

Early Vancouver

Volume Three

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1933-1934.

Supplemental to Volumes One and Two collected in 1931-1932.

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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parents, neglected school, been wayward; it was their own fault they were in trouble; others did not appear to be (they judged by outward appearance); others had good clothes (clothes had not had time to wear out.) Few realised what was coming to any greater extent than they had when the Great War broke out. The news that war had broken out in Europe was an interesting item in the morning paper—that was all; it was thousands of miles away; we should be quite safe in British Columbia.

The following will give a slight conception of a situation which still existed three months after the first Jungle was started in Vancouver; that is, in September 1931, and will illustrate what slight preparation had or was being made to prepare for the thousands who were to go on Government or Civic Relief before 1932 and 1933 had passed.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION, 23 AUGUST 1933, WITH MR. W.J. MOORE,
PHOTOGRAPHER, 420 HASTINGS STREET WEST.**

[Mr. Moore] took the photographs (September 1931) of the False Creek Jungle (unemployed camp) on the False Creek City Dump, for refuse, between Campbell Avenue and Heatley Avenue. (See thirteen photographs.)

THE JUNGLES OF 1931 (FALSE CREEK JUNGLE). REV. ANDREW RODDAN.

Major Matthews: How did you come to take these photographs, Mr. Moore?

Mr. Moore: "The Rev. Andrew Roddan, pastor of the First United Church, requested me, about September 1931, to accompany him; just what his idea in having them taken I am not sure; I believe he wanted them for use in emphasising the contention that these destitute men were the charge of the Federal or Provincial governments, and not a civic responsibility; the desperate situation was, in his opinion, a national one, not a local one.

"The Jungle, as it was called, was the Jungle on the city dump for rubbish at the False Creek fill between Campbell Avenue and Heatley Avenue—there was another Jungle on the old Hastings Sawmill site. It was a collection of nondescript habitations made out of anything which could be begged, borrowed or stolen, to be hung together some way to afford shelter from the elements to a large number of unemployed men; men from everywhere, all sorts of ages, education, characters, attainments, and which a common want and some misery had banded together in larger or smaller groups for mutual help.

"It was a wet dreary evening when we arrived—which accounts for the lack of sharpness in the photographs—probably six o'clock. A cold September drizzle was falling.

"While I was taking the photographs some women came by; to gratify curiosity, I surmise. I observed that one of the women watchers had tears running down her cheeks; one could hardly blame her; I felt a little similarly inclined myself.

"Then a girl, more correctly a young woman, strode forward; was she undoubtedly of Communist theories, and angry. She harangued the men, called them ugly names. In a shrill, strident voice she ejaculated, 'You call yourselves men; you stand for this and do nothing! Why don't you fight?' she went on in a commanding voice and attitude. 'You call yourselves human beings and starve while the bosses wax fat. Why do you stand for it? Why don't you get a bit of Socialism in your miserable spirits?' It was a harsh bullying declamation of a wild impassioned young female. 'Why, Jesus Christ was a Socialist,' she finished.

"The Rev. Andrew Roddan solemnly nodded acquiescence, and muttered in a low tone, 'Yes, that's true; the greatest Socialist the world ever knew.'

"But the men took no notice of the girl; they just looked at her; neither smiled nor scowled; just looked in stern silence. The Rev. Roddan stood nearby. Preparations were in progress to 'dish up'—I suppose that is what it might be called—the evening meal; his presence controlled the situation. I doubt if there was another man in all Vancouver who could handle those men as the Rev. Roddan could. They respected him; they obeyed him. He explained quietly to the men that there was just so much food and no more; that no man should be allowed to go hungry if he could help it; that if there was any left over after each had had an equal share, they could come back, and finish what was left over. The men were very orderly.

"I had taken the photographs, so stood by to watch the meal distributed as the photographs depict, and as I watched, thought to myself, 'There's an exhibition of real freemasonry.'"

Note: Mr. Moore is Worshipful Master W.J. Moore of Plantagenet Lodge, A.F. and A.M., Vancouver.

The Jungles grew spontaneously in the spring of 1931; they were abolished by order of the Health (civic) Officer about September 1931, after infectious diseases arose, and the crude habitations burned. Also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, 1931, re Vancouver Harbour Commissioners. Photographs in City Archives.

Narrative approved by W.J. Moore, 23 August 1933. J.S.M.

FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. W.J. MOORE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 23 MAY 1933.

"In the fall of 1910, I first came to Vancouver and went to live at Johns Road, about three blocks east of Main Street, between 26th and 28th avenues as they are called now—some of those streets were not opened up then, and were known by their old names which I forget."

TEA SWAMP.

"A fair sized creek which came down out of the Mountain View Cemetery passed through land adjoining our backyard, and flowed on down to the head of False Creek where it emptied itself."

SALMON.

"One day we had visitors from England, and they began talking about salmon, so I said, assuming a nonchalant demeanor for bravado and to surprise them, 'I'll go and get you one.' So I just walked out of the room, picked up an iron bar lying in the garden, walked a few steps to the creek where quite a number of salmon were swimming, took a strike at a healthy looking one, hit it, picked it out of the water, and took it back, holding it by the gills, to my English visitors still sitting in the room. They were astonished.

"It was quite a good salmon, quite fit to eat, for it had just come from the sea, and not yet commenced to deteriorate."

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHROP OF 1622 CHARLES STREET, VANCOUVER, 21 MARCH 1935.

CRAKANTHROP.

Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, née Patterson, was the first white child born (at Stamp's Mill) Alberni, B.C., 26 February 1864. The late Mr. Robert Churchill Crakanthorp, whom she married at St. James' Church, Vancouver, 29 December 1892 (by the Rev. Father Fiennes-Clinton) was a scion of a very old English family of distinguished lineage (see College of Heralds) of which there are records as far as 1180 A.D. The earliest records refer to a "de Crakanthorp of Crakanthorp"; the coat of arms is "Or, chevron between three mullets pierced, azure," no supporters, as shown in a pedigree table, made in 1826, in the possession of Mrs. Crakanthorp. Mr. Crakanthorp was the son of Rev. Chas. Churchill Crakanthorp, and was born at Castle Bytham in England (believed Grimsthorp; that his father was vicar of Stamford—unconfirmed); their only child is Miss Muriel Dorothy Branscombe Crakanthorp, born at Port Blakeley, Washington, 20 October 1895. Mr. Crakanthorp died 6 December 1926, and was buried, from St. James' Church, at Ocean View Burial Park.

PATTERSON.

Mrs. Crakanthorp is one of several of the children of John Peabody Patterson, and Emily Susan Patterson, née Branscombe—the former believed to be from Boston, Massachusetts, or nearby, the latter from the state of Maine. He died 5th December 1908; she died 12th November 1909, aged 74; both buried Mountain View Cemetery. Of their parents little is known save that Mr. Patterson's mother's name was Lucretia Cordelia Read.

JOHN PEABODY PATTERSON.

"As I understand it," said Mrs. Crakanthorp, "Father went to San Francisco from New York, 1860-1862."