (Mrs. Wellwood, presumably) “would only give her” (Mrs. Woodward) “two bits for down pillows, so she laid them on the rocks, and let the feathers blow away.”

GENEALOGY.

“Mrs. Woodward and I were married in Toronto; a home wedding, but Presbyterian; third June 1896. She was Miss Mary A. Burnett, daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth Burnett, of Toronto.

“Our children are:

1. Kenneth Burnett, born June 1897, at Kamloops; married, has two sons, and is school inspector at Rossland, formerly at Prince George.
2. Harriet Irene, deceased, single, died in 1923, buried at Nanaimo.
3. Eugene Douglas Burnett, born January 1st 1910, single, University of B.C.; working in the General Post Office, Vancouver.

“Clayton McCall” (C.M. McCall, 2124 Williams Street, Vancouver), “Clayton’s mother’s aunt, married Hallam Woodward, my father’s brother, who died in May 1938 at the age of 98 and six months.”

SAM GREER.

Major Matthews: Who was Eliza Jane Hall. Sam Greer’s preemption at Chilliwack was crown granted to her; why was it crown granted to her; who was she?

Mr. Woodward: “We *never did* find out; she may have been married to him; I don’t know about that; but she got twenty-four hours to leave the country; she killed her baby. Sam did nothing much to his preemption; that’s why there is no certificate of improvement. Rube Nowell—they spell it Newell, but pronounce it Nowell—he was sending to Germany for his sweetheart, and Sam said to him, ‘Get me one, too, while you’re about it,’ so his second wife Louisa came out; that’s how she came here.” (Note: Mrs. Louisa Greer always spoke with a pronounced foreign accent.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN WRIGHT, 4320 CAMBRIDGE STREET, (GLENBURN 262), WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 15 OCTOBER 1938.

Mr. Wright said: “I arrived in Vancouver from Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, on the 20th December 1887; went over to Vancouver’s Island, Victoria, Chemainus, for a couple of months, and returned to Vancouver on the 29th February 1888.”

ROYAL CITY PLANING MILLS. BREWERY CREEK. WATER WELLS. VICTORY SQUARE.

“I went to Bermuda in 1871, and then when I came to Vancouver—my family followed me in November 1889—I went to work for the Royal City Planing Mills on Carrall Street. The company boarded us at the boarding house nearby, and provided us with cabins near Hart’s Opera House on Carrall Street, but we had to look after ourselves otherwise.

“The Royal City Planing Mills got their water from a stream in Mount Pleasant, east of Westminster Avenue—it was piped from the stream, Brewery Creek, and they had a tank; that was the best water available; very good water, but when the mill was not running, there was no water, and we had to go up to a spring in the hillside; I don’t know exactly where it was, but it was up towards Victory Square; not quite so far; there was a natural spring there, and all the people who lived around there dipped from it until the water works were completed in the spring of 1889. That was before my family came.

“Then, when my family came from Nova Scotia in November 1889, we lived first on Carrall Street, and had a little store on that street and sold candies, soft drinks and small groceries; we were there about two years, and then I built a house on Harris Street—in the 800 block opposite the Strathcona School; that was in 1890.

“Then I went teaching at Langley in 1892, and was there teaching for thirteen years, and then was teaching for thirteen years in country places; the last place was Squamish; was there three and one half years, and retired in 1905.”

GENEALOGY.

“I was married at Halifax, Nova Scotia” (Presbyterian) “on 1st January 1874, to Sarah Tupper, daughter of Samuel Tupper, a distant relative of the family of the statesman. We had three children, all living.

1. Horace Tupper Wright, born November 9th 1874 at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia; he has two sons and a daughter, all married. Horace was drowned in 1904, and of his sons, one resides in Westminster, another in Prince Rupert, and his daughter, Mrs. Potter, lives at Langley.
2. Annie, was born at Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, 25th December 1877, and is now Mrs. Frederick E. White, lives at Harmsworth, Fraser Valley, and has one daughter, Mrs. Pettigrew, who lives in West Vancouver, and she also has one daughter.
3. Martha, born Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, 21st October 1880, now Mrs. Charles Fothergill, of Vancouver Heights; Mr. Fothergill is in charge of Confederation Park. They have three children, Charles, unmarried, and two daughters, Margaret, a high school teacher in North Burnaby, and Norah, Mrs. Henry Chapman, of the Fire Department.

“Mrs. Wright died in March 1905 and is buried at Langley; we still have a property there.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN WRIGHT, 4320 CAMBRIDGE STREET, WHO CALLED AT CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 26 OCTOBER 1938.

WESTMINSTER ROAD. FALSE CREEK ROAD.

Mr. Wright: “There was a daily coach between Westminster and Vancouver in 1888; lots of ruts in the road, and no ditches for water to run off; just a narrow trail.

“If you were riding on horseback and it happened to be a wet day, the branches of the trees would droop and bend so far down that they would take your hat off if you did not dodge.”

BIBLE IN SCHOOL. LORD’S PRAYER IN SCHOOL.

“No. I never read the bible in any school in British Columbia, and I started teaching in 1892, and taught in country places such as Squamish, Langley, etc., for thirteen years, until 1905. In Nova Scotia, where I taught before I came to British Columbia, we read the Bible in schools regularly; it was permissible, but not compulsory there, but in my day, it was never done in British Columbia.

But. We always, I always, started the day’s work here in British Columbia with the Lord’s Prayer—first thing, every morning.”

GRANVILLE, B.I. “KLOSHE KANAWAY CHAKO.”

A Mr. P. Wylie, 222 Keefer Street, tells me that one of the storefronts on Water Street at the foot of Carrall Street, where the Indians landed in their canoes to bring furs, vegetables, etc. for sale (see “Street End Case, January 1905, Appeal Court, Victoria Registry, evidence of Joseph Mannion, page 176) bore the sign, overlooking the water and float, on its front in big letters: “KLOSHE KANAWAY CHAKO.”

Mr. Wylie says, interpreted, it means “Good, fresh, cheap,” but August Jack Haatsalano (see *Early Vancouver*) says, “Kloshe, i.e., good; Kanaway, i.e., everyone; Chako, i.e., come here; in full, “Good, everyone come here.” He says another interpretation is “Let’s all go.”

J.S. Matthews.

SOUTH VANCOUVER POLICE. POINT GREY. VOSPER.

“The first policeman in South Vancouver was Vosper; he’s dead years and years ago. Then came Jimmy Adjutant, and then Bill Daniels, down on the River Road, you know, in 1905, and I was next in 1906, and stayed until 1923. We were all the only policemen, at the time we served, in South Vancouver.

“At that time, one policeman did duty from the tip of Point Grey to Boundary Road, Burnaby, and he had to attend to everything; collect road tax; no dog tax, no pound, but you were everything. When we wanted to go anywhere very far, say, Point Grey, I had my own horse and I rode there; there were no prisoners; if I found a man doing wrong, I gave him ‘cain’; it did him more good than putting him in court. I had only one case in 1906, that’s a fact, and that fellow skipped. He was ‘Red’ Morrison, drove team for T.G. McBride on Westminster Avenue, and I’ll tell you how I got him. It was a Sunday and he had a couple of fancy ponies, piebald, circus horses, and he was driving on the old Westminster Road to New Westminster; it was near Earls Road; all bush along there then; he might have been under the ‘influence,’ but he was ‘cutting’ the horses unmercifully with a whip.

“I summoned him before Harry Alexander” (H.O. Alexander), “magistrate at Vancouver—we had no magistrate in South Vancouver—but he perjured himself, and Harry sent him up for trial, so while he was out on bail for two thousand, he skipped to San Francisco, and the bail was paid, but I never found out who paid it.

“Of course, out in South Vancouver then, there was no street lights, no sidewalks, no phone, nothing except we used to get the morning paper, the *News-Advertiser*.”

GLADSTONE INN. MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY. SHERDAHL. SWAN. SCHWAN.

“Mrs. Morris ran the Gladstone for quite a few years; she was the owner. Her husband was up in the Klondike. She sold to Dorfman, and Dorfman sold to Curry. Poor old McDonald of the cemetery; he was caretaker. At first he lived in the little cemetery cottage on the corner of Bodwell Road and the North Arm Road; had a little pigsty at the back. You remember the Swan Bros.; one of them married the Sherdahl girls; two of them married the Sherdahl girls; well, August Swan” (or Schwan), “he had a hog ranch out there at 38th and Inverness; he used to go out there for a week and sober up.

“There was only an old house or so in that distract at that time.”

EARLS ROAD. WALES ROAD.

“Earls Road; that was named after old Harry Earl; Wales Road was named after Mr. Wales, the oldest settler out there; he had about twenty acres.”

(Unrevised. J.S.M.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH THOMAS WINTERS, 5429 RHODES STREET, IN WHOSE HONOUR WINTER STREET IS NAMED, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 27 JANUARY 1938.

GENEALOGY.

Mr. Winters said: “I was born in Co. Letham” (Letrim), “Ireland, 23rd November 1863, and went to the Mohill school at the village of Mohill. I enlisted in the 88th Connaught Rangers, 6th January 1882, and in March 1882, my elder brother claimed me to the 1st Battalion, Royal Irish Fusiliers, stationed at Aldershot. In 1883 I went to India with the regiment, stayed there until 1889, then I went home, time expired, took discharge, stayed a couple of weeks, and just came out to Canada for no particular reason; adventure, perhaps; came all by myself; got off at Montréal, stayed six months, then went all over the United States until 1898, then left for Finland, and came to Vancouver, 10th February 1899.

“In 1895, at San Francisco, I married Miss Katherine Nauska—church of England—and we had six children. Mrs. Winters died 9th February 1913, aged about 38, I think; died in Los Angeles, California; cancer; and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery.

“Our children were, in order of age:

"Henrietta, deceased in Vancouver, buried Mountain View. She married Edward Mitchell, still living and a city employee; they had three children; Thomas about 19 now, Jean about 17, and Walter, about 15.

"Kate, she married J. Crozier, now in San Francisco, one son, about 10.

"Maud, she married Sidict Hodgins, Vancouver, one daughter.

"Mary, married J.H. Brownley, Vancouver, one daughter.

"Nora, married Alex Findley, Vancouver, two sons.

"Thomas J., unmarried, now about 27, lives with me at home.

"All except Henrietta, were born in Vancouver, right where we live now on Rhodes Street."

RHODES STREET. WINTER STREET.

"We have lived on Rhodes Street since the day we came here, almost. Of course, there was no Rhodes Street then."

Major Matthews: Why did they call it Rhodes Street?

Mr. Winters: "Well, it might have been Winters Street. I am the oldest 'squatter' there, but the Council named it after that South African man, Cecil Rhodes. But they did name a street after me, but it is away down by the interurban station at Gladstone; runs down the track to Lakeview Drive; they were calling streets after all the old settlers, and they picked one after me. But it has been changed to Winter Street; they dropped the 's' somehow. I should be taken out and shot—all the work I've done at Rhodes Street; clearing, and one thing and another, and am poorer now than when I started. Of course, if Mrs. Winters had not died it might have been different; that illness cost me nine thousand dollars; but if it had cost ten times as much, I would have spent it. I had a milk ranch out there at Rhodes Street."

GEORGE WALES. WALES STREET. SOUTH VANCOUVER. WATER.

"When we went out there, there was nothing, except part of the land had been cleared by George Wales, and oldest settler there. I bought six acres from him for six hundred dollars. Part of the six acres was part cleared, with apple trees between the stumps; we had a well for water; and horse and buggy, chickens; I had thirty head of cattle there when I had the milk ranch. I had the milk ranch then; am poorer now than then."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. WALTER WINSBY (NÉE ELIZABETH BEATRICE SAUNDERS), WIFE OF MAJOR W. WINSBY, FIRST MANAGER, BANK OF CANADA, VANCOUVER, 1 APRIL 1937.

S.S. BEAVER.

Mrs. Winsby said: "My father, Henry Saunders, came to Victoria, B.C. in 1862, owned the *Beaver* at the time she went on the rocks at Prospect Point."

(After showing her many pictures, postcards, etc., she continued.)

BEAVER'S BOILER. BELL AND COMPASS.

"This picture" (postcard) "of her boiler" (at Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, 1909) "is not her first boiler; boilers don't last forever; Father put one boiler in her, or something of that sort. And the bell at the Merchants Exchange; that is not her ship's bell; it is a bell off the *Beaver*, but it is not her real ship's bell. According to all the relics of the *Beaver* which are in existence now, she must have been as big as the" (Atlantic leviathan ship) "*Queen Mary*. But all that stuff was stolen. Father owned the *Beaver*. People had no right to go down and tear her to pieces; they even used dynamite; Father complained to the police, but they said she was so far out of town that they could not watch her at that distance. And then, Father was in so many things. Why! He lost fifty thousand acres of land through taxes. I know a good deal about Victoria, but not much of Vancouver. I was born on Johnson Street, Victoria. Our family graves are next to that of Sir James Douglas, Victoria; we have been there a long time. What I should like to find is the *Beaver's* compass.

"The *Beaver's* ship's bell and ship's binnacle were removed from the wreck by Capt. Marchant, her master when she went ashore at Prospect Point, by order of my father, who owned her, and a bell was removed by the boy, Ralph Nickson" (son of J.J. Nickson, superintendent of construction, Capilano Water Works) "and subsequently given to the Vancouver Merchants Exchange, as you say, by his mother, Mrs. Nickson of Sechelt, is not, I know it is not, her ship's bell, but the bell from the dining saloon, which was rung at mealtime by the steward."

Note: the inscription—see photo N. Bo. 19—beneath the bell which hangs in the Vancouver Merchants Exchange, reads in part: "S.S. *Beaver*. First steamer on Pacific" (should be North Pacific) "etc., etc. ... The above relic—the bell from the *saloon*—was presented to the Exchange by Mrs. Nickson, etc."

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. HORI WINDEBANK, WELL-KNOWN PIONEER OF MISSION, B.C., WHO IS ON A THREE DAYS VISIT TO VANCOUVER, AND CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES TO CHAT, 30 SEPTEMBER 1936.

Mr. Windebank was born at Burton, Hampshire, 5 August 1852; is now 84 years of age. He states, "I always had money," but added to it as a successful boarding house proprietor in Australia, and returned to England, "They were advertising Manitoba so much that I returned this way" (trans-Canada) "and stayed." He came to Canada in 1882, was steam boating for a time on the lake at Winnipeg, then went to Assiniboia, and finally in 1886 came to British Columbia, settling at Mission, where he still lives, and among other things, owns one thousand acres of land all planted or in cultivation.

Mrs. Windebank, née Jane Barter, daughter of "an old sea captain" in the Old Country, died mid-summer 1936, and is buried at Mission. They were married at Portsmouth, England, and had been married fifty-eight years. There are no children, but an "adopted" (not legally adopted) daughter, Miss Chomat (pronounced Choma), who has been with them since she was a little girl; that is, 42 or 43 years, and Mr. Windebank states, "I have just been making a new will, and she takes 'what's left' when I go."

MISSION CITY, B.C.

Mr. Windebank, whose white hair still covers his entire head, and whose beard is also snow white, said: "I went to Mission when they were clearing the townsite. When I went there, there was only one building, and J.W. Horne, well known in Vancouver in early days—you know of him—owned it. I rented the building from Horne. J.W. Horne had purchased the townsite from Tretheway; it was the old Tretheway homestead or preemption. Of course, there were plans drawn. Merchon" (sic) "and Timberlake were the real estate agents, and Jack Leatherdale—he is some relation to Inspector Leatherdale; maybe he is the same man; he's on the police force of Vancouver now—was clearing the townsite. I had made a little stake—not very large—in the North West, so rented the only building and started a hotel. Then I wanted a license, but the people around there said they did not want anything like that; they wanted their town kept pure; but, however, I got the license, and some of those who had opposed it were my best customers. After I got the license they forgot how very strong temperance people they had believed themselves.

"Then, later, there was a special sale of land. A train, a special train, came with prospective buyers from Whatcom; they call it Bellingham now; a big train of people, and there was the usual real estate excitement."

JOHN MORTON OF BURRARD INLET.

"You have heard about Morton having a farm at Mission, on the river bank below the bridge." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Joseph Morton.) "I was nearly buying his Mission ranch. I started in Mission about 1889, and after a couple of years I got the original hotel license; Morton and I got especially friendly. I owned the butcher shop, and he had cattle to sell. I always found him fair to deal with; very fair; quite strict, though, but fair. I recall one smart fellow wanted to buy some cattle from him, but he started to brow beat the price down.

"He came to me and told me he could 'do nothing' with Morton, and asked me to act for him. I told him it was not much use trying to beat Morton down in a price; he knew what price he wanted, and that was the end of it. So I went down and I bought the cattle for the fellow easily enough, and at Morton's price. Morton asked the price he wanted for a thing, and that was all there was to it."

JOSEPH MORTON. ELIZABETH (LIZZIE) MORTON (MRS. THORTON OF SARDIS.)

“But what I was telling you about was Morton, and the ranch. I often wondered what was the ultimate disposal of the ranch.” (Note: it was sold by Morton’s executors.) “You know all about Joe” (Morton’s son.) “As I said, Morton and I became very friendly; we had been speaking about Joe, at least, he had. It was just before his” (John Morton’s) “death. Well, about Joe. Morton told me he had offered Joe the ranch at Mission if he could go and live on it, but Joe wouldn’t. Mind you, I was friendly with Joe, too. Joe was afterwards longshoring down here in Vancouver.

“I had been dickering with Morton about buying the ranch which he had offered to Joe if he would come up and live on it. Well, what do you suppose Morton told me Joe’s answer was. Morton told me Joe said, well, it was something pretty rude and vulgar.

“So Morton told me he was going to deed the ranch to Lizzie. I often wondered if he did.”

SECOND MRS. JOHN MORTON.

“I don’t know for sure, but I think Mrs. John Morton, his second wife, who is still living, was governess, or something like that, for Morton’s before his first wife died.”

FIRST WATER WORKS, MISSION. FIRST ELECTRIC LIGHT, MISSION. FIRST COLD STORAGE, MISSION.

“Off and on, I have run almost every kind of business at Mission. Hotel, bar, postmaster, butcher, farmer, I put in the first waterworks, the first electric light, the first cold storage, I have been a little of everything, and am now the ‘Mission Gas and Storage Co.’”

The especial object of our call was to hear of Dr. William A. Briggs, O.B.E., D.D., M.D., F.R.G.S, a neighbour and esteemed friend of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and the whole evening was devoted to a discussion of the life and endeavours of this distinguished benefactor of Vancouver, whom Mrs. Wilson tersely described as “a charming gentleman and a clever man.” Dr. Briggs presented the City Museum with a remarkable collection of Siamese relics, principally china and crockery, etc. (See Dr. W.A. Briggs file.)

Approved by Mrs. Wilson as correct as to fact, 24 September 1937.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH (EX-)ALDERMAN C.H. WILSON AND MRS. WILSON, AT THEIR LARGE RESIDENCE IN EXTENSIVE GROUNDS AT 3200 WEST KING EDWARD AVENUE (FORMERLY 25TH AVENUE), DUNBAR HEIGHTS, FRIDAY EVENING, 17 SEPTEMBER 1937.

Mrs. Wilson graciously called for Mrs. Matthews and myself, and upon our arrival at her home, we found the Misses Campbell, daughters of the late Roderick Campbell awaiting us. Mr. Wilson is of the firm of Crowe and Wilson, 441 Seymour Street; his former partner being the late Senator S.J. Crowe, also an alderman of Vancouver.

Mr. Wilson came to Vancouver 4 July 1886. In 1900 he purchased twenty acres in a swamp west of the old North Arm Road, now Fraser Avenue, from the Provincial Government, paying two thousand dollars for it, and ultimately sold it for twenty-one thousand dollars. In consequence, Wilson Road, now 41st Avenue, East and West, came to be named in his honour; and in addition, Wilson Heights, Wilson Hill, and Wilson Heights Church. He was an alderman of the old City of Vancouver in 1902, 1903, 1904, and 1905.

Alderman and Mrs. Wilson were married at Christ Church, Vancouver, in 1906.

Prior to making a tour of Australia and New Zealand in 1913, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had acquired their estate of five acres, a delightful spot on the “very” crest of Dunbar Heights, and at a time when all that area was either forest or forest clearing. One thousand dollars per acre was paid for the land, and during their absence in Australia on tour, a gardener was busy on the site of their future home; the gardener lived in a hut of cedar shakes which had been the shack of an old logging camp at or near the corner of Balaclava Street and 25th Avenue, and at the end of a corduroy skid road leading down by easy grades through the forest to salt water near the English Bay Cannery on Point Grey Road (west of Bayswater

Street.) At that time the approach to their residence was possible by horse and buggy, but not much more than possible, and a horse was the best means; tonight, as we drove along over paved streets, well lighted and with concrete sidewalks everywhere, one could not refrain from reflecting on the changes which time has wrought.

Later, said Mrs. Wilson, there was a car service—once an hour—via Fourth Avenue and Crown Street, but that she said “was about six blocks away, so usually we used to walk down the old Johnston Road, now Blenheim Street—all the way from Twenty-fifth, and catch the car at Fourth.”

Their three children are:

1. Isabel, now Mrs. Holger Tang, of Vancouver, who has two daughters.
2. Morris Charles Wilson, on the staff of the Royal Trust Co. of Vancouver, and who is married and has a son, Kenneth Charles Wilson.
3. Evelyn, now Mrs. Arthur McKim of Vancouver.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH EX-ALDERMAN C.H. WILSON, ALDERMAN, 1903 AND SUBSEQUENTLY, 9 JUNE 1936.

COAT OF ARMS, VANCOUVER, 1903.

“The coat of arms now used by the city was adopted by the City Council in 1903, during my first term as alderman. I opposed it, but it was adopted. Some fool of an artist suggested it.

“The old coat of arms was infinitely better; the present one is a fool of a thing. The Golden Jubilee medal for pioneers is the same as the old crest just reversed, but it is a splendid little token.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. CHAS. H. WILSON, EX-ALDERMAN, AT VANCOUVER PIONEER’S ASSOCIATION PICNIC, NEWCASTLE ISLAND (S.S. *PRINCESS JOAN*), 14 JUNE 1939.

SEA OTTER.

Mr. Wilson said: “I’ve just been for walk over to the far end of the island. They tell me that about three years ago, that a sea otter had its nest over on that little Five Finger island yonder or West Rocks; on a bit of small rock about ten feet square. They did not know that sea otter would come into the Gulf of Georgia; their pelts are very valuable; worth five hundred dollars each, or something; there were thousands of them at one time on the west coast” (of Vancouver Island.) “But the remarkable thing is that, three years ago, a sea otter had its nest of kittens on the little island out there.”

KITSILANO BEACH.

Major Matthews: I have heard our older pioneers speak of “the time the sea otter” was at Greer’s Beach; they seemed to think it very remarkable that a sea otter should be at Kitsilano Beach.

WAR, 1914-1918.

Major Matthews: (chatting with Sergeant I.V. St. G. Williams, late 6th D.C.O.R., and who did not go overseas) Sorry the war’s over.

Sergeant Williams: “Why?”

Major Matthews: Well, in war it’s what can I do for you; in peace it’s what can I do you for.

Of all the wonderful things I saw in the war, and we saw great wonders, the most wonderful of all were the men—and the women who stayed at home did as much as the men. Battles are not wholly won by cannon, but by morale; the women kept up the morale of the Canadian army; men cannot fight if the women wail. Their little parcels, of cigarettes, and chewing gum, wore down the enemy.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH OTWAY WILKIE, 629 EIGHTH STREET, NEW WESTMINSTER, IN CITY ARCHIVES, 28 NOVEMBER 1935.

Mr. Wilkie was one of the survey party, C.P.R. line, Port Moody to Granville, finished in a snowstorm—they had worked all day in the snow—Christmas Day at dusk, 1884, after which they repaired to George Black's at Hastings for Christmas dinner with Major Rogers of Rogers Pass, etc.

INDIAN HEROISM.

Mr. Wilkie, formerly provincial constable: "I remember once an Indian woman swimming ashore from a capsized canoe with one of her children under each arm, and the third in her mouth; she was awarded the Royal Human Society medal I think; she saved the two under her arms, but the baby in her mouth was drowned."

August Jack Haatsalano: "Yes, that's right; up the North Arm, Burrard Inlet."

City Archivist: How did it happen?

August Jack: "She was the wife of Aneas" (sic.) "I forget her name, but I think it was Molly. She was coming down from up Indian River way with her two children and her baby, three of them, in her canoe; it capsized, she was south of Raccoon Island, and she took one child under each arm, and the other, the baby, in her teeth, and swam a mile and a half to a logging camp in that deep bay just east of Raccoon Island; it was about 36 years ago" (about 1898.) "Yes, she 'got the medal.' She saved two, but the baby was dead when she reached shore."

Otway Wilkie: "I know she was recommended for it, but I never heard before if she got it."

THE LAST FLAT FOREHEAD INDIAN, BURRARD INLET. TIM MOODIE, OF NORTH VANCOUVER INDIAN RESERVE.

City Archivist: Has Tim Moodie got any children?

August Jack: "Tim Moodie, that's Yahmas, has a son, Napoleon Moodie; his son, Yahmas's grandson, is Tim Moodie, he's secretary of the Squamish Indian Council."

Yahmas (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) is the last surviving Indian with a flat forehead; made flat by the old Indian custom of flattening the forehead in childhood; a model of him was made by the well-known Vancouver sculptor, Chas. Marega. He died about 22 December 1936.

JOE'S STORY OF SIMON FRASER'S ARRIVAL.

"He told me that when he was a boy, the Langley Indians at that time lived where the B.C. Penitentiary in New Westminster now is located. In fishing time, that is, in idle summer, the Indians all moved across to what is now Liverpool, or Brownsville, to fish. When there, it must have been 1806—two years before Fraser is said to have officially come down the river—but the Indians said two snows before that, the Indians looked up the river and saw a fleet of canoes coming down the river. When the canoes got opposite to where the Langley Indians were camped, much to the surprise of the Indians, a musical instrument sound—they think from tradition that it was a bugle—and all the canoes stopped and remained where they were. You see, the Indians could not understand this, why the canoes remained stationary. You see, it was high water, and the river running strong, and the canoes remained stationary. The Indians at that time did not know anything about anchors; they had never used anchors in their canoes. They said everything was done to the sound of the music.

"One of the Indians—this is common knowledge when I came here in 1878—prior to this had declared that he had dreamed of a man in a" (boat or) "canoe with a hairy face; a white face with fire coming out of his mouth. The dream immediately came to the minds of the Indians who had been told of this hairy-faced man, and when they saw these men coming down the river they thought they were gods who had come down from heaven.

"The men in the canoes sat in the canoes smoking. This confirmed the dream; they saw the smoke coming out of their mouths. Up to that time the Indians did not smoke; neither did they use sail or anchor with their canoes.

“Then the strangers” (Fraser) “went to go ashore. He drew his sword. It flashed in the sun, and that confirmed the opinion that they were gods. They got into conversation through making signs. Fraser wanted to go on to the sea, but the ‘Tchwashins’” (?) (Point Roberts Indians) “and the Musqueams of the North Arm of the Fraser River were at war, and the old Indian chief, father of Chief Cashmere of Langley” (who died about 1925-1930) “made them understand that if they went past their camp that they would be killed either by the Tchwashins” (?) “or Musqueams.

“Fraser turned back from there and went up the river again, but before he went an axe was missed. The whitemen went back and made a search for the missing axe, and found it in the possession of a young Indian buck. They took it from him, and kicked his backside, which was a terrible insult to a young buck—if it had been a girl it would not have mattered—and there was quite a hubbub about this, and they were going to kill Fraser and wipe out the insult, but an old Indian who died about 10 or 12 years ago at Katsey persuaded them not to, as he explained that the whitemen were gods, and more numerous than the stars above, and that if they killed Fraser that his friends would return, and there would be none of the Indians left.

“Fraser was allowed to go.

“Two snows after Fraser came down the river with more canoes, but with different ‘queer’ music” (perhaps bagpipes) “and went on down to the sea.

“This story was afterwards confirmed to me by the Chilliwack Indians.

“Mr. Wilkie thinks that there may be confirmation of this story as he states that Fraser’s diary does not record what he was doing for a period of two years—Fraser’s diary is supposed to lapse from March 1806 for a period of about two years, perhaps lost or destroyed—and that the missing two years coincides with the Indian story that he came down two snows before, 1808.”

(Note: my experience—several such—is that Indians get their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers mixed up a bit. This story appears to be founded on fact.)

J.S.M.

As narrated to me.

J.S. Matthews.

SIMON FRASER, 1808.

The enclosed narrative was submitted after typing to Mr. Otway Wilkie for his approval.

It was pointed out to Mr. Wilkie that there was a question of doubt involved in the astonishing age to which the Indians mentioned would have had to have lived, but Mr. Wilkie argued that it was not only quite possible for them to have lived to the necessary great age, but also quite probable that they did. This representation was made to Mr. Wilkie two days ago at a long conversation on the matter in this office.

Mr. Wilkie preferred to have the story recorded exactly as it is typed.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH OTWAY WILKIE, IN ARCHIVES OFFICE, CITY HALL, 13 JANUARY 1936.

SIMON FRASER, 1808.

I showed Mr. Wilkie a map of Vancouver, which I had drawn, had photographed, and pasted in *Vancouver, Fifty years a city, 1886-1936* (frontispiece) showing notation, at one point, "Musqueam Indian Reserve, Here Fraser turned, 1808." Mr. Wilkie commented thus:

"OLD JOE."

"I question it. 'Old Joe,' an Indian—we called him 'Nosey' because his nose had a twist in it—he told me in 1887 or 1888. I stayed all night with him in his cabin; could not get home; his cabin was on McMillan Island; my home was at Langley. I was the mail contractor between Langley and the C.P.R. at the time, so that it would be about 1887. The winter of 1887-8 was very severe, but the mail had to be attempted to be got across the river to the C.P.R.; this time the ice was in the river, but in a dangerous state. I was trying to reach Whonnock from Langley, and was prospecting for a chance to get across the river, and noticed that just at the head of McMillan Island the ice had divided, and left a clear space nearly from shore to shore—the river at that point is almost a mile wide. I got one-third of the way across when I saw the ice coming together, and I made back for the island; just managed to reach the head of the island when the ice came together. I jumped on shore, broke through the ice, got wet, tied up the boat, and started to walk to where the Indians lived. When I arrived at the Indian houses, I met Jason Allard, who was also ice bound, and explained the position to him, and he took me to Old Joe's house, where I was quite comfortable and nice and clean, etc.

"Old Joe and his family gave me a good welcome, fine nice clean bed, slept under one of their own homemade blankets—which was considered quite an honour—and spent the evening with Jason, talking over old days with the Indians, and Joe told us the story of Simon Fraser.

"In one of our talks Walter Moberley told me that the best leveller ever on the locations surveys of the C.P.R. was the late Jason Allard of Fort Langley, who died a few years ago at the age of 83. Jason Allard was on the very early surveys in the mountains; his father was Ovid Allard, Factor or Chief Trader at Yale, Langley, Hope and Nanaimo, H.B. Co. Jason Allard, at one time, was in charge of Fort Colville and Fort Shepherd in H.B. Co. service.

"I was with the Gamby and Marcus Smith party between Yale and Port Moody, and also with Major Rogers' party, surveying the line from Port Moody to Vancouver. On Christmas Day, 1884, we reached where the City Limits are now at Hastings, about dusk, having worked all day Christmas in a snowstorm. We camped at George Black's Hotel, known as the Brighton, alongside what was used for steamers and boats—a floating wharf. The whole party celebrated Christmas there. Major Rogers and his nephew, Mr. Roberts, Mitchell Fannin, first curator of Provincial Museum, Sam Brighthouse, etc., etc. Very cold weather at [the] time, and the Fraser River was frozen solid. A few days after Christmas Day I walked up to what is now Albion in Maple Ridge, and at that time known as Sam Robertson's Farm, and from there walked on the ice to Fort Langley. On my way across the river I met the late Tom Shannon of Cloverdale, in the middle, with a team of horses on his way to his father-in-law's, Sam Robertson."

C.P.R. SURVEY, COMPLETION TO VANCOUVER.

"The survey to Vancouver was finished about March 18, 1885. I met the party returning to Shuswap Lake the day I was married, March 20, 1885.

"My memory of conversations with Rogers is very clear.

"Sincerely,

"Otway Wilkie."

[LETTER FROM OTWAY WILKIE.]

Mr. Wilkie, whose narrative follows, reached George Black's Hastings Townsite, in time for Christmas dinner, Christmas Day, 1884, after having spent all day in a snowstorm hastening to complete the survey for proposed C.P.R. line from Port Moody to Hastings Townsite, (eastern) boundary. Having finished as dusk fell, the survey party embarked in a work boat and rowed to George Black's for Christmas dinner.
J.S.M.

(Note: important date at end of letter.)

629-8th Street,
New Westminster, B.C.
Dec. 13/35.

Dear Major Matthews:

Re Rogers Pass and Walter

Moberley, C.E.

In 1912 I was Secretary of the Fraser Valley League Development, sharing offices with the late Doctor Rowe, publicity Agent for City of Vancouver, at N.E. corner of Hastings and Richards Streets, Vancouver City.

The late Walter Moberley, C.E., knowing I was on the surveys of locations of the C.P.R.R., often used to come to see me and discuss the surveying and engineers and survey parties employed in the old days.

One afternoon we were talking of Rogers Pass and I said to him, "How is it that Rogers pass is called after Major Rogers and not after you; was it not you who discovered the pass and condemned it?"

He answered, "Yes, Major Rogers gets the credit, but he never discovered it. Major Rogers was lost in the Pass, and was high up on the mountain, and looking down he saw what he thought was a log cabin; he went down to investigate, and found my cabin, which I had built and had wintered in. That is how Major Rogers discovered the pass and today he gets the credit for my work. I condemned the pass and still do. I wanted the Howe or Yellowhead Pass but Sir Sanford Flemming wanted the shortest route from sea to sea, and wouldn't back me up. But now the greatest satisfaction I have had in life is that Sir Sanford Flemming has at last acknowledged that Walter Moberley was right in condemning that Pass."

We had many conversations about the locations surveys as we both knew many of the members of the survey parties.

VANCOUVER'S FIRST WEDDING.

The first wedding to be registered in Vancouver was that of E.H. Coleman, proprietor of the Dominion restaurant and barber shop on Water street, to Miss S. Currie, of Moodyville, which took place at the old Methodist parsonage, on May 19, 1886, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Joseph Hall. A.W. Sullivan was best man, and Miss N. Currie, bridesmaid. A wedding supper was served at the Dominion restaurant at which C. Simson, then postmaster, who is still here and is believed to be the only survivor of the party, made the speech of the evening. According to the *Weekly Herald*, he condemned the Methodist custom of having the ladies on one side of the table and the gentlemen on the other. He thought they should be mixed up and he was certain more marriages would be the result.

The groom on this occasion did not long enjoy connubial bliss as he died suddenly of appendicitis on September 29 of that year. Mr. Coleman, who was a native of Belleville, Ont., and who was highly popular with early residents, had a somewhat striking appearance. His clean-shaven face was of ashen hue, its whiteness being accentuated by a mass of jet black hair. One day he was

Address:
Residence ... 2390 Cornwall St., Van., B.C.

Phone: ... Bay. 7490-L ...

Please mail to "Pioneer,"
c/o Magazine Editor, the Province.

Note by City Archivist: This letter not published, but handed to me for attention.

Lilfred Lodge,
2390 Cornwall Street,
Vancouver, B.C.
16th April, 1932.

Major Matthews,
Kitsilano Beach,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your circular of the 13th inst., I would like to make a slight correction with my own name which is down as having first stood upon the site of the present Vancouver city in the year 1876, instead of 1872. Periodically I walked or staged from New Westminster to Hastings, then went by ferry to Moodyville, where I preached to the Indians who worked at the mill crossing by Indian canoe to Gas Town (Granville) thence traversed the woods to False Creek where I was entertained in the community house of Chief George, whose wife was a Nanaimo woman, where also I gathered in most of the tribe for religious services. From Kitsilano I walked through the Indian trail to Musqueam, from which point, after visiting, and preaching to the Indians in the Chief's house I returned to New Westminster, either by canoe, or Granville, via Main Street, across False Creek Bridge to Hastings Mill, and Stevens' Ferry to the end of the road at Moodyville crossing, where I took Lewis' stage, or walked to New Westminster, which I preferred to staging over corduroy roads in a vehicle with leather straps instead of springs. As a side trip, I frequently took a rowboat, or canoe to First Narrows, to visit a small tribe near where Lumberman's Arch now stands.

Chief Thomas was one of the first converts in the methodist mission, also chief Lah-wa of the Kap-a-lano tribe, with several members of their tribes. We found it necessary to build a church, when the converts became too numerous for the kitchen of the parsonage, which was built by the Rev. James Turner on a lot procured from the Colonial Government in 1873. The church was built on the same lot, and was the first church of any Denomination, and was destroyed in the great fire, together with the parsonage. When a survey was made the lot was found to be on Water Street.

Under the Rev. Joseph Hall's pastorate the Methodist Hall was built, which did good service until the Homer Street church was built, as the new city began to assume proportions. The Rev. Dr. Robson was then Pastor. The Indian Church was built in 1875, and as Indian Missionary I dedicated it in 1876, with Rev. T. Derrick, Minister to the white people.

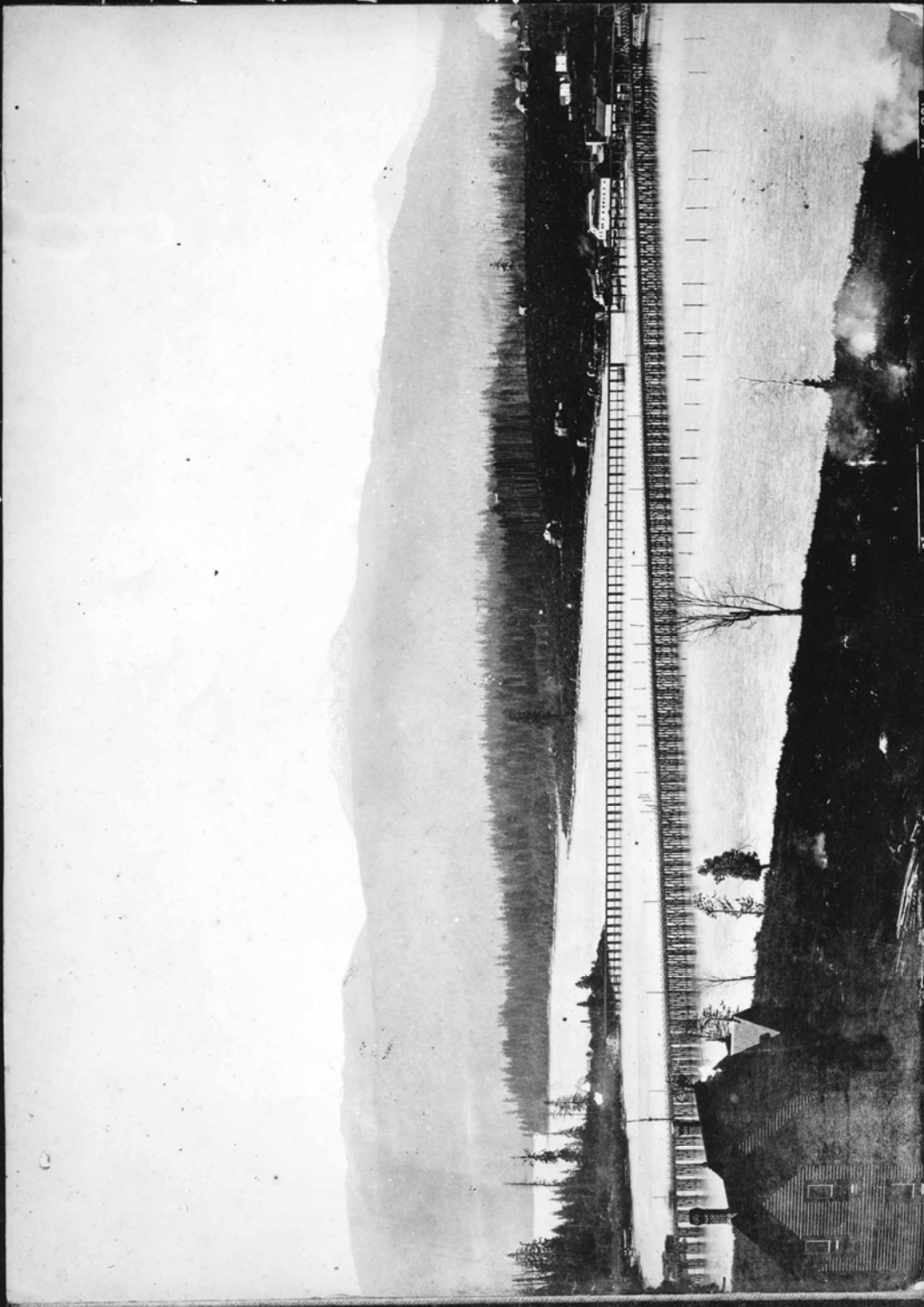
Yours, C.M. Tate.

P.S. I have added two names, with their addresses; sons of our early Ministers.

C.M.T.

WEST END. 1889 FROM S. E. of cor of Birch & SEVENTH AVE J.S.M.
left section of three panorama sections
House is 1304 Seventh
Lacy Johnson Creery house
Forest on Davie and Nicola
Houses on Beach Ave ↓
Canney

Houses on Davie



↓ Houses on DAVIE St near BUTE St
Two houses (Mages) on S.W. cor. Pacific
& BURRARD St

GRANVILLE-Third Ave Bridge
opened Jan 4, 1889

House on BIRCH St
and SEVENTH AVE
1304 SEVENTH

Attempted pre-emption by
VASHON

Item # EarlyVan_v5_037

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH EDGAR ALBERT VACHON (NOT VASHON AS SHOWN IN THE EARLY DIRECTORIES OF VANCOUVER) (SON OF EDOUARD VACHON, PIONEER CONTRACTOR, AND IN EARLY DAYS OF VANCOUVER, OF PENDER STREET), RETIRED B.C. PROVINCIAL POLICE OFFICER, NOW RESIDENT 4160 PRINCE ALBERT STREET, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 30 JULY 1936.

GRANVILLE ISLAND. FALSE CREEK.

Mr. Vachon said: "Father" (Edouard Vachon) "spell it Vachon, not Vashon, came to Gastown long before the fire of June 1886; I think he came in 1885; he was a subcontractor on the building of the C.P.R., all through the Kicking Horse Pass, and about Golden. I came here with Mother, on November 1st 1886, who still survives and lives with me, and three sisters, two of them now deceased; my surviving sister is Mrs. Tom Carter, 1678 West 11th Avenue, Vancouver. Mother was Miss Emma Montagne, whose father came to Canada from France somewhere about 100 years ago, about 1835, and she was born in Sainte Anne des Montes, Québec, in 1857. Father died in Dawson, Yukon Territory, whilst mining, in June 1905. I was educated at the old St. Louis College, New Westminster. Was first married by the Rev. Ebenezer Robson in 1910 to Miss Florence Busby; then I was married again; I have one son and two daughters."

PREEMPTIONS.

"Yes. Father drove those piles around what is now known as Granville Island, but at the time a sand bank in False Creek straddling and straddled by the first bridge at Granville Street to Third Avenue" (opened 4 January 1889.) "The piles can be seen in the well-known photograph of 'West End from Fairview, 1890.' They were going to preempt the sand bank; Father predicted that someday that sand bank would be converted into an island—but the C.P.R. warned him off; got an injunction or something." (See G.G. MacKay, A.P. Horne files, and Paul Marmette, *Early Vancouver*, volumes 1, 2, 3.)

"Then Father homesteaded 160 acres of land at the mouth, east side, of the Capilano River; he had a little cabin there, and a bit of a garden—I recall it because we went over there one day, and the old man who was looking after it was watering the plants in the sunshine, and Father told him not to do that, but to wait until the sun went down."

FIRST C.P.R. WHARF, 1887.

"Father cut the roof braces for the angles under the peak of the roof of the old C.P.R. wharf buildings, out of trees; got a big branch with an angle in it, and adzed it down like knees for a boat.

"He also built our house on Pender Street; two storey up and down board and batten; it was destroyed by fire in 1888. It was near the old City Hospital, now the Relief Office and can be seen beside a row of cottages which appears in the well-known photo called 'Hastings from Seymour,' showing Hastings Street planked, and a brick building half finished at the southeast corner of Hastings and Seymour."

In September 1941, Mr. Calvert Simson brought in a *The Monetary Times*, Toronto, July 1907, and on page (I think 1123) there appears a photo illustration of the first C.P.R. wharf, 1887, taken from the foot of Granville Street, and showing a single shed at the foot of Howe Street produced to wharf deck. It is now, September 1941, being re-photographed.

AUGUST JACK KHAHTSAHLANO (KITSILANO) ON EDUCATION.

Two men, one white, one brown, sat side by side on a cottage verandah one sunny summer's evening at Kitsilano each; old friends, enjoying each other's company and with a tray of tea and iced cake between them, watching the blue sea beyond the sandy beach of Kitsilano shimmering as the golden rays of the setting sun fell upon its wavelets. It was a tranquilly happy scene. One man was August Jack Khahtsahlano, son of Khay-tulk, or "Supplejack"; grandson of Chief Khahtsahlano of Chaythoos, First Narrows, and Snauq, False Creek, Vancouver, Canada. The English speaking people converted the historic Squamish name Khahtsahlano into Kitsilano, and applied it to their suburb of Vancouver. August neither reads nor writes. The other man was Major J.S. Matthews, pioneer, and City Archivist, Vancouver.

The conversation continues:

Major Matthews: (jokingly replies to some remark made by his companion) Oh, you're a *stone age* man, August!

Khahtsahlano: (astonished; ejaculates) "*Me!!! Me!!! Me stone age man? May be, too.*" (A long pause, then smiling) "*You're a relief age man*" (a reference to the thousands of Canadians living "on relief" during the years 1933-1937.)

Khahtsahlano: (continuing) "Long time ago, Indian boy's father just as anxious he's boy have good education as white boy's father like he's boy go university, but he's got no pencil; nobodies know how to write. So he's *tell* him.

"When he's go out in canoe fishing young Indian paddle, old Indian fish; canoe not go fast, canoe go slow past places; lots time talk about things, tell what happened there as canoe go by. Old Indian fish and talk; young Indian paddle and listen; old Indian make young Indian say it back so's he get it right; then old Indian tell him again; that's way teach him about Squamish. Some boy no good; he not listen. Good boy he listen; by 'em by he grow up, be wise man; he know lots. Indian" (who) "knows most 'bout history most educated; he's best man; peoples ask him 'bout things; maybe make him chief."

1158 Arbutus St.,
Kitsilano Beach,
Vancouver, Canada.
6 October 1937.

J.S.

Matthews.



"172 School", 1908. Municipality of Point Grey. In 1910, a private cottage, 599 West Nineteenth Ave north east corner Ash St, a nameless school known by number only, due to its location on District 10 L 472, being 160 acres surrounding Division 2, a muskeg, since an elk pasture, deep in forest, made, pre-empted, 19 June 1872, by William Hackie, Cariboo gold miner, a remarkable tract in the centre of the extensive C.P.R. Grant, and the location, 1883, of first veritable garden, now Douglas Park, D.L. 472, is bounded by 16th Ave, Oak St, King Edward Ave and Cambie St. The first school, D.L. 472, Division One, School, Miss Margaret Whitefen, teacher, average attendance, November, 1908, nineteen, older pupils was run by another similar cottage on Eighth Ave, but scholars becoming numerous, D.L. 472, Division Two, School, Miss H. H. Messon, who took charge, Sept. 1908, was established, average attendance, November, 1908, seventeen, younger pupils. Total school attendance, Point Grey Municipality, 1908, average attendance 74. This school was approached, from the north, only, by a three plank sidewalk, was heated with burning water, septic tank, and the children played on football in the bushes. It is still roomed. To the south, sometimes a bear or cougar was reported, as in the forest beyond. Both cottage schools were replaced, and succeeded by "Shughnessy School", corner King Edward Ave and Oak St, the logical successor of all three schools is now, 1910, "Edith Cavell School", 500 West 20th Ave. This Copeland, went to one room, 18th Ave, in Hanly, and thought to have been first, teacher at 172 School, Point Grey separated from old South Vancouver 10 Jan 1908. Photo presented, 1910, by Rev. J. A. Hatch, C.S., November 1910.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_038

[photo annotation:]

"472 School," 1908. Division 2.

Municipality of Point Grey. In 1940, a private cottage, 599 West Nineteenth Ave., north east corner Ash St., a nameless school known by number only, due to its location on District Lot 472, being 160 acres surrounding a muskeg, once an elk pasture deep in forest glad, pre-empted, 19 June 1874, by William Mackie, Cariboo gold miner, a remarkable tract in the centre of the extensive "C.P.R. Grant," and the location, 1882, of first vegetable garden, now Douglas Park. D.L. 472 is bounded by 16th Ave., Oak St., King Edward Ave. and Cambie St. The first school, "D.L. 472, Division One, School," Miss Margaret Whiteley, teacher, average attendance, November, 1908, nineteen older pupils, was nearby in another similar cottage on Eighteenth Ave., but scholars becoming numerous, "D.L. 472, Division Two, School," Miss H.M. Hesson, who took charge, Sept. 1908, was established; average attendance, November, 1908, seventeen younger pupils. Total school attendance, Point Grey Municipality, 94, average attendance 74. This school was approached from the north only, by a three plank sidewalk, was heated with cordwood stove and its pipe chimney, had running water, septic tank, and the children played on trail, or in the bushes. Deer still roamed to the south; sometimes a bear or cougar was reported as in the forest beyond. Both cottage schools were replaced, and succeeded by "Shaughnessy School," corner King Edward Ave. and Oak St., the logical successor of all three school is now, 1940, "Edith Cavell School," 500 West 20th Ave. Miss Copeland went to one room, 18th Ave., in May, and thought to have been first teacher at "472 School." Point Grey separated from old South Vancouver 1st Jan. 1908. Photo presented, 1940, by Reeve J.A. Paton.

City Archives. J.S.M.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS H.M. HESSON, 1164 MELVILLE STREET, 22 MAY 1938.

POINT GREY SCHOOLS. FAIRVIEW SCHOOLS. EDITH CAVELL SCHOOL.

Miss Hesson said: "Miss Margaret Whiteley, now Mrs. Cross, a widow with two sons, had a school room in a house on the north side of Eighteenth Avenue, Fairview, between Ash and Heather streets, in 1908, but before she was there, there was, about 1905, another teacher, a Miss Copeland, now Mrs. Harry B. Harvey, of Point Grey, who used the same single room in a house for a school room."

"Note: Mrs. Harvey, née Copeland, says it was one room, opened in May, and, she thinks in 1905.)

"At the time I was teacher we had two rooms, one in the old place used by Miss Copeland, and later by Miss Maggie Whiteley. The other school room was in a house, 599 West Nineteenth Avenue, and was in my charge. Miss Whiteley had twenty or thirty senior boys and girls, and I had about twenty-five junior boys and girls—all under the age of ten years."

D.L. 472 SCHOOL. SHAUGHNESSY SCHOOL.

"I was appointed by the Point Grey School board. If the school ever had a name, I never heard it. It was known as the D.L. 472 school, and was in the old Point Grey Municipality. I was just nineteen, and had taught for one year at Soda Creek, Cariboo, and then had had one year 'off.'

"The children came from north of Sixteenth Avenue, the old city boundary, and east of Cambie Street, and a few from what we now call Shaughnessy, which was just starting to build up. When I first went there I had to walk from the corner of Ninth Avenue and Westminster Avenue; there was no Sixteenth Avenue car line then. For years I walked up Oak Street from Broadway.

"My old school room was heated with a wood stove, but we had city water. I took my lunch with the janitor's wife, Mrs. Howard; Miss Whiteley went for lunch to her mother's; her mother was an early settler, and owned seven lots.

"The children played in the street, and in the stumps; there was no playground. It lasted a year or two; all south of the school was bush, or clearing, mostly forest and bush. The C.P.R. had not cleared it then. When I first went there, there were no sidewalks beyond Nineteenth Avenue; north of that avenue, where there were any at all, they had laid three plank boards."

KING EDWARD HIGH SCHOOL.

“Then, when they built the ‘Shaughnessy School’ on Oak Street, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth, I walked from Ninth to Twenty-fourth. The school was afterwards closed, and the ‘Edith Cavell School,’ built in the 500 block, West Twentieth, and the old ‘Shaughnessy School,’ on 24th, 25th and Oak, was later re-opened as an annex to King Edward High School.”

GENEALOGY.

Miss H.M. Hesson, 1164 Melville Street, is the daughter of Mrs. Alexander Hesson, who came to British Columbia in 1885, went to Soda Creek, and came to Vancouver prior to 1889. She had seven children, and died in July 1919. In order of birth her children were:

1. Details unknown.
2. Miss Helena M.
3. Ruth, now Mrs. E.W. Nichols, (of B.C.E.R.) City.
4. Mabel Elizabeth, now Mrs. C.W. Colwell or Colvin of Vancouver.
5. Sandy, in United States.
6. Hilda, now Mrs. W.Q. Stirling, of Vancouver.
7. Lorne, deceased 1920.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. DAVID EVANS, NÉE AWREY (WIDOW, NOW OF 5727 NORTH EAST 33RD AVENUE, SEATTLE), WHO, IN COMPANY OF MRS. M.E. HARRIS, 1284 WEST 11TH AVENUE, ATTENDED THE VANCOUVER PIONEER ASSOCIATION PICNIC TO NEWCASTLE ISLAND, 14 JUNE 1939.

A beautiful day, calm and warm on a beautiful island fresh and verdant in the early summer. About 200 pioneers of Vancouver present.

DAVID EVANS, PIONEER TAILOR AND MUSICIAN. HASTINGS STREET, 1886. GRANVILLE STREET AT ROBSON STREET, 1886.

Mrs. Evans said: “Mr. David Evans came to Vancouver before I did; he came before the Great Fire, June 1886; I came November 16th 1886. The planks on Hastings Street were not laid at that time; afterwards they planked the centre of it. I remember that, once, Mr. Evans and I went for a walk up Granville Street; the Hotel Vancouver was building; they had more than the foundations finished. Mr. Evans and I stopped and stood in the stumps, about Robson Street somewhere south of Georgia Street; the stumps were all around us, and Mr. Evans said to me, ‘I wouldn’t be at all sure but there will be business on this street some day, but it won’t be in our day.’” And Mrs. Evans smiled.

(See illustration in *Vancouver Daily Province*, 15 June 1939.)

MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY. HIRSCHBERG (SUICIDE). THE FIRST BURIALS.

“The first burial in Mountain View was my little son, Caradoc, about ten months old; February 1887; the date is on the headstone. At that time Mountain View Cemetery was just a little clearing in the forest; the fallen trees lying about everywhere as they had fallen. A Mr. Hirschberg had committed suicide in the Leland Hotel, and actually he was buried a day or two before my little son, but they had buried him on the side of the road, now Fraser Avenue, but all trees everywhere then; Mr. Hirschberg was not buried in the cemetery. Whether they subsequently lifted the body or not I do not know; he may be lying there yet so far as I know; I never heard that he was raised. Mrs. Hirschberg was not one who would bother much about that, and, in any case, she went off somewhere. The exact location of his grave I do not know, but it was somewhere about the location, the old entrance. Macdonald’s cottage afterwards stood on the southwest corner of Fraser Avenue and East 33rd Avenue. You see, in those days Vancouver was without undertakers as we understand them today; there were no coffins to be bought; each one had to be made as required.

“Mr. Hirschberg was a man, and his body and coffin was heavy, and they could not carry it over trunks and branches of trees lying around in wild profusion, as they had tumbled when the site of the small cemetery site was being cleared of forest; but my little baby’s coffin was light—only ten months old—and they could climb across the logs and carry it.

“The cemetery was not ready for burials; the logs and stumps had not been cleared away; burned up. The grave to receive my little boy had been dug beside the new grave of Mr. Hirschberg—on the roadside—but when Mr. Evans saw it, he would not permit interment. So Mr. Evans took the little coffin inside the cemetery ground, and a little grave was dug on the top of the ridge—the grave stone is there yet.

“At first we had wooden posts, with swinging chains between each post around our son’s grave; you can see it” (the posts and chains of the grave) “in the distance in this photo” (C.V. P. Dist. 9) “just beside, but beyond, Macdonald’s cottage wall, and the forest beyond. Then, afterwards we had a headstone placed; two stones, one flat on the ground, and another, with round top, perpendicularly upon it, with name and date.”

Photo C.V. N. Port. 173, 21 June 1939, shows Mrs. Evans kneeling beside her son’s tombstone.

“I visited it the other day—west of Fraser Avenue, and just a few yards south of East 33rd Avenue. The ground was so dry and sandy, we could get nothing to grow, so we planted ivy; ivy would grow, and it is there yet; a small low stone almost covered with ivy, lovely and green, which has grown to quite a big root.”

MACDONALD, FIRST CARETAKER. FIRST CARETAKER’S COTTAGE.

“Macdonald, the caretaker, had several children; they were very poor, and my son’s clothing was afterwards worn by their children; their cottage was on the southwest corner of Cemetery Road” (Fraser Avenue) “and 33rd East Avenue.”

FIRE, 30 MAY 1887. HASTINGS STREET, 1887. POST OFFICE, HASTINGS STREET.

“I was not in Vancouver when the Great Fire took place, but Mr. Evans was, and when the second alarm came on May 30, 1887, he was, naturally in common with everyone else, very nervous of consequence; they had suffered once.

“There was a new Post Office under construction directly across the street” (old 309, now No. 409 West Hastings Street) “and there was a pile of sand near it, for building material; they were getting ready to start building, but had not actually started. Well, our home” (old 312, new 418) “was across the street” (south side between Homer and Richards), “and when the alarm came all our furniture was carried out and across the street and buried in that sand. They had no time to waste, so my father, Peter Awrey, helped my husband to carry the furniture over and bury it in the sand, just took the drawers out of the chest of drawers, contents and all, just as it was as they pulled it out, and then buried it in the sand. My mother” (Rachel Awrey) “and I fled for safety down to False Creek, when the things were brought back after danger had passed, oh, my, what a mess; the house was ‘full of’ sand.”

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. FIRST BRASS BAND. PETER AWREY.

“Mr. Evans was a musician, and formed the first brass band. He was a teetotaler; he never touched wine or whisky; he had promised his mother, years previously, that he never would, and he kept his word. He came from Wales. Father was the first life deacon of the Baptist Church, and I was the first organist.” (Hamilton and Dunsmuir.)

21 JUNE 1939.

MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY, FIRST BURIAL. CARADOC, SON OF DAVID AND NELLIE EVANS, DIED 26 FEBRUARY 1887, AGED 10 MONTHS.

On Wednesday morning, 21 June 1939, Mrs. David Evans, in company with her daughter—and only child—Mrs. Harold Lucas, née Joy Awrey Evans, whose husband is an official of the City Treasurer's Office, Seattle, Washington, and Master Evan Lucas; together with Mrs. M.E. Harris, 1284 West 11th Avenue, Vancouver, Major Matthews, City Archivist, and Miss Margaret Giles, assistant archivist, visited to Mountain View Cemetery and took a number of photographs of the covered little gravestone.

The marble headstone, formerly white, now grey from exposure, is on the highest top of the ridge, west of Fraser Avenue, and about ten yards from East 33rd Avenue, formerly Bodwell Road.

The inscription reads:

CARADOC
son of
David & Nellie
Evans
Died Feb. 26, 1887
Aged 10 mo's.
AT REST

DAVID EVANS. PETER AWREY. RACHEL AWREY.

The graves of Mr. David Evans, who died 1906, and Peter and Rachel Awrey, father and mother of Mrs. Evans, are in the "new" cemetery—north of 33rd Avenue—and located about 100 yards northwest of the northwest corner of Fraser and 33rd Avenue.

Read and approved by Mrs. Evans, 22 June 1939.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JAMES WALKER, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JOSEPH SILVEY, OR "PORTUGUESE JOE" No. 1, RESIDES AT 721 CAMBIE STREET, AND CALLED AT CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 17 JULY 1939.

OLD CHIEF KI-AP-I-LA-NO. CHIEF CAPILANO JOE.

Mrs. Walker said: "When I was about three years old—it was before my sister Josephine was born—my mother took me over to the Indian houses at Capilano Creek, and there I saw old Chief Ki-ap-i-la-no; a great big old man with big legs, and loud voice—anyway, it seemed so to me; that's how I recall him, of course, I was little and perhaps he looked bigger to me than he actually was—and long white hair hanging down over his shoulders, down to his shoulder blades, and the ends used to curl upwards; he was short sighted. He had a son called Lahwa, who I think had a Nanaimo Indian woman for wife; Lahwa was chief afterwards.

"Old Ki-ap-i-la-no used to come over to Brockton Point and camp in a tent—I've told you about it—and he had a hunchback slave wife to look after him; I used to visit him constantly in that old tent."

MARY CAPILANO.

"The well-known Mary, widow of Chief Capilano Joe, was not old Ki-ap-i-la-no's daughter; her mother was a Comox woman. Then she married Capilano Joe; Joe's father was a Chilliwack Indian. Mary Capilano is not near blood to the Squamish Capilanos."

LOMTINAHT. STURGEON.

"Lomtinaht was my mother's sister; this is her photograph; her name in English was Louise; my mother's English name was Mary Ann. Lomtinaht was a very good looking woman; the dead image of my mother who was very good looking too. Lomtinaht married Joe Thomas, who is still living at North Vancouver.

She was killed in a buggy accident. There was a ceremony of consecrating the Indian Roman Catholic Church, and the horse ran away coming home, and they turned over, and she was injured; she lived to be brought to St. Paul's hospital, and died there next morning." (See A.J. Khahtsahlano conversation, July or August 1939.)

POTLATCHES.

"Lomtinaht was the 'princess' or 'queen' that they had at the potlatches, all over, sometimes at Musqueam, sometimes at Whoi-Whoi" (Lumberman's Arch); "she was good looking, and it didn't matter where it was, they always had her to be 'princess'; she had a lovely complexion, and was the image of her sister, my mother, Khaaltinaht" (Joseph Silvey's first wife.) (See photo No. C.V. P. Port. 392, N. Port. 174.) "She was the princess at the potlatch at Lumberman's Arch I told you about, the time I got frightened and ran away."

STURGEON.

"Lomtinaht told me she had to give potlatches for the sturgeon rod, that her father used to fish for sturgeon with; the old rod is out at Musqueam yet; I must try and get it if it is not broken; she said she had to give one about every year. I asked her, 'What do they do that for?' and she said, 'It's the memories; to bring back the memories of the highest people.'

"She told me the Indians used to go out in the water in a canoe, away out from the North Arm" (Fraser River) "and put a long pole out with a sort of hook on it" (see Khahtsahlano conversations) "and they would leave it down in the water for a little while, and then they would come back with the great big sturgeon. I think they used to dry those sturgeon. Celestine, she's very old, at Musqueam, told me all about it, too."

CELESTINE. CHIEF JOHNNY WHEE-WHY-LUK.

"Celestine is living at Musqueam now; she must be about one hundred; she is sister-in-law to the old chief Johnny Whee-why-luk; he's been dead now twenty or twenty-five years. He was my mother's first cousin; she was married to Chief Whee-why-luk's younger brother."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JAMES WALKER, 721 CAMBIE STREET, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JOSEPH SILVEY, "PORTUGUESE JOE, NO. 1," OF GASTOWN, AND KHAAL-TIN-AHT, "MARY ANN," HIS INDIAN WIFE, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 17 AUGUST 1939.

LOMTINAHT. KHAALTINAHT. JOHN THOMAS. "NAVY JACK."

Mrs. Walker said: "Lomtinaht, or Louise, married Joe Thomas, full blood Indian, now living on Indian Reserve, North Vancouver, and my mother, Khaaltinaht, or Mary Ann, who was Mrs. Joseph Silvey, were full sisters.

"Mrs. 'Navy Jack' was a half sister to both Lomtinaht and Khaaltinaht, but her own full sister married an Indian at Chilliwack. All were grandchildren of 'Old Man' Chief Ki-ap-i-la-no" (of 1859.) "But Christine Jack of North Vancouver will know; ask her." (Note: A.J. Khahtsahlano said, July 29th 1939: "Lomtinaht was some distant relation of my father, Supplejack; Christine Jack, wife of Henry Jack of North Vancouver, is a daughter of 'Navy Jack,' and his wife, who was Lomtinaht's half half sister, but the similar surname 'Jack' does not mean that Henry or Christine are members of my family; they are not.")

JOSEPHINE SILVEY. STEVE ANDERSON.

"Josephine Silvey, my only full sister, was younger than I am; she married Steve Anderson; there is Anderson's Creek, near Ladysmith, named after him; I don't know if Anderson's Point, Stanley Park, was so called. Mrs. Anderson's children were:

1. Nellie Anderson, eldest child, now Mrs. McDonald [*sic*] who lives at Trout Lake.
2. Alf. Anderson, younger than Nellie, eldest son, he died in Vancouver leaving one son and two daughters.

3. Steve Anderson, junior, now single; he fishes and works in camps, was in the American army during the war, and gets a pension from them.
4. Harry Anderson, the boxer; married, no children, his boy died.
5. Laurence. He died leaving, I think, two daughters; his widow Ethel was in Victoria.
6. Minnie Anderson, now Mrs. Penderson [*sic*] living at Trout Lake, Grandview.
7. Florence, married, but I don't know name.
8. Frankie, the youngest, has a logging camp up north.

SUMKWAHT. SAM KWEE-AKULT. JOHNNY WHEE-WHY-LUK. AYATAK, FRANK CHARLIE. SEMELANO (SIC.)

"Sum-kwaht was my grandmother, that is, my mother's" (Khaaltinaht) "mother; I don't know what my Indian grandfather's name was, but he was 'Old Man' Ki-ap-i-la-no's son. Sum-kwaht had a brother who was chief at Whoi-Whoi in Stanley Park; his name was Sam Kwee-ah-kult; I remember him; he was my grandmother's brother; he was the last; all the others were dead. Ayatak, or Frank Charlie, was the son of Charlie Khar-nuk. Johnny Whee-why-luk, the chief at Musqueam, was with Capilano Joe when he went to see King Edward. Johnny Whee-why-luk was full cousin to my mother Khaaltinaht.

"Ayatak is the nearest living relative to 'Old Man' Chief Ki-ap-i-la-no. The 'Old Man's'" (Kapilano) "mother was Musqueam; his father was Squamish; he had several wives; among them were two Squamish sisters. Ayatak was not a son of 'Old Man' Ki-ap-i-la-no, but I think he was the son of Charlie Khar-nuk. Ayatak is the nearest living blood relation of the 'Old Man.'"

CHIEF JOE CAPILANO. HYAS JOE.

"Capilano Joe's name was not Capilano at all; Chief Joe Capilano borrowed that name when he went to see King Edward, and he said he would not use it when he came back, but he did. The Musqueams protest the Squamish have no right to that name Ki-ap-i-la-no, or Capilano."

(Note: August J. Khahtsahlano says, 30 June 1939: "Capilano Joe's real name is Sahn-luk." F.J.C. Ball, Indian agent, Vancouver, says: "He was called 'Hyas Joe' before whiteman's custom gave him the appellation 'Capilano Joe.'")

Note by City Archivist: This is the old plaint of the Musqueams; i.e., that the Squamish are intruders on Burrard Inlet. The two tribes at Musqueam and Squamish were most friendly; intermarried and so on, but the Musqueams lament that through circumstances over which neither had control, the Squamish gradually appropriated their names and lands, and were very nice about it at the same time.

J.S.M.

THE NAME CAPILANO.

"The Musqueams protest against the use of the name Ki-ap-i-la-no by others than themselves; they say no one has the right to use the name Kiapilano save the Musqueams, and I'll tell you how I know."

POTLATCH AT MUSQUEAM.

"I heard there was going to be a potlatch down at Musqueam, but I did not know anyone, so I took a chance and went anyhow. There was a great crowd of Indians, and no one knew who I was, but I went into the potlatch house and sat down, and by and by they came around handing out the oranges and things, and John Gerrin" (*sic*)—"his father, Ned Gerrin, was a hand logger on the west side of Howe Sound—Ned's wife was full Musqueam, and was my mother's full cousin; that is, Mrs. Gerrin—her Indian name was Kle-o-saht; she had two sons, John and Bill; John lives at Musqueam with his wife, and Bill lives with his Indian wife at Kupper Island.

"Well, when John came with the oranges, I took one, and said to him, 'You don't know who I am,' and he said, 'Are you Josephine?' and I said, 'No, I'm Josephine's sister.' And then he said, 'Now, you see that table'—they had a table all laid for a 'banquet'; white table cloths, and the Indian ladies were fixing things

up, and had a big range on which they were doing the cooking—John said, ‘Now, when you see them start, you come over and sit at that table.’

“And so afterwards he was talking aside to me, and he said that I did not know how ‘high up’ I was; that if I had not become a white woman I would have had a home and land; that he was a half-breed, too, but he was Indian, and he had a home, and I would have had a home and land, too, if I had stayed Indian, and that I did not know how high up in Indian life I was.

“I did apply once to be allowed to share in the distribution of Indian monies, and there was a meeting over at Capilano Creek, and I might have got my share, but Old Mary Capilano, Capilano Joe’s wife, objected, and said something sneering about the women who went off and became white, and gave themselves airs, and then wanted to share in Indian property, and I shot back at her that if it had not been for the whitemen we should all be Indians still, and that it was the whitemen who had brought us everything.

“There was an awful lot of Indians at the Musqueam potlatch, and John got up and made a speech, and he spoke in Indian, but I knew what he was saying though I don’t think he knew I did. He told all those Indians there not to insult me, that I was a great-granddaughter of Old” (Chief) “Kiapilano, and that all the old Kiapilano people were dead now, and that no one had the right to the name Kiapilano except one or two of the Musqueams, and that I was one of the one or two who were, and was very ‘high up’ because I was the great-granddaughter of Old Kiapilano. I think Christine, Mrs. Williams, is another.”

KHAALTINAHT.

“My mother wanted to give me the name of Lomtinaht, she gave all my children Indian names, but I forget what they were; grandmother like.”

MRS. BEALE.

“My half sister, Mrs. Rosaline Beale, she was the daughter of my father, ‘Portuguese Joe,’ and Lucy” (Indian) “had a daughter; she is the mother of Mrs. Flora Neilson. They three Beale children were: Charles Beale, Flora Beale, now Mrs. Neilson, and Edie Beale, now Mrs. Jack Fitzpatrick.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH EDWARD WARNER, PIONEER, 1888, NOW OF 453 EAST 30TH AVENUE, WHO CALLED AT CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON ACCOMPANIED BY MR. GEORGE GREEN, 200 SOUTH GROSVENOR STREET, 6 SEPTEMBER 1939.

EDWARD WARNER.

Mr. Warner said: "I was born in Birmingham, England, and left there with Father and Mother, Edward and Charlotte Warner, for Toronto; Father was pretty well 'fixed,' and took a notion to migrate; he was a bricklayer; I was their only son, my age seventeen. We stayed in Toronto; I came on to Vancouver in the spring of 1888; Mother died in Toronto about 1900, and Father went back to England. In Toronto I worked with Phillip Oben, of Central Park; he was a plasterer; then I came west; C.P.R. tourist; coal oil lamps in the coaches those days."

YALETOWN, 1888. CLEARING FIRES.

"I got to Vancouver with about five dollars in my pocket, and put up at a private home down in Yaletown, and had to fight clearing fires all the first night; the fire was somewhere around Davie Street, west of Granville Street. There were only a few men around, but such as we could get hold of helped fight fire; it was the first night I was in Vancouver, and I don't know just exactly where the brush fire was; we fought with buckets, but where the water came from I don't know; must have been a well nearby; there was no Capilano water then."

D.B. CHARLESON. C.P.R. STEAMSHIPS. COURT HOUSE. MULES. C.P.R. STABLES. C.P.R. TOWNSITE.

"Next day I went looking for a job. Went to a real estate office on Water Street, and they sent me to a job washing dishes for Jones, next to Greyhound Saloon, right at the corner of Water and Cordova Street. I washed dishes for quite a while and then I got a longshore job, stevedoring the *Parthia* and *Batavia*. D.B. Charleson had the contract loading and unloading the C.P.R. trans-Pacific liners; all ship's tackle in those days; no cranes; there were lots of Chinese coming, going all over Canada; we put them in the immigration shed. Then I got a job handling the rock for the Court House, built on what is now Victory Square; it came on scows from the C.P.R. quarries up the North Arm, and there was a sort of float for the scows to tie up on the shore between Columbia and Carrall streets; then I broke my elbow. I drove two mules with the rock; we stabled them where the Hudson's Bay Co. warehouse is now on Water Street; here I am in this photo" (No. C.V. P. Bu. 193, N. Bu. 118) "holding the two mules, one in each hand; those two mules helped to clear the right of way from Port Moody, and helped clear the 'C.P.R. Townsite,' too."

ALDERMAN ALEX CLELAND.

"You can see Alderman Cleland, seated on wagon, clean shaven, holding reins, centre team, in this photo."

WEST END. CLEARING THE FOREST. PHILLIP OBEN.

"I was walking along Georgia Street—going towards the park anyway- one day, when I heard a noise, and, coming out of the forest, driving about six oxen hauling logs, came Phillip Oben, whom I told you I worked with in Toronto; he was dumping the logs in Coal Harbour at the junction of Pender and Georgia. He looked at me and said something about, 'What are you doing here,' and I replied, 'Looking for a job,' but he had all the men he wanted."

GRANVILLE STREET-THIRD AVENUE BRIDGE. ELECTRIC STREET CARS, FAIRVIEW. CHAMPION AND WHITE.

"Then I hauled piles for the electric railway bridge, opened in 1891, at Granville Street, beside the wagon bridge. And next I got a job with Champion and White, down on Dupont Street; scavengers."

GEORGE STREET. ST. GEORGE STREET. SALMON IN MOUNT PLEASANT. 28TH AND 30TH AVENUES.

"I owned a home at 309 Barnard Street, now Union, and I traded that for an acre of land out in South Vancouver, on St. George Street; it was old George Road or George Street; they named it after George Godfrey; he had owned the acre, and cut the road to it; it is now Saint George Street. And we used to catch salmon in the stream between what is now 28th and 30th Avenue; my dog, a big bulldog, used to

stand beside the pool and pull the salmon out of the stream; there were no beaver there then; I never saw any, anyway.”

MULES. PRINCE EDWARD STREET. 24TH AND 25TH AVENUES. HORNE ROAD AND 28TH AVENUE.

“I had a span of mules; I paid two hundred dollars for them; then I traded them for two and a quarter acres bounded by what is now 24th and 25th avenues, Prince Edward Street and St. George Street; it was standing timber; I had to make a road to it; I owned then three and one quarter acres in two parcels. The first road cut through was the Horne Road, now 28th Avenue East. I let a contract to some Chinamen to fell the trees, clear the logs, and I hauled the cordwood they cut to town; I was in the wood business. It was nothing but cordwood in those days; no mill wood. I sold the cordwood to everybody for three dollars a cord for wood, and four dollars for bark.

“After I got the two and one quarter acres cleared, I sold it, just before the real estate boom, for fifteen hundred dollars to Grimmett Bros., real estate firm, and I suppose they subdivided it; anyway, it is all in lots now and built over; you see there is double frontage on 24th and 25th avenues.”

HEMLOCK. TAN BARK. MAIN STREET. LOGGING THE FOREST. TANNERY WORKS.

“About tan bark; I hauled tan bark from away down what is now Main Street. There was no road down Main Street then; I was the first man who ever crossed Main Street south of the Bodwell Road, now Thirty-third Avenue, with a horse and buggy.

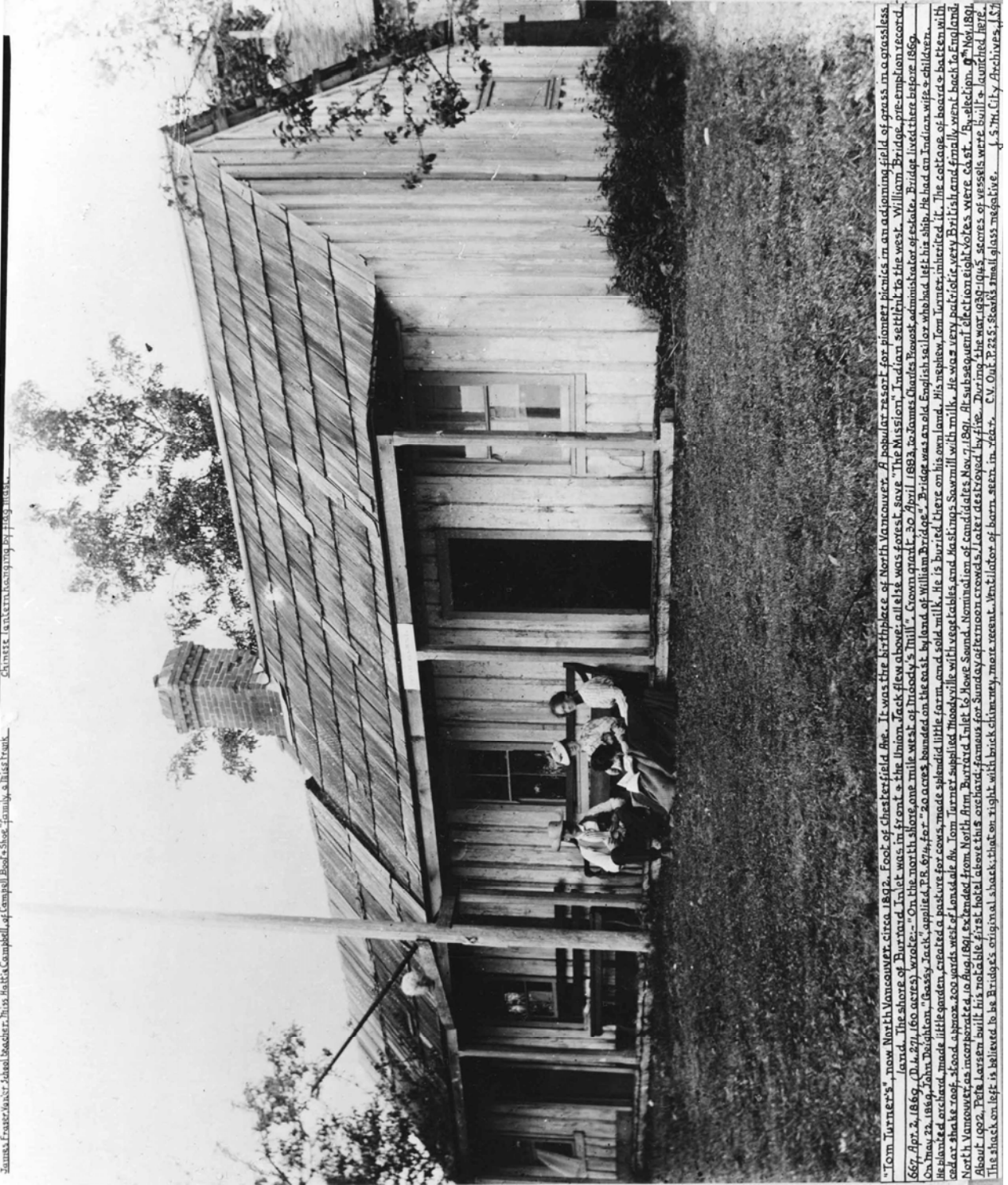
“To get the tan bark I had to drive the wagon down Cemetery Road, now Fraser Avenue, a long way—past the cemetery—until I got somewhere about Sixtieth Avenue, and then turned west into a logging road until I got somewhere about Sixtieth and Main. There was an old man by the name of Morrison” (note: for account of this family, see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3; the property was part of D.L. 652, see Vol. 1, and is now a civic park, Sunset Park, Main Street at 51st to 53rd Avenue) “he owned all that land, and he cut the hemlock bark off the trees, it twisted itself, in the sun, into little bundles, and I hauled it to the tannery on the corner of Twelfth Avenue and Westminster Avenue, on the edge of the Brewery Creek ravine.

“I was married in the Anglican Church in Toronto to Miss Agnes Gibson from Belfast, Ireland; she is still living, but not in good health. Our children are, in order of age:

1. Edward, married, two daughters, lives in Los Angeles.
2. Jane, now Mrs. P.D. Stewart, one daughter, lives 28th Avenue East.
3. Florence, now Mrs. Richard English, no children, but adopted one, lives 30th East.
4. Samuel, killed in logging camp about 1929.
5. William, married, two sons, lives 26th Avenue East.

James Fraser, a school teacher, with his wife's Campbell, of Campbell's School, in a high seat.

Chinook, taken from a high seat, by James Fraser.



Item # EarlyVan_v5_039

"Tom Turner's", now North Vancouver circa 1892. Foot of Chesterfield Ave. It was the birthplace of North Vancouver. A popular resort for pioneer picnics in an adjoining field of grass, m. a grassless
 667, Apr. 2, 1869. On the shore of Burrard Inlet was, in front of the Union Jack flew above; all else was forest save "The Mission", Indian settlement to the west. William Bridge, pre-emption record
 Cox May 22, 1869, John Davidson, "Cassidy, Jack", applied, P.R. 679, 4e. "20 acres, bounded on the east by land of William Bridge", "Bridge was an old English sailor who had left his ship. He had an Indian wife & children.
 He planted orchard, made little garden, extracted a pasture for cows, made splendid little farm, and sold milk. His nephew, Tom Turner, inherited it. The estate of boats & between with
 cedar shake roof. Good approx. 200 yards west of road at Av. Tom Turner supplied the mill with vegetables, and Hastings, Sawmill with milk. He was very patriotic, very British and finally went back to England
 North Vancouver, as incorporated 24, in Aug. 1891. Extended from North Arm, Burrard Inlet to Howe Sound. Nomination of candidates, Nov. 7, 1891. His subsequent election eight votes were cast. Election, 9th Nov. 1891.
 About 1902, Peter Laursten built his notable first hotel about this site, but a famous for Sunday afternoon crowds. Later destroyed by fire. During this was 1930-1945 scores of vessels were built & launched here.
 This shack on left is believed to be Bridge's original shack, that on right with brick chimney, more recent. Ventilator of barn, seen in 26th. CV. Onk Pr. 223; Stork's small glass negative. J. S. The City Archives, J. S.

[photo annotation:]

"Tom Turner's," now North Vancouver, circa 1892. Foot of Chesterfield Ave. It was the birthplace of North Vancouver. A popular resort for pioneer picnics in an adjoining field of grass in a grassless land. The shore of Burrard Inlet was in front & the Union Jack flew above; all else was forest, save "The Mission," Indian settlement to the west. William Bridge, pre-emption record 667, Apr. 2, 1869, (D.L. 271, 160 acres) wrote: "On the north shore, one mile west of Moody's Mill." Crown grant, 30 April 1883, to James Charles Provost, administrator of estate. Bridge lived there before 1869. On May 22, 1869, John Deighton, "Gassy Jack," applied, P.R. 674, for "20 acres, bounded on the east by land of William Bridge." Bridge was an old English sailor who had left his ship. He had an Indian wife & children. He planted orchard, made little garden, created a pasture for cows, made splendid little farm, and sold milk. He is buried there on his own land. His nephew, Tom Turner, inherited it. The cottage of board & batten with cedar shake roof, stood approx. 200 yards west of Lonsdale Av. Tom Turner supplied Moodyville with vegetables, and Hastings Sawmill with milk. He was very patriotic, very British, and finally went back to England. North Vancouver, as incorporated, 10 Aug. 1891, extended from North Arm, Burrard Inlet to Howe Sound. Nomination of candidates, Nov. 7, 1891. At subsequent election eight votes were cast. By-election, 9th Nov. 1891. About 1902, Pete Larsen built his notable first hotel above this orchard; famous for Sunday afternoon crowds. Later destroyed by fire. During the war, 1939-1945, scores of vessels were built & launched here. The shack on left is believed to be Bridge's original shack; that on right with brick chimney, more recent. Ventilator of barn seen in rear. C.V. Out. P. 225; Stark's small glass negative. J.S.M. City Archives. J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JAMES WALKER, 721 CAMBIE STREET, 6 OCTOBER 1939.

WILLIAM BRIDGE. D.L. 271. NORTH VANCOUVER.

Mrs. Walker said: "Old William Bridge lived at North Vancouver; I remember him; his wife was an Indian woman; I used to play with his children at the north shore, when we went over there. Then, we went to Reid Island, and I did not see him again; I must have been about three years old when I played with his children. He had two or three children."

MRS. MARY JOE. MOWITCH JIM. MRS. HENRY JACK.

"Mrs. Mary Joe has no right to use the name Capilano. She married a Chilliwack known to whites as Capilano Joe, but he had no right to use the name Capilano. Christine Jack" (Mrs. Henry Jack) "told me her father was 'Mowitch Jim.'"

"OLD CHIEF" KI-AP-I-LA-NO.

"Christine told me Tutamaht" (Mrs. Chief Tom) "was 'Old Chief' Kiapilano's daughter; she's been dead a long time."

STEVE ANDERSON. JOSEPHINE SILVEY.

"Steve Anderson is very ill, in General Hospital; he must be about 77 now."

(Note: Steve Anderson, husband of Josephine, younger of the two daughters of Joseph Silvey, or "Portuguese Joe, No. 1" of Gastown, and his first wife, Khaaltinaht, granddaughter of "Old Chief" Ki-ap-i-la-no, and one of the two children of the first marriage [Indian rites] of a European on site of City of Vancouver.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JAMES WALKER, 721 CAMBIE STREET, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 31 JANUARY 1940.

DEATH OF JOSEPH SILVEY, JR.

Mrs. Walker said: "Joseph Silvey, second son of 'Portuguese Joe'" (Joseph Silvey), "my father, and by his second wife, Lucy, the Sechelt Indian, and therefore my half-brother, died in the Vancouver General Hospital about a week ago. He had come from Egmont, B.C., where his home was. I was at his bedside the day before he died in the morning after; he was unconscious; the nurses told me the doctors did not know what was the matter with him, but there was something wrong, I noticed it, with the back of his head; it looked as though he had had a fall and hurt himself or something; he was unconscious and moaning.

"He leaves a widow, his second wife, but I don't think she lived with him. He had two sons and two daughters by his first wife." [Blank] (mentioned a name I missed) "came right over, and paid for the funeral; ninety dollars for the casket; Home Funeral Chapel; out Hastings East, and Mr. Silvey was buried at Sechelt. They tell me he had a big funeral at Sechelt. He had no children by his second wife."

Conversations of 17 July, 6 October and 31 January. Approved by Mrs. Walker, 31 January 1940. J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JONATHAN ROGERS, 2050 NELSON, WHO VERY GRACIOUSLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 27 NOVEMBER 1939.

Bringing with her two large and two small—one of each size—magnificent reproductions of oil paintings by P.A. Hay, London, England, one of Mrs. Rogers, the other of Mr. Rogers, and also a small, but rare, photograph of William Hailstone (Wadds), one of the three preemptors, 1862, of the "West End." Mr. Rogers has been poorly; confined to his bed for eleven weeks, and so, to his deep regret, was unable to attend the banquet at the Stanley Park Pavilion, 27 October 1939, in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of Stanley Park by His Excellency Lord Stanley, 29 October 1889.

Park records show that Mr. Rogers served as a park commissioner for twenty consecutive years. (Note: park commissioners are unpaid.) Mrs. Rogers says that it should be twenty-six years; the explanation of the discrepancy is Park Superintendent A.S. Wootton.

TAG DAYS, FIRST IN VANCOUVER. VANCOUVER GENERAL HOSPITAL. OLD POST OFFICE. WOMAN'S AUXILIARY, GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Mrs. Rogers said: "The first tag day ever held in Vancouver was held on King Edward VII's birthday, November 9th 1902, and the second tag day six months later. Both were held in the vestibule of the old Post Office on the southwest corner of Pender and Granville Street.

"The first tag day was to raise money to build the new General Hospital, and we got a 'lot of money.' You see, the business houses downtown all had post office boxes for their mail in those days, and the business men came to their private post box in the Post Office to get their letters. One gentleman gave me a cheque for five hundred dollars.

"Then, six months later, and for the same purpose, we had another tag day; that was how tag days started in Vancouver. White ribbon printed with a red cross was used; all the ballot boxes were in use at different corners of the city; we used ballot boxes; borrowed them.

"Lady Tupper, wife of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, was president of the Woman's Auxiliary to the hospital, and Mrs. 'Tommy'" (T.E.) "Atkins, of McDowell, Atkins and Watson drug stores, was secretary.

"The old City Hospital was inadequate, and the Woman's Auxiliary was organised in the City Hall by Dr. Harrison, father of George S. Harrison. A Citizen's Committee" (men) "was organised a few days before the Woman's Auxiliary in 1902. I have the details of this somewhere, and will confer with you when I find them."

EXCERPT, *PROVINCE*, WEDNESDAY, 25 JANUARY 1905.

SOCIAL HEADQUARTERS

In it was held all the swell social functions of Vancouver's Pioneers. Furniture partly insured, but building was not. Guests lost clothing.

The building that in early days was the scene of all swell functions held by Vancouverites is no more.

The old Brighton Hotel at Hastings has been destroyed by fire. The building was put up by the late George Black twenty two years ago. There was no Hotel Vancouver then to hold balls in, and the big ballroom of the Brighton, overlooking Burrard Inlet, was the social headquarters. The hotel was run by Mr. Black up to the time, of his death eight years ago. After that, for a time, his daughter, Mrs. Ryan ran it. The building was owned by Mr. Black's widow, who now resides in Portland, and it is understood that it was uninsured.

"The lessee was J.H. Travelbea, formerly of the Colonial Hotel of this city. When he took it over he refurnished it and the furnishings were valued at \$4,000. There was an insurance of \$2,000 on the furniture held by Hobson Bros. Very little was saved of the furniture or of the private belongings of the four guests who happened to be in the house.

Mr. K. Brown, who resides near the hotel, first saw the flames bursting out of a corner of the roof. He gave the alarm quickly and although the residents there were willing to do all they could, there was no apparatus with which to work. Owing to the burning out of the telephone, word could not be sent to the city until the fire had almost destroyed the building—Chief Carlisle, when he got word, went out with the hose wagons from No. 1 and 2 Halls, and the engine from No. 3. He organized a bucket brigade, and by strenuous efforts succeeded in saving the cottage adjoining on one side, and the barn on the other.

The old hotel that was such a welcome shelter to many after the big fire in Vancouver in 1886, has itself been a victim of destroying flames. No intimation has been received yet from Mrs. Black as to the likelihood of her rebuilding, but it is very likely that the hotel will be replaced, even if by a smaller building.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. CALVERT SIMSON, THIRD STOREKEEPER, HASTINGS SAWMILL, WHO CALLED THIS AFTERNOON AT CITY ARCHIVES, 20 DECEMBER 1939.

ROYAL CITY PLANING MILLS. GEORGE BLACK. SLAUGHTER HOUSE. JOHN HENDRY. HASTINGS SAWMILL. C.W. MURRAY.

Mr. Simson: "The Royal City Planing Mills bought the property at the foot of Carrall Street, and erected a sawmill and planing mill on the site of George Black's original slaughter house. John Hendry came from Fredericton, New Brunswick, and so did R.C. Ferguson, who was manager. C.W. Murray, who had been out at Jericho as bookkeeper and timekeeper for Angus C. Fraser, was bookkeeper for the Royal City Planing Mills.

"The Royal City Planing Mills sold the property, together with the foreshore rights, to the B.C. Electric Railway, or Vancouver Gas Co., I don't know just which, and it is my surmise that, before they handed over the money, the Royal City Planing Mills may have had to produce the deed to the foreshore rights."

Major Matthews: Well, what does Harry Hooper mean when he says the Hastings Sawmill had not got the deed to their property until long after 1900.

Mr. Simson: "That must be wrong; Capt. Stamp got the deed to that property. What I think Mr. Hooper knows about is the foreshore rights to the Royal City Planing Mills on False Creek. There was a man in Ottawa, McGivern, or McGovern, or something, and he was all powerful; if you wanted anything in the way for foreshore rights, you had to see him, and that was all there was to it, and, I suspect, Harry Hooper is referring to those rights on False Creek; Hooper was only a servant of Hendry, a driver of his

car, and it is easily understandable that he got confused, but knew there was something going on, but did not know just exactly what.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH COLONEL EDWARD MALLANDAINE, CRESTON, B.C., PIONEER OF VANCOUVER, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES DURING A SHORT VISIT TO VANCOUVER, 8 JANUARY 1940.

Colonel Mallandaine tells me he is a Reeve of Creston—three years—terms, 1936-7-8, and 1939, '40 and '41; that he has been a stipendiary magistrate since 1899; i.e., in 42 years; that he is Past Deputy Grand Master, District No. 8, Freemasons, and that he has sold the Creston Water Works, \$35,000. Col. Mallandaine is the boy who appears in the famous photograph of Sir Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona) driving the last spike at Craigellachie, B.C. (C.P.R.), November 1885.

We “toured” the City Hall; introduced him to His Worship Dr. Telford and others; spent an hour or more together. It was an extraordinary experience for both of us. For one who had voted at the first election of civic authority in Vancouver to inspect the great edifice, the “City Hall,” and recall the day when he had voted in Constable Jonathan Miller’s little cottage on Water Street, and cast his vote for the first Mayor and Alderman of this great city. It was an experience for His Worship Dr. Telford to meet such a man; it was a privilege for me to be his escort, to be able to talk with, and touch, so remarkable a link with the beginning of a great railway and a great city. It was a privilege which few value as they should; we are too near to the event.

FIRST ELECTION, 1886. MAYOR M.A. MACLEAN.

Major Matthews: Col. Mallandaine, did you vote at the first election for mayor and alderman?

Col. Mallandaine: “Certainly, and helped to drag Mayor MacLean up and down Water Street in a two-wheeled cart; I don’t know if it was a butcher cart or not, but it had two wheels; some were in the shafts, some pulling ropes; we could not go far; just up to the end of the street, turn around, and pull the new mayor back again to where we started.”

ST. JAMES’ CHURCH.

Major Matthews: Wish you would write down a few things you think ought to be preserved in writing.

Col. Mallandaine: “How about St. James’ Church? I’ll write you about the start of St. James’ Church.”

We parted on the south entrance steps. He is flying back to Creston tomorrow. What a remarkable age he has lived through. To stand in the tower of this huge building, and look over a city spreading seven miles deep by ten miles wide, and reflect upon the day when he saw it all as a wilderness of towering forest; an experience which, and such as, will never again be the experience of any man.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. WILLOUGHBY HOWELL, 2 FEBRUARY 1940.

Née Frances Errington (the Erringtons of Lulu Island are cousins) who came to Vancouver 6 March 1889, lived in Vancouver until 1894, when she went to live on their own farm on No. Thirteen Road, right in front of the Sea Island Airport—across the road. (It would seem their farm must have been on Sea Island.) Mrs. Howell, in company of Miss McColl of Addressograph Department, City Hall, kindly called at the City Archives; rather small of stature, but just another one of those charming, gracious, kind pioneer women with white hair, the wrinkles which experience have brought, and the same courageous persistence.

Mrs. Howell said: “Mr. Howell’s father was an officer in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers stationed with the Imperial Forces at London, Ontario, and Mr. Howell was born there on June 26th the year the Prince of Wales” (King Edward VII) “came” (1860) “to Canada, and Mr. Howell’s mother was at the military balls, and the Prince of Wales paid her much attention. I was born at Glanworth, Ontario, 15th July—I shall be 76 this year” (1940.) “Then Mr. Howell and I were married at Christ Church, Glanworth, on the fifth or seventh January 1888; Anglican church, and we lived there a year, and then we came by C.P.R. to Vancouver, and lived on Pender Street for a while, and then near the corner of Howe and Pender. Mr.

Howell worked in Thos. Dunn Hardware store on Cordova Street. He died two years ago, 3rd May 1938, and his remains were cremated.

"We have two sons and one daughter:

1. The eldest is Watson Howell, and is living on a farm at Nicomen Island. He married Ellen Durman [*sic*] of Mimico, near Toronto, and they have two sons, Gordon and Norman, about seventeen and twelve.
2. The second child was Frank Howell; he lives at Steveston, married Violet Edwards, who was living on Lulu Island at the time. They have a son, James, now about six, and a daughter, Barbara, now about eleven; they have a milk ranch.
3. Constance was my third child; only daughter. She is Mrs. Charles Rooke; live at Langley Prairie; have a farm, and one boy, Willoughby, about 27, and no children.



Item # EarlyVan_v5_040

FIRST CHILDREN BORN VANCOUVER, 1886. JAKE GRAUER OF EBURNE. GEORGE GRAUER, HIS SON.

“Mrs. Jake Grauer still lives, with her daughter, at 1311 West 57th Avenue, and she has told me many times that her son George—he lives out near Ladner’s now—was one of the first children born in Vancouver; she used to talk about it when they were giving a present to Miss Edith Jackson.” (A phone call to Mrs. Grauer’s home brought us the information from Mrs. Grauer through her daughter that George was born 25 November 1886, at 10th and Westminster Avenue, now Main Street.)

GRANVILLE STREET SOUTH. NORTH ARM ROAD. SHAUGHNESSY HEIGHTS. STAGES.

“Do you remember the accident up on the hill? Up Shaughnessy Heights now; North Arm Road then” (Granville Street); “I saw it. It was just evening; we were all going home after a day’s shopping in Vancouver getting groceries and things for Christmas; it was just before Christmas; the stages were going out to Steveston; we were about the third or fourth team behind the stage, and the tree fell and killed the driver, but never touched the horses or passengers; most extraordinary thing; it just killed the driver. The stage was crowded, and he was on the dash board because it was so crowded on the stage; it killed him outright; great big cedar tree; it was the worst thing I ever saw; we did not get out of the rig; old Mr. Mellish’s stage was right behind the stage the tree fell on, and he picked up the body; we had to circle around to get our rig by; it was gravel road, but narrow; it was right on top of the hill, but that hill has been cut down so much it is hard to tell just exactly where, but it was up by the Shaughnessy Golf links.”

POST OFFICE STRIKE. POSTMASTER JONATHAN MILLER.

“Old Miller, the postmaster, he had the post office on Hastings Street, and there was a strike among the clerks, I don’t know much about it, but I think they wanted more pay, but I think the government allowed Mr. Miller so much a year and he had to get his own clerks, and then afterwards the government took it over and they paid the clerks, but I know they had a strike in the post office.” (And Mrs. Howell smiled as she recollected.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH HIRAM W. WOODWARD, 151 WEST FOURTH STREET, NORTH VANCOUVER, WHO SPENT THE AFTERNOON IN THE CITY ARCHIVES WITH ME, 8 FEBRUARY 1940.

WORKINGMEN’S PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, 1878. TRADES AND LABOUR COUNCIL.

Mr. Woodward: “Here, you want this; you can have it. It is the Constitution, Bylaws, and Rules of the Order of the Workingmen’s Protective Association, Victoria, 1878, and I think the first labour union in British Columbia.”

EDWIN WOODWARD, LIGHTKEEPER. POINT ATKINSON, 1875. WELLWOOD, SECOND LIGHTKEEPER.

“The government had one boat only, the *Sir James Douglas*; my sister Mrs. Gough, at that time Miss Woodward, and Dora Ganner, they went over to Point Atkinson on the same boat as Wellwood, the second lightkeeper at Point Atkinson, went over to take charge; that was in the summer of 1877, because my sister became Mrs. Gough in November 1877. My sister said she left Point Atkinson on the same boat as Edwin Woodward; they had to wait at the lighthouse until the *Sir James Douglas* came back to take them and Ed. Woodward away.”

WOODWARD’S LANDING. GREENWOOD, B.C. ARMSTRONG, B.C. MAYOR FRED COPE.

“My father, Caleb Woodward, arrived from St. Williams, Norfolk County, Ontario, 24th May 1873; I came from Norfolk Co., Ontario, and my mother came from Norfolk Co., England. Father was the second migration from St. Williams to B.C. Robert and Christopher Wood, of the North Arm, Fraser River, were the first. Afterwards there was my father Caleb, and my uncle Edwin Woodward, first lightkeeper at Point Atkinson, and Nat Woodward, of Woodward’s Landing, and his son Dan, who is still living, and Mayor Fred Cope, third mayor of Vancouver, and, of course, the Woods of North Arm. Greenwood, B.C. is named after Robert Wood, and he started Armstrong, B.C. and called it Aberdeen, but the C.P.R. came along and changed the name to Armstrong. Christopher Wood had gone back to England; all came from St. Williams, Norfolk Co., Ontario.

"There were a lot of other Woodwards out here—all cousins of my father's; some went back; one died here. I was 74 on Tuesday" (6 February 1940) "and my son, who is school inspector at Rossland, sent me five dollars for a birthday present.

"Then there was 'Am' Reeves; his name was Amram Reeves, son of my father's aunt; he settled in Chilliwack, and his descendants are there yet."

FRASER RIVER, HIGH WATER. MOSQUITOES.

"My father went to Chilliwack in the fall of 1873, and stayed until fall of 1875, and went partners with Horatio Webb; they had cows, but the mosquitoes were awful, and the cows stampeded to the mountains, and that put them out of business; could not milk the cows. They used to carry ferns out in the field and make a smudge, and the cows would lie down in the smoke, but the mosquitoes finally got so bad that father said, 'No use stopping here to be tormented,' and sold out. His farm was about a mile out of Chilliwack—near the little mountain—but he had another preemption that he sold to Thomson, the school teacher; it was right at the foot of the mountain.

"There was high water on the Fraser River in 1876, and the river was high in 1882; higher than 1876, but the worst was 1894; that beat them all."

[LETTER FROM H.W. WOODWARD.]

151 West 4th,
North Vancouver,
Feb. 13th 1940.

Major Matthews,
City Archivist,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 9th received.

We left Chilliwack per sternwheeler "Onward," which ran between New Westminster and Yale. I know it was late fall 1875 because a young man named Greyell (relative of the Alderman) was brought aboard the boat at Chilliwack on a stretcher with his feet frozen. His father was with him. He had been driving cattle on foot in the snow and slush, when suddenly it turned cold. (His feet smelled awful.) It was probably November. My mother sang to him to cheer him up on his way to New Westminster hospital. She also took up a subscription for him, he being hard up, and raised quite a sum among the passengers; a lot of them miners on their way to Victoria. That's between us.

Arriving New Westminster occupied large house, Columbia street, while my father went to Nanaimo, and opened a wagon shop.

March 18th 1876 my sister Anna married Mr. Gillanders of Chilliwack, my father coming home for the wedding, and on March 20th 1876 he took us all back with him to Nanaimo, per Str. "Ada," sidewheeler. The "Ada" only ran to Nanaimo when a cargo of beef cattle or baled hay offered; her only passenger accommodation was a bench with no roof over it abaft the smokestack. No other boat to Nanaimo. If it rained, which it frequently did, you could go down on the freight deck among the cattle, and the hay.

If you can't read this, no matter, not worth it.

Yours

H.W. Woodward.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH T. BOTTERELL, 734 WEST 13TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, B.C., 1 MARCH 1940.

CHIEF CAPILANO JOE.

Mr. Botterell: "Here's a snapshot of Capilano Joe with his band, at some hop-picking yard. I was with Joe one day and something happened, and he said to me, 'Why you say "hot as hell" and "cold as hell"; what you mean?'

"So I replied, 'Where is hell, Joe?' And Joe answered, 'I don't know; it's some place whitemans carries round with him in a book.'"

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH W.A. GRAFTON OF GRAFTON LAKE, BOWEN ISLAND, NOW OF 542 WEST 63RD AVENUE (OVER THE PHONE), 5 APRIL 1940.

SCHOONER C.D. RAND. DEAD WHALE. COAL HARBOUR. F.W. HART. CENTRE AND HANNA. DEAD WHALE.

Major Matthews: Mr. Grafton. What boats were used to catch whales off Bowen Island?

Mr. Grafton: "Harry Trim had a two-masted schooner, but he used a Columbia River fishing boat covered in on the bow. You've heard about the whale they towed into Coal Harbour; the one they used for exhibition purposes. Well, I used to know Capt. Westerlund, he was on the sealing schooner *C.D. Rand*, and I used to go aboard. So one night it was very dark, I was in my boat to Coal Harbour to go aboard the *C.D. Rand*, she was anchored in Coal Harbour, and I bumped into something which looked like a black balloon tied to the *C.D. Rand*; it was the dead whale. They paid Centre and Hanna two hundred dollars to embalm it."

Note: Ronald Kenvyn, writing in the *Province*, Saturday, 4 May 1940, under caption "HOWE SOUND WHALING," says F.W. Hart embalmed the whale, and I think Mr. Kenvyn is correct. J.S.M.

He says Hart bought up all the embalming fluid in Vancouver, Victoria, and Westminster, and pumped it into the whale with a bicycle pump. Hart was a pioneer Vancouver undertaker.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH W.A. GRAFTON, OF "GRAFTON LAKE" AND "GRAFTON BAY," BOWEN ISLAND, NOW OF 542 WEST 63RD AVENUE, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 10 APRIL 1940.

HARRY TRIM. PETER SMITH. WHALING AND WHALES. FROLANDER. SKUNK COVE. WEST VANCOUVER. MOODYVILLE SAWMILL.

Mr. Grafton said: "You were talking about Pete Smith, and whaling. If Pete Smith ever went whaling, it was before I came in 1887; you see, the only whaling done was done by Harry Trim. Then Harry quit, came to my place on Bowen Island, picked up a load of cedar posts for his ranch on Westham Island. He had a schooner, and took them away on her."

Note: A.J. Khahtsahlano says, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, that Peter Smith speared whales, and gives brief account of where and how.

"In 1887 there was one man only living on the north shore from the First Narrows to Point Atkinson, and that was Navy Jack, and that will show you how lonely it was along that shore, but the Moodyville Sawmill Co. were hauling logs east of Navy Jack's and dumping the logs in that lagoon" (Indian name "Swywhée") "three quarters of a mile east of the Hollyburn landing."

SQUATTERS.

"You see, all those people who squatted along there were working either at Moodyville or Vancouver. Frolander, the old man, (that cook, Frolander, I gave you a picture of him, was the son of the original owner of Skunk Cove, Frolander, the old man), he was millwright at the Hastings Sawmill, but he never lived on his land. So long as you did not leave your land for longer than three months it was all right, so that the squatters who were working used to go down once in a while, and live there, and go away again."

CAPILANO CREEK. WATER WORKS. CAPILANO RANCHERS.

“When they started to build the water pipe line up the Capilano Creek, a man named Gilley, and his Indian wife, towed the workmen backwards and forwards in a Columbia River fishing boat from Andy Linton’s float at the foot of Carrall Street, and he would sail, or row, right up the creek—he could get up far enough to land them.

“If they ever did built a wharf for the Capilano Ranchers” (see *News-Advertiser*, 25 March 1890, page 8) “then I do not know where they built the float or wharf; the only place I can think of would be up at Tom Turner’s or at the present ferry wharf at North Vancouver; I don’t recall the landing anywhere down towards the First Narrows.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. W.A. BAUER (NÉE MISS RUBY SPRINGER OF MOODYVILLE) AT CITY ARCHIVES, 12 APRIL 1940.

MRS. JONATHAN MILLER. COL. BENJAMIN SPRINGER. COL. TRACY.

Mrs. Bauer said: “This photograph, which I will present to the City Archives, is of Mrs. Jonathan Miller, in her early sixties. She was the daughter of Colonel Benjamin Springer, one of the first civil engineers in Canada—Col. Tracy, formerly, City Engineer, Vancouver, was one of his pupils—Col. Springer served in the Riel Rebellion.

“Mrs. Miller’s two sisters married; one to Dr. Tufford, and the other, Dr. Flood. Of her brothers, one was Dr. Frank Springer, and the other, Rev.” [blank] “Springer, of Grace Church, Philadelphia, who died on the steps of his church.”

MRS. BENJAMIN SPRINGER OF MOODYVILLE, B.C. MRS. RICHARDS OF HASTINGS MILL. MISS FRANCES NIAS.

“This card, which I will also present to you, is what you see; let me read what it says:

THE GOVERNOR REQUESTS
THE PLEASURE OF MISS NIAS’S COMPANY
ON TUESDAY EVENING, THE 24TH
INSTANT AT 9 O’CLOCK

Government House
14th May 1890.

An answer is requested.

“Well, Miss Frances Nias was married at the age of 17 to Mr. Richards, and was a widow at eighteen, with one child, Louis, afterwards legally adopted as Louis Springer. The Nias family came to Victoria in 1858 when Frances, or ‘Fanny’ Nias, my mother, was five years old; they were English people, came from California, where Mr. Nias had been the editor of one of the first newspapers in San Francisco. I am told that, in 1859, he started a newspaper in Victoria, but I do not know the title it went under. Mr. Nias’s brother was Rear Admiral Sir Joseph Nias, and lived on Park Lane, London, England.

“I am giving you this card as from the Springers; that is, Mrs. Watkin Boulton (Miss Mabel Springer), “Miss Eva Springer; Herbert” (Bob) “M. Springer, my brother, and myself” (Mrs. W.A. Bauer, née Miss Ruby Springer.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JAMES WALKER, ELDEST DAUGHTER [OF] JOSEPH SILVEY (“PORTUGUESE JOE NO. 1”) AT CITY ARCHIVES, 22 APRIL 1940.

EIHU. KANAKAS. COAL HARBOUR.

Mrs. Walker said: “Eihu was a Kanaka, looked Hawaiian, and talked that language, and he had an Indian wife. He lived down at the little ranch in Coal Harbour. They had a lot of vegetables, and apple trees, and my stepmother, Lucy Silvey, Indian, used to go there to buy vegetables and took me with her. I heard the women say she had two husbands; one week she stayed one house, and the next week she stayed at

the other. I heard the women talk.” (See F.W. Alexander conversation, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.) “She had a daughter, they called her Lucy, and she had other children. We were living over at Brockton Point; that was before we went to Reid Island. Lucy, the daughter, was married at that time; married to a white man; she had a kind of St. Vitus dance; shook her head every once in a while.

“You know, there were a lot of Kanakas about, not just one or two, and they would talk in their language; it was queer to hear them, and they would go out where the lighthouse is at Brockton Point and fish with a line.”

PETER PLANT. ADDIE PLANT. FIRST MARRIAGE. CHIEF KI-AP-I-LA-NO.

(See *B.C. Historical Quarterly*, April 1937, page 111.)

“Lena Myers married first Harry Page; she divorced him; then second, Capt. George Myers, steamboat captain, now at New Westminster; before she married Harry Page, she was Miss Lena Plant; her mother was Addie Plant, a half-breed; I know her, and her Indian mother too.

“Addie’s mother was an Indian woman, and sister to my grandfather, ‘Old Man’ Kiapilano, and the Indian woman’s Addie, half-breed daughter, married that Frenchman who had a big farm out Marpole, because one time Father and my stepmother” (Lucy) “and myself were going to New Westminster by row boat; Mr. Ewen, the cannery man, had sent for Father; I was about six years old then, because there were three of us in the row boat, and Father” (Joseph Silvey, “Portuguese Joe”) “said he would call at a nice farm and get some butter and eggs, and he said that she, Addie’s mother, was my grand-auntie; she was sister to my grandfather, the old chief. Old Mrs.” (probably Supplien Guinne) “was a pretty Indian woman, and could talk French as good as a French woman.

“Mrs. George Myers is my second cousin; my mother and her mother were full cousins, only her mother was a half-breed, mine was full blood Indian. Get it clear. Lena Myers was originally Miss Lena Plant, daughter of Peter and Addie Plant, then Lena married Harry Page, and then Capt. George Myers.”

“GASSY JACK.” JOHN DEIGHTON. WHA-HALIA.

“Gassy Jack’s’ Indian wife is living at the North Vancouver Indian Reserve, in the village. I don’t know what her English name is” (Madeleine) “but her Indian name is ‘Wha-halia.’ I have not seen her, but my cousin Christine Jack tells me Wha-halia says she had a son by Gassy Jack. She must be very old. She wants me to go over and see her as she says she remembers me when I was a little girl, and Father lived at one end of the Gastown beach and Gassy Jack at the other.”

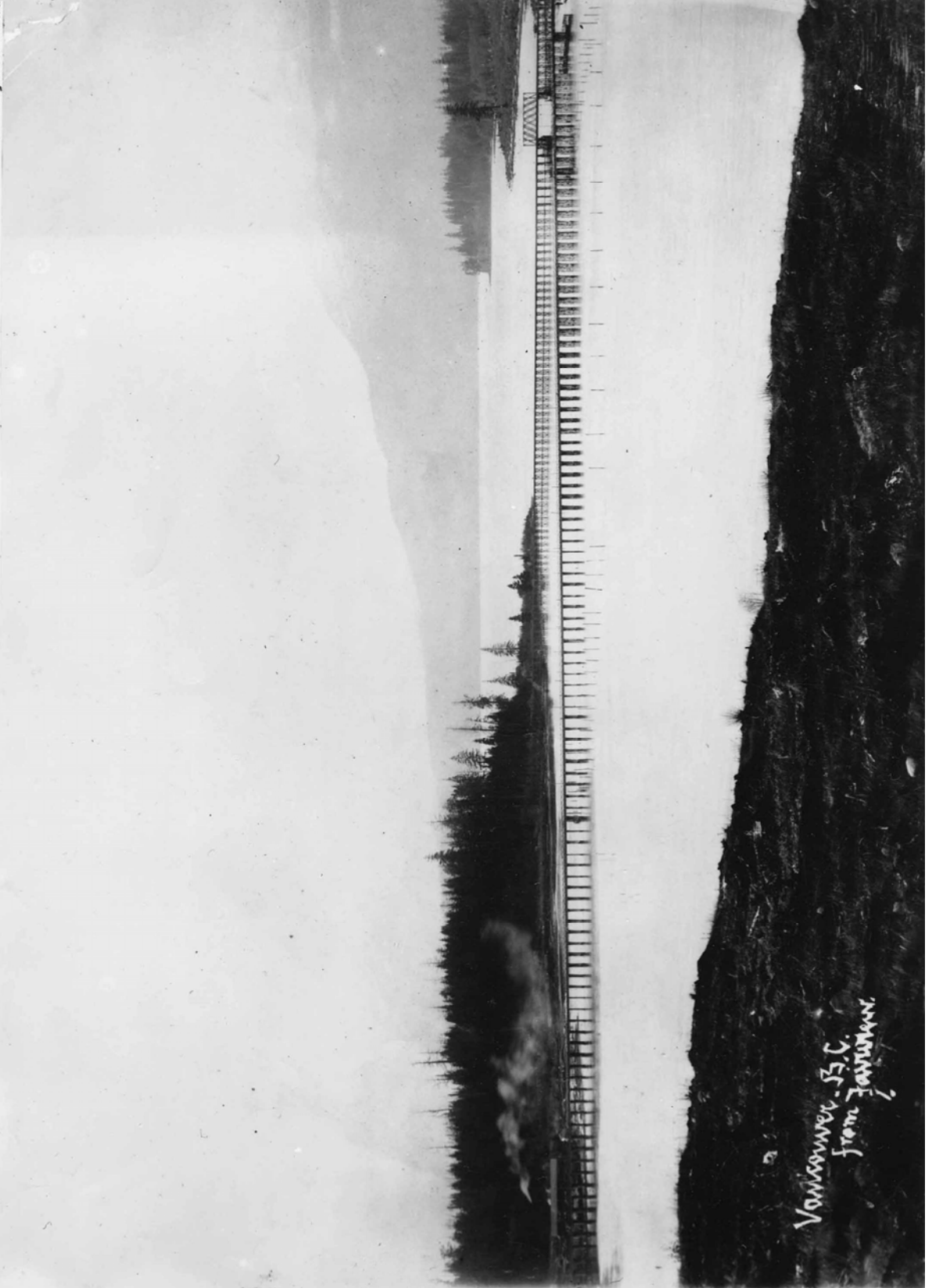
THOMAS COLLINS. SLOOP MORNING STAR.

“Tom Collins? He married an Indian woman. He had a sort of ranch in the bay at Plumper’s Pass, on the Mayne Island side, on Mayne Island. My father was anchored there in our sloop, the *Morning Star*, and I was about five years old. Collins had an Indian wife and some boys and girls; one of the children was Lizzie, and the boy was Tommy, but I have forgotten the other children’s names. Collins was a great big tall man; wore size twelve shoes. He was an Englishman. I think there were two children besides Tommy and Lizzie; one was Melville.”

Major Matthews: How do you remember so well?

Mrs. Walker: “I’ve got a good memory” (note: she cannot read nor write) “and there was not much to remember those days, and we were there for two or three days. I was born on July 4th, what year I don’t know, but officially for Old Age Pensions, I am supposed to be going on 71, so that the time we saw the Collins ranch must have been, what did you say it was, 1874?” (Probably 1872.) “And, too, that was when we lived at Brockton Point, long before we went to Reid Island” (note: Joseph Silvey preempted on Reid Island in September 1881) “and then, after we went to Reid Island, we heard about them. Mrs. Collins, Indian woman, told my stepmother Lucy Silvey, that she was a Sumas woman. I think Mr. Collins was ‘something’; Justice of the Peace or something. She was a nice looking Indian woman; tall lady.”

Vancouver, 1893. From eminence above Seventh Ave between Oak & Spruce sts on Fairview. Look BlackBIS. Most western scene in panorama of four photos by Trueman & Cable photographers
False Creek Indian Reserve. Smoke from W.L. Tait's small sawmill. Indian village of Snaug, largely between the two bridges, but Chinisset's ("Jericho Charlie") cottage on English Bay—between two trees.
Granville St.—Third Ave bridge to Centre St and North Arm Road. Can. Pac. R. trestle bridge & fixed span. Piles encircling sand bar, (now Granville Is) attempted pre-emption. Beach Ave a trail.
Photo No. 1.
Presented by F.W. Laing Esq. Victoria, 1938 City Archives J57R.



Vancouver B.C.
from Fairview

Item # EarlyVan_v5_041

[photo annotation:]

Vancouver, B.C. from Fairview.

Vancouver, 1893. From eminence above Seventh Ave. between Oak & Spruce Sts. in Fairview. Lot 9, Block 315. Most western scene in panorama of four photos by Trueman & Caple, photographers.

False Creek Indian Reserve. Smoke from W.L. Tait's small sawmill. Indian village of Snauq, largely between the two bridges, but Chinalset's ("Jericho Charlie") cottage on English Bay—between two trees.

Granville St.-Third Ave. bridge to Centre St. and North Arm Road. Can. Pac. R. trestle bridge, fixed span. Piles encircling sand bar, (now Granville Id) attempted pre-emption. Beach Ave a trail.

Photo No. 1

Presented by F.W. Laing Esq., Victoria, 1938. City Archives. J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN DUNSMUIR, PRESIDENT, VANCOUVER EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION, AND OF MACKENZIE, WHITE & DUNSMUIR, LTD., AUTO EQUIPMENT, 635 BURRARD STREET, WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 24 APRIL 1940.

CHRISTMAS TREES. FAIRVIEW.

Mr. Dunsmuir: (responding to some remarks made by Major Matthews upon the marvel of Vancouver's growth from wilderness of forest into a city seven miles deep by ten miles wide in the short space of a single life) "Yes, and when I was a boy I used to come up here in Fairview and cut Christmas trees in the clearing."

Major Matthews: You're the man I'm looking for; when was that. I have often wanted to find out someone who was first in the Christmas tree business; who started it? How old were you then?

Mr. Dunsmuir: "Well, about ten, I suppose; I was born in 1894, and that was about 1904. Harry Goddard—he lived on Richards Street; I lived on Robson—and we had an old buckboard and horse; we used to go around and take orders, and then deliver the trees."

Major Matthews: And the price?

Mr. Dunsmuir: "Oh, about ten cents each. Harry and I cut them up around here" (City Hall, 12th and Cambie), "take them down an old rough trail in the buckboard, and over there" (pointing) "there were cows; down there on Sixth and Cambie" (west of Cambie) "and then over the old Cambie Street bridge to town."

Major Matthews: That was my cow; I rented all that land west of Cambie as far as Ash Street, and down from Sixth Avenue to False Creek for my cow to pasture in; this is my old wharf at the foot of Ash Street" (showing watercolour by Bloomfield.) I paid \$5.00 every three months for the use of about twenty acres of second growth trees; there were little patches of grass here and there, where I used to tether the cow; all down there where the Vancouver Engineering Works is now.

ANECDOTES RE MISS MARGARET FLORENCE McNEIL.

At the luncheon tendered by the Corporation and Citizens to Miss McNeil, at Stanley Park Pavilion, 27 April 1940, all present—about forty—were invited to speak, and did; each one spoke a few words; some spoke longer than others. Mrs. H.R. Willis, president, Native Daughters, was inadvertently overlooked; Mr. Ernest Walter of the *Province* had to keep an engagement before his turn came.

The last speaker was Major J.S. Matthews, City Archivist, and after describing how Mr. Walter had given him the clue which led to the rediscovery of Miss McNeil after an absence of fifty-four years from Vancouver, he concluded the festivity with these words:

Do not suppose that this moment, this occasion, is without emotion for her; for years she has been waiting for this day. Miss McNeil has known of her distinction; modestly she forbade to tell. After this, let none say a woman cannot keep a secret. Hers is one of the most magnificent instances of feminine patience and modesty which has ever come to my notice.

Major Matthews sat down, and his Worship Dr. Telford indicated that the luncheon was over, and the assemblage commenced to disperse.

In Miss McNeil's radio remarks over K.E.X., Portland, Oregon, on 6 May 1940, in which she described her visit to Vancouver, she says:

Question: Have you always known you were the first white child born in Vancouver.

Answer: Yes. Ever since I can remember; Mother frequently mentioned that I was the first white child born in Vancouver after it was incorporated.

Question: Tell us a bit about the Fire.

Answer: All I know is what my mother told me. A forest fire caused by the land clearing operations swept the town, and forty minutes after the first house caught fire the entire city was in flames. Mother had to snatch me from my bath, and with my brother and two sisters, fled to the waterfront.

J.S.M.
May 1940.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MARGARET FLORENCE McNEIL, WHO, IN COMPANY WITH HER COUSIN, AND MRS. HENRY HAYS MOORE, WIFE, MAJOR MOORE, U.S. ARMY (RETIRED), AND MRS. VINCENT MARINOVICH, A FRIEND, ALL OF PORTLAND, OREGON, LUNCHEDED WITH MAJOR AND MRS. MATTHEWS, 1158 ARBUTUS STREET, ON SUNDAY 28 APRIL 1940, JUST PRIOR TO THEIR RETURN TO PORTLAND, OREGON, AFTER A THREE DAY VISIT TO VANCOUVER AS GUEST OF THE CORPORATION AND CITIZENS OF VANCOUVER.

GREAT FIRE, 1886. ALEXANDER AND ANNA McNEIL.

"Will you please accept these four gold and one stone relics of the 'Fire,'" said Miss McNeil, unwrapping a knotted handkerchief of yellow hue, due to age, and which contained a quantity of similar relics of the "Fire," all of them twisted, shapeless, but of gold or silver. "You see, the heat must have melted them when our house burned; they are molten remains of some jewellery of Mother's, but what I do not know; the smaller one may have been an ear ring. The heat must have been very intense.

"Father was a tall man, six feet four in his stocking feet; Mother was short, and comparatively, quite small.

"Archbishop Duke of the Holy Rosary Cathedral, made me present of this framed photograph of my baptism. You will see that I was baptised by the Rev." (Father) "Patrick Fay, and that the name given me was not Margaret, but Maggie Florence; they always called me Maggie at home. And, you see, Mr. McGuigan, the first City Clerk, was one of my godfathers."

Note: the Baptismal Registry of Holy Rosary Church shows that Miss McNeil was born 27 April 1886, was baptised on 16 May 1886, and there is a notation written in Father Fay's handwriting, "First child born in Vancouver." JSM.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK KHAHTSAHLANO, SON OF KHAY-TULK, I.E., "SUPPLEJACK," AND GRANDSON OF CHIEF KHAHTSAHLANO, IN WHOSE HONOUR KITSILANO IS NAMED, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 29 APRIL 1940.

Note: much offence has been taken, especially by Indians, to a serial article appearing daily in the Vancouver *Sun*, under the caption "Romance of Vancouver" by Alan Morley, which states in its issues of April 10th and 22nd 1940, that Supplejack, or Khaytulk, father of August Jack Khahtsahlano, was suspected of killing thirteen white men in or about Burrard Inlet, and that he died in jail whilst waiting trial for the murder of the fourteenth, and that he was buried "in a tree" at Chaythoos, or Prospect Point, First Narrows.

KHAY-TULK. "SUPPLEJACK."

Major Matthews: August. Did your father Supplejack murder about thirteen or fourteen men?

August: "No."

Major Matthews: Did your father die in jail?

August: "No. He died in his own home in Chaythoos."

Major Matthews: How do you know?

August: "How do I know? Why, my mother told me. My mother told me that he, my father, was sick one month and half, and he died; he wasn't sick; he got hit on the head; kicked by a cow. He had twelve cows

and he was milking a cow, and the cow gave him a kick, and he bumped on the wall of the stall; they got stalls where they keep cows.”

Major Matthews: Or that he was waiting a trial for murder?

August: “No. Don’t put down anything like that; that’s not true; that’s all wrong. He was working with the red coats in New Westminster for thirty years; well, he came home, and they gave him a cow, and that’s what gave him a start.”

Major Matthews: But the red coats were only over there for three years.

August: “Well, he was working for somebody with a red coat; he used to take them around in a canoe. He would take them around the Fraser. Sometimes they wanted to go across, and sometimes they wanted to go down the river.”

Major Matthews: Do you remember your father?

August: “No; my father died the same day I was born.”

(At this point I read to August from the *Sun* newspaper, “Romance of Vancouver,” issues of 10 April and 22 April 1940. After I had read about thirteen killings and being in jail for the fourteenth.)

August: (ejaculating) “It’s a lie. Who told them that?”

Major Matthews: That’s what I am trying to find out; would anyone say such things?

August: “I find out that people were saying that my dad was a killer, so I go to find out on Friday, and I go to see my aunt, Polly, Mrs. Chief Harry, and she said, ‘Your dad died at your home, and he was no such a thing as killer.’ She says, ‘Your dad was a good man.’ She was not there when he died, but she says he wasn’t buried in a tree; he was put on a post” (in a canoe inside a wooden mausoleum.) “She say, my aunt say, ‘Your father got nothing to do with that dying in jail; one Indian, his name “Tender Jim,” he died in jail waiting his trial, but your father did not die in jail; he got nothing to do with it.’

“Well, there’s another old man there, the same age as my father, and to make sure, I go and ask him. His name is Dick; one arm. I ask him if you could hide it if my Dad was a bad man, and he say that he go to work at the Hastings Sawmill in the same canoe, that’s how he lost his arm, and he says my father was never a bad man, he was working and doing things right, and sometimes when strange boats coming in, they take my father for pilot, and the old man he says that’s all he knows.”

TENDER JIM. “ROMANCE OF VANCOUVER,” VANCOUVER SUN, 10 AND 22 APRIL 1940.

Major Matthews: Why did they call him “Tender Jim.”

August: “Too many Jims, so that call him ‘Tender.’ When I hear” (note: he cannot read or write) “about that in the paper that my father murdered white man, I was good and mad for a while but I’m not so mad now. That man write it” (Alan Morley) “he’s just crazy; that’s all, not much use bother about it.

“I go and see him with Mrs. Moore; just listen; she do the talking. I think the Squamish Indian Council going to have a big meeting soon, and they going to talk about it at the meeting. And I think Mr. Ball, the Indian Agent, I think he look after it, too.”

“SUPPLEJACK, OR SKAY-TULK, WAS A GOOD INDIAN.” THE VANCOUVER SUN, SATURDAY, 4 MAY 1940, PAGE 19.

As a result of strong representations made by the Squamish Indians following a meeting held on the evening of 2 or 3 May 1940, and also a visit by them to the *Sun* office, a four column wide contradiction of the objectionable statements concerning Khay-tulk was made by this newspaper.

It states that Khay-tulk died peacefully at the end of a useful life.



This is Carrall St between Trounce Alley and Cordova St Angus C. Frasey's house built 1877

Cordova St trees beyond

Trounce Alley

Cordova St and corner

CORNER OF CORDOVA and CARRALL STS VANCOUVER
MR ANGUS FRASEY'S HOUSE

1595

Item # EarlyVan_v5_042

[photo annotation:]

Corner of Cordova and Carrall Sts Vancouver.

Mr. Angus Fraser's House built 1877
north west corner

Cordova St. around corner

Cordova St. in trees beyond

Trounce Alley

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. NORMAN EMERSON LOUGHEED, 2891 WEST 45TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER (OVER THE PHONE), 11 MAY 1940.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paull of Granville, Burrard Inlet, whose early home was on Lot 2, Block 3, Old Granville Townsite, now approximately 14 Cordova Street West (Lonsdale Block.)

CHARLES PAULL. HENRY MOLE. DUNN-MILLER BLOCK. LONSDALE BLOCK.

Major Matthews: Mrs. Lougheed. Please tell me how to spell Paull?

Mrs. Lougheed: "PAULL. Two Ls; Father's name was Charles Paull; Mother's name was Elizabeth Ann, née Cornish, daughter of William and Ann Cornish. She came here in 1877 from Cornwall, England. Mr. Cornish, of Cornish Street, was my uncle. Our home was on what is now Cordova Street, where the Dunn-Miller Block is. Mother leased our lot, sixty-six feet, next to the corner; Jonathan Miller's lot was next to ours. Mother leased our lot to Thomas Dunn, the hardware man, for one hundred dollars a month for fifty years; that was in 1889; then when the Lonsdale people took it over, we sold in April 1912, the sixty-six feet for thirty-five thousand dollars. I don't know what the Millers got for their lot, but we got \$35,000 for ours."

CORDOVA STREET AT CARRALL STREET.

Block 3, Lot 2, Charles Paull, purchased 12th July 1877; crown grant 2nd December 1880.

Block 3, Lot 3, Jonathan Miller, purchased 16th April 1878; crown grant 6th November 1886.

GRANVILLE. GASTOWN. SALOONS.

"I was born in New Westminster; my sister, Mrs. Tite, was born on Cordova Street, and I was quite young, so do not remember a great deal of Granville, but I have been reading a serial article in the *Sun* newspaper, called the 'Romance of Vancouver.' Where *does* he get his information from?" (Alan Morley, the writer.)

Major Matthews: He does not get it here in the City Archives, Mrs. Lougheed. I have remonstrated with him. I think the articles disgraceful.

Mrs. Lougheed: "He says the place was called 'Gastown' and was full of saloons. It wasn't called Gastown, and it wasn't full of saloons. We never called it Gastown; we always called it Granville."

Note: this is the second protestation received that Granville was not called "Gastown," but was called "Granville" by the inhabitants. Charles Paull died after a lingering illness, and his widow became Mrs. Henry Mole, of North Arm, Fraser River.

J.S.M.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. NORMAN EMERSON LOUGHEED, NÉE MISS JANE PAULL, OF 2891 WEST 45TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, WHO GRACIOUSLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 15 MAY 1940.

MRS. CHARLES PAULL. MRS. HENRY MOLE. D.L. 314, NORTH ARM.

Mrs. Lougheed said: "My mother was a widow, widow of Charles Paull, who died in April 1881; he was a steam engineer on the tug *Maggie*, Capt. Jimmy Rogers, and had been ill for a long time before he died. In November of the same year, 1881, Mother married, at the Methodist Church, New Westminster, Henry Mole, and we came down the North Arm of the river to the farm on D.L. 314 in an open row boat. I see Mr. Harold Ridley, of the Hastings Mill, says here in his conversation of September 28th 1933 with you that Father worked at Spratt's Oillery; I don't think that's right; if it is I never heard it. Father was a steam boat engineer. And Mr. Ridley, I knew him quite well, says that Mother gave a ninety-nine year lease of the site of the Ranier Hotel. No. That's wrong; fifty year lease, and not the site of the hotel, but adjoining it."

MRS. J. REYNOLDS TITE. JOHN MOLE. ANNIE MOLE. EARLY BIRTHS.

"Well, after Mother married Mr. Mole we all went down the river in an open row boat. I had been born in June 1878 at New Westminster, in the home of Mrs. John Murray, senior, of the Royal Engineers; her home was on the exact site of the big Russell Hotel in New Westminster. My name is Mrs. N.E. Lougheed, and my sister's Mrs. J. Reynolds Tite, is Mary Louise Paull, born on what is now Cordova Street; on Lot 2, Block 3, Old Granville Townsite, December 1879. Father died in April 1881, and Mother married again in November. After her marriage to Mr. Mole she had two children, twins, John Mole, now of Ladner, and Annie Mole, now Mrs. Samuel McCleery of Kerrisdale."

GRANVILLE, B.I. HASTINGS STREET WEST. CORDOVA STREET. EDWARD MCKENDRY.

"I do not remember Granville very well; you see, I was only three years old when we left there and went to live on the North Arm, but some years afterwards, Mother was driving by on Cordova Street—that was before the Great Fire, June 1886, of course, because that fire destroyed our former home on Cordova Street—and Mother pointed to a little bit of a cottage, and said that was where we used to live.

"I have a faint recollection that it was a very small place, very small, but whether it had a verandah or not I cannot say, and I cannot be sure which of these two squares on this Sanborn Fire Map might be our old cottage. This on the corner here" (southwest corner of Carrall and Cordova) "is, I think, Edward McKendry, the shoemaker, and I am inclined to think this smaller square, with a cabin beside it, on the front of Lot 2, is our old place, rather than the larger one at the back. What I do recall of that visit to Granville is that the present Hastings Street was all woods and forest. And, I think too, that one of these cottages, faintly visible on the extreme left of this photo" (photo No. C.V. P. Dist. 8, N. Dist. 5) "is our cottage where Mrs. Tite was born."

Major Matthews: How do you account for the fact that Lot 2, Block 3, O.G.T. is shown here in this Voters List of 1886 as in the name of Henry Mole as owner.

Mrs. Lougheed: "The only way I can account for it is that, owing to so many white men having Indian wives, the law did not permit a wife to inherit her husband's property, and I suppose it had to be registered in the name of her husband, then Henry Mole, but actually I do not know the exact details. The fact remains that the Land Registry records show it was Crown granted to my father, Charles Paull."

EARLY POST OFFICES. HARRY EBURNE. RIVER ROAD. NORTH ARM, FRASER RIVER. TUG ALICE. OBEDIAH BETTS.

"After we went to the farm" (D.L. 314) "our post office was New Westminster, and we went for the mail once a month; it depended on who was going up to town. Then the next post office was at Harry Eburne's. Our address in those days was 'North Arm, Fraser River, British Columbia.' The 'End of the Road,' we called it the River Road, was right at our home; it terminated right at our house, on our farm. In those days there used to be a little river boat called the *Alice*, I forget whether stern wheel or side wheel, but one or the other, and she ran down the North Arm from Westminster and called at the farms. In those days each farm had a wharf, with a barn on the end of it. And when we wanted the boat to call, we put up a flag on a flag pole and flagged the *Alice*."

Major Matthews: Well, the River Road ended at your farm house; how did people get onto the wharf; it was the “end of the road.”

Mrs. Lougheed: “But there was no one to go beyond the end of the road. If they did they would just have walked through the fields. There was no one else to use the boat except the farmers, and each had his own wharf.”

HENRY JOHN BETTS. OBEDIAH BETTS. D.L. 314. DEATH OF MR. BETTS.

Major Matthews: Who was Elijah John Betts who preempted D.L. 314 in 1870?

Mrs. Lougheed: “Never heard of him; I always thought his name was Obediah Betts, but I have been told it was not Obediah, but John Betts; how he came to be known as Obediah, I don’t know. Mr. Betts was coming down the North Arm from New Westminster on the *Alice* in August 1883” (Kidd says August 1882) “and he had a little canoe tied to the *Alice*, and he wanted to call and see somebody on his way down the river, and instead of asking the Captain to slow down while he got into the canoe, he thought it would be all right to get into the canoe without the *Alice* stopping, and he died. The canoe capsized and Mr. Betts was drowned.”

MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHROP.

Major Matthews: Do you remember Mrs. Crakanthorp of Moodyville, daughter of Mrs. J.P. Patterson?

Mrs. Lougheed: “No.”

Major Matthews: I’ll call her on the phone; she lives at 1205 Bute Street.

Note: Mrs. Crakanthorp said that she remembered Mrs. Lougheed as a baby on her mother’s knee; that Mrs. Paull’s home (on Cordova Street) was a small place; she did not recall it distinctly, but those cottages were usually two or four rooms; a big room in front, a lean-to at the back, and possibly a bedroom. (See photo No. P. Dist. 8.)

GENEALOGY.

“I married Mr. Lougheed, Norman Emerson Lougheed, born at Thornbury, Ontario, in April 1876, son of James and Margaret Jane Lougheed, at the Wesley” (Methodist) “Church, corner of Burrard and Georgia Street, on 17th May 1905—35 years ago on Friday.”

“Our children are:

1. Norman Charles. Single, born Vancouver, 14th September 1906.
2. Margaret Louise. Married, now Mrs. Kenneth Cowper, born 23rd October 1907 at Armstrong, B.C. They have two daughters, Patricia and Elizabeth Jane.
3. Francis Creighton. Single, born Vancouver, 28th June 1912, an engineer in the mercantile marine; has been at sea four years.
4. Stanley Emerson, single, born Vancouver, 10th December 1914.

Corrected and approved.

Mrs. N.E. Lougheed.

17 June 1940.

J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHROP, 1205 BUTE STREET, WHO KINDLY INVITED ME TO TAKE TEA WITH HER AND HER DAUGHTER MISS MURIEL, 22 MAY 1940.

Mrs. Crakanthorp has completely recovered from her accident three years ago.

“ROMANCE OF VANCOUVER” SERIAL, *SUN* NEWSPAPER.

Mrs. Crakanthorp: “I don’t like the stories the *Sun* newspaper is publishing every day about pioneer days in Vancouver; it’s too exaggerated, and silly; we didn’t do those things.”

MAXIMILLIAN MICHAUD. FRISADIE. MARY NAHU. JUMBO NAHU.

“Frisadie, whom he writes about” (7 May and 11 May) “was sister to Jumbo Nahu’s mother. Jumbo’s mother was Mary Nahu, and a good woman; I liked her; her mother was an Indian woman. Mary, before she became the common-law wife of Nahu, had been married by a priest to a whiteman. She saved up her money, and put it in a bag, and the man ran away and left her; he filled her money bag with water or something, and went off with her savings, and she never heard of him again. She wanted to marry Nahu, but the priest said she was a married woman, and as she was a Roman Catholic, he would not marry them, so she went and lived with Nahu. I remember once we had a meeting to get rid of the school teacher, and there was a vote, and someone objected to her voting because she was not married to Nahu, and they did not let her vote. I thought it very unkind of them to bring that up. And there was another one they objected to for the same reason, but he said he was married, and threatened them; said he had been married in New Westminster. Jumbo does not know that his mother had been previously married, and I don’t want him to know. He was, and I suppose still is, a good boy; he was ‘king of the kids’ at Moodyville; not a bully, but he always took charge, and the children did what he said; he was a great big boy. He was Mary Nahu’s son. Jumbo’s father ‘ran’ that race” (Kanakas.)

MOODYVILLE. BEN SPRINGER. LAWN TENNIS.

“That little place in the trees back of the tennis court at Mr. Springer’s house was not the barn; that was the gardener’s cottage.” (See photo C.V. N. Out. 96, P. Out.)

PIONEER PICNICS. LONSDALE GARDENS. HARRY GORDON. NORTH VANCOUVER.

“There was a little place west of Moodyville, oh, about a quarter of a mile I should think, where we used to hold picnics; it was such a nice little place; just a short walk from ‘Knob Hill,’ as we called it, above Moodyville; there was a little Indian trail which led to it from Moodyville, and we children used to walk over there whenever we felt like it. Harry Gordon, an old man-o-warsman, lived there; had a little shack, and used to let us go in and make tea; there was a little creek there. We often went over there; there was a little beach, and we used to go there to bathe; it was just a short walk from Moodyville. We had to wait until the tide came in, because the beach shelved off; right down; very steep, and there was a little low cliff, oh, about three or four feet, at the back, and logs all about, driftwood and such, on the edge of the shore. It was just off the Indian trail going west.

“It was a lovely little spot, beautiful grass, and there were big trees, cedar, spruce, and lots of maples; and if it had been cleared it must have been a long time ago. And there was a capstan in the middle of the grass. I have often wondered why that capstan was put there, and who put it there. The whole place looked as if it had been cleared sometime. It was so clear, and so secluded; but you could hardly call it a glade. We used to lay our table cloth down on the grass, and go into Harry Gordon’s and make tea for ourselves, and after we had done we would leave him the cake we did not eat. That must have been for years; between the time I was about 18 and 26” (i.e., 1882-1890.)

“Harry Gordon’s cabin had two rooms and a cook stove, and it was clean; he had been an old man-o-warsman. The capstan was just in front of his shack, in the middle of the grass, and the little low cliff was beyond that, and the creek was a few yards to the west, and the whole thing was in a curve of the beach, sort of little bay; you could toss a ball from the cabin to the beach, and could hear people in a boat talking, and what they said.

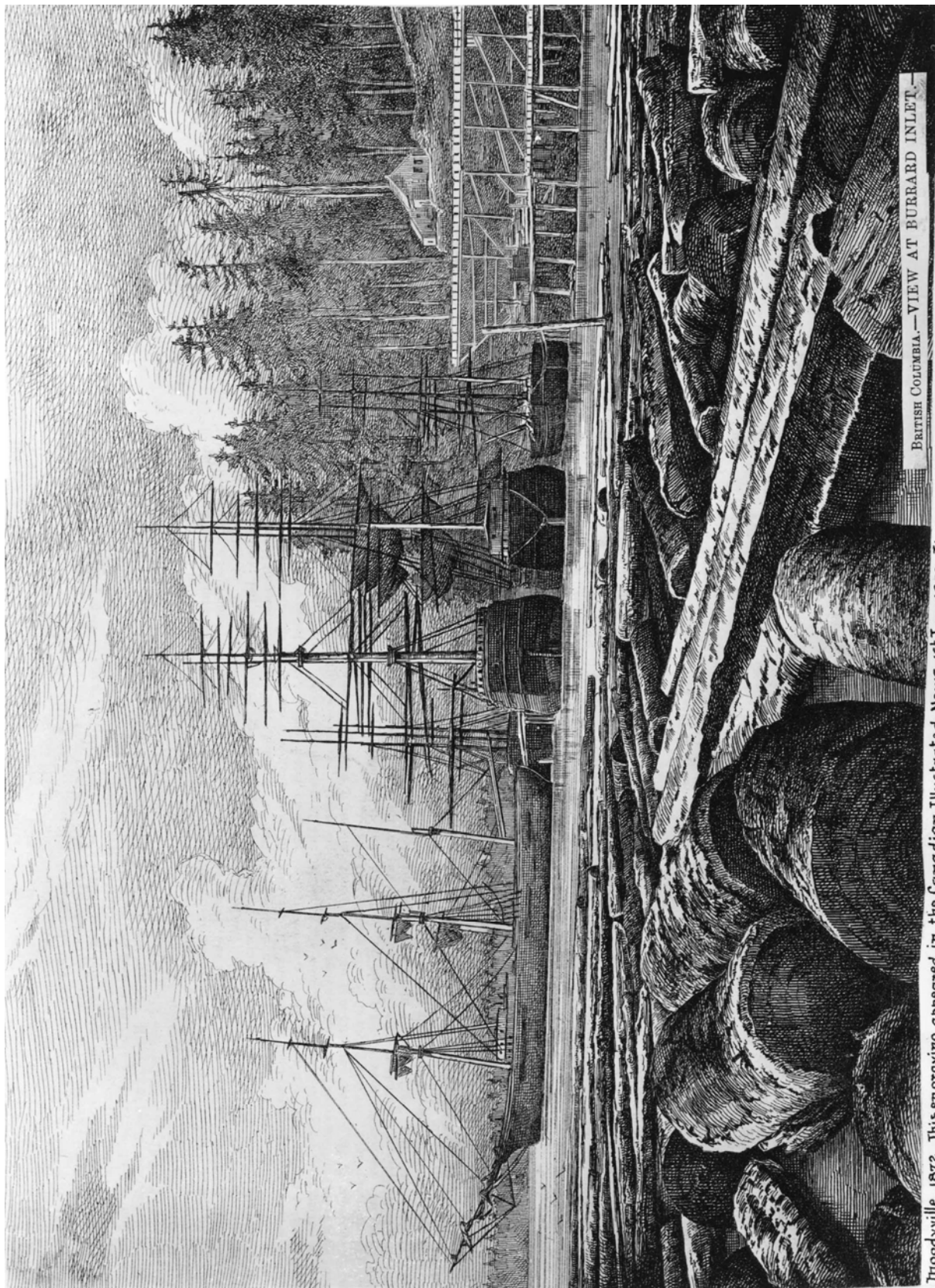
“And just east of Harry Gordon’s was another little cabin, quite close, but that cabin was right over the beach; and they used to put the canoes under it; they used to tie the canoes to the verandah; the canoes

came in right under it when the tide was in. Jimmy Boyce lived in it; he had an Indian wife, but no children.”

GRAHAM AND HICKS.

Major Matthews: Do you suppose, Mrs. Crakanthorp, that the capstan was put there when they established the first little sawmill at Moodyville; the first one. Do you suppose that as the shore was steep, and the water deep for boats, that they used the capstan to haul up the material to start the mill; or do you suppose there had been an early logging camp there, and they used the capstan for some purpose in connection with that.

Mrs. Crakanthorp: “I don’t know; never heard how that capstan got there. Must have been put there by someone, and long ago. But after, in the early days of Vancouver, church picnics were held there.”



BRITISH COLUMBIA.—VIEW AT BURRARD INLET.

Moodyville, 1872. This engraving appeared in the Canadian Illustrated News, 1st June 1872. It was made from a photograph by J. Withrow, a cabinet-maker and photographer of New Westminster and afterwards of Brighton Hotel, Hastings, 1882. Presented by His Worshipship L. D. Taylor, Mayor of Vancouver. See also C.V.M.I. N. 7, P. 35, also N. M. 1, P. 20. City Archives. J. S. M.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_043

[illustration annotation:]

British Columbia—View at Burrard Inlet.

Moodyville, 1872. This engraving appeared in the *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1st June 1872. It was made from a photograph by D. Withrow, a cabinet maker and photographer of New Westminster, and afterwards of Brighton Hotel, Hastings, 1882. Presented by His Worship L.D. Taylor, Mayor of Vancouver. See also C.V. Mi. N. 7, P. 38, also N. Mi. 7, P. 20.

City Archives. J.S.M.

JAMES BOYCE. INDIAN WIVES.

“Jimmy Boyce; his wife was Indian; she was the ugliest creature I ever saw, and one afternoon we were at tea, I’ve told you about it, and we were all sitting—twelve or fourteen of us—on the front verandah, and she came up, called, ‘Mrs. Polson, Mrs. Polson’; the Indians could not say ‘Patterson,’ and always called Mother ‘Mrs. Polson.’ Another Indian woman and Jimmy Boyce’s wife had been fighting, and the other woman had bit clean through her lip. Mother went in the back and washed it, and sent her off to the doctor.”

LOCHART (SIC) OF MOODYVILLE. INDIAN WIVES.

“Lochart, he was head machinist at Moodyville, a good man, he was a freemason, he had an Indian wife, but they were not married, and they had a little boy. Mr. Lochart was going to send the little boy to Scotland to be educated, but Mr. Lochart died, and I don’t know what became of the little boy.”

“HOG NED.” NED ACTON.

Major Matthews: Who was “Hog Ned”?

Mrs. Crakanthorp: “‘Hog Ned’? He looked after the pigs at the Hastings Sawmill; his name was Ned Acton, but in those days, they hardly ever called anyone by the proper names; they called them ‘Portuguese Joe’ and names like that; seems almost everybody had a nickname.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JAMES WALKER, 721 CAMBIE STREET, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A THREE WEEKS VISIT TO HER DAUGHTER IN SEATTLE, AND KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 27 MAY 1940.

JOHN DEIGHTON. “GASSY JACK.” INDIAN WIVES OF WHITEMEN. QWA-HALIA OR MADELINE.

Mrs. Walker said: “I went over to the North Vancouver Indian Reserve, and found Gassy Jack’s wife, Wha-halia; she remembered me when I was a little girl. Her English name is Madeline. Madeline told me Gassy Jack was her husband, that Gassy Jack had, first, her aunt for a wife; then her aunt died, and he took Madeline, her niece, as wife. Gassy Jack and Madeline had a son, but the son died shortly after Gassy Jack died.

“Madeline must be old, about ninety I should think; her hair is snow white; she knew my father, Joe Silvey, ‘Portuguese Joe,’ and she knew me when I was little. She said her husband, Gassy Jack, was at first a captain at New Westminster on a sternwheeler boat going up to Yale, and then he built the saloon over here in Granville, and he had another little house in the bushes behind the hotel for her; that was his home when he was not in the hotel, but he was always, all the time, ill, and then he sent for his brother and his wife to come from the Old Country.”

Major Matthews: Did the old Indian woman Qwa-halia tell you all this?

Mrs. Walker: “Yes.” (Then significantly) “She should know; Gassy Jack was her husband. I remember her when I was about five years old; gee, she was a pretty lady. She told me there was money left to her and her son, but she never got it. When his brother and his wife came they took charge of everything, and she went back to her people. Then, she said, Gassy Jack died and her son died about a year afterwards. She told me that Gassy Jack left a will for her to get money, but she never got it, and they buried him in New Westminster. She got married afterwards to a Musqueam Indian, but he is dead now.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION, OVER THE PHONE, WITH MRS. J. DODD ALLAN, "BAINSMORE APARTMENTS," CORNER ELEVENTH AVENUE AND HEMLOCK STREET, VANCOUVER, 31 MAY 1940.

WILLIAM HAILSTONE. FRANK MARRION.

Mrs. Allan phoned respecting an item in the Vancouver Daily *Sun*, of today, 31 May 1940, under the caption of "Romance of Vancouver," reading in part as follows:

In 1881 the first "old timer" returns to the [Burrard] Inlet. Sam Brighthouse leases his farms on the Fraser, and come back to the future "West End." Shortly before he arrives, Hailstone's third is reported sold, and William vanishes from our sphere of interest forever, with "a mere pittance" for his property.

ALWAYS "NEAR" SUCCESS.

Poor Hailstone—he seems to have been the type of likeable but unimpressive fellow who is forever "just missing" success. The return of Brighthouse is significant. [Etc., etc., etc.]

Mrs. Allan said: (obviously annoyed) "That is not true; William Hailstone died rich; there was the property he sold, and his relatives in England are still in possession of his competency, and living on it. I have returned from there recently."

Major Matthews: There was a similar reference in the *Sun* of Saturday, May 25th which read:

Hailstone on the other hand seems to have lost his opportunity shortly after this time, for we hear little more of him than that in later years he is living retired in England in moderate circumstances, and under the impression that he was "swindled out" of his potentially valuable stake in the so far unmaterialized city of Vancouver.

I can assure you, Mrs. Allan, that I strongly disapprove of what has been published, and in more than one instance, remonstrated with the author.

Mrs. Allan: "Mrs. Frank Marrion" (Frank Marrion, formerly of City Hall staff) "and I are nieces of William Hailstone; William Hailstone married my mother's sister; it was my mother's money which started William Hailstone on his trip, the first to British Columbia."

Approved by Mrs. Allan after reading, 4 June 1940. J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. J. DODD ALLAN, "BAINSMORE APARTMENTS," ELEVENTH AVENUE AND HEMLOCK STREET, VANCOUVER (NIECE OF WILLIAM HAILSTONE, OF THE "WEST END") WHO, TOGETHER WITH HER OLD FRIEND, MRS. WALTER M. GOW, NÉE COUGHTERY, BOTH PIONEER DAUGHTERS OF VANCOUVER, CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 4 JUNE 1940.

WILLIAM HAILSTONE. GENEALOGY. FRANK MARRION.

Mrs. Allan said: "My uncle, William Hailstone, was brother-in-law to Mrs. Christopher Arkle; that is, Mrs. Arkle and Mrs. Hailstone were sisters; both had been the Misses Wilburn" (sic.) "Mr. Hailstone married Miss Wilburn, and her sister married Mr. Arkle. I was Miss Arkle, and married Mr. J. Dodd Allan; my sister married Mr. Frank Marrion, formerly of the City Hall staff.

"We came out here in 1888 as a result of Mr. Hailstone's representations; that is, my father, Christopher Arkle, and mother, Esther Dorothy Arkle, and with Father and Mother came four children" (in order of birth):

1. Ettie, now Mrs. Frank Marrion.
2. Lucy Kate, who married a Mr. William Middler. She died in Vancouver about 1905.
3. Christopher Arkle, who died in Vancouver just before the first Great War.
4. Florence, that is, myself, Mrs. J. Dodd Allan.

"Father died in Vancouver when he was fifty-four, and is buried in Mountain View; Mother died in Vancouver after the Great War, about 1920, and is also buried in Mountain View.

"My children are:

1. Dalton Dodd Allan, who married Miss Lydia Brown; there are no children.
2. John Eric Allan, also married; no children.
3. Florence Josephine Marjorie Allan; unmarried, and now aged twenty-one.

"All living now" (1940) "in Vancouver."

MRS. HAILSTONE. HAILSTONE ESTATES. WEST END. D.L. 185.

"It was my aunt's" (Mrs. Hailstone) "money which was loaned to her husband, William Hailstone, to take up some land, some crown grant; I presume it was the 'West End' preemption. Mr. and Mrs. Hailstone had two daughters; the oldest, Maud Mary Hailstone, now Mrs. Prescott, and Dora, her sister, now" [blank.]

"We, that is, Mr. Allan, myself and our daughter, have just come back from a visit to England; we left England two weeks after the war broke out" (3 September 1939) "on the *Duchess of Atholl*. My son Eric came back two weeks ago.

"I left my cousin," (Maud Mary) "Mrs. Prescott, in Northwood, Middlesex; she is without children. Dora, Mr. Hailstone's youngest child, died in Scarborough, England, about 1918. Dora was in Vancouver just after the Great War, and she donated money or something to some tubercular institution; perhaps it was the Rotary Clinic; anyway, they put her name in bronze letters on something somewhere. Now, here in these articles here in the *Sun*" ("Romance of Vancouver," 31 May 1940) "the writer says that Uncle Hailstone died very poor." (Positively and somewhat scornful) "*He didn't*."

"I don't know how much they had; my mother got a quarter of Dora's estate" (when Dora died) "to use right away, and the other sister, Maud, had the remainder of Dora's estate for her lifetime, and then it comes to my mother's sister.

"When Billy Hailstone died, he left his estate in England in his wife's name; he was afraid he was going to lose out here, so he put it in his wife's name, and she made a will leaving it to him for his life, and then to his children. He was very careful with his money; his wants were few; he was no spender, and he made a fortune out of the interest; he just let it accumulate. At any rate, when he died, his two daughters were left very well off."

JONATHAN ROGERS.

"My mother and I stayed at Uncle Billy's place at Jesmond Dean, where he lived; that was about 1900; I was 20 then and I am sixty now. While we were there, Jonathan Rogers of Vancouver came to visit us, and we had New Year's dinner together in Newcastle. Jonathan Rogers was not married then, but was going to be.

"Uncle Hailstone did not have a stroke; at least, if he did I never heard of it; he fell down stairs, and broke his neck, or something like that."

HAILSTONE, MORTON, BRIGHOUSE CABIN.

"I have heard, too, that they built the first shack on Burrard Inlet, and that Uncle William got a lump on his shoulder from carrying lumber, and had to have it operated upon by a doctor."

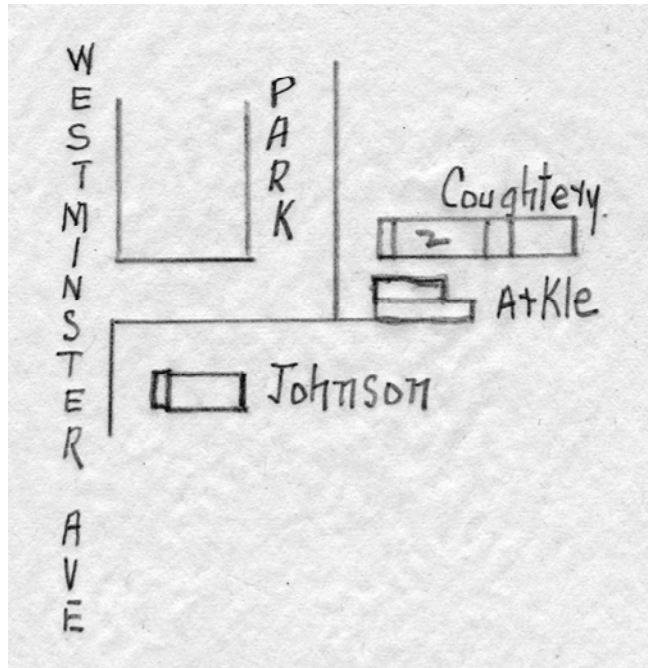
PARK AVENUE. CHRISTOPHER ARKLE. MRS. W.M. GOW, NÉE COUGHTERY.

"We used to live, when we were children, next to each other" (Mrs. Gow.) "We lived on Park Avenue, a short street near the False Creek bridge, just east of Westminster Avenue; Mrs. Gow" (then Miss Coughtery) "lived next door to the north. Our house was not exactly over the water, but Father had a boat and he used to tie it under the house. You can see our house in almost any photo of Vancouver taken from about Seventh Avenue, Mount Pleasant, looking north over False Creek, and it is shown on Dakin Fire Map, November 1889, sheet eighteen, a one-storey dwelling" (SWG, BC) "with brick chimney, facing

west, right at the end of a short street joining Westminster Avenue and Park Avenue, and looking down the short street.

“Alex Johnson, who ran the Victoria Hotel afterwards, lived on the southeast corner of Westminster Avenue; one storey, little verandah in front, on Westminster Avenue, and looking west; just in front as we looked from our house down the short street.

“What you have written here, as a conversation with me, 31st May 1940, is quite correct.”



Item # EarlyVan_v5_044

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. DONALD ALEXANDER MATHESON, OF MAYO, YUKON, AND OF THE IRWINTON APARTMENTS, 777 BURRARD STREET, VANCOUVER, WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, VANCOUVER, 7 JUNE 1940.

Mr. Matheson was born at Dundas, P.E.I., 15 June 1869, sixth child of the family of eleven of Malcolm Matheson and Catherine, née McDonald, both of whom were born on the Island of Skye, Scotland. They came to P.E.I. early in life, were married on Prince Edward Island.

Mr. D.A. Matheson married Miss Adolphine Schock, of San Francisco, at Dawson, Y.T., on 31 October 1906, in first Presbyterian Church, and by the Rev. John Pringle (Col. the Rev. John Pringle, D.S.O.) They have one child, Malcolm Alexander Matheson, married to a Scotch lady from Dawson, and they also have one son, Gordon Alexander Matheson. Mr. Malcolm Matheson is in charge of his parents' former business in Mayo, Y.T., consisting of general store and telephone exchange owned and controlled by them.

CLEARING “C.P.R. TOWNSITE.” FIRST C.P.R. ROUNDHOUSE. L.A. HAMILTON.

Mr. Matheson said: “I came here in 1885 indirectly from Toronto, Ontario. I spent a few months in Toronto, came to Seattle by rail, then over to Victoria by steamer. I thought I was a man, and just started out. I stayed a couple of months in Victoria, worked at building the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway. Then I got the idea I would go over to Burrard Inlet. I came over on the side wheel steamer *Yosemite*; landed at the only dock, the Hastings Sawmill dock; that was in the summer, July or August, 1885.”

THE GREAT FIRE, 13 JUNE 1886. C.P.R. TOWNSITE.

“Patterson, Stevens and McCraney had the contract for slashing the townsite from the C.P.R. Then came the big fire in Vancouver, 1886. I was living in a cabin at the back of Carter's hotel on Water Street” (near

Cambie Street, south side.) “The fire broke out about two in the afternoon of that Sunday, and I was having a snooze, with my shoes on, on top of my bunk, and the door of the cabin was open, and I became almost suffocated with the smoke. I jumped up, and went to the door, and the heat almost knocked me down.

“I had no time to save anything; only to make my escape. I ran between two buildings towards Water Street, and just as I got started I fell down with the heat and smoke. I got up and tried to run again, and fell down again. So then I crawled on my hands and knees between the buildings and across Water Street to the inlet, and then walked out in the water until chin deep, where I remained until the fire passed over. I don’t know if anyone was near me; the smoke was so dense you could not see your hand before you.

“When the fire passed over I got out to help them look for the dead. I think there were about eighteen people burned to death. Of my old cabin there was nothing save ashes. I joined the Relief Committee.

“I got acquainted with Mr. L.A. Hamilton, C.P.R. Land Commissioner, who was a good churchman. Anyhow, when I was a young fellow I was made to go to church whether I liked it or not, and as a young fellow who had come west and carried my religion with me from my old home, I think Mr. Hamilton must have thought there was something good about me.

“Anyway, during the course of an interview with Mr. Hamilton he told me had instructions from head office to clear land down where the C.P.R. freight sheds are now; that was where the C.P.R. put their first yard, machine shops and roundhouse; he said they were in a great hurry to get the work done. So I asked him if he would give me the contract, but he laughed and asked if I had any experience in clearing land and blowing big stumps.

“He asked if I had any money. I told him I had three or four hundred dollars in cash, and the balance of my capital was character and courage, so he told me he would like to help me, but did not think I was quite equal to the task of big stumps, so I asked him to give me a chance; that I had never undertaken anything I could not carry through.”

Major Matthews: (interjecting) That was true?

Mr. Matheson: (continuing) “Certainly. So Mr. Hamilton said, ‘All right, come up to my office at a certain hour tomorrow’ and I went. All this was after the fire.”



Tree cut down on or about Feb 12, 1886 by Alex Russell. Tree four feet four inches. Log lying in front Block 53 Georgia St

Tree 100-200 feet high, log of famous stump, log cut north and south from same tree northeast corner of Georgia and Granville. Sections sent Colonial Exhibit London.

FAMOUS LOG, 1886, south side Georgia St between Seymour and Granville, dia. 14' 4", Sam Bighthouse one of pre-emptors, "West End" in centre of group. Provincial Archives, Victoria

City Archives 1 CVN Tr 7 P Tr 1 2 3 Sam Bighthouse 4 Cap Powers of Moodyville 5 Jack Fannin of Hastings

JACK FANNIN ON EXTREME RIGHT, CAPT POWERS OF MOODYVILLE HOTEL NEXT (WHITE HAIR)

Item # EarlyVan_v5_045

[photo annotation:]

Famous log, 1886, south side Georgia St between Seymour and Granville, dia. 14' 4", Sam Brighthouse one of pre-emptors, "West End" in centre of group. Provincial Archives, Victoria.

1 [blank] 2 [blank] 3 Sam Brighthouse 4 Capt. Powers of Moodyville 5 Jack Fannin of Hastings

Jack Fannin on extreme right. Capt. Powers of Moodyville Hotel next (white hair).

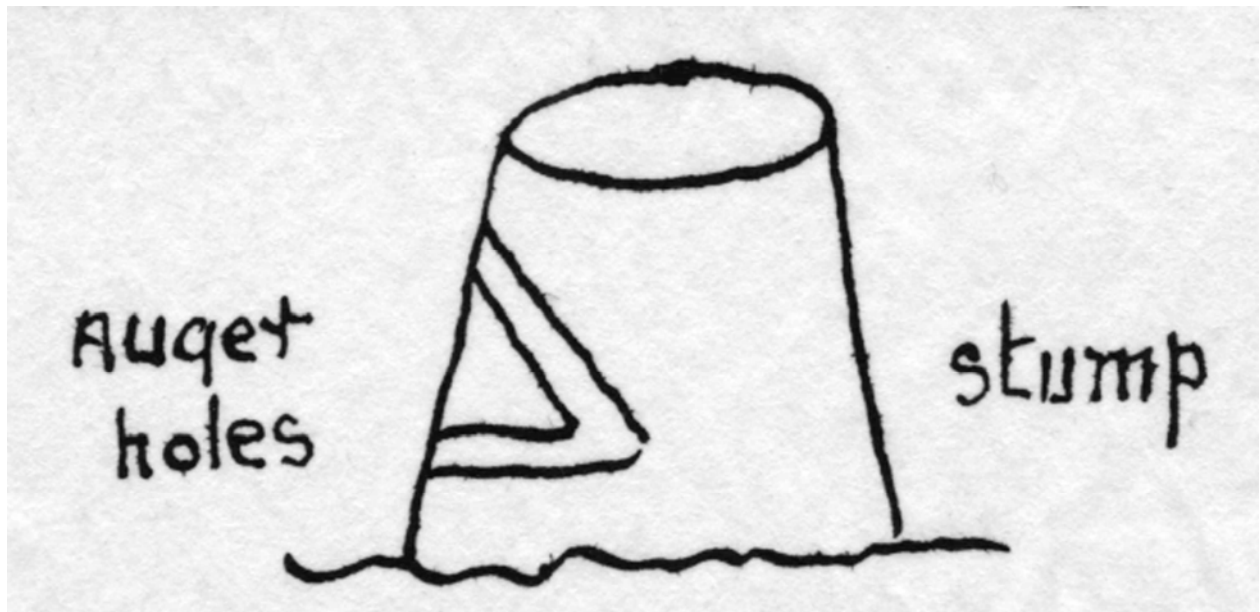
Cut down on or about Feb. 12 1886 by Alex Russell, ten feet four inches. Log lying on front Block 53 Georgia St.

CARTER HOUSE. THE GREAT FIRE. PENDER STREET.

"So I started in to clear the site of the first C.P.R. Roundhouse on Carrall Street. I asked Mr. Hamilton to give me as much time as possible in which to do the work."

INDIAN CUSTOMS. PITCH STICKS.

"In those days there were Indians going around selling pitch sticks for starting fires within our stoves; there was no birch bark around, or anything like that, so I said to an Indian, 'Where do you get this stuff?' And the Indian said, 'Oh, there's lots of it in the stumps; the stumps are filled with it.' So I asked the Indian to come and show me where he got the pitch, and we went and climbed up on a stump—in the heart of the tree there is pitch, and the Indian told me that it extended right down into the roots. However, I got the idea that the stumps could be burned out."



Item # EarlyVan_v5_046

JACK STEWART, BLACKSMITH. JOHN STEWART, CHIEF OF POLICE.

"So, John Stewart, who was then running a blacksmith shop, and was afterwards Chief of Police. I went over to Tom Dunn's Hardware store and I bought two augers; two-inch augers, and took them to Jack's blacksmith shop, and asked him to make the shanks longer—to three feet—and he said, 'What the hell are you going to do with an auger that long,' and I said, 'Never mind, you'll see in a day or two.'

"Well, the use I made of the two augers was to bore two holes in each of all of the stumps—lots of them; some stumps as big as this room. One hole was for a draft—horizontal—and the other for the smoke to come out, perpendicular."

Major Matthews: How did you make the two holes meet?

Mr. Matheson: "Well, bore the horizontal one first, and stick in a stick in it, like a broom stick, and then get on top of the stump and cast an eye on it; easy to see where to start to bore."

“When things were ready, I dropped coals of fire, and a little willow bark, and I had one of those little bellows we used to use in our kitchens and parlours to help the fire to start. Once the fire started everything went except the sap. When I was clearing there were fifty or sixty stumps all burning at the same time, and people were nervous, and saying, ‘Where does the smoke come from’; the smoke was pouring out the auger hole, but they could see no fire, and by and by, the fire got down in the roots, and the smoke was coming up through the ground; there’s lots of pitch in the roots, and people thought that” (the smoke) “was queer, too. Logs and stumps were as thick and as numerous as hair on a cat.

“Anyway, the scheme was a huge success, and I cleared the ground in a third of the time I was allowed.”

BIG TREES.

“There was lots of big trees lying around on the ground; some of them two or three hundred feet long; logs, branches, all in a regular mess. Well, the way I cleared them away was this. I bored a sloping hole about ten feet from the end of each log, and then more holes about every ten feet—at an angle of forty-five degrees—and then I put black powder in each hole, and cut the length of fuse to allow the explosions to go off one after another like a cannonade. The first hole to ‘go off’ was the one nearest the end of the log; the first one cracked the log; the next one continued the crack; the log would not fall apart, but just was opened up, and when that was done I put a fire the same way as the stumps, in each of the holes. Those fires would continue to burn until there was nothing left but the sap; the upper half of the log kept falling on the lower half below as it burned.”

HASTINGS STREET. ABBOTT STREET. CARRALL STREET.

“The ground around there was pretty low and wet. I forget the exact acreage, but it was considerable and extended from Carrall to Abbott Street, and from Hastings Street to False Creek; it was the site on which the C.P.R. afterwards built their first machine shop, roundhouse and turntable. When I had finished the contract the ground was clear; we did not dig out the roots; they burned out a certain depth. Mr. Hamilton examined the work, and told me I was making too much money too fast, and he wanted me to supervise the work of clearing the balance of the ‘C.P.R. Townsite.’”

C.P.R. TOWNSITE. C.P.R. CAMP OF GRANVILLE STREET. YALE HOTEL, DRAKE STREET. CORDWOOD FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

“So then I took charge of the work under Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Charleson. I got a salary of \$125 a month and had as many as one hundred and sixty-five men under my charge.”

D.B. CHARLESON.

Major Matthews: That’s more than Mr. Charleson got; he got \$65 a month; look, here’s the original letter from Mr. Abbott, 26th February 1886, saying his salary would be \$65 a month; you’ve had to wait fifty-five years to find out what salary Mr. Charleson drew.

Mr. Matheson: “Well, I had about one hundred and sixty-five men to look after, and our camp was the building now called the Yale Hotel on the southeast corner of Drake and Granville Street. That building was erected for our camp; where we lived, now Yale Hotel. It was a big building of wood at that time, but I think it must have been brick veneered since. Anyway, it was especially built for the accommodation of the men clearing the land, and it is the same building as the present Yale Hotel; big two-storey building of lumber then.”

GRANVILLE STREET, A TRAIL. CORDOVA STREET. HASTINGS STREET. HORSES. MULES. CORDWOOD FOR C.P.R. ENGINE.

“I forget how we got our water; it may have been delivered to us, or there may have been a well. You see, Granville Street was the first street cleared after Cordova and Hastings streets. It was cleared but not crowned or ditched; not even grubbed; just flat bare earth. We had sixteen horses and mules. The wood of the logs was cut up into lengths, about thirty inches, for the C.P.R. locomotives, and was stacked along the C.P.R. track down at the foot of Granville Street; single track; the horses were used to hauling the cordwood, and helping to pull the logs and stumps into a heap to fire. There was no such thing as a steam donkey in those days, nor did we use a gin pole; everything was done by hand. No Chinamen; all white men, and paid \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day wages, and found.”

FIRE CLEARING.

Major Matthews: Anything happen to the cordwood?

Mr. Matheson: "Yes, it got burned, but not in the C.P.R. engines. We saved some of it, but the largest amount of it was destroyed by forest fire. How that fire started was never known; that was always a mystery, but it started near Granville Street and followed the pile of cordwood right along; there was a lot of cordwood, well, I don't know precisely, but over two thousand cords."

DONALD A. SMITH BLOCK. RICHARD ANGUS BLOCK. HOTEL VANCOUVER.

"Then, when the teams were doing nothing, when we were not clearing or drawing wood, the teams were used to excavating the Donald A. Smith Block" (southeast corner Granville and Georgia streets) "and R.B. Angus Block, and last, but not least, excavating for the first Hotel Vancouver."

L.A. HAMILTON, "FINE MAN." PROVINCE NEWSPAPER.

"L.A. Hamilton was a regular father to me. He would say to me, 'Dan, you had better buy some property,' and he would tell me where to buy; where were the best locations. You see, I would make a first payment, and wait twelve or fifteen months, and someone would come along and want the property, and I would, well, perhaps it had cost me \$1,000, and I would sell for \$2,000 and take the money and make the second payment on other property I had bought from the C.P.R. I used to own the lots where the *Province* newspaper is now; southeast corner Cambie Street and Hastings, and I owned a whole block in Mount Pleasant; I had a lot of property. Mr. Hamilton was very kind to me; very fine man."

DAWSON, Y.T. KLONDIKE RUSH. MAYO, Y.T. R.P. MCLENNAN.

"After we were done with the clearing of the south end of Granville Street of the C.P.R. Townsite, I started a logging camp up at Blinkinsop Bay; team logging; thirty-five men, and sold the logs to anyone who would buy them; to Hastings Sawmill, Moodyville Sawmill, Brunette Sawmill, or Sayward of Victoria; got four to five and half dollars per thousand.

"Then I went to Dawson, Yukon first as a contractor, and installed the present water works at Dawson for fire and domestic purposes; Mr. R.P. McLennan" (McLennan and McFeely) "and myself installed and operated the water system. Stayed in Dawson until 1920, contracting, operating the waterworks, etc.

"Then I went to Mayo, Yukon; it is about one hundred and sixty miles south of Dawson; small in those days but big silver mines there now, and I started a General Store, and installed a telephone exchange, both of which we still own and operate. Mrs. Matheson and I are going in for a visit to our son about the 20th this month; he attends to affairs while I am 'out.'"

COL. THE REV. JOHN PRINGLE, D.S.O.

"I was telling you about the Rev. John Pringle who married us. He was a big man. I recall one time there were two fellows got in a quarrel in a cabin, and he was there too, and he remonstrated with them, and one of them told him it was none of his business, but he replied that it was his business, and the fellow made a 'pass' at him or something; anyway, Mr. Pringle was a splendid wrestler; I thought I could wrestle but he could beat me.

"So anyway, he just made a grab at the fellow, and gave him a bit of a twist, and the first thing he was on his back on the ground, with the Rev. Mr. Pringle sitting on his chest. Mr. Pringle talked to him good and earnest; told him he would let him up if he promised not to, but the fellow wouldn't, and Mr. Pringle told him he would have to wallop him if he didn't; didn't want to wallop him, but if he wouldn't promise he'd have to, and finally the fellow promised, and he let him up."

Approved, after correction, by D.A. Matheson, 12 June 1940.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. MADELINE WILLIAMS, AGED INDIAN WOMAN, ALSO KNOWN AS "GASSY JACK'S WIFE," LIVING WITH HER GRANDDAUGHTER NITA WILLIAMS IN A SMALL COTTAGE AT THE WEST END OF THE INDIAN RESERVE, NORTH VANCOUVER, 13 JUNE 1940.

Entering the Indian Reserve by the long wooden path on stilts, which rambles over the former shore line before the front of the Indian village of Ustlawn, I encountered an old Indian man with one arm, and asked if he knew where Madeline lived; he shook his head. Finally I said, "Very old lady, with white head, Qwa-hail-yah." He exclaimed, interrogatively, "Gassy Jack's wife?" I replied, "Yes, yes," and he directed me to a small grey shack in cherry trees loaded with ripening fruit.

As I approached, and Indian man and Indian woman, both I should say in their twenties, were raising a ladder to pick cherries, and on enquiring if I could speak to Madeline, the young woman entered the rear door of a sadly dilapidated and untidy shack; hardly a cottage. She returned with an aged Indian woman; steel grey hair, light brown complexion, many wrinkles, and tottering gait. Her garments were old, the colour almost completely faded. Her hair was braided in two short tails down her back. I raised my hat and took a wrinkled hand in mine.

MRS. MADELINE WILLIAMS. QWA-HAIL-YAH. JOHN DEIGHTON. "GASSY JACK."

Major Matthews: Are you Madeline? Are you Qwa-hail-yah?

Mrs. Williams; (Giving my left arm just below the shoulder a gentle slap, and her eyes and countenance gleaming) "Yea—ah."

Major Matthews: May I come in and sit down?

We sat down; four of us. The whole habitation was a litter of household material, not one piece of which was of value; a number of rags hung on a line above a rusty stove; beside it a few sticks of wood. Two doors, opening to other "rooms," showed their contents to be nothing more than rubbish, though no doubt each piece was useful and serviceable to them. Outside the sun was shining; a profusion of red cherries mingled with the green of the leaves; the warm summer zephyr waved the branches; it was pleasant enough to the senses, but terribly poor, untidy, pleasant poverty. At an appropriate moment I slipped a fifty cent piece into her wrinkled hand.

It was difficult to converse and Mrs. Williams spoke in Indian, and addressed the others, rather than me, who interpreted it, and both were poor interpreters, but I gathered that the whitemans called her Madeline, but her Indian name was Qwa-hail-yah. She had had a son, Alfonse Williams, and the young woman was Nita, daughter of Alfonse and Mrs. Williams; the young man was Tommy Toman (whom I was afterwards told was married, but his wife had left him and gone to the United States.) Yes, Gassy Jack and she had had a baby; it lived about two years, died, and was buried at Paapeek (Brockton Point.) She remembered the first brass band on Burrard Inlet, the Indian band; the first bandmaster was Edwards, a half-breed. She had always worn her hair braided down her back; she had heard of Indian men having long hair, but ever since she could remember, Indian men had worn it short. She was about twelve years old when she married Gassy Jack; Gassy Jack's first wife had died; she remembered when no big steamboat come, no whites here, only one house. She talked much in Indian, but the young Indian woman, Nita, her granddaughter, was speechless, and almost motionless; the young Indian man, Tommy, was very slow, and a poor interpreter. No doubt the old lady was telling much of interest, but the young ones were listening themselves instead of passing it on to me. Presently I said I should like to buy some cherries, "two bits" worth, and they both went out to pick them. After they had gone, the old lady began to speak in broken English; I noticed she was almost toothless, and such teeth as did remain were brown of colour, and looked like snags rather than teeth.

She chatted: "No steamboat come; no white man; just one house; Gassy Jack came in big canoe"—and she waved her arm indicating from the direction of Port Moody up the Inlet—"then Gassy Jack go Westminster to run steamboat up to Port Yale" (she said "Port Yale") "and my aunt she go over to New Westminster and live there so when he come back to Westminster be there when he stopped his steamboat. Gassy Jack about your size" (five foot eight and a half); "nice good man; then he come

Gastown, make great big hotel" (and she waved her hand upwards); "after a while she sick, my aunt, Gassy Jack's wife, and she die; long time ago; I not stop long Gastown; be about twelve when I was Gassy Jack's wife; then Gassy Jack die, too, and I come over to here" (North Vancouver); "then come to my brother and my sister. Very poor now; no money, no clothes; cannot go to sell my baskets; can make good basket, but cannot go sell them; eyes getting blind."

By this time the two others had returned with the cherries. I tried my glasses on her eyes, but she did not seem to see any better. I asked if they had a photograph of her; they said, "Yes, up at Squamish." I asked if I may come again; they said, "Yes," and after handshakes all 'round, I departed.

It was a satisfactory visit only in that I had seen and conversed with the second wife of Gassy Jack, an old, worn and faded Indian woman of undoubted intelligence and character; gracious and kind, who in earlier years must have been of womanly strength, and, perhaps, prepossessing—I imagine so. It was an unusual visit inasmuch as in this year A.D. 1940, it was still possible to listen to the tongue, and touch the person, of a wife of John Deighton, alias "Gassy Jack" of Gastown, the historic whiteman to establish himself in Granville, now Vancouver.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. G.F. UPHAM, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THIS CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 20 JUNE 1940, AS HE PROMISED ME HE WOULD DO SO YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT THE VANCOUVER PIONEERS ASSOCIATION PICNIC, HELD IN STANLEY PARK YESTERDAY.

A.G. FERGUSON. FIRST FERGUSON BLOCK. THOS. DUNN, ALDERMAN. JAMES HARTNEY.

Mr. Upham said: "I know this. I came here January first, 1885; got off the stage from New Westminster—Douglas Road at the Granville Hotel; had a meal; fifty cents, and took a stroll to the corner. And at that time the Ferguson Block, on the southeast corner of Carrall Street and Powell Street, was up; a brand new building, and it is just possible the top floor was not finished at that time. Tom Dunn, hardware man, and Jim Hartney, had just moved in to the ground floor stores; the other stores in the building were empty at that time. Anyway, I know the building was up when I came on New Year's Day 1886. And the building next to it, next east, was being built soon after because I remember them building it. This photo, No. C.V. P. Dist. 8, N. 5" (Vancouver looking west from about corner of Westminster Avenue and Hastings Street) "was taken about the time I came; before or after."

F.W. HART, UNDERTAKER. QUEEN BROS. TEA SWAMP. FRASER AVENUE. MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY.

"I remember one time I was pall bearer at a funeral, and there was a pool of water in the low spot at the foot of the hill by the Tea Swamp" (North Arm Road, Cemetery Road, Fraser Avenue) "and Frank Hart's hearse was supposed to keep on the corduroy road over the swamp, but it didn't; it got off the corduroy, and the horses couldn't pull it back on; the hearse was heavy. So we all had to get out and help them, and gracious, what a mess I was in when I got home. Frank Hart was the only undertaker at that time."

Note: the exact spot was 100-200 yards south on Fraser Avenue from the present Kingsway. JSM.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH EX-ALDERMAN T.H. CALLAND, POINT GREY ROAD, COMING HOME IN THE STREET CAR THIS EVENING, 28 JUNE 1940.

JOHN LYNN. LYNN CREEK. D.L. 204. EDWARD MAHON.

Mr. Calland said: "I must tell you a queer real estate story. Edward Mahon" (Mahon, McFarland and Mahon) "went over by ferry, and walked over to see Mrs. Lynn, Lynn Creek. I went in and asked her how much she wanted for the property. She said, 'Sixty-five thousand dollars.' I told her I would go out and see the man who wanted to buy it and see if he would pay \$65,000. So I closed the door and went out.

"I told Mr. Mahon what sum she had mentioned, and then added, 'I think I can get it for you.' Then I went back and told her that he (the prospective buyer) said he would give her \$21,000 if she would throw in those three calves.

"She ejaculated, 'He can't have the three calves; I won't.'

"The end was, well, we put her in a buggy and drove over to the bank, and gave her the twenty-one thousand dollars, and she seemed well pleased with it; it was a reasonable price."

Major Matthews: But he didn't get the three calves.

Mr. Calland: "No. I never heard what happened to the three calves."

Major Matthews: Did Mr. Mahon get the whole district lot?

Mr. Calland: "Yes."

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY, SON OF JOHN MURRAY, ROYAL ENGINEER, PORT MOODY, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS MORNING, 29 JUNE 1940.

MAXIE'S. JACK FANNIN. HASTINGS, B.I. "ROMANCE OF VANCOUVER." FIRST ROLLER SKATING.

Mr. Murray said: "Maxie's hotel was, excepting the stable on the west bank of the creek, the furthest east building at Hastings; it was only a few yards from the stable; it had a tall flagpole beside it. It had a bar, bedrooms, and was one storey, not two storey, and it had a dance hall; the dance hall was used for roller skating. At the back was a bit of a garden; not much.

"Next, to the west, was another of Maxie's stables, but I think it was pulled down when they built that two-storey building to the west of Maxie's, about fifty feet west; but that was built in recent years, long after my time.

"Then next was Jack Fannin's: one-storey cottage where he made boots; it had a bit of verandah in front of it. And there was a fence to the west of his place, but you did not have to go through the fence to get into his cottage; his cottage was almost directly across from George Black's Brighton Hotel, but not quite directly; Jack Fannin was across the road, but a little farther east than George Black's hotel, just a few feet. Behind Jack Fannin's fence was field."

BEARS.

"I have been reading that 'Romance of Vancouver'" (serial) "in the *Sun*; lots of mistakes in it; that stuff about the bear is all wrong; I've told you about it."

Major Matthews: I don't think much of that "Romance of Vancouver"; nobody does.

Mr. Murray: "Some of it is correct. The rest, pooh."

Major Matthews: How are you feeling now.

Mr. Murray: "Not very good; legs done. No longer magistrate; was defeated, but I'm a policeman, and an honorary one at that."

A.R. HOWSE.

Mr. Murray: (looking at *Port Moody Gazette*, and advertisement of "A.R. Howse.") "There's a Royal Engineer. He had a son, Charlie Howse. He lived up at Dollarton for a while."

Note: this is the missing Howse, I suspect. The one John Scales says was living in John Morton's cabin when he and his father came to Burrard Inlet in a boat about 1869. J.S.M.

THE NAMING OF VANCOUVER.

From the report of the Vancouver Canadian Club, 1910-1911 (printed), page 14 and 16.

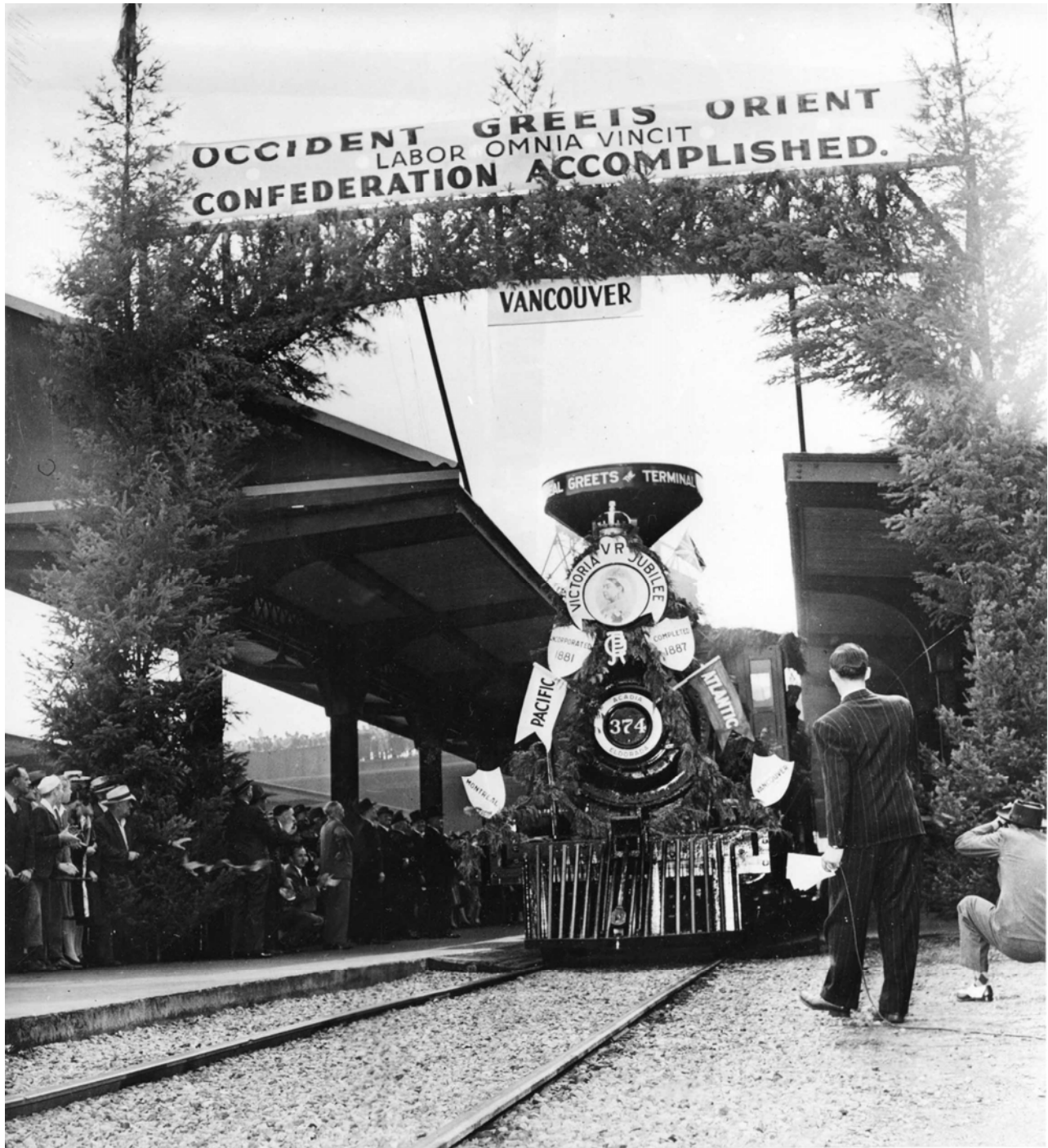
On February 23rd 1911, Mr. R.H. Alexander, manager of the Hastings Sawmill, pioneer, "Overlander of 1862," and of Alexander street, addressed the Canadian Club of Vancouver. This is what he is reported to have said:

The little village of Granville began to increase, and incorporation was talked of. The question of a name was discussed, and perhaps not many knew the reasons for the name, which, as one of the signers of the petition for incorporation, I will tell you, THE NAME WAS THE CHOICE OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE. When the question first arose, the old residents naturally thought the old name good enough, but SIR WILLIAM USED ALL HIS INFLUENCE WITH US FOR THE NAME VANCOUVER; but we said "This is the Mainland; we don't want to be confounded with Vancouver Island." "Never mind," he said, "if you call it Granville or Liverpool, or any other name, it conveys no idea of location." Now people will remember that at school in their atlases they saw an island called Vancouver away up at the left hand corner of North America, and though they may, to some extent, confound the city that is to be with the island, still it gives them a notion of whereabouts in the world it is, and so it was name VANCOUVER. I was greatly struck with the correctness of his view in this, as a few years afterwards, being in London, I was introduced to a gentleman there by a friend who, when making the introduction said "Mr. Alexander is from British Columbia," at which he looked blank. My friend laughingly said, "I don't believe you know where it is," when he replied, "To tell the truth I am a bit hazy about it; isn't it down somewhere near the Isthmus of Panama!" "No," said my friend, "it's Vancouver; haven't you heard of it!" "Oh, Vancouver—oh, yes, of course I know all about Vancouver." British Columbia seemed to have to them some connection with British Guiana or British Honduras and as the State of Columbia was down there, so probably was British Columbia, but Vancouver, that was quite understandable.

THE NAME DEADMAN'S ISLAND. JERICO, JERRY'S COVE.

I was somewhat amused lately to see a legendary Indian story as to the origin of the name "Deadman's Island." It has no such poetic origin; the fact is there was no cemetery nearer than New Westminster, and occasional waifs and strays were buried on the island, and from that the mill hands gave it that name. What is known as Jericho, where the Country Club is located, was so called from "Jerry" Rogers, who had his house and camp there; someone called it Jericho in fun, and the name stuck.

Note by J.S.M.: In isolated Burrard Inlet they had to make fun somehow. Sobriquets was one way, so nearly everyone had a nickname; there were very few who had not.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE NO. 374.

On 23rd May, 1887, it drew into Vancouver, the first trans-Canada passenger train. It passed under an arch of evergreens, cut a blue ribbon stretched across the track, and stopped on a narrow ledge twixt cliff and sea at the foot of Howe St. On 22nd August, 1945, after 58 years, it came again, as the gift of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Citizens of Vancouver, to be welcomed by a host of pioneers and other citizens, and greeted by the noisy blowing of whistles in the harbour. As a momento of great achievement, it will rest in a public park.

Delmar Portrait Studio.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_047

[photo annotation:]

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE NO. 374.

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Delmar Portrait Studio.

PRESENTATION OF LOCOMOTIVE NO. 374 BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TO THE CITIZENS OF VANCOUVER.

At a complimentary banquet to Charles A. Cotterell, Esq., Assistant General Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, and other officials, and to two hundred pioneers of Vancouver, given in the Stanley Park Pavilion by the Board of Park Commissioners, Vancouver, 22 August 1945.

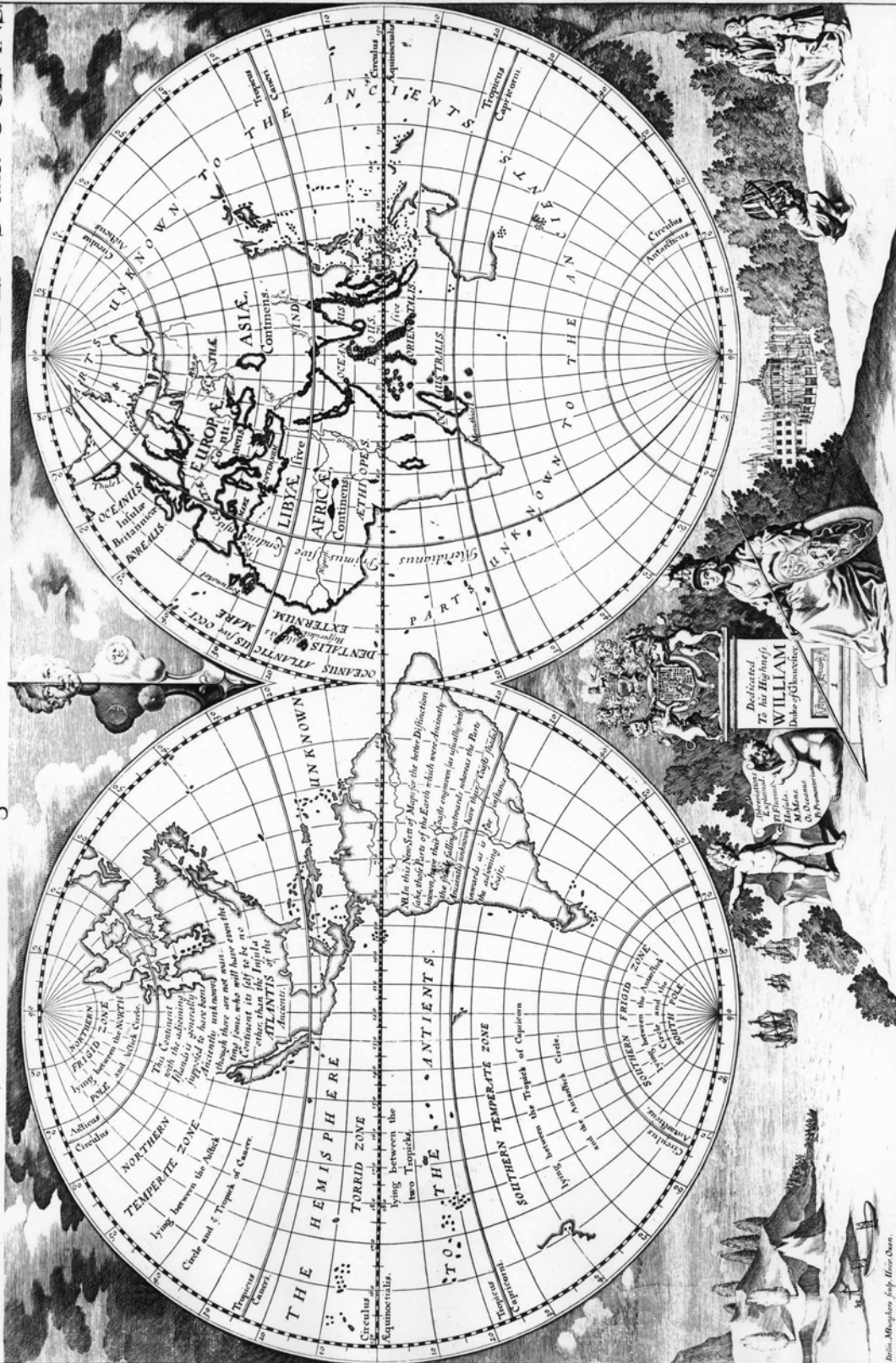
THE ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, (R. Rowe Holland, Esq., Chairman, Park Commissioners), Your Grace, Mr. Cotterell, Your Worship, Ladies and Gentlemen; with especial emphasis upon those of the Canadian Pacific Railway:

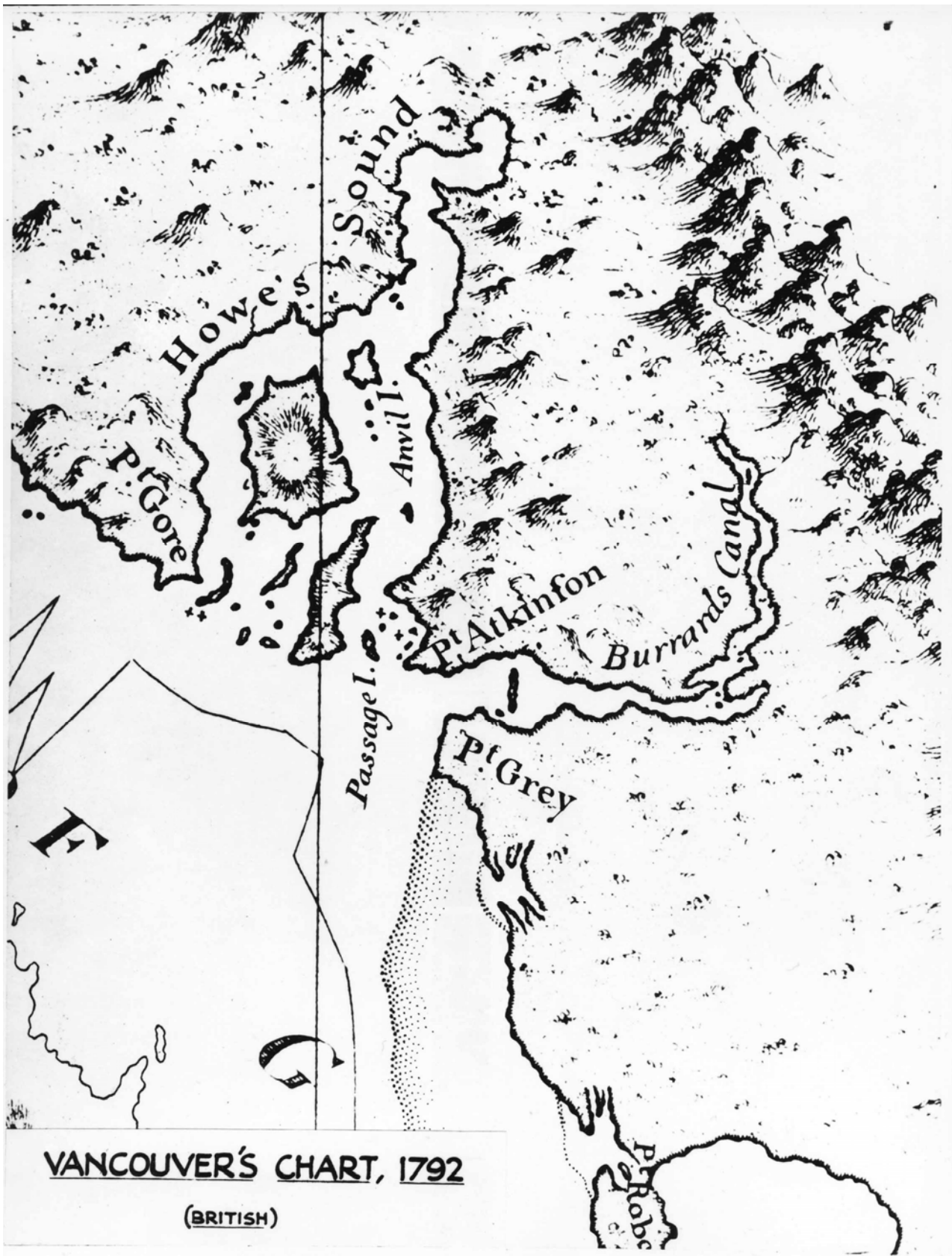
The message which comes to you in this, your Diamond Jubilee year, comes through the medium of the humble spokesman standing before you. It is the sentiment of the multitude; a multitude of men and women, some of whom have gone, some of whom are present here tonight, and others, the countless thousands, of the decades and centuries of a Vancouver as yet unborn. And, not alone of Vancouver, but of all Canada and even beyond; a great host, past, present and future. They are bowing their acknowledgment to that great corporate body, the Canadian Pacific Railway, without which Canada, as we know it today, could not have been. The great railway was the dream of our fathers, men of vision, energy and courage; we are of their blood and their bone, and we, their sons and daughters, are neither unmindful nor forgetful. All that we are and all that we ever shall be, we owe to them. There is but one way in which we can repay our indebtedness. It is that by so conducting ourselves that our posterity, in turn, will be equally indebted to us, and that this is being attempted one has but to observe the ceaseless progressiveness of the Canadian Pacific, ashore and afloat; the sagacious devotion of the Parks Commissioners to their self-imposed tasks; the energetic activity of the Board of Trade, and the humanity to the distressed of the Salvation Army, all of whom have contributed in full to today's delightful celebration.

Through the astute advice of Mr. Cotterell, General Manager in British Columbia, and the generosity of Mr. Coleman, President, and other Directors of the railway, the Citizens of Vancouver have been presented with an old locomotive, Number 374, which drew the first transcontinental passenger train into Vancouver, 23rd May 1887. The old thing is useless; has no value now save as scrap iron, and is none too beautiful to look at. Still, we are going to much trouble to preserve it; it will be placed in a public park; the curious will take pictures of it, and we shall relate its story with pride. We shall cherish it as a symbol and a tradition, for it reminds us of the greatness of great men, great deeds, and great events. It is one of the tools with which "The Builders" created their great work, and to their memory we do not deem it beneath our dignity to bend a stubborn knee in gratitude.

A NEW MAP of the TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE according to the Ancient Discoveries and most general Divisions of it into CONTINENTS and OCEANS.



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Item # EarlyVan_v5_049

Then the Spanish, in their leisurely way, colonized Mexico, and the Russians colonized "Russian America," our Alaska, and the Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, gathered furs, ever wending westwards until there was prairie no more; they had reached the Rockies and entered. With the Spaniard creeping up from the south, and the Russians creeping down from the north, soon the twain must meet and if, as some said, there actually was a passage by water across New Britain, as part of Canada was called, the British had better hurry, or they would find their access to the "Western Sea" cut off, and its shores in possession of another nation ... Capt. George Vancouver was hastened off to find out. What Vancouver was attempting when he entered our First Narrows, and was stopped by land at Port Moody, was to sail across by water to our Calgary and our Winnipeg, and so reach Hudson's Bay and England by that short cut. Vancouver went back and reported to the British Admiralty there was no passage.

Meanwhile much had happened. The Battle of the Plains of Abraham gave Canada to the British, and the War of Independence took the New England colonies away, long years before Capt. Vancouver, in 1792, was the first European to peer into our beautiful harbour. In 1492 Columbus had entered the Caribbean Sea on America's eastern shore; three centuries—three hundred long years—elapsed before white faces reached its western one on the Pacific Slope at Vancouver. Of all the hordes of Asia, and the hosts of Europe, and the five million Europeans resident on the Atlantic coast of America, not one pair of eyes, of white, black or yellow man had glimpsed our land-locked harbour, a forgotten haven in an old and densely populated world, and into which, last year, 27,000 vessels, great and small, followed where Vancouver led.

Even a mere lifetime ago, eighty-six years, geographical knowledge was so scant that, in 1859, the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada gravely ordered printed, with maps, a proposal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by wagon road, lake navigation, and passenger steamers running on the Fraser River, two hundred and fifty miles from its headwaters to an imaginary city, called "Albert City," on the site of the present Vancouver on Burrard Inlet. How the vessels were to pass through Hell's Gate and other rocky canyons, where fish only can go, is not explained.

"Much might be sacrificed on the land route," reported Admiral Richards, of Richards Street, "to secure this good anchorage; English Bay is the natural terminus on the Pacific shore." In the Rockies, with unconquerable endurance, that staunch coterie, the stouthearted thoughtful surveyor, and his hardy axeman, stumbled and tumbled, struggling with heavy packs on their shoulders, over peak and into chasm, around rocks and through devil's club, to locate a path wide enough for two rails, through two hundred miles of the most rugged impregnable terrain in the world. All courage is not of the battlefield nor fame of marble halls; these men were men of peace; their conquest was of the wilderness; there is no blood on their escutcheon. Finally, in 1878, the decision was made; Burrard Inlet was chosen as the terminus.

And what of those in the West; in the Crown Colony of British Columbia? Men asked, "Have you seen Bill lately," and the answer came, "No; he went to Canada"; a nebulous place most had heard about; few had ever seen, and some even uncertain where it was, except that it was far to the east where the sun rose, far over the Rockies, and reached by going south to Panama.

"The Builders"—proud title—from general manger, shovelman, powder boss with his black powder and its white smoke, and the locomotive engineer, commenced their labours. "Ned" Austin, Foreman at Port Moody, built a float of logs, lowered a small locomotive from a steamer's deck to it and he and his gang sweated as they dragged it up the beach. They set off to build eastwards to meet Van Horne coming West. Sir William, energetic but most giant, cried impatiently, "Push on; push on," and every mile of steel laid was elixir to his soul. Paul Marmette drew plans for bridges, and James Fagan, last of the old officials made notes; both are with us tonight. Others, Mr. Abbott, Cambie, Hamilton, Salsbury, Dana, Downie, Wilgress, Johnson have passed away, but their kin are here, seated beside you. There is no memorial; no statue bears their names. If you would see their monument, buy a railway ticket and ride upon it.

Finally, one inclement morn, Sir Donald Smith and his few took five minutes off to drive the last iron spike; the mighty effort finished. Sir Donald telegraphed the Queen; Victoria the Good. The

snow came and hid the C.P.R. from sight; there were no trains that winter; no snow sheds; no snow plows. Next spring an army of men shoveled the snow off. Canada, at last, was whole.

Granville, or "Gastown"—now Vancouver—was one block long; a cluster of primitive dwellings ranged about a crescent beach, Water Street from Carrall to Abbott Street, and facing the mountains; behind was the blackberry bramble where countless frogs croaked in the swamp, now Hastings Street. The other three sides of a twenty acre clearing was towering forest along Hastings Street from Victory Square to Pioneer Place. Two men, side by side, stood together; high in the tree tops above them the summer zephyrs gently swayed the branches. "Hamilton!" said Van Horne, "Hamilton, this is destined to be a great city; perhaps the greatest in Canada, and we must see to it that it has a name commensurate with its dignity and importance, and VANCOUVER it shall be if I have the ultimate decision." Hamilton, whose gracious widow died six weeks ago, stalked over to one corner of the clearing, now Victory Square, drove a survey stake with a nail in the top in the ground, and commenced, in the jungle, to lay out the streets and blocks of a new Vancouver; a city on paper; all else was primeval forest. Down came the trees, and the tinderous mass, twenty feet thick, lay drying in the summer sun. "Fire, fire." It was all over in forty-five minutes; a grand but awful sight. That night the first Vancouver lay stark to the bare black earth. "What rebuilt Vancouver?" I asked, and a pioneer survivor answered, "Faith. It was all we had left."

Another summer comes; it is the 23rd of May, the eve of the good Queen's birthday in the Golden Jubilee of her reign. The City Council, formally adjourns—"to meet the train." All Vancouver—there were not very many—is gathering above or below the cliff at the foot of Howe Street. The Indians at "The Mission," North Vancouver, seeing a long black thing twisting its way along the distant shore at the Second Narrows, and hearing the long hooo, hooo, hooo of its whistle, stood and pondered; might it be that their legendary snake, Qoitchetahl, reputed to be several hundred feet long, was coming back. Locomotive No. 374 kept right on, just as it did today, and then ran out on the trestle bridges which spanned sections of the beach. Railway men in overalls can be as gracious as palace courtiers. Pete Righter, engine driver, chivalrously stepped back with a bow and a "Will you take her in, sir." Major Johnson, Master Mechanic, beside him, gently touched the throttle in token. "Jim" Boyd, the contractor, is nervous; his men barely managed to drive the last nail into the new wood plank roadway down Granville Street to the station as the train pulled in. The band is there; only five or six musicians, but still, "The band." And, too, the Volunteer Fire Brigade, resplendent in their new fancy helmets worn for the first time. The Mayor came in the only cab—horse drawn—in town. It was a tense moment; eager eyes watched a distant curve.

[photo annotation:]

First train in Vancouver.

Canadian Pacific Railway. Vancouver, 23rd May 1887. Arrival of first transcontinental passenger train at foot of Howe St. Locomotive No. 374, wood burner, cordwood, in two feet lengths. Engineer: - Peter Righter; Conductor: - Peter Barnhardt. Welcomed by H. Abbott, General Superintendent, C.P.R., and His Worship M.A. MacLean, first Mayor of Vancouver; the band and volunteer fire brigade. Locomotive, 57 feet long, cut blue ribbon as she passed through arch of greenery. Observe that railway ties are not ballasted. Planked approach with gin pole on left leads down to scows bringing lumber for planked streets from sawmills. Bridge is at exact foot of Howe St. Roadway up to Cordova St passes between station building and cliff, but does not show distinctly. Observe big stump of tree clinging to cliff, an indication of the steepness of "The Bluff," and the consequent deep water for big ships, which was the reason for locating the precise terminus at this particular place. Observe the shallowness of the shore beyond. The top of pile driver on left is about Granville St produced. The big dark shed on right is "Local Freight Shed," and above it can be seen hose tower of Fire Hall on corner of Water & Carrall St. The City Hall, on Powell St appears as a large white building above left pillar of arch. The large dark building to left of City Hall is Keefer's Hall on Alexander St. To the left again are the railway trestle bridges and on extreme left, the white store and white cookhouse at Hastings Sawmill. The forest edge is along Campbell Ave, and on south to False Creek. The Presbyterian Church is behind Fire Hall tower. St. James' church is behind City Hall. A tiny tall building, on top of hill, over end of small wharf is "The School" on Powell St. The Volunteer Fire Brigade have two hose reels. The arrival of first trans-Canada passenger train was re-enacted with much ceremony, on the same ground, 22 Aug. 1945, and Locomotive 374 presented by the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Citizens of Vancouver to be placed in a park. From original glass negative, No. 460.

City Archives. J.S. Matthews

"Here she comes; here she comes," they shouted. A few moments and then, the pride of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Locomotive No. 374, wood burner, burst through the arch of greenery over the track, cut the blue ribbon, and stopped on a narrow ledge, a track's width cut out of the cliff; the other side dropped into the sea. Miss Sanders, a little belle in a fluffy white frock, clambered, hands and knees, down the cliff and asked for a posy from the floral decorations on the engine; a kind-hearted trainman plucked them from "374" and said, "Here you are, my dear." The little girl ran off and pressed them in her book and, fifty years later, presented them to the City Archives to treasure forever. Here, Mrs. Ramage, hold in your hands once again, please, the flowers of that great day. Men, who had never seen a train, climbed aboard; sat in the seats to try how they felt; then tried to move them. They tugged and they tugged, but the seats wouldn't budge, so they gave up in disgust; they didn't know train seats are bolted down.

Three weeks later, 13th June 1887, the silence on Vancouver Harbour was disturbed by a weird howl or moan; a new sound; strange and unrecognised in a solitude accustomed to sailing vessels only. Walter Graveley, reading, hurriedly threw down his newspaper and rushed outside to rescue the cat. It was a steamer's whistle, the *Abyssinia*, with the first C.P.R. passengers from Hong Kong, heralding her arrival and the closing of the last gap in the "All Red Route" across the world.

How recent it all is. Frank Plante, first white child born in these parts, sits among us tonight. Elizabeth Silvey, first white child born on the site of Vancouver, would have been here had she lived two months longer; Mrs. Robert Mackie and Mrs. Harry Logan, daughters of Fitzgerald McCleery, first settler, 1862, in Vancouver, now 400,000 persons, honour us with their presence. And John Henry Scales, our earliest resident, who arrived the same year, 1859, British Columbia was named, will address you in a few minutes.

For sixty years, year by year, until this their Diamond Jubilee year, the Canadian Pacific Railway has been improved and expanded by a successive galaxy of brilliant servants until today, with its connections, it encircles the earth. What is the C.P.R.? Not one hundred million dollars; the C.P.R. is men. There is no finer transportation system and there are no finer men. We ride smoothly along; eating meals from spotless linens as we go; tread on soft carpets; or sleep snug beneath the blankets of our berths in warm coaches; giving scant thought to the devoted track

patrol, out ahead—twenty minutes—of every passenger train; all through the dark night and the freezing chill of the blizzard, searching for a fallen boulder or a slide of snow, that we may pass unharmed. Even at this moment, as we sit in brilliance, thousands of faithful servants are at their duty. And as to the future, who dare say what changes and improvements the C.P.R. will yet devise.

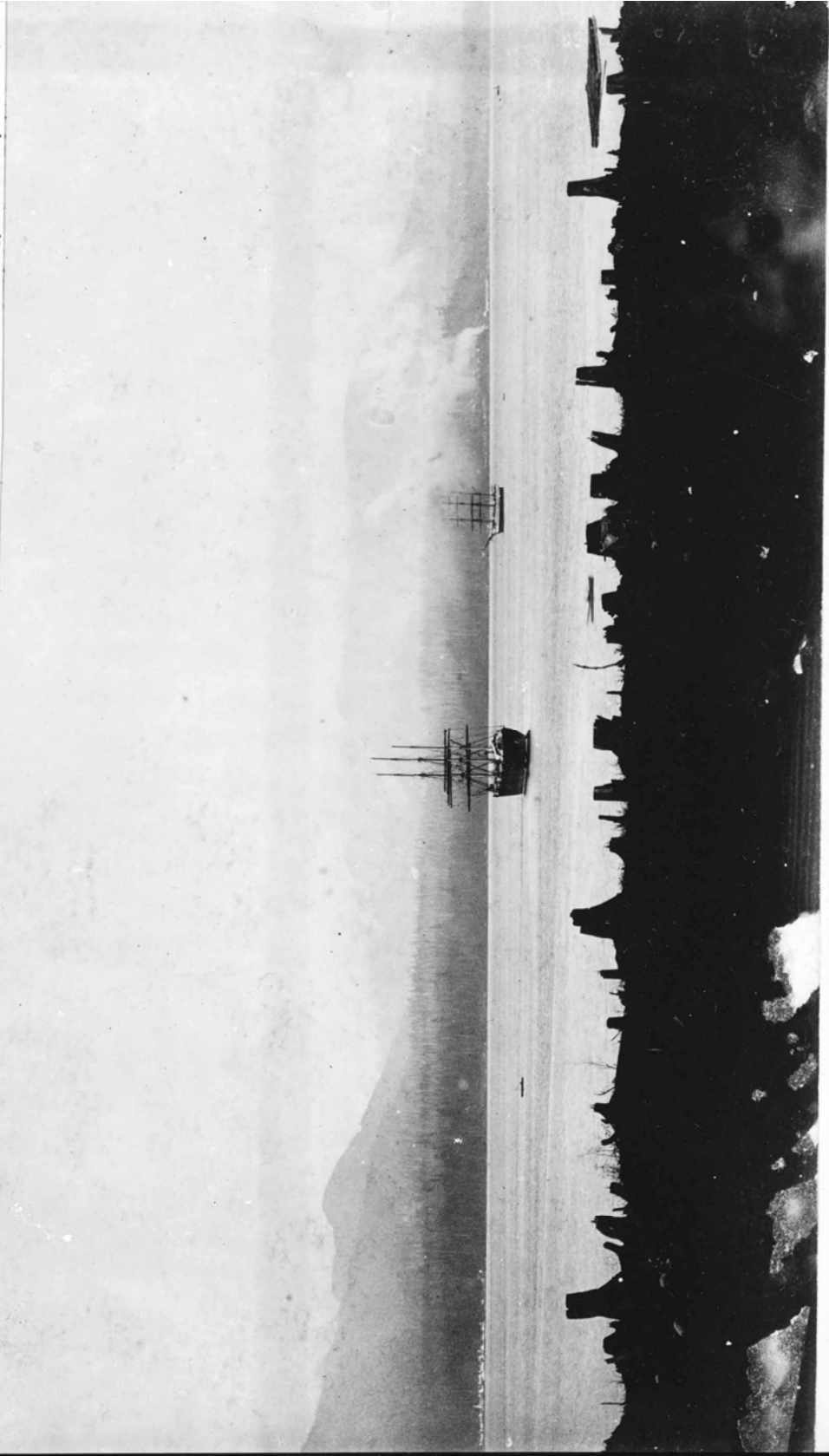
Confederation united Canada in one respect; the great railway united it in another. Montréal, our gateway to the east, was old and grey. Vancouver, a muddy beach in the West, was young and vigorous, waiting with arms thrown wide to welcome the vision and endeavour of British and Canadian adventurous youth; there were no grey hairs in early Vancouver. Who were these pioneers of the railway and of our city. Young men and women of clear minds and pure hearts, sustained by the power of their justice and the patience of their strength; they built, not a fort, but a garden on the shore. In the short span of their single lives, a great metropolis and world port, ten miles wide by five deep, of monumental buildings, luxurious offices, beautiful homes and green lawns, of 150 churches, 100 parks, 70 large public schools, 90 private ones, and nine hundred miles of streets, rose, like a magic thing, out of a wilderness of forest and swamp, the happy home of an enlightened and benevolent people. There is not in history a more splendid page of human achievement. The creation of Vancouver was a contribution to mankind; an incident in the chronicle of the human race, which must, forever, interest the peoples of all nations. It re-oriented world travel and world trade and re-directed the footsteps of millions of all colours, creeds and customs, for all time. It can never happen again. The old "Builders" have almost gone; the younger ones are now at labour.

We must accept the Almighty or deny Him; there are no half measures; it is all or nothing. Did all this just happen by chance—like the wind. Was there no plan? No master architect? Wave not a flag in the street, nor utter boastful shout, but in a quiet closet and on bended knee, remember Him through Whom all things first were made; Who knows when a sparrow falls, and give thanks for our good fortune to Him Who has directed it.

J.S. Matthews
22nd August 1945.

City Archives,
City Hall,
Vancouver, B.C.
August 22nd, 1945.

Canadian Pacific Railway Station, July 1886, site of inc. clearing and stumps. See also C.V.P. Str. 129, N. St. 89, right sector. This is left sector.
right sector is P. Can. N. 9. Between Seymour and Richards Sts. Barque "Robert Kerr", refugee ship, great fire, 13 June 1886, at one hot.
panorama of two photos. Smoke of Moodyville Sawmill slab burner, beyond. Presented Sept. 1944, by estate of V.A.M. Robertson, pioneer. City Archives, 9577



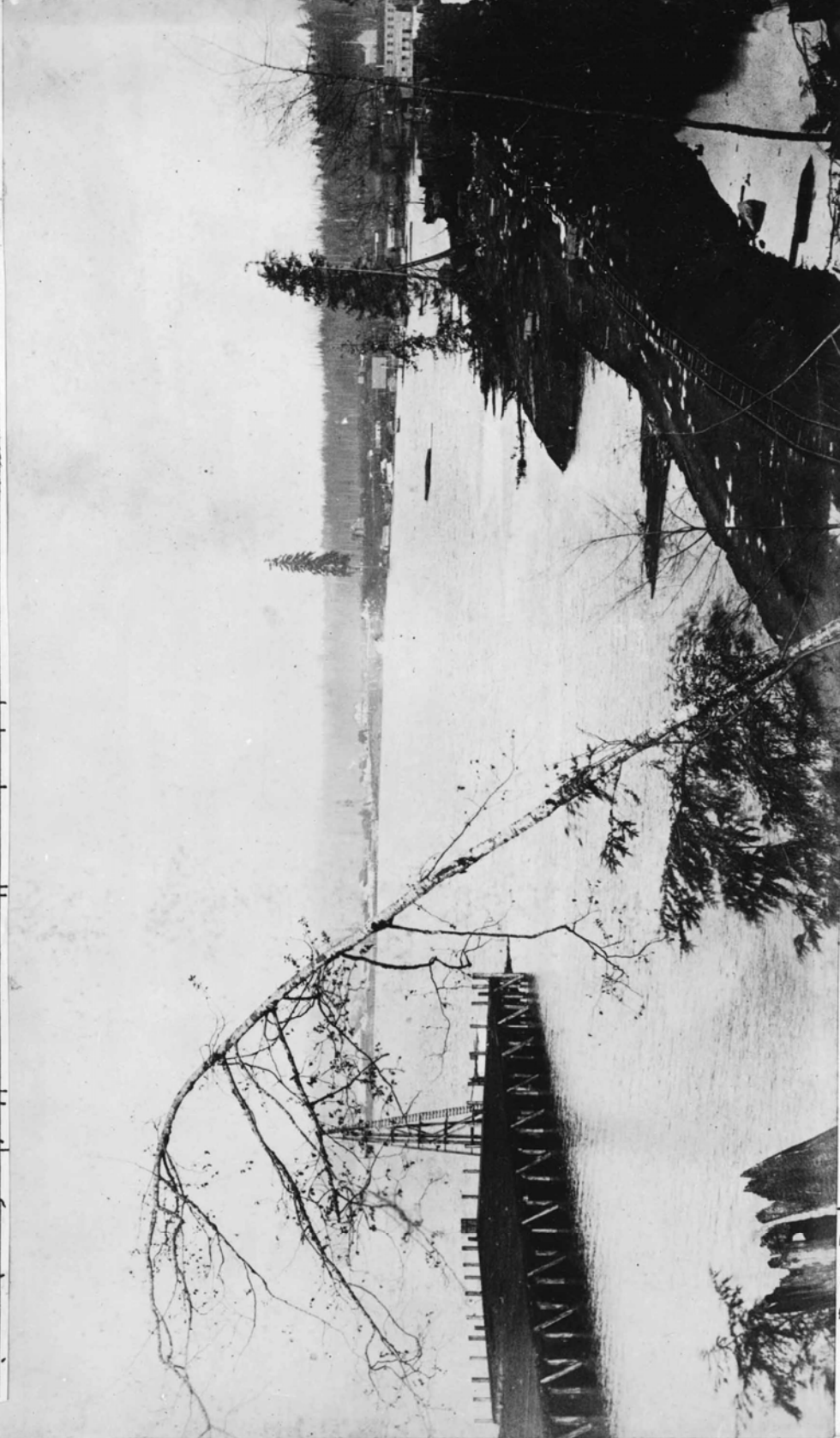
J. A. BROCK, Portrait and Landscape Photographer, BRANDON, MAN., AND VANCOUVER, CITY, B.C.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_051

[photo annotation:]

Canadian Pacific Railway Station, July 1886, site of in clearing and stumps. See also C.V. P. Str. 129, right sector. This is left sector. Right sector is P. Can. 32, No. 9. Between Seymour and Richards Sts. Barque "Robert Kerr," refugee ship, great fire, 13 June 1886, at anchor. Panorama of two photos. Smoke of Moodyville Sawmill slab burner, beyond. Presented, Sep. 1944, by estate, Dr. A.M. Robertson, pioneer. City Archives. J.S.M.

After great five, 13 June 1886. Hollow on right now slope down to station from Granville & Cordova Sts. This photo taken from fifty feet west of west side of Howe St. and about 45 feet above inlet, afterwards lawn of H. Abbott, C.P.R. superintendent, and now site of Terminal City Club. First train to Vancouver, 23 May 1887, stopped beneath the bluff on which photographer stood.



Canadian Pacific Railway Station, site of July 1886. Taken from top of high bank known as "The Bluff", - to Indians known as Puckahls, or "white rocks" - at foot of Howe St. Showing C.P.R. right-of-way under construction; the trees on water's edge are at foot of Seymour and Richards Sts. "Princess Louise" tree, in distance at foot of Gore Ave. C.P.R. Wharf, under construction; pile driver at end of Granville St. Building with windows on right at foot of Abbott St. High bank, above a beyond pool, now Cordova St. See companion photos, C.V.P. Wat. 17 and 18, N. Wat. 14 and 24. Brock photo. Presented, 1944, by Estate of Dr. A. N. Robertson, C.P.R. pioneer medical officer. City Archives.

Item # EarlyVan_v5_052

[photo annotation:]

After Great Fire, 13 June 1886. Hollow on right now slope down to station from Granville & Cordova Sts. This photo taken from fifty feet west of west side of Howe St. and about 45 feet above inlet, afterwards lawn of H. Abbott, C.P.R. superintendent, and now site of Terminal City Club. First train to Vancouver, 23 May 1887, stopped beneath the bluff on which photographer stood.

Canadian Pacific Railway Station, site of, July 1886. Taken from top of high bank known as "The Bluff" — to Indians known as Puckahls, or "white rocks" —at foot of Howe St. Showing C.P.R. right-of-way under construction; the trees on water's edge are at foot of Seymour and Richards Sts. "Princess Louise" Tree, in distance at foot of Gore Ave. C.P.R. Wharf, under construction; pile driver at end of Granville St. Building with windows on right at foot of Abbott St. High bank, above & beyond pool, now Cordova St. See companion photos C.V. P. Wat. 17 and 42, N. Wat. 14 and 24. Brock photo. Presented, 1944, by Estate of Dr. A.M. Robertson, C.P.R. pioneer medical officer.

FIRST C.P.R. WHARF, July 1886, foot Howe St. "Robert Ker", refugee ship, Great Fire, 1886



CAN. N. 18 P. 24

J. A. BROCK & CO. Portrait and Landscape Photographers

Item # EarlyVan_v5_053

MRS. THOMAS FRASER YORK, HUNTINGDON, B.C.

Memo of conversation with Mrs. Thomas Fraser York, pioneer of British Columbia, 1860, and her daughter, Mrs. M. Fleming (of Suite 23, The Angus Apartments, 1531 Davie Street) at Mrs. York's home, close to the interurban railway station at Huntingdon, B.C. Yesterday, Sunday, 10 June 1945, Mrs. Matthews and myself journeyed from Vancouver by B.C. Electric Railway to Huntingdon and were very graciously met at the station by Mrs. York's daughter, Mrs. Fleming. We walked about 150 yards to their residence hidden beneath huge acacia trees looking very pretty in their white flowers and beneath a bower or two of roses red. Mrs. Fraser York, who had most kindly invited us some time ago, opened the door as soon as she heard our footsteps, and we entered and sat down in a somewhat early style home and commenced to talk at once; we did not waste any time as our return train was due in three hours.

Mrs. York is eighty-six years of age and remarkably well preserved. She is not very grey, nor have the years made many furrows in her cheeks; she wears glasses and can read very well with their aid; writes a firm hand; her memory is astonishing. She is very alert and in her conversation does not want for a word or a thought. We started in at once to converse.

Sunday afternoon, 10 June 1945.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS FRASER YORK OF SUMAS, B.C. REVISITS PORT DOUGLAS AFTER 77 YEARS.

Mrs. York: "I came to British Columbia in March 1860; no, I do not recall the exact day; we came from San Francisco where I was born and went straight to Port Douglas at the head of Harrison Lake. I was up there last year; eighty-five years after I had first seen it and seventy years since I had seen it last, when I left. We went up in a gasoline motor launch. It was my first visit in seventy-seven years. There is no town there now; only a logging camp. We, that is my father and mother and the family, lived at Port Douglas for seven years, and then we went to Fort Yale and lived there for seven years and then we went down to Chilliwack. I was single, of course, the daughter of William Robert MacDonald and Jane, my mother. Then, at Chilliwack, I married Mr. Thomas Fraser York; the Rev. Mr. Thompson was the clergyman, that was in 1881. I am an Anglican but he was a Methodist minister. Mr. York was born at Fort Yale, 21st October 1858; Trafalgar Day." (Remarked to Mrs. York that that was the same date that I had been wounded in the Capture of Regina Trench, Somme, France.) "This is a photograph of Port Douglas in its heyday; quite a town, isn't it; I got that from Dr. Lamb of the Provincial Archives but this is a sketch of it as first I knew it; not very much in 1860.

"I was born in San Francisco and was only fifteen months old when I came to Port Douglas. Father and Mother both came from Scotland, Mother from Glasgow, Father from Aberdeen."

CHILLIWACK, B.C. STANLEY, B.C. SUMAS, FIRST SCHOOL.

"Then I left Chilliwack and went to Stanley in the Cariboo in 1877 and taught school. I taught school on Sumas Prairie from 1875 to 1877 and then went to Stanley; I had a teacher's certificate. I had about ten pupils at Sumas, ages six to fifteen, and about twenty at Stanley. I was the first teacher on the Sumas Prairie. I had a little school right on one of the ridges at Sumas; nice little school; they have a nine-room school there now. The children walked to school; there were no roads, just trails through the tall grass and bushes. Sometimes the children came down the slough in a canoe. The little house where I boarded while I was teaching, Mr. English's, when I first came to teach school, is still standing. It is away down on the prairie; a man named Chudleigh" (sic) "bought the place and is living there."

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM ROBERT MACDONALD.

"Mother died in Chilliwack in January 1914 and Father died in Chilliwack on the 6th June 1876. Mother was a widow thirty-eight years. Father was forty-seven when he died; both are buried at Chilliwack. My husband's grave" (Thomas Fraser York) "is at Hazelmere Cemetery, below Abbotsford."

SUMAS PRAIRIE. MILLIONS OF MOSQUITOES.

"We lived on Sumas Prairie before the dyke was built and we had millions and millions of mosquitoes; he had to have smokes at our doors. We had a house and it was painted white and you could not see the white house for the mosquitoes; they covered the house so closely together you could not see the white paint. We had to keep smudges of dead leaves and brush and stuff like that, at the front and back doors."

INDIANS. LYNCHING AT SUMAS.

“When we first came the Indians were quiet; we had no trouble with them. But there was one Indian, Me-sah-chie Sam; mesahchie is Chinook for ‘bad’; he was a bad Indian. You might have heard of the lynching of bad Sam’s son. They lynched a boy; he was the son of Me-sah-chie Sam. The boy or youth went over to Nootsack in the United States, and shot a man; it was on a Sunday and his little store was open. Then after he had shot the man he came back to British Columbia. He was arrested—he was ‘Louie Sam’—and they put him in old Mr. York’s store at Sumas for the night and were going to take him to New Westminster in the morning. That night about twenty or thirty men came from the United States; they were all masked and they demanded Louie Sam, the Indian, from old Mr. York who had charge of him for the night. Mr. York refused but the gang of Americans broke in the door and took Louie Sam out and went towards the United States boundary line and strung Louie Sam up to a tree; they lynched him.”

LOUIE SAM’S GUN.

“Mr. Campbell, who was Justice of the Peace and who had placed Louie Sam in Mr. York’s care went there next morning and cut the body down. The lynching was in Canada, about one hundred yards from the international boundary. This is the gun he used; rather, the barrel of the gun; the stock all rotted away. We did not find this barrel until several years after he was lynched. We were then living out at the Boundary line, where our farm was, where the lynching took place. My husband” (Thomas Fraser York) “was Customs Officer and Immigration Officer, and when he was clearing off a little spot to build the office on, he found the gun. You can have it for your City Archives.”

DR. FIFER OF YALE. APOTHECARY’S BOWL.

“There is another relic you can have; it came from Yale. It belonged to Dr. Fifer; you can read about him in Higgins’ book, the *Mystic Spring*. Dr. Fifer used it for pounding medicine. Dr. Fifer was shot by a man named Bob Wall.”

POST OFFICE AND MAIL. SUMAS. JIM YORK, INDIAN. MILLER’S LANDING. SUMAS RIVER. SUMAS LAKE. INDIAN CANOES.

“Our mail? The way, the only way, we got our mail was we had an Indian, an old Indian and he called himself ‘Jim York’ after us. Well, the nearest post office was at Miller’s Landing on the Fraser River; David Miller was postmaster. The old Indian went once a week for our mail, in an old canoe from Upper Sumas. First of all he went down the Sumas River, then across the lake, then down the Sumas River again, and then up the Fraser River about two miles to Miller’s Landing. And, queer thing, the only mail he would bring would be the Yorks’ mail and the Campbells’ mail; there was other mail there but Jim would bring ours only. Of course, he was in our employ; that is, we paid him. Jim would start off early in the morning and would be back in time for supper; all day in the canoe.”

SOCIAL GATHERINGS. CRINOLINES.

“As for social times. We did not have much entertainment. Once in a while we would have a dance at one of the private houses; there were no halls; and all our travelling was done on horseback or democrat wagon. At the dances we had music; violin and a small melodeon—a little one—and we would dance; we always danced until daylight. Eatables, of course, tea, coffee and three or four kinds of cake and the ladies did not smoke. The gentlemen came in their ordinary clothes but many of the ladies wore low neck dresses. In those days they wore crinolines; hoops. Dresses were made very, very full; sometimes as much as eight yards in a dress. They made good material too; silk, satin and velvet, and the best of prints. We made them ourselves; there was no sewing machine; everything was done by hand.”

ILLNESS. A COLD CANOE TRIP.

“In case of sickness? I had no doctor when Mabel” (Mrs. Frith) “was born and she was born in New Westminster. It was the dead of winter and when she was three weeks old I brought her home. We went from New Westminster to Miller’s Landing on the sternwheeler *Gladys* and when we got to Miller’s Landing, old Jim York, the Indian, was there with his canoe. Then we all got into the canoe; my husband, Tommy, my young son, eighteen months old and could not walk; and Mabel, three weeks old, and we went down the Fraser River, up the Sumas River, across Sumas Lake and up the Sumas River again to old Mr. York’s home and there were cakes of ice, good big ones, in the river. There were no doctors

nearer than thirty-three miles at New Westminster; there was no doctor at all in Chilliwack. Of course, the Maclures had the telegraph office at Matsqui Prairie.”

BUTTER.

“Butter? They used to put butter up in barrels of one hundred and fifty pounds. They would make it from spring to fall; they took it down to New Westminster twice a year; it was salted and kept in brine; anyway, they went twice a year down to New Westminster and we got fifty cents [a] pound for it; it was good butter. We got our provisions at the same time; twice a year, at New Westminster; enough to last six months.”

CAMELS AT PORT DOUGLAS.

“In 1863 there were some camels came to Port Douglas while we were living there. They got them for carrying freight up the Cariboo Road but they did not do well. I was about five years old. I stood on the side watching them put packs on the camels and a man lifted me up and perched me on top of one of the camels for a few seconds; so I’ve been on a camel’s back in British Columbia.”

SALMON.

“There were lots of salmon in those days; you could get a big one for ten cents. We used to put down about seventy-five salmon every fall. Everyone with a big family always put down a keg of salmon. Of course, it used a lot of coarse salt. There were eight in our family, six boys and two girls.”

DEER, GROUSE, DUCK. INDIANS. BERRIES. PORT DOUGLAS. PITCH STICKS.

“There were lots of deer, grouse and duck on the Sumas Prairie; we got about all we wanted when we wanted it. When we first went to Port Douglas we depended on the Indians for fresh berries; wild strawberries, wild gooseberries, wild black caps. We had to depend on the Indians for firewood, berries and fish. The Indians would come to the door with pitch sticks or gum sticks; bundles of gumstick or pitch wood; we used it for kindling the fire in the morning. The Indian women did the washing; they were good servants and generally honest; we got along very well with the Indians; we had no trouble with them. I speak Chinook.”

PORT DOUGLAS CHURCH. PORT YALE CHURCH.

“There was a little church at Port Douglas; St. Thomas, it was called, and there was a church at Yale, St. John’s, and a Sunday school. We had a resident minister, Mr. Gamage; he went back to England and Mr. Holmes was the rector at Yale; he died five or six years ago.”

CANDLES.

“I never made candles out of fat but Mother did; made them out of tallow; she had a mould, and she used a lot of brass cooking utensils.”

GENEALOGY.

“There were eight of us in our family; six boys and two girls. Mr. York, my husband, was born on the 21st October 1858 and was the first child born in the mainland colony of British Columbia; Vancouver Island was a separate colony.”

Major Matthews: Has that claim to be the first child born in British Columbia ever been disputed, Mrs. York?

Mrs. York: “I have never heard it disputed. We had four children; one son and three daughters. They are:

1. Thomas Francis York, the eldest; he lives two miles away and has one daughter, Gladys; she is in the women’s part of the army.
2. Mrs. Frith, the eldest daughter; she was fifty-nine when she died on May 2nd 1942; she has one son Hubert, in the R.C.A.F.; he has been over Germany fifty-three times; and she has a daughter, Mrs. Ralph Herrett, 2925 Kitchener Street, Vancouver.
3. Mrs. M— Fleming (Angus Apartments, 1531 Davie Street.) She has one daughter, Rena, now Mrs. Mayhew. Mrs. Fleming is a widow; her son died in 1936.

4. Mrs. George Newton of Los Angeles, California; they are without children.

Subsequently, Mrs. Fleming prepared for us a most tasty repast and, as our train was due, we bade a regretful farewell to this charming old lady, Mrs. York, and, accompanied by Mrs. Fleming, made our way, with our bundles, to the station and reached home towards 11 p.m. We also brought with us the apothecary's mixing bowl, the gun barrel and a number of Sumas prairie school photos and family photos, all of which have been marked as donated by Mrs. Fraser York.

MRS. YORK, SENIOR.

On our way to the station, Mrs. Fleming told us that Mrs. York, senior, is buried on the old farm; that there was no graveyard in those days so she was buried on the farm and a small oak tree placed to mark the spot. The oak tree has grown and, remarked Mrs. Fleming, "It is bigger than any oak in Victoria."

Typed, 11 June 1945—J.S. Matthews.

Note by Mrs. York, attached to her letter, 18 June, after reading the rough draft of this, sent her for approval: "As far as I can see, Major, your write-up is all correct."

Having sent the rough draft of notes above recorded to Mrs. York for review on 18 June 1945, she replied in a letter:

PORT DOUGLAS, 1860.

I came to British Columbia in March, 1860 with my Father, William Robert Macdonald and my Mother, Jane Macdonald. We went to Port Douglas, a town at the head of Harrison Lake; it was the route at that time to the Cariboo goldfields and was a thriving little town—at that time.

Transportation was done by stage coach, mule teams, ox-teams, pack trains. For about seven years the little town flourished. Then the Cariboo road from Yale was finished and that finished Port Douglas; when we left there it was nothing but what you would call now a "ghost town." When we left there were still two families but they left soon after. I went to school there. Mrs. Lipsett taught school. There were about ten or twelve scholars; "Government School" but we used American books. I have still my Third Reader used in the Douglas School. We had an American church and a Mr. Gamage was the vicar; he later went back to England. The reason Douglas was abandoned as a road to the Cariboo was that there were too many portages to make on that route.

It was a boat trip from New Westminster to Douglas. Then from Douglas to the Twenty-nine Mile House, kept by Mr. Joe Smith who ran the stage from Douglas. There was a lake to cross; what was called Tenas Lake; tenas—small, in Chinook. Then another portage, then another lake. The lakes were called Tenas Lake, Anderson Lake, Pemberton and Seaton Lake, and, of course, there had to be steamers on those lakes. I spent week-ends, when I was quite small at the Twenty-nine, Tenas Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, with their son Joe, moved to Clinton and opened the Clinton Hotel which is still running. Mary Smith, his daughter, or, I should say, the older Mr. Smith's granddaughter; Joe, the younger, was his son. He has passed away several years ago but Mary is still in Clinton and maybe she could give you some information as to old timers.

Our social life was pleasant, too, in Douglas. We had no afternoon "pink teas." In summer time we had picnics on the lake and, little house dances now and then and riding parties out to the Royal Engineer camp, who were building the Cariboo Road. And, in winter time, the lake was frozen over and we had skating parties and sleds. Oh, we had happy times in those days. Then we had two celebrations a year; always the 24th May and this may seem queer to you, we always had a celebration on the 4th July. The reason? In those small towns at that time were a number of Americans, especially the business people and they gave so generously to anything and everything which came along that it was up to the Britishers to return the compliment. There was not any speeching or boasting; everything was for sport and all had a good time. Of course, some would indulge towards evening and we had lots of firecrackers. The Royal Salute was given on a blacksmith's anvil, twenty-one guns for both days. Powder was placed on the anvil; a long pole with a lighted end was put to it; then the explosion.

CAMELS, 1863.

Yes, it was in Port Douglas the camels came, 1863, and I was hoisted on the back of one, as I stood watching them being loaded with their packs.

In 1867 we bade farewell to dear old Port Douglas and I never saw it again until last September; after seventy-seven years absence. I saw no vestige of the old town, but a very very old cherry tree and it is a huge one. Nothing but a logging camp now. At the Eighteen Mile Post, on the old Douglas Road is the hot springs, St. Agnes as it was called then, kept by a man and his wife, name of Stein. Mrs. Stein's father was one of the Royal Engineers; she was a member of the Morey family who lived in Westminster.

We left Douglas in 1867 in the month of July. And I remember it quite clearly. We left in a scow; no steamers then; all were put on the Yale run. I have a picture of Port Douglas, given me by Dr. Lamb of the Provincial Archives, as I knew and saw it in 1867. It was a flourishing little town in its day. Mr. Trethewey has a logging camp there. Last September I took a trip with Mrs. Fleming, my daughter; stayed overnight and slept in a little shack on a boom of logs; you could hear the water swishing under the logs. But I enjoyed my trip. Mrs. Trethewey was very kind. We had our meals at the camp cook house. They had everything in the way of eats. There were about three or four women at the camp when I was there last summer; also two or three children.

Another thing about those old There were not very many white single women. Consequently men took Indian wives and breed children were plentiful. But in Douglas, I only remember one half-breed boy. But in Yale the school was full of breeds.

This concludes all about Douglas but I know I have missed a lot.

YALE, B.C., 1867.

Now my life in Yale, or Fort Yale as we called it then, was almost like in Douglas. The school was larger and they were using British school books.

Yale was the head of navigation. Steamers from New Westminster plied twice a week, Sunday and Thursday; departed Friday and Monday. Transportation of freight and passengers was the same; passengers to Cariboo and way points, stage coach; by ox-teams, mule teams, pack trains. Mr. J.F. Barnard was the stage-coachman; "Barnard's Express." The stage left Yale on Monday Morning, returning on Thursday. It met the Barkerville stage down at Clinton. It was supposed to be about four hundred miles, so the Yale stage and the Barkerville stage met at Clinton; four hundred miles from Yale to Cariboo—Barkerville, as Douglas.

THE ROAD ENGINES. FIRST TRACTION ENGINES.

We had two celebrations in Yale; 24th May and 4th July. Sports only; no speeches or boasting. It was in Yale I first saw road engines. J.F. Barnard brought, I think it was, six engines and six engineers. These road engines were to be used in place of oxen and mules for drawing the heavy loaded covered wagons. So, one morning all Yale was up bright and early (as the saying is, all hands and the cook) to see them start. Well, as long as the way was even and not hilly it, or they worked all right. But when they began, or tried, when they came to the steep grades, then of course, they didn't, so they had to go back to mules and ox-trains again. Mr. Barnard, I believe, disposed of the six engines to some mills in Vancouver at Moodyville or Hastings. All the engineers but one went back to Scotland. The one who stayed behind, a Mr. Jim McArthur, died in Vancouver a few years ago. So, like the camels, they were a failure.

TINGLEY OF YALE. BARNARD'S EXPRESS.

There was a family who lived in Yale by the name of Tingley. Mr. Tingley was driver for Barnard's Express Company; later on he became a partner. Then it became Barnard, Tingley and Hamilton or "B-X" it was called. His son, Fred C. Tingley was born in Yale in 1873. He was only five months old when I saw him last; if you should come in contact with him—he lives in Vancouver—remember me to him.

Social affairs in Yale were the same as in Douglas. We didn't say dances in those days; we called them balls. Picnics and sometimes a concert with lantern slides. And, in Yale, the young men went around about twelve o'clock New Year's Even, singing "All's Well." New Year's Day they called at all the homes and had refreshments. Our refreshments, when anyone called on anybody, the hostess served wine and rich fruit or pound cake. Nowadays it is tea, coffee and some very poor cake or a stale doughnut and, in some cases, very poor tea.

This concludes all about Yale. All I have told just includes Douglas and Yale. But I think I could fill a book.

We left Yale in December 1874 and came to Chilliwack. In the year 1875 I came to Upper Sumas to teach school. I was the first teacher at Upper Sumas School. I taught until 1877, when I went back to Chilliwack.

CHILLIWACK. PORT DOUGLAS. FORT YALE.

My life in Chilliwack was not very long. I disliked Chilliwack; their mode of living was altogether different to Port Douglas and Fort Yale. For one thing, they were so religious. Mostly all were Wesleyan Methodist. I went to school there for awhile and in 1875 I came to Upper Sumas to teach and taught until 1877. Then, in July of that year I went up to the Cariboo and taught school at Stanley. Left there in autumn of 1878 and came home to Chilliwack.

In the year 1880, on the 9th November, I married my husband, Thomas Fraser York. Then went back to Yale to live. Left Yale again in 1881 and came with my husband to make my home at Upper Sumas and have lived here ever since, with the exception of two years when I lived in Bellingham, U.S.A., called Whatcom at that time.

Doctors were scarce and far between in all three places. Chilliwack did have one for awhile.

THOMAS FRASER YORK.

My husband, Thomas Fraser York was born in Fort Yale, October 21st, Trafalgar Day, 1858. He lived there until 1865. Then the family moved to Upper Sumas, B.C. The old people remained there until they passed away. Mrs. York September 14th, 1886 and Mr. T. York, 23rd December 1893.

Note: the manuscript is unsigned. J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. GLENDOWER K. ALLEN, 5501 MACKENZIE STREET, PRESIDENT, VANCOUVER GLADIOLUS SOCIETY (SEE THAT DOCKET.) MR. ALLEN VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS MORNING, 25 JULY 1945.

GROWING PLANTS WITHOUT SOIL.

Note: in 1944, Mr. Allen published, in pamphlet form, a treatise entitled "Growing Plants Without Soil." \$1.00.

Mr. Allen: "I first started growing plants without soil in 1918 in Calgary while I was in the employ of the Alberta Government telephone, as a hobby. In 1924 I came to Vancouver and experimented until 1933; then I opened up large greenhouses on a commercial basis, situated at 6559 Argyle Street, South Vancouver. There I commercialised the growing of tomatoes in torpedo gravel. Torpedo gravel is a cracked pea gravel. My fruit from 1933 to 1940 has been analysed at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and each year the fruit has been higher in nutrition value, plus all vitamin, at least twenty-five percent, compared with the Ontario and Utah greenhouse tomatoes. For three years running I have sent five crates of greenhouse tomatoes, grown without soil, to the Vancouver General Hospital and the authorities, the dieticians, say that the patients prefer them to any other kind of grown tomatoes."

Major Matthews: Has anyone else in Vancouver preceded you in the growth of vegetables without soil?

Mr. Allen: "No, no one. Not any one; I was the first. In Calgary, in 1918, I had read small articles on it and on one of my visits to Edmonton, I met on the train a celebrated German by the name of Dr. J.S.

Krausser, originally from Düsseldorf, Germany. We got into conversation and he gave me two formulas to work out and since then I have been in correspondence with him; he is now in Pasadena, California, President of the College of Technology, where they have, on an average, every year, about six thousand students, all being taught this method of plant life. In 1940 I gave up the greenhouse due to labour shortage and difficulties getting the required chemicals. I then built a small greenhouse at my present residence, 5501 Mackenzie Street, where I am carrying on some very interesting experiments and research work along the line of soilless growths, with inerts such as gravels, coarse sand, navy jack, cinders, and even sawdust. I have had one of my best crops from sawdust.

"Now, here, this is important: I am the only man recognised by the Dominion Government in the research work of three new drugs; one is colchicine; the next is chloral-hydrate and the third is acenamalaphene. These drugs are to assist the breaking up of the chromosomes in the cells of the plant, in other words, to sterilise and bring about better, larger and disease-resistant plants. As far as vegetables are concerned, the important part of this work is the necessity of seeds being sterilised through this process which, eventually, will decrease the diseases which are now attacking the vegetables plants in the garden."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. GLENDOWER K. ALLEN OF 5501 MACKENZIE STREET WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS MORNING, 25 JULY 1945.

VANCOUVER GLADIOLUS SOCIETY. GREAT VANCOUVER GLADIOLUS SOCIETY.

Mr. Allen: "We gave up using the name of Greater Vancouver Gladiolus Society; we found the 'Greater' had no special meaning or advantage.

"The Vancouver Gladiolus Society started four years ago, in 1941, but the first year we did not issue a printed programme. In 1941 and 1942 we did not hold an exhibition. There were four men, Mr. W.H. Bayley, Mr. H. Tarrant, Mr. Thomas Alex and Mr. George Lake; that's four. They found it very difficult to get members and they called me" (G.K. Allen) "up on the phone in December 1942 and asked me if I would take over."

Major Matthews: Why did they turn to you?

Mr. Allen: "Well, because I was a kind of expert; I am a professional commercial grower. I have a place out in Burnaby, one in Kerrisdale and one in Capilano; an acre in Burnaby, one eighth of an acre up in Capilano; and five city lots up in Kerrisdale where I live and I grow bulbs on all of them; all three. At that stage, December 1942, they had fifteen members. I called a meeting in the Vancouver *Province* boardroom on February 15th, 1943, and we had forty-six interested parties. I think that evening we added thirty-eight members. Then we called another meeting in March and arranged for the 1943 show which took place in the I.O.O.F. Hall at the corner of Seventh and Main. It lasted two days and we had about ninety exhibitors; anyway, just under one hundred. All the prizes, value prizes, were donated, and we had plenty. In October of 1943, the new President, Mr. A.H. Gray, was elected. The first president was Mr. Bayley, and the second was A.H. Gray, and the third was myself" (G.K. Allen.)

"Here is an interesting thing. In October of 1944, which is our annual meeting, when I was elected president, my objective was one hundred and fifty members and at our show on August 10 and 11, 1944, we climbed up to 135 paid up members; it costs one dollar membership fee.

"Mr. Bayley still exhibits; he is a compositor on the Vancouver *Province*, but Mr. Gray, our second president, we do not know where he is; a strange thing happened, it is all we can say, that the day before the second exhibition he disappeared from Vancouver and we have not heard from him since. He was a candy maker.

"In our 1944 show in the Georgian Room, Hudson's Bay Co. store, we had an exhibition for competition, three thousand three hundred blooms. This year I have worked hard to make it a success and I shall be disappointed if we have less than five thousand blooms and many from the United States. To date, we have never had exhibitors from elsewhere than British Columbia."

THE FIRST BITUMINOUS ROCK PAVING. DONALD (DAN) MCGILLIVRAY. ARMSTRONG AND MORRISON.

Rough note, in pencil, from W.C. Ditmars, for many years associated with Messrs. Armstrong and Morrison, contractors, etc., etc.

Dear Major. This is a letter from Mr. Robert Armstrong, re the subject of the first paving in Vancouver. He was on the job and knows about it. Please return when through.

D.

Sardis, September 1st, 1945

Dear Will:

Your letter of August 30th received this morning, and was pleased to hear from you. I should have written you before but I was under the weather with lumbago in my back so only write when I have to, but I am pleased to say I am around again, and can drive a car and it doesn't bother me at all.

Now about the street paving. There wasn't any done in 1891; we started in the spring of 1892. Hugh Campbell was with us then; we started just where you said at the west end of Cordova street. Hughie Campbell was with us then; he was on the fire department. In 1891 we paved Cordova from Granville to Carrall street; Hastings street from Cambie to Granville, Cambie street from Hastings to Water; Abbott street from Hastings to Water, and Carrall from Pender street, or as it was called at that time Dupont to Water street.

Yes; the yard was at the south west corner of Carrall and Hastings streets, and the bituminous rock was heated in a big tank with a steam jacket; there was so many pounds of steam in the jacket, and so many pounds of steam in with the rock. The curb stone was all granite, and was all hand cut in the same yard on the west side, just along the C.P.R. track. As you say, the hot bituminous rock was hauled to the work in steel lined dump carts with heavy canvas covers to keep the material hot until it arrived on the job.

The above covers one page in handwriting; the next page was not sent to us by Mr. Ditmars.

20 OCTOBER 1945 – FIRST WHITE WOMAN ON BURRARD INLET.

Memo of conversation with Mrs. J.G.L. Abbott, of 1559 Beach Avenue (over the phone), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R.H. Alexander, of the Hastings Sawmill.

FIRST WHITE WOMAN ON BURRARD INLET. MRS. R.H. ALEXANDER.

Mrs. Abbott: "Mother often used to tell me, she was the first white woman here. She was all alone at Hastings Sawmill." (Note: R.H. Alexander, afterwards manager of the Hastings Sawmill, married Miss Emma Tammadge of London, England, at Victoria in 1867. He came to Vancouver in 1870, and, while there is a chance there was some white woman here before 1870, it is very unlikely. In 1870 all that area at the back of Hastings Sawmill was a few acres of fallen forest, lying in wild confusion as it had crashed down; there was no clearing of any sort.



Item # EarlyVan_v5_054

[photo annotation:]

Hastings Sawmill School, first school, 1873, whites and Indians. Mr. Palmer, teacher, on walk, June 11th 1886.

Think building was demolished as it was in the way of C.P.R. construction.

Alderman Peter Cordiner's cottage at rear on right.

This photo was taken Friday June 11th 1886—two days before Great Fire.

CONVERSATION WITH ROBERT VERNON PALMER, 2020 WEST 5TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, BROTHER OF JOSEPH WILLIAM PALMER, THE LAST SCHOOL TEACHER AT THE HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL, 1886, 28 MAY 1942.

J.W. PALMER. HASTINGS MILL SCHOOL, 1886.

Mr. Palmer said: "These two photographs are of my brother Joe; this one, by Brock and Co., was taken shortly after the Great Fire, 1886, and most likely by Harry Devine, pioneer photographer. My brother was born in the County of Middlesex, Ontario; he was seven years older than myself, and I am seventy-nine now. I was born same place, May 1st, 1863. Our parents were Francis McLearnth Palmer, who was born on a ship in the Indian Ocean; he was in the army, and at one time marched in the bodyguard of Queen Victoria. Mother was born in Suffolk, England, and her maiden name was Mary Jane Dark. There were four girls and six boys in the family, and I was the youngest boy. Father and Mother came to Canada in the early, early days, and took up a farm in the woods, or forest, of Middlesex. Father had a pension; I suppose army pension. Three boys, Robert, Joseph and Henry, came west to Vancouver and stayed; also Samuel; Francis, another brother, was here for a few days and went away to Marshfield down in Oregon. Lucy, my sister, and Emily, came to Vancouver; Lucy was Mrs. Adams Edwards when she came here; Emily was single, and married Capt. George Golightley, master mariner, ship *Duke of Argyle*, so that out of the ten children, five came to B.C. Mother and Father also came out, after they sold their farm and were aged. Father died first, about 1910, and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery; Mother went to Portland to live with brother Henry, and died there about ten years after. Of the five children, Joseph died back east, Lucy went to Victoria where she had a stationery business and died there, and Emily is still living in Seattle. She is the youngest of the family. We belonged to the First Baptist Church, Victoria, in early days.

"This other photograph by Smith of Detroit, Michigan, shows brother Joe with his bride on their wedding day. He went east to some place in the States, Maryland I think it was, and studied to be a medical doctor; he passed, and he practiced in Detroit, and he had a fine place; one of the best medical offices in Detroit. He married Miss" [blank] "and they had two children, two boys, I forget their names but one, I think, is a lawyer. I think they are in" [blank.]

R.V. PALMER CAME TO VANCOUVER BY HORSE AND FOOT.

"As for myself, I got here by C.P.R. part of the way, as far as Calgary. Then from Calgary we rode on flat cars loaded with steel rails, and navy jacks as far as the end of the track. At Calgary we, that is my brother Samuel and myself, boarded the flat cars at four o'clock in the morning; it was colder than Greenland; it was early 1885. I left Moosejaw when the red coats were going out from Moosejaw to Duck Lake to get Riel. Then we went right to Calgary by C.P.R., and on into the Rockies on the flat cars. We were boys, and out for fun, and were going to the 'Great Terminal' in the west of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

STONEY CREEK INDIANS.

"They let us off at Stoney Creek bridge, which was under construction, and then we packed our provisions and our blankets, and started off on foot towards the Columbia Valley and river. We came to a farm; we heard the geese squawking, so we got our guns ready and we made up our minds we would have a goose for dinner, but before we could get a shot they splashed the water, and away they went; they made an awful splash as they rose; they were wild geese."

C.P.R. A TOTE ROAD.

"The road that we travelled was part of a tote rode; the tote trail they toted the provisions in for the men through the mountains. The road was in some places good, but in others very muddy and wet; awfully hard work travelling for men carrying a heavy load; we had a great big buffalo robe, and a gun and a big Colts retriever, and a hatchet, and our loads were heavy."

SNOW SLIDES.

"After we had travelled several days going west, we began to hear the snow slides, the avalanches coming down, a continuous sort of thunder storm roar coming down every five or ten minutes; those snow slides coming down the mountain, and we were wondering when one was going to come down on top of

us. The mountain peaks were very high and covered with deep snow; one slide had come down a few weeks before we crossed, and there were five men under it. Their corpses were found, but the bears had eaten their heads off.”

REVELSTOKE, A LOG HUT HAMLET. GAMBLERS AND DESPERADOES.

“Then we got down to the Columbia River and stayed a day or so. The population there—I suppose that is Revelstoke now—was about two or three hundred, and of course miners and prospectors and a few stores, and one barber shop there. The loggers lived in huts built of logs, the huts were about sixteen foot square, and they played poker and blackjack, and had the money stacked up in the middle of the table, and sight-seeing around the logger’s huts, anyway huts or cabins or whatever you call them, they sat there and played blackjack and poker all day long, with the money stacked in the middle of the table, and never washed themselves, and hardly ever cut their hair, just sat in great big red and blue jackets, dirty, they looked like goats or something; just sat around all day playing blackjack.

“In one of these huts there was a round table filled with gamblers; they were playing for stakes and the money was heaped up in the centre of the table. They didn’t look as if they ever prospected; they looked as though they spent all their days gambling. There was a nigger in one of them, and he sat there—he looked as though he was the attendant—and his rifle was close beside him in the corner of the hut. It looked to me as though they were a gang of desperadoes there to shoot up travellers as they went through the mountains and take what they could from them.”

INDIAN PACK PONIES.

“Our packs got so heavy that we had to buy a couple of ponies from the Indians; that was at the same place; we paid twenty-five dollars each for the ponies; my brother bought the pack saddles; they wouldn’t cost much, perhaps five dollars for the two. We were ferried across the river, and then I told my brother Sam, ‘Now,’ I says, ‘those people are desperadoes, and they have that nigger with the rifle, and we shall have to watch out or that nigger will get us going through the trail in the mountains.’

“So we took our blankets and we packed two ponies, and an old miner come along used to packing, and he says, ‘Why, boys, you’ve never packed a pony before; now, take all the sack stuff off the ponies,’ and we took it off and he put the packs on right. And then he tightened up the cinch so tight I thought perhaps the pony would not be able to breathe or get along, but we found out it was all right, and the pony got along fine.”

HIGHWAY ROBBER.

“Well, so we had started on our way again. When we got out about a mile I said to my brother, ‘Now you watch on your side, and I’ll watch on my side.’ We were riding abreast. I was on the left. ‘We’ll be ready for that nigger, and be on our guard.’ A big fire had burnt out all one side, and there were big black logs and small trees here and there, lying on the ground, but covered with snow about a foot deep. So I saw my brother wasn’t watching very good on his side; anybody could get a level on him and shoot him, so I said to myself, ‘I’ll keep watch on both sides, for I know that nigger is there to get us.’ We had sixteen hundred dollars in cash on us. My brother had seven hundred and fifty sewed in his shirt, and I had seven hundred and fifty sewed in my shirt. We hadn’t gone very much further when I saw this nigger with his rifle behind one of those big rocks, and he had it trained on us; if we had gone another ten or fifteen feet he would have had the two of us in a line, and killed both of us with one bullet. When I saw him, he ducked behind a log, so I said to my brother, ‘He was going to get us; now we will get him.’ So my brother says, ‘No; we’re safe now; we’d better go on.’ If I had not seen him neither of us would have come through, and I should not be here today.

“Protection in the mountains was rare; there might have been one or two mounted police in the whole valley.”

C.P.R. A TOTE ROAD.

“Then we went up the west side of the Columbia River, and gradually ascended the range of mountains; the trail was very wet and muddy and as we ascended it got colder; there was very seldom a place to sleep; we came to a place where the trees had fallen across the tote road; we could not get our ponies through; we had to go away around in the bush to get our ponies through. So we sold the ponies for thirty

dollars apiece, and started out on foot again. I remember selling them, but who to, or where, I don't recall. It was so inconvenient with the ponies; you had to swim the rivers, and the trees were all blown across the tote road, and we had to go away around through the bush with the ponies; it was hard work. So we swam one river with them, but after that we sold them."

SHUSWAP LAKE.

"Well, then we got to the top of the range, and it was cold and no covering; we could not sleep; shivered all night. Then we came down to the Shuswap Valley; the Okanagan and the Thompson River. Oh, it took us days and days and days getting through there. We came to the Shuswap Lake, three or four small lakes; they had small scows, and we jumped aboard, and they had great big long paddles, and we rowed ourselves across the lakes.

"Finally we came down the Thompson River to Kamloops on a sternwheeler, and we heard the C.P.R. had let a contract to an American firm called the Onderdonk firm to build the C.P.R. track from the coast into the interior. So we made up our minds that when we came to the track coming in from the coast, we would take the track to Port Moody, which was then the C.P.R. terminal of the great continental railway. There was no thought of Vancouver being the terminal at that time."

ASHCROFT, B.C. PORT MOODY BOOMING. JOSEPH W. PALMER, 1885. LAST SCHOOLMASTER, HASTINGS MILL.

"Then we came into the cattle ranch district, and the half-breeds; whitemen had married squaws and had half-breed families about them, and we met the Semlins, the member of parliament, and he was married to an Indian woman, and we were talking to his sons; he was supposed to be one of the rich men up there in those days among the cattle men. Then after we came down the Thompson River, and caught up to where the Onderdonk railway was built, we took caboose on the train to Port Moody; a little better at this end than flat cars; we got a caboose ride, and then we got into Hope. We landed in Port Moody, and met our brother Joseph there, who had come around by, I think, the Union Pacific, San Francisco, and boat up to Victoria. He had just landed in Victoria, and came over to Port Moody to meet us. He was not teaching then at Hastings Sawmill. We arrived at Port Moody early in the spring of 1885, not 1886, but spring of 1885. There was no town at Vancouver, but Port Moody was supposed to be booming; they were selling town lots and real estate men were there, but it was all woods and trees, but they were selling lots all the same, covered with trees."

PORT MOODY DISAPPOINTING. COAL HARBOUR.

"So when we saw the harbour we said, 'We're not going to stop; there's not going to be a big city here. There's no harbour; the harbour is too small; we won't invest our money here.' So we waited through the summer to see what future developments the C.P.R. would make. They started to build a wharf at Port Moody for the steamships to land their freight. But all of a sudden, they quit, and the rumour was spread that they were going to leave Port Moody and go to the harbour at Coal Harbour. But the real estate men and the big men at Port Moody, with investments there said, 'No. A ship can't anchor in Coal Harbour or Burrard Inlet; it would be blown ashore; it's too open; would be smashed up and wrecked.' So we procured a boat, and rowed twelve miles up the inlet to see for ourselves and we considered it a beautiful harbour, so we said, 'We'll not stay at Port Moody; we'll get out.' There was no place in 'Gastown' or Hastings Sawmill to start in business of any kind; it was too young. We went over to New Westminster which was quite a little town at that time, and started early in 1886 in New Westminster, and lived there. We were going into the teaming business."

HORSE AND TEAMS.

"By this time we heard that the C.P.R. had definitely decided to build their terminal at Burrard Inlet, so we made up our minds that we would be the first to get into 'Gastown'—with our teams. So we went up country to beyond Hope and got two teams of ranch horses, and had harness made in New Westminster for them. We came down river part on boat and part on trail. We waited in New Westminster until there was a better road to Gastown, and when the road was completed we drove our teams over, and started in business hauling lumber and slabs from the Hastings Sawmill."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH ENVOY THOMAS JAMES MCGILL AND MRS. MCGILL, NÉE LAURA AIKENHEAD, BOTH OF THE SALVATION ARMY, NOW OF 4586 WEST SIXTH AVENUE, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 11 SEPTEMBER 1945.

Mrs. McGill came carrying a small parcel and Envoy McGill drew a small book from his pocket.

SALVATION ARMY. TAMBOURINE. GEORGE HODSON.

Mrs. McGill: "This is not my tambourine; it belongs to Mrs. George Hodson, wife of Sergeant-Major Hodson of the Salvation Army Citadel on Gore Avenue; he has been Sergeant-Major for twenty-five years; they live at 4383 West 15th Avenue. Mrs. Hodson gave it to me to bring to you for your Archives. I asked Sergeant-Major Hodson if he had a spare tambourine he could spare, and the next time I saw him he said Mrs. Hodson would give hers. Here it is."

HALLELUJAH LASSIES. TIMBRELS.

"We had an early officer, his name was Archer, he could play the tambourine wonderfully well; the tambourine used to be used on the march and during the testimony meeting. They don't use it much now; the brass band takes its place; but in small towns they still use the tambourine; they use it over at North Vancouver. There is a woman soldier at the Citadel who plays the tambourine every Wednesday night. They used them in bible times. Mariam played the timbrels when they got through the Red Sea, and were rejoicing that the enemy had been drowned and they had escaped; we suppose that the timbrels were the same as the tambourine. I think the word tambourine is American. In ancient days the maidens played the timbrels on the march; in more recent days, the Hallelujah Lassies of the Salvation Army, but they don't do it so frequently now. You must thank Mrs. George Hodson for the tambourine."

SALVATION ARMY SONG BOOK. SALVATION ARMY IN YUKON.

Envoy McGill: "This is my song book, one of the early ones. I bought [it] in Winnipeg about 1890 where I was a Salvation Army Officer. First I was cadet, then lieutenant, then captain, then ensign, and then adjutant. I was adjutant in the Klondike in 1898. I was one of the pioneer Salvation Army party who went over the Chilcot Pass to establish the Army in Dawson, Y.T. The party started in Toronto; I joined them in Winnipeg, and we went by the steamer *Tees* from Vancouver to Skagway, then around to Dyea to get to the Chilcot Pass route for Dawson."

COMMANDER EVA BOOTH. GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.

"Commander Eva Booth, she was General William Booth's daughter, she was with the party; she was in charge of Canada at the time; it was Commander Eva Booth who actually sent the party to the Klondike. When General Booth was in Seattle before the 'Rush' started, he saw so many people getting ready and heading for the Klondike, so he told his daughter to organise a party and send them north to the gold fields."

SALVATION ARMY, YUKON, 1898. KLONDIKE RUSH.

"The party was in charge of Adjutant George Dowell, and I was second in command, there was Ensign Morris, and Ensign Bloss, and Captain Keenie, and Captain Lecocq, and the two women were Rebecca Hennery and a Mrs. Lieutenant Aitken, who was a sort of nurse. Rebecca Hennery was Staff Captain. We had two detachable canoes, and we, that is the six men and two women, carried our packs and the two canoes, taken apart in three pieces, and we carried the lots over the Pass on our backs. That was the heaviest job I ever had in my life. We put the canoes together and had the time of our life in all those lakes, and the Thirty Mile River, and the Fifty Mile River. It was June; we were three weeks on the way; we must have left Winnipeg some time in the early part of May 1898. At the time it was the most northerly post the Salvation Army ever had, and I know of nothing further north since."

SALVATION ARMY, DAWSON, Y.T. WELCOME AND ESTABLISHMENT.

"When we got to Dawson we got the most amazing welcome. I had composed a Klondike Song; here it is; this is a copy of it; I composed it in Winnipeg. We were without what is called a 'Taking' song, and as I was a fairly good singer, I made up my mind that I would compose a song, and we sung it at all the meetings we had all the way to Dawson. But when we got to Dawson I venture to say there were about five hundred men—hardly a woman in sight—crowded on the main street, which was sawdust, and they lined the river bank. Why! The first collection was something like seventy dollars. We got a wonderful

reception. We had our tents with us, and we put them up on a piece of ground where the police told us to go and place them; the women had a small tent; the men had a big one; both square tents about twelve feet by sixteen feet. There were so many incidents in connection with the Dawson experiences that I really don't know where to start. Well, we went up river to cut logs to build a barracks, and we made them into a raft, but we didn't know much about working a raft. We floated down river, but when we were just about to Dawson we were on the opposite side to what we wanted to be, opposite side to Dawson City. The river is very wide there, and very swift. We managed to get snubbed a few miles down river, and then we took our canoes, and put bolsters across each end of the canoes, and loaded the logs on each side, and two men began to row, and one to steer, and the first thing to do was to cross the river. So we got across and between rowing and towing we managed to get our logs up past the City again, and this time on the bank we wanted them. Then we repeated that operation again and again until we got every log back. We were young and strong.

"The Salvation Army stayed in Dawson for years, and the first officers were followed by a regular succession of others.

SALVATION ARMY, SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

Mrs. McGill: "My husband" (Envoy McGill) "was farewelled from Dawson and sent to open up Skagway, and that is where I came into the picture. We were married in Victoria. I was Miss Laura Aikenhead, and we met in Victoria, and were married in the old Presbyterian Church—it was an Army wedding—we got the use of the church, and Dr. Campbell, Presbyterian minister, married us."

THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE "KLONDIKE RUSH," 1898.

Note: in May 1898, a party of eight members of the Salvation Army, six men and two women, left Toronto and Winnipeg to proceed via Vancouver, the steamship *Tees*, Skagway, Dyea, the Chilcoot Pass, lakes, Thirty Mile River and Fifty Mile River, to establish the Salvation Army in Dawson, Yukon Territory. Ensign Thomas James McGill was adjutant, and, lacking a song with a "swing" in it, he composed his own. It was sung, with gusto, at their meetings en route. Afterwards his party built their own log cabin at Dawson, hewing the logs with their own hands, floating them down river to the site, and then erecting the log cabin themselves. Their arrival at Dawson met with a most cordial and spontaneous welcome from a large crowd, probably five hundred, gold miners.

In August 1945, Envoy and Mrs. McGill participated in the solemn ceremony of the rededication of Hallelujah Point, Stanley Park, 22 August 1945, where Major Matthews, City Archivist, made their acquaintanceship. On 15 September following, Envoy McGill gave Major Matthews a manuscript of the song, McGill's Klondike Song.

MCGILL'S KLONDYKE SONG

Tune: "We're Going Back to Dixie"

When the General was in Seattle
Amid the noise and smoke of battle,
His heart went out in pity for the North,
The Commissioner took in the situation,
And arranged this expedition;
So now we're off to Klondyke for all we're worth.

Chorus

We're going to the Klondyke (repeat)
We're going after sinners in that land
We're happy lads and lassies
We're not afraid of passes
We're going to the Klondyke at God's command.

Here's Dowell, an old-timer,
And Keeney, he's a climber,
Lecocq and Bloss have been on men-of-war.

McGill is an old farmer,
And Morris, he's a charmer,
And Ellery and Aiken are all there. (Chorus.)

There's lack of woman's nursing,
There's lack of woman's tears,
A famine of their love and tender care.
So open up your purses; assist those two brave nurses.
Who for Jesus' sake are going right up there. (Chorus.)

Composed by Thos. J. McGill, in Brandon, Manitoba, 1898.

18 SEPTEMBER 1945 – MOODYVILLE, BURRARD INLET. EARLY FIRE PROTECTION.

Memo of conversation, over the phone, with Miss Muriel Crakanthorp, R.C.A.F. No. 2 Equipment Depot, Indian Reserve, False Creek, only daughter of Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, 1406 Davie Street, pioneer of Burrard Inlet, 1873; first at Hastings Sawmill, 1873, and afterwards at Moodyville Sawmill, 18 September 1945.

MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. MOODYVILLE, B.C. FIRE PROTECTION.

Miss Muriel Crakanthorp: "Mother says to tell you that there was no fire brigade at Moodyville; all they had was barrels and buckets of water on top of the roof of the sawmill; the buckets had something painted on them like 'Property of Moodyville Sawmill'; something like that.

"In the case of fire, the men of the mill were supposed to rush up on top of the mill and man the buckets. There was lots of water at Moodyville, and there were very few fires. If a house caught on fire, the men all gathered and put it out with buckets; bucket brigade. There was no hose, or fire brigade; just buckets."

As told to me. J.S. Matthews.

CONVERSATION, SAME DAY, WITH MR. CALVIN PATTERSON, BROTHER, MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHORP, PROPRIETOR, CIGAR STAND, HOTEL GEORGIA.

MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. MOODYVILLE, B.C. FIRE PROTECTION.

Mr. Patterson: "Oh, they had some hose, and hose reels about the sawmill too."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. THEODORE BRYANT, LADYSMITH, B.C., 24 SEPTEMBER 1945.

Son of the Rev. Cornelius Bryant, minister of the (Wesleyan) Methodist Church, more commonly known as the "Indian Church" at Granville, or "Gastown" from 1878 to 1881. Mr. Bryant is on a visit to Vancouver; has been up to Prince Rupert for a trip; also to Ashcroft, and is on his way home, and spent this afternoon in the City Archives. Despite his age he is sound of mind and thought, and as active as a cricket. He has been a postmaster over *fifty years*; first at Wellington, Vancouver Island, for thirteen years and eight months, and at Ladysmith since 1907.

ROLLER SKATING RINK. HASTINGS TOWNSITE. GEORGE BLACK.

Mr. Bryant: "It was earlier than 1881 that George Black had a skating rink, roller skates, at Hastings, because Father was here from 1878 to 1881, and it was before we left. George Black used to get a wagon, fill it with straw, and come down to Granville, or 'Gastown' as they call it now, and pile all the children he could get into the wagon; sit us on the straw, and take us up to Hastings Townsite to his skating rink."

GRANVILLE HOTEL. SULLIVANS OF GRANVILLE. MAGEE BROS. STORE. JOSEPH MANNION.

"In this photograph here, this Granville Hotel" (photo C.V., Dist. N. 19, P. 30; Granville, 1884) "this hotel was not the original Granville Hotel; the one you see here was built while we were in Granville, probably in 1879 or 1880. It replaced an earlier building, which was pulled down or moved or something, but I

remember them building this one. And the Sullivan store here, that was built after the Granville Hotel, about a year after, say about 1880 or 1881; I remember them building it. This small building here still further west, this was where the Magee Bros. of the North Arm, Fraser River, had a grocery store. There was a road passed between Sullivan's and this low white building, and it led to the shoemaker's, Edward McKendry I suppose, at the back."

BAGPIPES, 1878-1881. EDWARD MCKENDRY, SHOEMAKER.

"Bear this in mind; we left here in 1881, so anything I tell you must have happened before that. The first time I ever heard bagpipes was in the shoemaker's cabin and store at the back of Sullivan's. I did not know what bagpipes were, and went home and asked my mother. There was no dance or anything, no ceremony of any sort; the shoemaker, whom I suppose was Edward McKendry, used to play them of an evening after his work; just to revive old memories and pass the time, I suppose. Whether he or George Black had the first bagpipes I do not know, but I have seen George Black dancing Scotch dances at New Westminster."

FIRST SALVATION ARMY, NEW WESTMINSTER.

"I was at the first Salvation Army meetings in New Westminster; we were a bunch of boys, and we used to go and listen to their singsongs. I can remember some of their songs yet; one was 'Come, come, come, come; come away to Jesus.' They had a little place upstairs on Columbia Street, on the river side of the street. There was a good crowd there. It was the novelty."

Major Matthews: What attracted the crowd?

Mr. Bryant: "The Salvation Army will attract a crowd, anywhere, anytime. There were only two of them." (See narrative of Mrs. H.E. Greatrex.) "That must have been about 1887."

BREW'S POINT. JOHNNIE BAKER'S CLEARING. NINE O'CLOCK GUN. HALLELUJAH POINT.

At a luncheon, given by the Parks Board, to two hundred pioneers and others of Vancouver on the occasion of the re-entry of Locomotive No. 374, which drew the first trans-Canada passenger train from Montréal to Vancouver, 23 May 1887, held in the Stanley Park Pavilion, 22 August 1945, Major Matthews, City Archivist, was called upon by the Chairman, Mr. Holland, Parks Board, to introduce Mrs. H.E. Greatrex, one of the four founders of the Salvation Army in Vancouver, and to do it in the fewest words, owing to the proceedings being on a schedule.

Major Matthews: (addressing the 200 at the tables)

Come with me where we are going next: to Brew's Point, Johnnie Baker's Clearing, Nine O'Clock Gun, or Hallelujah Point; all the same place. Look! In all directions the silent forest covers the land; at high tide the waters lap the lower branches. Deadman's Island is a gem of emerald floating in a sea of blue.

There, in the distance, coming towards us from the Carrall Street log float, is a work boat; there are people in it. Presently, the bow grates on the gravel of the beach at our feet; men step out and, on their shoulders, slowly carry a small coffin of rude boards up the low cliff and into the trees. New earth is scattered about and, at the bottom of a shapeless hole in the ground, shapeless as a shell hole, the mourners gently place their burden; climb out again and stand, in a circle with others, solemn and silent, on the rim. No clergyman is available on Burrard Inlet, but the bull puncher is there, in his lumberjack's shirt and his caulk boots. The bull puncher is troubled.

"Ain't nobody going to say nothing?" murmurs the bull puncher, and then, as no one says "nothing," slips his hand in his vest pocket, withdraws a tiny prayer book, opens it and commences to read:

"In as much as it has pleased Almighty God in His mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear sister —"

Then all help to fill in the grave, return to their boat, and row back to Gastown.

Sunday afternoon, a week later, comes another smaller boat. Father, Mr. McCord, carries a tiny head board, with rounded top, made with his own hands and painted white with little [Maud] sister's name daubed in black; Mother carries a jam jar for water and sister carries a posy of flowers to put in it. In the silence of the forest, Father sinks the head board in the earth while Mother arranges the flowers in the jar.

There are from fifty to one hundred graves beneath the road from Hallelujah Point to the Brockton Point Lighthouse. "Each in his narrow cell forever laid, the rude forefathers of Vancouver sleep." Hallelujah Point is hallowed ground; tread lightly as you pass.

The years come and go; it is a brilliant summer's day such as this. Another, larger boat is coming towards us from Carrall Street; a joyful picnic party; the Hallelujah Lassies are coming, coming with flag and drum and tambourine, coming to sing and to pray and to play. May I request Mrs. Greatrex, one of them, one of the four founders of the Salvation Army in Vancouver, to continue the story of Hallelujah Point half a century ago.

(Major Matthews resumes seat.)

SALVATION ARMY, ITS FIRST STREET PARADE, VANCOUVER, 10 DECEMBER 1887.

Memo of conversation (over the phone) with Mrs. Hannah Elizabeth Greatrex, née Lynes (pronounced Ly-ness), who lives with her daughter, Mrs. C.F. Williams, 3615 Irvine Street, Burnaby, and kindly telephoned me, 10 December 1943.

FIRST SALVATION ARMY STREET PARADE.

Mrs. Greatrex: "We went on the corner of Carrall and Cordova Street and had an open air meeting, the first; today is the anniversary, 10th December. Captain Mary Hackett, Lieutenant Iverack, Lieutenant Tirney, and myself" (Lieutenant Lynes) "just the four of us, and our drum and flag. And then after the open air meeting—that was the first in Vancouver—we paraded down to the other end of Carrall Street, and the men all followed us, and we went into Hart's Opera House and had another meeting in there."

J.S. Matthews, December 1943.

OLD HASTINGS MILL STORE, ALMA ROAD. SUNDAY, 3 JUNE 1945.

On the afternoon of Sunday, 3 June 1945, the Native Daughters of B.C., Post No. 1, held a reception and tea for the Pioneers of Vancouver, the Park Commissioners and the Trustees and Governors, City Archives. One hundred and fifty or more attended; it was a beautiful afternoon and the old building was comfortably crowded.

It had been previously arranged with Mr. Roy A. Hunter, Chairman, Governors, that he should call at 3516 Main Street with his motor car and "pick up" Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Scales who, next October (1945) will celebrate their Diamond wedding anniversary. Mr. John Henry Scales is the son of John Scales, Royal Engineer, and is said to be one of the only two now surviving of the party of Royal Engineers, wives and children who came to British Columbia, via the Horn, on the famous *Thames City* in 1859. Mr. John Henry Scales was born on the Island of Mauritius. He first saw Burrard Inlet in or about 1869 and is now the earliest living resident of Vancouver. When he came past Brockton Point in a rowboat with his father, there were three shacks only and the old Stamp's Sawmill to be seen on the Vancouver waterfront. Mr. Scales is 91; Mrs. Scales, 84, is now inclined to be feeble.

Mr. Hunter and I (Major J.S. Matthews) sat beside Mr. Scales waiting for the ceremonials to begin, and the following conversation took place.

OLD HASTINGS MILL STORE. FIRST PILE DRIVER ON BURRARD INLET.

Mr. Scales: "I saw this building being built. We were coming along from Gastown in a canoe and I saw in front of me something I had never seen before. It was a great high thing and they were hauling a 'stick'" (pile or pole) "up it; we wondered what they were doing. It was a pile driver; I had never seen a pile driver before. Then, after a while, they had a big heavy piece of iron and they kept dropping it on top of the pile; they dropped it three times and that was the first pile ever driven, I should think, in Burrard Inlet. We were

coming along in a canoe from our home; the old coal shack down at the foot of what is now Abbott Street; the old deserted cabin of those who had drilled for coal and which we occupied.”

HASTINGS MILL STORE WHARF.

“Before they had the Hastings Sawmill wharf, all they had was the beach. When a boat came in, it had to push its way up as best it could on the beach and land things as best they could, but after they built the wharf they could land things properly, at any stage of the tide; they had a sloping place” (gangway) “where the boats could land their cargo at any time.”

THE OLD, OLD HASTINGS MILL STORE.

Major Matthews: Did you say you saw this building built?

Mr. Scales: “Certainly. Before they built this store they had the earlier one. It was a building where they kept everything wanted for the mill and loggers. When a logger wanted anything, he went to that old store and got it; all they wanted for the mill, too. There were not so many people here that they wanted a regular store. All they wanted was a building to keep all sorts of stuff in, from tools to groceries; everything. Oh yes, I saw them build this building.”

Note: in an old advertisement published in the *News-Advertiser*, 2 October 1891, there appears:

HASTINGS MILL STORE
1868—Established—1868

If this is correct, then Mr. John Scales, R.E., and his wife and children, including John Henry Scales, must have come here in 1868 or earlier.

Subsequently, Mr. Hunter took Mr. and Mrs. Scales back to their home, but before doing so, took them for a drive around those more splendid parts of the city which Mr. Scales had never seen.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ROBERT MACKIE, 2510 SOUTHWEST MARINE DRIVE, FORMERLY MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH MCCLEERY, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE (ONE OF) FIRST SETTLERS ON THE SITE OF VANCOUVER, I.E., FITZGERALD MCCLEERY, OF D.L. 315, 3 JULY 1945.

Mrs. Mackie came carrying an old wash board, and two ox bows, which go around the neck to oxen, fit into the yoke.

OXEN. OX BOWS. OX YOKES.

Mrs. Mackie said: “Here are the two bows you asked for; got them out of the barn. They were used on our farm by my father for plowing; they used to go around the necks of our two oxen we plowed D.L. 315 with; one was called ‘Bright’ and the other ‘Jerry’; They were both pure white oxen.

“Father says in his diary that the flies were bad, and bothering ‘Bright’ and ‘Jerry’; that was when my sister” (Mrs. Logan) “was born; it’s in his diary.”

Note: Mrs. Logan was born 1878.

Note: I have tried to fit the bows to the yoke given us by the Mitchell Estate, which was without bows, but the McCleery bows are a little too large for the holes in the yoke—too wide apart. If I steam the bows I think I can bend them in closer so that they will fit.

JSM.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. RUSSELL ALONZO LEONARD, NÉE ANDREWS, PIONEER, SEPTEMBER 1885, VICTORIA, SEPTEMBER 1886, VANCOUVER (AFTER THE FIRST FIRE), 811 THURLOW STREET, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON ACCOMPANIED BY MRS. C.O. BOYD OF 2142 WEST SECOND AVENUE, 3 OCTOBER 1945.

HOTEL VANCOUVER, 1887.

Mrs. Leonard: "I came to Vancouver from Victoria in September 1886; there were no trains in here then. I was born at Andrewsville, near Ottawa; named to honour my father; and then I came to Victoria from Collingwood, Ontario. My husband and I were married in Clinton, Ontario, and lived one year in Collingwood. We were married 1st January 1884, Wesleyan Methodist. We came to British Columbia by the Northern Pacific Railway to Tacoma; there were no trains into Seattle at that time; then by boat to Victoria. My husband was like most men; he was a rover."

GENEALOGY.

Major Matthews: Can I say you roved?

Mrs. Leonard: "Oh, yes, I'm very glad I came. The first work Mr. Leonard did here was on the foundation of the old Hotel Vancouver." (Southwest corner, Georgia and Granville.)

"We brought one daughter, ten months old, with us. She is now Mrs. Ernest John Peel. Hattie's husband is an electrician at Kerrisdale. They have three boys. Mrs. Peel was born 22nd November 1884."

GEORGIA STREET EAST. HARRIS STREET.

"Colin was born January 1887, the 9th, on what is now known as Georgia Street East, but in those days, Harris Street. Our house was one of the first. I think there were three others. Mr. Leonard built it himself. Colin married, but is now a widower; there were no children.

"Frank S. Leonard, my third child, was born in Clinton, Ontario, in March" (about 28th) "1888. I was there on a visit. Frank is married, no children. Amy was born also in Clinton, Ontario. She is now Mrs. Alexander T. Windt; they live in Vancouver, and they have one son and two girls, all married.

"Alice Emily was born when we were living on Georgia Street West, in that row of brick houses opposite the Safeways." (Southeast corner, Seymour and Georgia.) "She is Mrs. John Mellish, Sydney, N.S.W., and they have one daughter. That completes the family; two sons and three daughters.

"Mr. Leonard died in the Peace River country, at Dawson Creek, seven years ago; about 1838."

CHURCH STREET.

Major Matthews: Do you know how that little lane by the old Congregational Church on Georgia Street got its name?

Mrs. Leonard: "Mr. Leonard called it that because we had four dwelling houses down it. Mr. Leonard was a contractor; he was skilled as a bricklayer, and he built those brick houses facing Georgia Street, but do not confuse them with four, one and a half storey houses which were on the lane behind the Georgia Street houses, and which faced east, and there were still more, and a store, on Seymour Street facing west." (See Goad's Map, 1893, folio 19.)

"Well, people did not like living on a lane or alley, so Mr. Leonard named that alley Church Street; you can see it marked here on your map."

B.C. SUGAR REFINERY.

"Afterwards Mr. Leonard built the first sugar refinery; his men would not build the high chimney; too high for them, or something; so he built it himself with his own hands."

ALASKA. SALMON CANNERY.

"I made eight trips to Alaska. Mr. Leonard had a salmon cannery on Chilcoot Inlet, and I went up for two months each summer. The first time I went up was the year before the *Islander* went down."

SALMON CANNERY. PROVINCIAL CANNERY. EBURNE, B.C.

“He also had a cannery out on the Fraser River before that; it was on Lulu Island just across the bridge, the second bridge; it was called the Provincial Cannery. It was sold, and the company sent him to Alaska to the other cannery which he had built. I don’t recall how many years he was there, and then the company sent him northwest again; he was about fifty miles from a place called Yakupat” (sic); “the cannery was built right in the shadow of Mount St. Elias. He was there until the beginning of the first Great War, 1914. They called it the St. Elias Packing Company. He had his own boat and he was putting up salmon for a company in Seattle; he had sent out all the salmon excepting fifty thousand cases. He had sent two hundred thousand cases and was bringing down the other fifty thousand cases on his boat, but coming out of the river to get into the ocean, the vessel was wrecked; the salmon lost. Five men swam or floated back to the cannery, but could not stay there as the supplies left were only just sufficient for the watchman, so they had to walk fifty miles to Yakupat” (sic); “they walked back and were there fifty-three days before they got a boat out. Then the war broke out. So he got back to Vancouver with nothing.”

CARIBOO.

“In 1914 we went into the Cariboo; seventeen miles north of Soda Creek; we took up a piece of land; Buckshot Andrews was up at Australian about five or six miles. We were there for ten years, farming, mixed farming; we were on the west side of the river, not on the Cariboo Road; Castle Rock was the name of our post office. Our nearest neighbour was a mile away—a Chinaman, Oh Sing Lee.”

ENGLISH BAY BEACH. GREER’S BEACH.

Major Matthews: And still you say you are glad you came?

Mrs. Leonard: “Sure I am? Georgia Street, down to English Bay Beach was just a trail, and we used to go to Greer’s Beach, go across the railway trestle, and pick berries, wild blackberries, and there was never a berry grown yet which was any better than those berries. Then my husband would come and bring us home; we walked.”

CONVERSATION WITH MR. MATTHEW SERGIUS LOGAN, OF 1259 WEST GEORGIA STREET, WHERE HE RESIDES IN A HOUSE BUILT, YEARS AGO, BY THE HON. F.L. CARTER-COTTON, OWNER-EDITOR OF THE *NEWS-ADVERTISER*, 20 NOVEMBER 1945.

His office is in the Crown Building, 615 West Pender Street, in which office he was the first tenant, and has been there thirty-five years. He very kindly called, at our invitation, at the City Archives this afternoon for a chat.

GENEALOGY.

Mr. Logan said: “I was born in Morrisburg, Ontario, forty-five miles straight south from Ottawa on the St. Lawrence River. My father was Matthew Logan; he was a farmer; he was born in Elma, just north of there. Mother’s name was Miss Elizabeth Jane Allison; they were of Scotch descent. My grandfather Logan came to Canada somewhere around 1840, I think from County Antrim in Ireland. Father had two sons and one daughter; Grandfather had three sons and three daughters. I have no children. On my mother’s side, Mother’s father had four daughters and seven sons. I was brought up on a farm until I was nine years old; I have milked fifteen cows at one sitting when I was a boy nine years old. I have heard Mother say that she had milked twenty-seven cows. I have heard her say that she had taken the wool off the sheep’s back, and put it on a man’s back. We had forty cows on our farm; butter and cheese; Father had a cheese factory on the farm. Our family belonged to the Wesleyan Methodists. I was educated at Morrisburg Collegiate Institute; it was a sort of advanced high school; they prepared students for the university.

“My brother, Andrew Allison Logan, died in Vancouver in 1930; my sister, Nettie, died in Morrisburg, unmarried, in 1877, and I am the other of the three children. Andrew’s widow is dead, but of his children, Nettie, the eldest of the family, died about 1925, leaving a son and daughter; one is on the prairie at Oak Lake, Manitoba, and the son is in the American Navy; quite a high officer, and has seen service in the

present war in Japan. Ralph Andrew Logan, the son, lives in Vancouver, mining property operator. James Josiah Logan lives in Winnipeg, Manitoba; that is all of Andrew's children.

"My wife, Miss Emily Morris of Hamilton, Ontario, died in Vancouver at our home, 2530 Point Grey Road, in October 1925; there are no children. Mrs. Logan is buried in Ocean View Cemetery, and my brother and his wife are buried in the same plot."

REV. EBENEZER ROBSON. PITT RIVER MEADOWS, 1875.

"Father was a fairly successful farmer; he had his own farm, his own forty cows, a big cheese factory, and made cheese—no butter—from his own stock, and the farmer's cows around. Then about 1873, the Rev. Ebenezer Robson, brother of the Hon. John Robson, premier of B.C. afterwards, took a trip east, and was stationed at Morrisburg for about three years. He was a great booster for British Columbia, and he suggested to Father that he should move out west. Father was finally persuaded to sell out everything, and on the 10th February 1875, we, that is, Father, Mother and three children, left Morrisburg by train via Sarnia and Chicago to San Francisco. The Rev. Robson had persuaded Father to sell out and come to British Columbia for the purpose of taking up land on the Pitt River Meadows, and you can imagine what that was like before there were any dykes, and ten years before the Canadian Pacific Railway was built. No Pullman cars in those days; coal oil headlights on the railway engines; coal stoves for heating the coaches, and we carried lunches for food, and replenished our supply at the several stops; no dining cars in those days. Finally we got to San Francisco."

S.S. PACIFIC. S.S. LOS ANGELES.

"At that time there were two steamers, old 'tubs,' running from San Francisco to Victoria; one was the *Pacific* and the other was the *Los Angeles*. We sailed on the *Los Angeles*, screw steamer. After two or three days we ran into a very heavy storm, and off Cape Flattery the shaft which operated the propeller broke, and lodged in the rudder, preventing the steering of the ship which, otherwise, might have been possible. We were unable to progress or to steer, and tossed there, out in the middle of the ocean storm, for three days. There were several coast captains on board, coming north to Tacoma for the spring season.

"On the morning of the first day, one of these captains, with five or six men, left in a lifeboat hoping to make a landing somewhere along the shores, and get to Victoria to get help. This boat did not return.

"On the second morning a similar crew started, and returned that night stating that a landing was impossible, and that the first boat must have been lost.

"On the third morning, a third crew started, and returned that night with a similar report. Naturally, gloom settled over the entire ship. About ten o'clock that night, a light was seen in the mist, and immediately rockets and signals were sent up, and we found that it was a tugboat from Astoria, coming to our assistance. It was revealed that the first boat crew had landed, and in doing so had gone in on the crest of one high wave, jumped, caught hold of shrubs, and got out of the way of the swell of the second roller following the first, before it could reach them, but they had to let their boat and provisions go, and they were lost. The captain and his crew then walked several miles until they reached a stage road running into Astoria, and there they arranged for a tug to come to our aid."

ASTORIA, OREGON.

"The next morning we started for Astoria, and as the storm was still raging at its height, the Columbia bar was practically impassable. Three boats had been lost on the bar during the same storm prior to our appearance at its entrance. At one stage in crossing the bar, the captain had a man standing with an axe, and thinking both tug and the *Los Angeles* would be lost, ordered the rope severed. But quickly he gave a reverse order; the rope was not cut; and in a short time we were in comparatively calm waters.

"We landed at Astoria, and then soon took the *Jessy Thomson*, a stern wheel steamer, from Astoria to Kalama" (sic); "there is a bridge across the Columbia River there now. At Kalama we got on the Southern Pacific Railroad to Tacoma; there was no Seattle then; Tacoma was the 'town' in those days. At Tacoma we got a steamer to Victoria, and at Victoria we got another stern wheeler to New Westminster. When we got to Plumper Pass, now Active Pass, there was a storm on, and we tied up all night, and arrived at New

Westminster the next morning, about the 10th of March, 1875. We had taken a month on the way, but of course we had to wait at San Francisco for a few days.”

S.P. MOODY OF MOODYVILLE SAWMILL.

“On the steamer coming up with us was Sue Moody of Moodyville. Everyone liked Moody, and it was only a short time until he and my father were very good friends. Moody soon sized up the situation, and knew that my father would be thoroughly disappointed, and made Father promise that before he did anything definite, that he would come over to Moodyville and see Mr. Moody.”

PITT MEADOWS, 1875. PITT RIVER, 1875.

“My father and brother, who was ten years older than I was, they got a Siwash and a canoe, and went up the river to Pitt Meadows. It was raining and cold, and they landed on the river bank some place, and the tide was out, and left them stranded with about a quarter of a mile of mud under their feet. They had to stay there for the night. The klootch went out and shot a duck, brought it in, and was none too particular about leaving the pin feathers in, and in the manner she cleaned it, and it was served with a mixture of feathers and everything, and some of it was duck. This did not prove very appetising, so my father and brother saw some hen’s eggs and got her to boil them. In order to serve them, she took them out of the water, took an egg at a time between her hands, and served shells and all on the same plate. The outcome of it was that Father and my brother went out in the garden and dug up a turnip, and lived on that turnip until they got back to New Westminster. Fortunately, the Rev. Ebenezer Robson was three thousand miles away back east.

“Naturally, that was the finish of farming on the Pitt Meadows.”

MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. S.S. SENATOR.

“After a month or so, we all went over a corduroy road known as the Douglas Road to the ‘End of the Road’ at Hastings Townsite. The road was, quite a proportion of it, corduroy running through a crack in the forest; at certain places the branches met overhead. It was wide enough, at points, for two buggies to pass.

“On the inlet at that time there was a little propeller steamer called the *Senator*. She made a triangle trip running from Hastings Townsite to Moodyville and on to Gastown, and from Gastown back to Hastings. We all went, parents and children; you see, Moody had exacted a promise from Father that he would come and see him before he did anything, or went back to Morrisburg. So when we arrived at Moodyville, Moody had a cabin waiting for us, and we were as comfortable as conditions at that time would permit.

“My father and brother went to work in the sawmill, both tallying lumber, and occasionally, as a little boy, I would pack shingles, which was the first money I ever earned. We remained at Moodyville until the fall of 1875, and then we all went back to Morrisburg, where I remained until I came to Rossland, B.C. in 1898, where I was mining. In 1899, mining at Rossland was at its zenith. I wanted to come back to British Columbia.”

MOODYVILLE INDIANS. “THE MISSION,” MOODYVILLE. SUE MOODY’S EXPERIENCE. WHISKEY FOR INDIANS.

“Before I tell you more, let’s get back to Moodyville in 1875, when I was a boy of nine.

“Now then, one incident; I shall never forget it. At that time there were usually half a dozen sailing ships anchored in the inlet waiting their turn to load with lumber. The crew at the mill, at that time, would be about one third Europeans, one third Chinamen, and one third Indians. The Indians were living at ‘The Mission,’ the same as today, and would walk back and forth from the ‘Mission’ to the mill along a trail on the waterfront. One day, one of the captains of one of the sailing ships gave the Indians two or three jugs of Scotch whiskey. The next morning you can imagine the condition of the Indians and the ‘Mission.’ The mill had to close down. Moody and the white men were talking things over, and Moody said he was going down to the ‘Mission’ to see the Indians. The white men urged him not to go, as the Indians were wild and he would only get hurt. Moody insisted on going, and said that the Indians liked him, and that he was not afraid. The white men said, ‘We will go with you,’ but Moody replied, ‘No, you won’t; if you go there will be trouble; I’m going alone,’ and away he went.”

INDIANS STRIP MOODY NAKED, 1875.

“The white men followed at a respectable distance behind and out of sight. As a boy, I naturally followed along with some other boys; we all wanted to see the fun. When Moody got to the ‘Mission’ and the Indians saw him, they let out a whoop, got everything they had that would make a noise, commenced to pound it, and grabbing Moody, stripped him absolutely naked, and naked as he was, put him at the head of a procession, and marched him all the way back from the ‘Mission’ to the mill at Moodyville, singing songs and making all the noise they could, and two or three priests from the Roman Catholic church following up the procession carrying Moody’s clothes. When they got to the mill, the Indians turned, and started back to the ‘Mission,’ running like deer.

“A day or two afterwards, another procession was formed at the ‘Mission,’ this time headed by the priests, and followed by the Indians, and marched from the ‘Mission’ to the sawmill, and there, through the medium of the priests, begged Moody to forgive them, and promised never to do it again.

“As a little boy, impressionable, it is a scene I shall never forget. There was nothing vicious about the Indians; they would not hurt Moody; they were just wild with whiskey, and that was all there was to it; they did not know what they were doing. And I doubt if there is any other individual in British Columbia who knows the story.”

H.M.S. REPULSE, 1875.

“Well, on either 24th May or 4th July, 1875, the old H.M.S. *Repulse*—they used to call her a ‘gun boat’—she was anchored here in the inlet off Moodyville, and Moody took a scow and the tug *Senator* and took all the white residents of Moodyville to a church service on the *Repulse*. I was there with Father, Mother, my brother and sister.”

BIG FLAGSTAFFS. SPARS.

“About the flagstuffs, and the *power of united action*. I don’t know where it was going, but it was a big flagstaff, a monster; it may have been the one, the first one they sent to Kew Gardens, London; I don’t know, but it was a big one, and the derrick broke with its weight, and it would take a month to get repair parts for the derrick from San Francisco. So the captain of the ship said, ‘Leave it to me.’ He got all the sailors off all the ships at anchor or loading, and he put one man about every so many inches or feet, and the first thing we knew, that huge flagstaff was on board.”

PICNIC AT SEYMOUR CREEK, 1875.

“There was nowhere much to go for a picnic in 1875; everything was forest, but there was a bit of grass and a bit of pasture up Seymour Creek flats, so one day we all got on a scow at the invitation of Moody, and took all the people of Moodyville for a picnic up Seymour Creek.”

Major Matthews: What was the cabin like which Mr. Moody gave you to live in?

Mr. Logan: “Just board and batten. My sister went up to Maple Ridge, or what is now Maple Ridge, to teach school. I was the ‘baby’ of the family.”

Submitted to Mr. Logan for approval, 17 December 1945.

Approval, 25 June 1946 by Mr. Logan.

J.S. Matthews. J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. AND MRS. JOHN FIELDEN STRANG (PRONOUNCED STRANG, NOT STRANGE), 4554 WEST 4TH AVENUE, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 17 APRIL 1946.

JOHN STRANG, PIONEER, 1873. JOHN FIELDEN STRANG, 1880.

Mr. Strang: "You know, I always understood that my brother, Nelson, was the first white child born in Granville, or Gastown; he died in 1879 of scarlet fever, and is buried in New Westminster; his grave is in the old, old cemetery, and Father is buried there too. John Strang, both in the same grave. I have often heard my mother speak of it, and also I will see what my sister, Mrs. George Newman" (she lives in New Westminster), "I must see what she says; she is eight years older than I am. She, Amanda Newman, my sister, was born in New Brunswick.

"Mother was a Miss Helen Carlow, daughter of John Carlow of St. Andrew's, New Brunswick; Mother and Father came to Vancouver in the very early days, and my grandfather, John Carlow, followed, and went to Victoria, where he died. There were two girls and three boys in the Strang family; all born in British Columbia excepting Mrs. Newman. One brother, Claude Strang, of mine, is living in Agassiz, and the second brother, Wesley, died from the effects of the war 1914-1918; he served in the Engineers in France. Mrs. Newman is one sister in New Westminster, and Mrs. Furness in New Westminster is my other.

"I was born in Granville, 15 May 1880. We moved away from Burrard Inlet in 1882; Father was with Jerry Rogers at Jericho. We lived in New Westminster for about a year or so before the Westminster fire in September 1898, and then we came back to Vancouver and have lived here ever since. Father died in New Westminster about 1934 and is buried there; Mother died in Vancouver in 1931 and is buried in Mountain View. I can just remember there was a fire in Vancouver in June 1886; then I went to the old Central School in New Westminster."

HOMER STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

Major Matthews: Where were you at the time of the flood?

Mrs. Strang: (interjecting) "I was on Lulu Island, on No. 2 Road; my father was Capt. Richard Gosse, and I remember he tied a row boat to the front door, and we children were wishing the water would come in the house so we could go and visit my aunt on the North Arm, Mrs. Thomas Alcock. I went to a little school on Lulu Island; we walked there up the dyke; lots of snakes; and took our lunch, and played in the school yard; Mr. Atkinson was the teacher; I have one of the school books in which he drew corn and signed his name. We belonged to the old Halcyon Club, dances, we used to in early days; Father moved to Vancouver, and then we came in and lived on Richards Street; he owned those two little houses between Holy Rosary; the Archbishop's Palace stands next door to them; the old houses are still there. Then we came to Broughton and Nelson Street, and that was where we, Mr. Strang and I, were married; corner of Broughton and Nelson. We were married in the old Wesley Church on the southwest corner of Georgia and Burrard Street. We had a two-horse hack, and according to the custom of those times, white ribbons on the whip.

"Our son is Alen, born Vancouver December 28th 1910. He is married, and has one little girl, Carol Jean; Alen married Jean Forester, daughter of Howard Forester, M.L.A., about 1939."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION, 7 MAY 1946, WITH MRS. THOMAS (CATHERINE) FITZPATRICK, PIONEER OF VANCOUVER, 3 SEPTEMBER 1886, AND HER DAUGHTER, MRS. JAMES H. (MARY ANN) GALBRAITH, ALSO PIONEER OF VANCOUVER, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON FOR A CHAT, AND STAYED FOR A CUP OF TEA AND PIECE OF CAKE.

For her advanced years, Mrs. Fitzpatrick is very well preserved, and a vivacious conversationalist, walks without assistance, and has tolerably good eyesight, and a very good memory—she does not hesitate.

GENEALOGY. MRS. THOMAS FITZPATRICK.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: "I was married in Cleveland, Ohio, at the Catholic Cathedral on Euclid Avenue. Mr. Fitzpatrick, my husband, was in Canada two years before I was. I left Ireland on an Allan line steamer for Montréal from Ennis, County Clare, and went to visit friends in the United States. It was in the fall of the year. I had relatives 'by the dozen' all over the United States, so I took six months off and visited them all. From Montréal I went to New York, and from New York to Wilmington, Delaware, and stayed two months with my aunt; that would be about September 1885; then I went to visit more relatives at Cleveland, Ohio. During that time Mr. Fitzpatrick was working on the C.P.R. construction work, and as soon as navigation opened, he came down by Great Lake boat to Cleveland; we were married and I went back with him to Port Arthur, Ontario.

"Then, after that, we came all the way out here to Port Moody, got off the train at Port Moody, and came down to Vancouver by boat; I think it was the old *Yosemite*. Mary Ann was born at Port Arthur, 3rd May 1886, my eldest child, and she was about three months old when we arrived at Port Moody, 3rd September 1886. Mr. Fitzpatrick continued to work for the C.P.R. We got off at the old Hastings Sawmill store wharf."

POWELL STREET, 1886.

"We went to live on Powell Street in the three hundred block, but there were no house numbers then; it was afterwards numbered 326 Powell Street, south side, and quite close to the St. James' Church and the residences of the Bell-Irvings, Capt. William Soule, and Mr. R.H. Alexander, but at that time there was lots of bush around. The house was a storey and a half, was built right up to the street, and had a little verandah across the whole of the front. You can see it in this photo here" (No. C.V. Str. N. 140, P. 226) "about the middle here, of the photo." (Note: the ground plan appears in Dakin's Fire Map, November 1889, folio 12.) "The Secord Hotel was near."

WATER FROM WELLS. BLACKBERRIES. FIREWOOD.

"We had to sink a well to get our water; so did the Bell-Irvings on Alexander Street; the well was in the back yard; at first we hauled water up in a bucket, but afterwards we got a pump, and pumped it up; the pump was out in the yard over the well. It was very good water; we had a good spring; the well was only about ten feet deep. When I needed water I just hauled it up. We did not have to worry about wood; there was all kinds of it around; you could pick up all the wood you wanted. And there was all the wild blackberries for jam, or fresh fruit you could pick; the Indians used to come selling a great big salmon for twenty-five cents, and for vegetables we had our little garden."

CEDAR COVE. VICTORIA DRIVE. VANCOUVER IMPROVEMENT CO.

"Then we moved from there to Cedar Cove, and Mr. Fitzpatrick started taking contracts for clearing land for the Vancouver Improvement Company surrounding where we lived; all about Victoria Drive at the end of Powell Street. We lived at Cedar Cove about ten years, and then we went to Hastings; we were in the logging business then. Mr. Fitzpatrick leased about six hundred acres of land from the Joseph" ("Joe") "Martin Estate and we logged off that land. We had a sawmill there. Mr. Fitzpatrick ran the sawmill; it was right on the corner of Renfrew and Charles streets, and he cut both lumber and shingles. Then about that time my husband died of pneumonia, and he is buried in Mountain View Cemetery."

HOLY ROSARY CHURCH. CITY HALL, POWELL STREET. REV. FATHER PATRICK FAY. REV. FATHER NEWMAN. POLICE STATION. MASS. PRESBYTERIANS.

"Of course, when we came here first the City Hall was being built, and the Police Station in the same building on Powell Street. There were no churches, and we were allowed to hold services in the upstairs

of the City Hall; there was no other place to hold them, so we held them upstairs, over the Police Station. The Rev. Father Fay was the priest; he held mass there; the congregation would be about thirty men, women and children. That only lasted a little while, until they built the first little Holy Rosary Church on Richards Street. Father Newman succeeded Father Fay. I think the Presbyterians held their services in the Council Chamber upstairs of the City Hall, just as we did."

GENEALOGY.

"I had fourteen children; all lived except one. Out of the thirteen, I have lost three in the last few years, so that there are five boys and five girls now living; every one was born in my own home; our doctors were Dr. Langis or Dr. Robertson. There are thirty grandchildren, and twenty great-grandchildren, but, as yet, we have not go as far as any great-great-grandchildren.

"I think that's enough for now."

CHARLES WOODWARD. WOODWARD DEPARTMENT STORES.

Previously to my commencing to type, Mrs. Fitzpatrick told me that she recalled when Mr. Charles Woodward, founder of the Woodward Department Stores, and whose original store was on the northeast corner of Harris (now Georgia Street East) and Westminster (now Main Street) Avenue, had but one girl helping in his store. She said she (Mrs. Fitzpatrick) retained his friendship right up to the time of his death, and that about three weeks before he passed away, he complained to her of having a severe cold.

As told to me.
J.S. Matthews
7 May 1946.

CONVERSATION WITH MR. CHARLES ALEXANDER BATTISON, OF 6100 BATTISON STREET, SON OF WILLIAM JOHN AND ANN BATTISON, IN WHOSE HONOUR BATTISON STREET, VANCOUVER, IS NAMED, 17 MAY 1946.

Mr. Battison is one of the few babies born in Vancouver during 1886, having been born on Oppenheimer Street, now Cordova Street, between Westminster Avenue and Gore Avenue, north side, 2 October 1886. His delayed registration of birth was effected in May 1946.

BATTISON STREET. W.J. BATTISON. C.W. BATTISON.

Mr. Battison: "Father came to Vancouver with Mother and one child, Frank, via Port Moody, and on the first train to arrive. Father told me that when they arrived, there was a big delegation from Victoria and Vancouver to meet them, and the boat was so heavy-loaded with people he thought it was going to upset. Then Father and Mother went to Victoria and lived in a tent down on the waterfront, and then came back to Vancouver. Then they met two fellows from New Brunswick; they were tired of Vancouver so they bought their place on the north side of Oppenheimer, now Cordova Street West, between Gore and Westminster Avenue, where Charles was born.

"After that there were other children born, but I doubt if any of them were born there as they moved over to let Father be near his work at the Leamy and Kyle Mill on False Creek just west of the Cambie Street bridge. We lived right back of the mill in a little house right beside a tiny bridge which crossed the creek west of the mill about one hundred yards. Harry was born in that house. Then we moved over to Fourth and Columbia Avenue. I can recall the move, and there one other son, Fred, was born, and one sister, Ivy, now Mrs. Murray, was born; then we moved out to Westminster Road, now Kingsway, and Father preempted seven acres under the 'Small Holdings' arrangement, and he stayed there. The original seven acres was subdivided and sold; the family own none of the original grant now. There were two children born out on the Seven Acres, Wilfred and Florence, also a Mrs. R.M. Murray.

"Father was a planerman in the Leamy and Kyle Mill, and afterwards, when we went to live on" (Battison Street) "out Westminster Road. He walked in night and morning to the Leamy and Kyle Mill—seven miles—and worked ten hours. Mayor Baxter and Reeve Churchill of Point Grey also worked in the mill."

EAST SOUTH VANCOUVER SCHOOL. CARLETON SCHOOL. "PIG AND WHISTLE."

"When the East South Vancouver School was started, I attended it; it was in Peter Dubois' house; there were three in our family and the Alcock family had four or five, and a few others; there were only about eleven altogether; Martin J. Ravey was the teacher. We were there for a few months and then we moved down to John Collins' property. The first school was in Mr. Dubois' kind of a store. We had trouble getting water; we got our water from an old well in the 'Pig and Whistle Hotel,' on the north side of the road and is still standing, but our old home has gone. The 'Pig and Whistle' is in the 3300 block Kingsway; it is right on the corner of Stanford and Kingsway, on the northwest corner. They moved it around; it is now a dwelling, just a house, nothing much to look at; you would never know it had been a road house; that was all it was; they had a bar. There used to be quite a few wild cats and a few bears around. Maxwell Smith once got three bears on one day. A few cougars were around."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN HENRY SCALES, PIONEER, 1867 OR 1868, OF BURRARD INLET, AND TODAY, 28 MAY 1946, THE EARLIEST LIVING RESIDENT IN A CITY OF FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND OR MORE, I.E., VANCOUVER.

He came to British Columbia with the Royal Engineers on the *Thames City* in 1859.

THE FIRST FREEDOM OF PARKS.

Mr. Scales in response to Major Matthews's request that he talk.

Mr. Scales: "About the freedom of the parks that the Park Board conferred upon Mrs. Scales and myself. How am I going to show anyone that I am a freeman of the parks. I might want to go for a swim in the Crystal Pool, and the fellow in charge would not let us in."

ROYAL ENGINEERS, 1859. SURVIVORS IN 1946.

Major Matthews: Mr. Scales, who is living now who came on the *Thames City*?

Mr. Scales: "Johnnie McMurphy and myself; that's all I know of; all the rest have passed away."

BURRARD INLET, 1868.

Mr. Scales: (addressing Miss Klemm, my assistant) "The first time I saw this place was when we came around Brockton Point in a row boat; there was a great big barn of a place up on the hill where Abbott Street is now; looked like a lighthouse. And then I remember when I saw the first railway locomotive; it loomed up above me like a great big thing; it seemed huge; but of course by our ideas of today it was just a little thing. Our ideas of size were different then."

(Addressing Major Matthews) "These strikes are playing the mischief with everything; I don't know what we'll have pretty soon; won't have anything to eat. I think these strikes are a regular nuisance; I think going too far; lots of people here are getting big wages but they are not satisfied. Different ones are getting one hundred and fifty and two hundred a month and yet they are not satisfied. When we got two and a half dollars a day we thought it was big wages, and lived fine."

"First job I had here on Burrard Inlet was fifty cents a day for eleven and a half hours work; wheeling sawdust at the Moodyville Mill. And when I got the money, I thought I was somebody."

LYNN OF LYNN CREEK.

"Lynn of Lynn Creek came out with us on the same boat. He was as good hard working fellow; good big healthy people. After we left here Father got work in Moodyville, that is, after we left the beach at the foot of Cambie Street now, and then he went over to Moodyville."

COAL BOXING. ABBOTT STREET. STAMP'S MILL.

Major Matthews: Mr. Scales, tell me the story of the old coal bore cabin again. Where was it? Where you lived first?

Mr. Scales: "You see when we came around Brockton Point in the row boat, Father and I, we saw the three shacks on the distant beach, and we made for the big one; it was the nearest; the middle one; it

was, they tell me, about where the foot of Abbott Street is now. It was a great big square barn, board and batten, that was all it was. When we got there we found nothing; empty barn, that's all."

GRANVILLE, 1868. FIRST DOCK OR WHARF.

"Father said, 'We won't stop here; we'll go down to the next one.' It was about the foot of Carrall Street. Couldn't find out anything there about who owned the empty barn. Father said to him, that is, Gassy Jack, 'Can you tell me who owns that empty barn up there?' Gassy Jack said, 'I don't know; go up to the mill'" (pointing towards Stamp's Mill) "and see the superintendent.' Father found the superintendent and says, 'Can you tell me who owns that big barn down there'" (pointing) "and he replied, 'No, I can't tell you,' he says, 'What do you want it for?' So Father says he would try and find out who it belonged to, and get lumber and put in petitions. So the superintendent said that if Father would come up and get it, he could have all the lumber he wanted. So after a while Father went up and borrowed some tools, and took the tools down in the row boat and towed the lumber after it; no roads then; there was no clearing in Granville Townsite then. It looked like the rest of the forest along the shore. There was no log float in front of the barn; there was a big tree fell out in the water and I nailed some boards on the top of it so as to make myself a nice little landing for our boat; we could follow the tide in and out."

FIRST BATHING BEACH.

"Mother used to tell us when we would go out on the beach, 'Don't take off your shoes and stockings, or you'll have feet like Indians.' So we used to go a little piece below the house and take off our shoes and stockings where we were out of sight, and wade around the beach all day, climb big rocks and everything else, and take a tin and catch little crabs, and see who would get the most. There were no amusements here for us; just Will and Lizzie and George and myself; that was all of us that was here then. The barn, now our house, was in a little piece of the beach, in the trees, and not always in sight; the bushes hid it."

As narrated to me, 28 May 1946.

J.S. Matthews.

After tea and cake, I took Mr. Scales to his home, 3520 Main Street, in a taxicab.

GRANVILLE, NOT "GASTOWN."

"Gastown prisoners tied to stumps." By B.A. McKelvie, *Province*, 8 June 1946.

GRANVILLE, BURRARD INLET. "GASTOWN." CAPTAIN JOHN DEIGHTON. "GASSY JACK."

Conversation over the telephone, 20 June 1946, with A.M. Whiteside, Esq., K.C., pioneer, 1879:

Mr. Whiteside: (to Major Matthews) "I got your invitation and medallion; thank you." (Issued by the Diamond Jubilee Committee to those here sixty years.) "Very nice.

"Why don't you stop those people" (newspaper men and historians) "calling this place 'Gastown.' Nobody ever called it 'Gastown'; nor spoke of 'Gassy Jack.' If you had asked anybody in those days where 'Gastown' was they wouldn't have known what you were talking about."

EXCERPT, EARLY VANCOUVER, MATTHEWS, VOL. 5.

Conversation with Mrs. Norman Emerson Lougheed, 2891 West 45th Avenue, Vancouver.

Mrs. Lougheed, née Paull, whose father owned Lot 2, Block 3, Old Granville townsite, purchased 12 December 1877, now Cordova Road West.

"He says the place was called 'Gastown.' It wasn't called Gastown. We never called it Gastown; we always called it Granville."

Note: there are several other instances of protestation by residents of Granville that they did not know it as Gastown.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. HILTON PHILPOT, NÉE “GRETA” (MARGARET) MILLER, 12 JUNE 1946.

Daughter of the late Jonathan Miller, Esq., Returning Officer of the first civic election in Vancouver, and a very early pioneer of Granville, Burrard Inlet; afterwards Postmaster of Vancouver for about thirty-five years. Mrs. Philpot called at the City Archives at our request, and graciously consented to check for correction the index cards listing the names and addresses of all persons now living in or about Vancouver, who were residents on the shore of Burrard Inlet in or before 1886. It is in connection with the issue to them of small medallions commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of incorporation as a city of Vancouver. The checking having been completed, we asked Mrs. Philpot a few questions.

“Gastown prisoners tied to stumps.” By B.A. McKelvie, *Province*, 8 June 1946.

GRANVILLE. GRANVILLE GAOL. CONSTABLE JONATHAN MILLER. W. WYMOND WALKEM.

Major Matthews: Mrs. Philpot, when did you arrive in Granville?

Mrs. Philpot: “Seventeenth of September, one eight seven nine” (1879.)

Major Matthews: Did you happen to see an article in last Saturday’s *Province*, magazine section, by Mr. McKelvie about prisoners being tied to stumps?

Mrs. Philpot: (smiling) “I did.”

Major Matthews: What did you think of it?

Mrs. Philpot: “Rubbish and rot.”

Major Matthews: Did they tie prisoners to stumps?

Mrs. Philpot: (aroused, and in a voice raised above the quite customary tone of this demure and gracious lady; her indignation was discernible, and her attitude one of anger) “Nooooooooooooo.”

Mrs. Philpot: (continuing in her mild manner) “Father used to read Mr. Walkem’s letters and laugh. Mr. Walkem used to write a lot of things which Father said never happened; one was about a corpse which was supposed to have fallen through the bottom of the coffin; Father said it never happened. And then, when Mr. Walkem wrote his book, Father used to sit and read it and laugh and laugh; Father said there were lots of things which never happened, and it used to make Father laugh. Mr. Walkem didn’t know much about Granville; he lived in Victoria and New Westminster.”

J.S. Matthews
City Archivist.

City Archives,
City Hall,
Vancouver, Canada
12 June 1946.

Note: in a recent conversation with John Warren Bell, associated with the DeBeck firm, logging on Burrard Inlet, who came to Moodyville on the S.S. *Beaver* in 1871, Mr. Bell was severe in his denial that any prisoner was ever tied to a tree or stumps in Granville, or elsewhere on Burrard Inlet.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. M.S. LOGAN, PIONEER, 1875, FORMER PARK COMMISSIONER, NOW OF THE CROWN BUILDING, 615 WEST PENDER STREET, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, AND REMAINED TO CHAT, 25 JUNE 1946.

“GASTOWN PRISONERS TIED TO STUMPS.” BY B.A. MCKELVIE, *PROVINCE*, 8 JUNE 1946.

Major Matthews: When did you come to Burrard Inlet, Mr. Logan?

Mr. Logan: “In 1875, with my father and the family.”

Major Matthews: Did you notice in the *Province* recently a news item to the effect that “Gastown prisoners tied to stumps.” The item appeared in the magazine section, 8th June, and was to the effect that the policemen of Granville, Burrard Inlet, or someone, tied prisoners to stumps. On April 8th the same newspaper published an item reporting a lecture given by a Miss Boutilier, past president, Vancouver Section, B.C. Historical Association, in which she had stated, so it is alleged, that Granville pioneers tied prisoners to trees; please note, in one case it was trees; the other, stumps. What is your opinion of the truth of such assertions?

CHAIN GANG, NEW WESTMINSTER.

Mr. Logan: “I did not read the article. I have never seen, nor ever heard of such a thing as tying prisoners to stumps. My opinion is that the writer must have a very vivid imagination. I should think he would be well advised to check the facts before he published such statements. The nearest I have ever seen to that sort of thing was in New Westminster in 1875 at the time of our first arrival here. There was what was known as the chain gang, and the prisoners had leg irons fastened to their legs.”

LOGGING OFF THE FOREST IN LYNN VALLEY.

Mr. Logan, continuing: “Speaking of logging on Burrard Inlet. There used to be a logging road running up the west side of Lynn Valley. I did not know how far, but it was built in this way. First they laid skids about five feet long on the path they had cleared through the forest; then they would mortice out about two feet in the top centre of the skid as it lay embedded in the ground, and to a depth of about three or four inches. Into the cavity thus made they would insert a piece of hardwood, usually birch, and spike it down. The reason hardwood was used was because the friction of the heavy log passing over the soft fir of the skid cut away the softer wood more quickly; with the hardwood it lasted longer, and in the long run, reimbursed for the extra work of morticing in a piece of hardwood.”

DOGFISH OIL. BEARS.

“Off Siwash Rock there were frequently big schools of dogfish; they were caught with nets by Indians and white alike; the Indians took them to their settlement at ‘The Mission,’ North Vancouver, where they boiled them down to get the oil. They sold the fish oil to the Moodyville Sawmill. The loggers would take this oil out on their skid roads, and then a man with a pail of it would go ahead of the oxen drawing the logs, and give each skid a swipe with a wide brush, like a whitewash brush, he had dipped in the oil pail. It made the logs run easier. The oil smelt strong, especially after the sun had been on it a little while. I have heard of the bears licking the skids afterwards to get the greasy stuff off. Usually there were eight oxen on a turn of logs; six or perhaps eight oxen, and they would haul the logs the length of the skidroad, which might be a mile, or two miles, more or less.”

OXEN.

Major Matthews: What, Mr. Logan, is your opinion of the treatment of the animals, that is, by their drivers? Did they mistreat them at all; did the animals suffer? We started the conversation on the treatment of human beings, and I wanted to gather how the same persons would treat their animals.

Mr. Logan: “My recollection is that the animals were treated, under the circumstances, as well as they could be. I do not remember ever having seen a prod or goad used. It was usually something more like a switch or buggy whip. I have often seen oxen being yoked up together. They were always yoked in pairs, and then each pair was fastened together to make a team of six or eight oxen. I have never seen those in charge having any difficulty getting them into position; not any more than getting horses. I think that is my

answer to your question. If the animals had been ill-treated they could not have been yoked together with such ease. I take it, Major Matthews, you are trying to find out if the drivers exercised judgment and kindness in handling their animals, and my answer is that, with very rare exceptions, the loggers of those days were just as humane, and as fine a type of men, as you would find any logging camp in British Columbia, or anywhere else, today.”

MAGEE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, 1945-1946. A LIBEL.

(After reading page eleven) “Do you want my opinion?”

(Pointing to page eleven) “My opinion of this paragraph is that while there may be a fraction of truth in it, it is put in such exaggerated words that it makes the whole article a libel on conditions as they then existed, and shows the absolute ignorance of the writer. It is a ‘crime’ that such misleading and unworthy statements should be given out to the young generations of today.

“I am absolutely in favour of a free press, but, for instance, if there should be a building burned, the headlines in the newspapers record it as, say, ‘100,000 fire,’ whereas the facts are it is only \$50,000, and this applies to almost anything and everything which occurs which can be emblazoned to the public in scare headlines. That is my opinion of the free press today. To the ordinary layman it would appear that the object of these exaggerated headlines is to sell the newspaper, but in my opinion it is a boomerang to the newspaper which publishes it. As a whole, the public invariably halve what they read; they have become suspicious. What, then, advantage accrues to the newspaper whose readers will accept only half of what is in it as truth?”

PARKS BOARD, 1916-1919. SEAWALL, FIRST NARROWS.

Major Matthews: Mr. Logan, you were on the Parks board a number of years, 1916-1919?

Mr. Logan: “In that connection. You remember the fast C.P.R. steamer *Princess Patricia*; she was a turbine steamer; the first on the Pacific Coast, I think; used to run from Liverpool to the Isle of Man, and then came out here and the C.P.R. put her on the Vancouver-Nanaimo run. Well, the swell which she would throw up as she passed swiftly through the First Narrows was washing away the beach between Prospect Point and Brockton Point. I got an idea that we should have a seawall, and that it should extend from Brockton Point to Prospect Point, and then, after skipping Prospect Point itself, should commence again, and extend all the way around, ultimately, to False Creek. We took the matter up with Ottawa, and my recollection is that we got a small allotment of money, and that was the beginning of the seawall which has gradually been extended along the shore of the Park in the First Narrows.”

KITSILANO BEACH. FALSE CREEK FLATS.

“Then, another incident, during one of those years in which I was Park Commissioner, the filling in of the False Creek Flats, where the Canadian National and Great Northern terminals are now, was begun, and the Parks Board made arrangements with the contractors who were filling in the head of False Creek, and sand was pumped onto the Kitsilano Beach, where the street car ends now.”

As narrated, and typed as he spoke, 25 June 1946.

P.S. During our conversation, Mr. Logan lit his pipe fifteen times.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS ELSA WIEGAND, 3836 WEST 23RD AVENUE, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES WIEGAND, WELL-KNOWN PIONEER OF VANCOUVER, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS MORNING, 28 JUNE 1946.

The celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the incorporation of Vancouver is on everyone's mind, and we are compiling a roll of all those who have lived, and are still living, sixty years or more on Burrard Inlet.

CHARLES WIEGAND. ALEXANDER STREET.

Miss Wiegand: "Father came to Burrard Inlet on December 5th 1885. He had travelled all around the world before finally settling here. He was apprenticed to a sailing ship, but he liked the beauty of the scenery here and decided to stop. At first he lived in a little bit of a place, a sort of shack or cottage on the shore between old Granville Townsite at Carrall Street, and the Hastings Sawmill, and he has told me that when the tide came in—that is, at extremely high tide—it flooded the floor." (See photograph C.V. N. Wat. 25, P. Wat. 43.) "He was single at the time, and is now eighty-eight, and wonderfully well and hearty, and still a first class rifle shot at game; he even, during the recent war, belonged to the Pacific Coast Rangers on Gambier Island, where we have six hundred acres."

PRINCESS STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

"Father and Mother's marriage at the Princess Street Methodist Church was the first in that church. Before that he used to attend St. James' Church. After Father married, he went to live on Keefer Street, not very far up, about two blocks from Westminster Avenue, and there I was born. We lived there until I was three years old, and then we moved to Twelfth Avenue and Ontario, the corner of Twelfth and Ontario, and there my brother, who is dead—he died without children—was born. Then, when I was about twelve years old, we moved to the 1300 block on Pender Street West, and our home was right down on the shore; we kept a row boat at the bottom of the garden, and used to row over to the fishermen living on Deadman's Island, and get fish and take them to feed the seals in the seal pond in Stanley Park."

CHARLES WIEGAND, FURNITURE. FRANK W. HART, PIONEER, 1885.

"It was in this manner that Father started in the furniture business. Mr. Frank W. Hart, whom you know, his widow is living in Vancouver, was in the furniture business here before 'The Fire'; he had a small joinery or furniture factory and Father worked for him, and at the time of 'The Fire,' Father was instrumental in saving his business papers, or something like that. Father tried to save his own father's picture; he had it under his arm; but the fire raced along so quickly he had to let it go; he dropped it. Later, Father managed Mr. Sehl's furniture business in Vancouver, and then he worked for a little while for a Mr. Heck" (sic), "I think that was his name, and later he bought out that business and had his store on Cordova Street. Ultimately, Father was quite a leading furniture dealer in Vancouver."

GAMBIER ISLAND.

"Father retired in or about 1906, and became interested in his summer home on Gambier Island. We had been up and down for some time before he took it over as his country home. We continued to live in Vancouver at our new home we purchased after we left Pender Street. We went to Gambier Island during the summer. Father developed the place, made an artificial lake, erected an attractive rustic dwelling; there was no cattle or stock, but we had birds such as pheasants. It is quite a remote place, but the scenery is unsurpassed; there is a glorious view of Mount Garibaldi. It was never given a name; I suppose we should have. Then in the winter we returned to our home in the thirteen hundred block, Burnaby Street."

As told to me, 28 June 1946.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH DR. ROBERT MATHISON, D.D.S., KELOWNA, WHO IS VISITING VANCOUVER IN CONNECTION WITH THE DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS, 1 JULY 1946.

He is now, 1946, the only living founder of the Vancouver Board of Trade. He was employed in 1886 on the *Vancouver Weekly Herald*, the first newspaper in Vancouver.

VANCOUVER WEEKLY HERALD. VANCOUVER NEWS. THE NEWS.

Dr. Mathison: "I did not have anything to do with the *Herald* until March 1886. Then, after the 'Fire' (13 June) "I printed the *Herald* and also the *News* at New Westminster; I was the only one that could do it. That was the issue of *The News*, 20th June."

THE FIRST NEWSBOY.

"It was hard work printing the *Herald*. Hard work turning the handle to turn out two hundred copies an hour. Then I went out on the street and sold them."

HARKNESS AND ROSS.

"Harkness was from Picton, Ontario, about thirty-five miles from Belleville where Ross came from. Harkness did not stay; he went to San Francisco, and I never heard of him again, except that I met a brother once. I went to Kelowna in 1905."

CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE H. KEEFER OF COBBLE HILL, B.C., WHO IS IN VANCOUVER FOR THE DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION, AND CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, TO RENEW OLD ASSOCIATION, AND TO LOOK AT HIS BOOK, *THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE H. KEEFER*, WHICH WE COMPILED FOR HIM IN 1936, THE GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR, 5 JULY 1946.

He is now eighty-one.

VANCOUVER, 1886-1946. S.S. MAUDE.

Mr. Keefer: "I landed in Victoria sixty-one years ago today; an old sloop which came across in the night from Tacoma, Washington. I slept on her all night, no bunks on those ships, sleep where you could on a coil of rope.

"Then, on June 30th this year, 1946, I was astounded as I saw from the deck of the S.S. *Princess Marguerite*, out in the gulf" (Gulf of Georgia) "as I was coming from Victoria, what used to be forest and timber was now laid out streets and high buildings. I could not help but think back to a former trip across the same waters on the old steamer *Maude* in the winter of 1885 and 1886. I came over with George A. Keefer's survey party to survey the Capilano Water Works."

CAPILANO WATER WORKS.

Major Matthews: Where are you living while in Vancouver this time; where did you live the last time, 1885-1886?

Mr. Keefer: "I'm living on Walnut Street, corner house, 1304 Walnut Street, with my brother Charles E. Keefer. I can hardly find words, I am so surprised at the growth and development of the once old Granville; Deighton's Hotel and the Sunnyside Hotel, run by Harry Hemlow, over the water on piles, and the Deighton House run by Ben and Harry Chase; and Joe Fortes, whose monument is out at English Bay, was porter and shoeshine and general roustabout." (Captain) "Tom Jackman was bartender."

Major Matthews: Where you in the "Fire"?

Mr. Keefer: "I should say I was, I told you all that before; it's in my autobiography, but there's one thing I was reminded of as I came into this magnificent City Hall, and that is the little imitation tent City Hall, with '1886' in red electric light on it, outside there on the lawn at the corner of Cambie and Twelfth."

TENT CITY HALL, 1886. CARRALL AND WATER STREET. VICKERS WALLACE HAYWOOD. POLICE FORCE, 1886. POLICE STATION IN TENT. JOHN W. STEWART.

"I saw the original tent shortly after it was erected. There were a few old chairs in it and a table; I didn't see much else, but I walked around behind, and I think there were, I think, three prisoners there, and I don't know whether they were chained together or not, or if they were chained to a post, but they sure couldn't get away, and they were sobering off in the sun. The only thing they were suffering from was a headache; the aftermath. I don't know where they got their booze from, but there was an awful lot of it around; I heard they threw all the barrels they had time to" (of liquor) "out of the Sunnyside into the inlet, and they floated here and there and all over. I heard that lots of fellows got good and drunk on the beach from the barrels drifting up on the beach. I heard the fellows who found a barrel on the beach, stove the head in with a rock and used a sardine can to dip it out There were lots of drunks around the night after the Fire; everyone was so excited after what they had been through, and took a little to steady their nerves, and I suppose some of them overrated their capacity. With the result that Jack Stewart and Wallace Haywood, who is here in this picture I am holding, having his photo taken in front of the imitation 'City Hall' tent out there on the lawn, sixty years after he had his first photo taken in front of the original tent, gathered these fellows in for their own benefit, and then gave them a caution when they got sober and let them go. There was no place to put them; what was the use of holding them, and, I don't know of course, but I imagine if Jack Stewart, who was Police Chief, had any work he wanted done, these fellows would be pressed in to do it."

THE GREAT FIRE.

"It sure was a queer looking place after the fire. People who had owned lots would be running around looking for their corner lots and could not locate where they were; the whole place looked black as the ace of spades, and black stumps, and you could not touch anything but your hands were black."

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FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1946

The City Archivist And The Builders

Vancouver owes much, more than it can ever repay, to Major J. S. Matthews, its incomparable archivist. Not the least of the contributions made by Major Matthews to Vancouver's cultural heritage is the tribute to "The Builders" contained in the official Souvenir Booklet of the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations. His words are eloquent and impressive:

"The creation of Vancouver was no local incident, but an event in the chronicle of mankind which must forever interest all peoples. Who were 'The Builders?' Not supermen, but young British and Canadian men and women—there were no grey hairs in early Vancouver—of vision, courage,

energy, with the power of justice and the patience of strength; they built not a fort, but a garden on the shore; no sword was drawn, no bugle sounded, no blood is on our escutcheon. In the short span of less than a single life there arose, like a magic thing, out of the wilderness of forest and swamp, a metropolis, a world port—Vancouver, spreading ten miles wide by seven deep, of monumental buildings and luxurious offices, of beautiful homes and green lawns, with 150 churches, 100 parks, 75 public and 100 private schools, the beautiful home of a favored and benevolent people. The great city is the monument, the mighty illustration, of the achievements of men of peace."

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