

Early Vancouver

Volume Four

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Supplemental to Volumes One, Two and Three collected in 1931-1934.

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INDIAN WIVES ON BURRARD INLET. PHILANDER SWET.

“Oh, yes, a lot of Burrard Inlet whitemen had Indian wives; the list you have is correct, and then there was Philander Swet; he had an Indian wife and she was such a good woman. I remember, one of their children died, and Mother had to go and lay the child out, and I remember when Mother came back, she said, ‘What a fine, good woman Mrs. Swet is.’”

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

“Mother was wonderful; there was no hospital then” (and one of the several hundred nurses of the present General Hospital stood by the bedside listening.) “We took the injured loggers to our homes, and fixed them up. Mother would stop at nothing; she would tear up sheets; anything.”

Mrs. Crakanthorp was getting tired of talking so I retired.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION (OVER THE PHONE) WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHROP, DAUGHTER OF MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHROP, WHOSE ADDRESS IS NOW 586 EAST 59TH AVENUE, 4 NOVEMBER 1937.

(Urgent calls, phone Mr. Jensen, Fraser 1718L.)

MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. KNOB HILL. MAIDEN LANE. KANAKA ROW. FRENCHTOWN. THE ROOKERIES. THE SPIT. SKID ROAD. CANARY LANE.

Miss Crakanthorp said: “Mother is still suffering, but is improving; the arthritis prevents the use of her hand, but she is moving about, but not sufficiently well to go on a street car. She told me to tell you she enjoyed very much meeting Col. and Lady Victoria Braithwaite at the Hotel Vancouver—about October 12th or 13th. (Note: Mrs. Crakanthorp is the only know person living who saw Lady Braithwaite’s father and mother, the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, first Governor-General to visit Burrard Inlet, land on the Hastings Sawmill wharf in 1876, and took afternoon tea with them, to tell Lady Braithwaite, born in Ottawa at Rideau Hall, the details of her mother and father’s visit. See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, end of book.) “Lady Braithwaite sent Mother some flowers before she went east again.

“Mother told me to tell you that the place names of Moodyville were: ‘Knob Hill’ was on the hill west of the mill, and was where society lived; where the ‘Big House’ was. ‘Maiden Lane’ was so named because it wasn’t. ‘Brigham Terrace’ was on the hill back of the sawdust; ‘Frenchtown’ was the most easterly settlement on top of the hill, but there were only about two Frenchmen who lived there; ‘Kanaka Row’ was on the beach east of the sawdust, east of ‘The Spit’; that’s the sawdust in front of the cookhouse, the store, and the hotel. ‘Kanaka Row’ was a slab road with sawdust on top, houses on both sides” (cottages) “and the ‘Skid Road’ was the end of ‘Kanaka Row’ where it ended, and the skid road to the logging camps continued on *straight north*, from the end of Kana Row.” (Note: “The Rookeries” were on the beach west of the mill, almost exactly under Knob Hill; it was where the Chinese shanties were.) “Mother says she never heard of Canary Lane or Walk; it must be somebody’s imagination; it wasn’t at Moodyville. Maiden Lane was back of the cookhouse on the hillside.”

BEARS. DOGFISH OIL.

“Mother says that up the skid road there used to be big cans of dogfish oil to grease the skids for the logs, and the bears used to come along and eat the dogfish oil; they love it. The big oil cans were placed at intervals along the skid road back of the mill.

“‘Maiden Lane’; that was where they dropped the coffin, and the corpse fell out; I’ve told you about that. Goodbye.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHORP, 586 EAST 59TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER—OVER THE PHONE—9 NOVEMBER 1937.

In response to a note addressed to her mother, Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, asking what “Brigham Terrace,” at Moodyville, meant.

MOODYVILLE. BRIGHAM TERRACE.

Miss Crakanthorp said: “Mother is better, but not well enough yet to come and see you, but she told me to ask if you ever heard of Brigham Young, the Mormon; that’s what ‘Brigham’ Terrace means.”

INDIAN WIVES.

“Mother says that most of those who lived on Brigham Terrace, as they nicknamed it, had two or three wives. First, they would have an Indian wife, and then, perhaps, later, the white wife would come along from somewhere, perhaps come out on a sailing ship, and the Indian wife would have to go, she being only a common-law wife.

“And, then again, other men may have had two or three Indian women living with them; two or three wives; but the Roman Catholic priests put a stop to that; made them marry; there were getting to be so many little ones; they put a lot in the convent, and many of them turned out very fine women. Mother says a lot of those men had ‘people’ in England, people who were well off; the young men had ‘run down’ or ‘stepped off’ at the wrong place somewhere or sometime, and had come out here to get away from it, or forget it. Then, it usually happened, that some fine day along came a sailing ship, and there were some persons on board who knew the story, and told it, and that was how we found out. Some of those men—Brigham Terrace, etc.—were very fine men, and their Indian wives were very pretty, too.”

“THE ROOKERIES.” INDIAN WIVES. CHINESE ROOKERIES.

“Mother says you have the ‘Rookeries’ right; they were right under the hill, just west of the mill, along the beach; the Chinese did some laundry work, and that sort of thing; the Moodyville people sent them clothes to wash. At first Mother had Indian klotchs to do the washing; they came in the morning, and Mother used to get them a big meal for midday; great big meal; they would eat it all up; they were very fond of sweet things; and then, in the afternoon before they went, she would make them tea; they liked it strong, good and strong. Their husbands used to come in a canoe for them, and would sit around all the time, just waiting for tea, and Mother got sick of it, and said to herself, ‘I’ll fix him.’ So she got a bucket of hot water and some soap, and told him to wash the verandah, and he washed it all right, but he didn’t like it, and then she told him to go and bring up a lot of wood, so after that he did not arrive for tea until just tea time. Mother used to give the Indian women stuff, eatables, etc., to take home, and says she always noticed that the Indian man let the Indian klotch carry it. So one day he sat on a bench, and there was a bucket of water on it, and the bench gave way, and he fell, so did the bucket, and she made him clean up the mess, and that made him ‘mad,’ and after he had cleaned it up, she gave him something to eat. But she ‘fixed him,’ and after that they came for their” (Indian) “wives just in time for tea.

“Mother did not care for the Indians, but Grandmother Patterson thought the world of them; used to fix up their babies for them, and that sort of thing; Grandmother said they were human like the rest of us. But afterwards, Mother and other people got the Chinese down at the ‘Rookeries’ to do the laundry washing.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH (OVER THE PHONE) MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHORP, 7 DECEMBER 1937, IN ANSWER TO A NOTE I HAD WRITTEN HER MOTHER, MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHORP.

FERRYBOAT MAUDE, 1873.

Reputed first ferry, Burrard Inlet and Victoria.

Miss Crakanthorp said: “Mother is improved, very much, but is nervous about venturing downtown alone.

“Mother says that she came up to Hastings Sawmill from Victoria on the *Maude*; just a little boat; Capt. Holmes was her master. She had come over with Grandfather and Grandma from Portland, and they had

to wait over at Victoria until the *Maude* arrived three days later. That was in the spring of 1873, and Mother says that so far as she knows, the *Maude* was the only boat in the regular service between Victoria and Burrard Inlet at that time. Mother says the *Maude* was terribly slow; it was a long, tedious journey from Victoria to Hastings Mill, and that all she can remember about it was that she was very seasick all day long. The *Maude* used to tie up at the only dock, the Hastings Mill store wharf, and, apparently, it was the custom for her to remain there until she went out again.”

EARLY WATER WELLS. WATER WORKS.

“Mother says that, when they first came, that was in 1873, that there was a spring just a stone’s throw from their cottage—she does not know where the water came from, but the spring would be just about where the foot of Dunlevy Avenue is now. They used to get water for washing from that spring, but for drinking and cooking they used water from a well in Capt. Raymur’s back yard.”

CAPT. RAYMUR. CAPT. SOULE. DR. WALKEM.

“Mother says—this is about 1878—that ‘Windy Wymond’—that’s Dr. Walkem, nobody liked him, and he was a terrible talker; that’s why they called him ‘Windy Wymond’—of the Hastings Sawmill had his own well back of his cottage facing the Mill Store. There was no windlass; they just let a bucket down, and hauled it up again, but later they got pumps. The well was between Dr. Walkem’s cottage and Capt. Soule’s cottage.”

“GASSY JACK.” DEIGHTON HOTEL. JONATHAN MILLER.

“Down at Gastown, Mother says, Gassy Jack had a well, and as near as she can remember it was right by the Maple Tree. Then the Millers, next door, they had a well, too, but that is all that Mother can recall.”

WATER PUMPS.

“As for myself,” said Miss Crakanthorp, “oh, I remember when I was little, Mrs. A.B. McKelvie’s mother, Mrs. Capt. Soule, they lived in a great big house—anyway, it seemed big to me—at the southwest corner of Powell and Dunlevy, diagonally across from the Secord House, and they had a pump. It was in the kitchen, by the sink, just like a tap, only it was a pump, and I used to like to pump water; I used to like to work the handle and see the water come out. That was in 1898, oh no, it would be 1900, long after the Capilano water, but they still used to pump water; it must have come out of a well, there was nowhere else it could have come from, but I never saw the well.”

BARNARD AVENUE. CAPT. E.C. BRIDGMAN. CRAKANTHORP.

“Father’s sister, Aunt Ted I called her, but she had been Marion Crakanthorp, and married Capt. Bridgman, she had a pump, down in their house on Barnard Avenue, and she had some friends come up from California, and they had a little boy, and he was supposed to be a mischievous little rascal, but he didn’t seem so bad as all that; seemed to be a good little fellow, and he was playing around, and the next morning they could not get water, the pump would not work; he had been eating oranges, and had stuffed the peelings down the pump. Then he began throwing things down the well.

“Capt. E.H. Bridgman, he used to be mayor of North Vancouver, he is my cousin. Uncle Bridgman, his father, used to live up at the Pilot House at Skunk Cove; he was very fond of me, and used to spoil me.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHORP, OVER THE PHONE, 9 DECEMBER 1937.

WATERWORKS. WATER SCOW. WATER ON WAGONS. “SPRATT’S ARK.”

Miss Crakanthorp said: “Uncle Fred” (Patterson, brother to Miss Crakanthorp’s mother, and who lives with them) “says he does not remember them putting the Capilano water pipes in the streets, offices and little houses, but he does remember, about 1886, or about that, perhaps two or three years, when he was twelve, and he’s sixty-two now, he remembers them filling the big scow at Moodyville with water from the hose.

“They had a big scow” (note: this may have been “Spratt’s Ark,” and I rather think it was – JSM) “with four compartments; he does not know if the compartments were tin, or iron, or just wood, but they used to tow it over to Moodyville, and fill it with the big hose from the water flume, and then tow it back to the Hastings

Sawmill wharf and tie up; sometimes the *Leonora*; sometimes the *Skidegate* towed it over; whichever boat happened to be on the other side of the inlet; and sometimes they towed it over two or three times a day.”

LEONORA. SKIDEGATE.

“He was about twelve years old at the time, and as he is sixty-two now, it must have been about 1887; he was a boy, and with other children of his own age, used to stand on the wharf at Moodyville and watch them filling the scow with the hose.

“Uncle Fred says he cannot say how they got the water out of the scow, but he thinks they baled it out; anyway, he says he knows they took it uptown in wagons, and he thinks it was distributed to the little stores and offices.”

“SKIDEGATE” JOHNSON.

“Pete Johnson, they used to call him ‘Skidegate,’ he was master of the *Skidegate*; he ought to know; I think he is still living.”

S.S. MAUDE.

“I could not get you much about the *Maude* from Uncle Fred, but he says that people coming to Burrard Inlet from Victoria preferred to go via New Westminster rather than wait and come direct; it was quicker, in spite of the stage drive.”

EMILY SUSAN PATTERSON. FIRST WHITE BRIDE, MISS PATTERSON. FIRST WEDDING, BURRARD INLET.

“My grandmother” (Mrs. Patterson) “was in San Francisco fifty-four years ago—that would be 1883—visiting her eldest sister, Mrs. Jordon; you know, I have told you, she was the first white bride on Burrard Inlet” (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3), “and they were all ill down there; there was scarlet fever, so Grandmother Patterson brought back with her her sister’s little baby—just about six months old.

“Well. It was winter, and bitterly cold coming up from Victoria to New Westminster on the boat. Then, across by stage—a sleigh, of course—from New Westminster to the ‘End of the Road’” (Hastings); “it was bitterly cold, so they covered Grandmother and the baby up with a big blanket, threw it over the whole sleight; Grandmother and the baby were under it. When they got to the ‘End of the Road’ it was evening and dark, but Grandmother and baby went on over to Moodyville in a rowboat—bitter cold and all—in an open rowboat, and got there with the baby all right, but it was a severe trip.”

MRS. HAZEL NEUMANN.

“The baby is now a grandmother herself, still living, in San Francisco, Mrs. Hazel Neumann” (née Jordan.)

J.S. Matthews.

DR. WALKEM. WATER WELLS.

I find I have omitted to record that Miss Crakanthorp told me some days ago that, one day, when Dr. Walkem hauled up some water from his well at the back of the cottage—with a bucket and rope—he hauled up in the bucket a dead cat.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHROP (OVER THE PHONE), DAUGHTER OF MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHROP, 29 DECEMBER 1937.

FOREST FIRES. HASTINGS SAWMILL. VANCOUVER IMPROVEMENT CO.

Miss Crakanthorp said: “Mother told me to tell you that the only fire she remembers, the only bush fire, was in 1885, down near Dunlevy and Cordova Street; a terrific fire; it had been set for clearing purposes, when they were clearing that land, and it got out of control in the night.

“Mother says that one night, she was staying with my uncle and aunt, Capt. and Mrs. Soule, down at Hastings Mill, close to the water” (note: about Railway Avenue), “and she was awakened by crackling, and smoke coming in the bedroom window made her cough, and Mother awakened them. Capt. Soule

went off to tell MR. Alexander” (the manager), “and Mr. Alexander sent men from the mill; the fire was getting close to the mill, and was going in the direction of Gastown. The men stayed up all night fighting it; it was getting pretty serious for a while.

“The workmen clearing the land had started it, clearing up the brush, but during the night it had started to get too big. Nothing happened.”

FOREST FIRES. CLEARING AWAY THE FOREST.

“Mother says that” (Mrs. Crakanthorp has lived on Burrard Inlet since 1873) “fire is the only bush fire she can remember on the south shore; there were lots at Moodyville, but none on this side she can remember. But over at Moodyville, there were bush fires all the time, and once the mill got on fire—not from a bush fire though.”

MOODYVILLE. MOODYVILLE SAWMILL.

“Mother says that the time, about 1874, I think it was, the Moodyville Sawmill burned down, that it was set on fire by a discharged employee. Mother says she knows who did it, but won’t tell me, because some of the relatives are still living in Vancouver, and it would do no good to reveal the secret, but she says a discharged employee came back and set the mill on fire.”

FAITHFUL DOG.

“Mother tells of how, one Sunday afternoon, the little dog they had wouldn’t stop barking. It kept running up and down to where a lot of men were sitting, and yapping and yapping, and then running off towards the reading room and the cookhouse, and then coming back and barking, until finally they got up and went to see what was the matter. The mill was on fire; they soon put the fire out, but after that the little dog was quite a hero.”

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHORP, 586 EAST 59TH AVENUE, (OVER THE PHONE) TO CITY ARCHIVES, 11 MAY 1938.

Mrs. Crakanthorp, Miss Muriel’s mother, in her conversation of 21 March 1935, recorded in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, says that the first wedding at Hastings Sawmill was that of her elder sister, Abbie Lowell Patterson, now Mrs. Jordan.

Judge Howay, writing in *B.C. Historical Quarterly*, April 1937, records that Hugh Springer and Mrs. Richards were married at Granville, 4 April 1874.

EARLY WEDDINGS ON BURRARD INLET. JOHN PEABODY PATTERSON. HASTINGS SAWMILL.

Miss Muriel said: “Oh. Major Matthews, at last I have received word from my aunt.” (Miss A.L. Patterson was daughter of John Peabody Patterson, and sister to Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp.) “Write down what she says in her letter to me. Are you ready?” (reading)

1462 – 19th Avenue
San Francisco,
May 1938.

Dear Muriel:

Your letter reached me yesterday, and as to my marriage certificate, I gave it to Stella [*Mrs. A.B. McKelvie of Vancouver*] for the Pioneer’s Club. She may be willing to let Major Matthews have it, or a copy. All I have of that ancient event is my wedding ring, which says December 2nd 1874. Mr. Turner was the pastor [*Methodist*]; Mr. Soule, Stella’s father, was best man; Ada Miller, bridesmaid. I am sure the license was in New Westminster. There is a Mr. Banford [*or Bamford*] who was bookkeeper at Maxie’s at that time, and he remembers me. His address is 2213 Franklin Street East, Pandora Lodge. I wrote him a short time ago, and have had no answer. I think he may know something, but am not sure; he was not at the wedding. That is all I can tell you.

A.L. Jordan.

Miss Crakanthorp, continuing: "Mrs. McKelvie says she has not got the marriage certificate, so that is all we can do for the present."

J.S.M.

MEMO OF VARIOUS CONVERSATIONS, OVER THE PHONE, WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHROP, 16 MAY 1938.

VISIT OF EARL OF DUFFERIN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL, 1876.

Miss Crakanthorp said: "Mother says that you are quite correct, in your article, about a little girl running up the Hastings Mill store wharf to tell her mamma that H.M.S. *Amethyst* was coming around Brockton Point; Mother did run to tell her mother, but instead of a 'little girl in fluffy holiday white,' she was a little girl with a red ribbon in her hair, and a red dress. She ran to tell her mother, but it was a mistake because—she was over from Moodyville visiting Carrie Miller, whose mother, Mrs. Jonathan Miller, was the constable's wife—Mrs. Miller, the constable's wife, told the children they had to stay inside the garden fence, so as not to get in the way of the grownups, and she was sorry she had not stayed on the end of the dock."

CAPT. AND MRS. RAYMUR. MRS. R.H. ALEXANDER. MRS. GEORGE BLACK.

"Mother says she does not care what the newspaper account says; Mrs. Raymur was *not* there. There were only two women on the end of the dock, and they were Mrs. R.H. Alexander and Mrs. George Black, and there was a little jealousy about it, and she recalls it very clearly indeed; Mrs. Raymur was *not* over from Victoria, and the children watched the proceedings from the garden fence. Lady Dufferin spoke to the men, and asked to be taken right up at once to see the Indians.

"Just as the small boats were coming into the dock, after they had heard the splash of the anchor and the rattling of the anchor chains, five horsemen, all covered with mud, hurriedly rode up; they were members of the City Council of New Westminster, or the welcome committee, and the horses were covered with mud up to their knees, not inches of mud, but feet of it. The riders had come over by the Douglas Road as far as George Black's at Hastings, and then come on by the Granville-Hastings Road which was under construction; it was open, but had not been graded" (It may not have had the bridges in, and the horses waded the creeks. J.S.M.) "and the horses had been plunging through mud."

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." CLARKSON, CUSTOMS OFFICER.

"Just as the vice-regal party got to the dock, Mr. Clarkson, the customs officer—he was musical, and usually led the singing—dashed up to the gate of the garden, and wanted to know the words of 'God Save the Queen'; the children reminded him what they were."

HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL, 1872.

"Mother says there had to be twelve pupils, or the government would not start a school, and there was not twelve children; there was only eleven. So they put down mother's sister Abbie's name, and she was only four" (years.)

H.M.S. REPULSE. H.M.S. AMETHYST. H.M.S. ROCKET. H.M.S. DOUGLAS. H.M.S. MAUDE.

"Mother says the *Repulse* used to lie right up close to Moodyville; she had eight hundred men on board; they thought she was a mighty vessel with so many men on board. There were three warships when the Governor-General came, the *Rocket*, the *Amethyst*, and another." (Perhaps it was the steamer *Douglas*. J.S.M.) "The joke about the old *Maude* was that they used to say Capt. Holmes would mount into the pilot house, pull the engine room cord to ring the engine room bell, then run down and start the engines going, and then dash back to the pilot house and set her on her course."

INDIAN CUSTOMS. DEER SKIN SAILS.

"I was talking to Uncle this morning—Mother's brother, who lives with us—and he told me the Indians used deer skins for sails; they were leg-o-mutton shaped. When the wind was favourable on Burrard Inlet, he says, he has often seen them doing it; they would hoist them on their canoes and sail along."

CAPT. J.P. PATTERSON'S HOUSE, 1873. ABINGTON H. RIDLEY.

"Our house at Hastings Mill was two storey; just east of the mill store and behind Alexander's; the way Mother knows it was built in 1873 is that it was built for them just after they came up from the Columbia River; at first they lived in a shack while it was building. The Ridleys were Americans, and always remained Americans. Mother tells me that old Mrs. Ridley used to get Oscar Ridley's daughter to take her up to the American Consul—she was old—to report every now and then so that she could retain her American citizenship.

"After we moved over to Moodyville, the Ridleys moved into our house; it was board and batten, with a stove pipe; they pulled it down when the C.P.R. came, or soon after. I think it was on the right of way, or close to it."

CAPT. MACAULAY OF RED ROVER.

"Capt. Macaulay of the *Red Rover* had two girls with him on the ship; one was his sister and was a girl about 14; the other was his daughter, and younger. My elder sister Abbie was about the same age as the elder, and Mother was about the same age as his daughter Bella, about nine, and Mother remembers that it was the first year they were here that our house was building because the two elder girls used to play 'house' in our house whilst it was building, and would not let the two younger girls inside, which annoyed them. Then Aunt Abbie said she would teach Capt. Macaulay's sister how to dance, and there was a dance called the 'Seven Steps Schottische,' and the big girls used to make Mother stand up and sing for them to dance to. Mother says she remembers Mr. Stephen Burns' mother, Bella Macaulay, very well, because she was her playmate whilst the *Red River* was in; she was here loading for a long time, and Bella Macaulay attended the first class in the first school with Mother."

ABINGTON H. RIDLEY.

"Mother says that it is quite correct that Mr. Ridley set out for the Columbia River from the Hastings Mill in an Indian canoe when Leon, their second, but eldest living child, was very ill, and it must have been about 1871 because Mother recalls that Ridleys had lost their first son, Gideon, and they feared for the second, Leon; Mother was living near Ridleys down in Oregon" (Ranier) "and she remembers Mr. Ridley arriving, but she does not think he went in the canoe via Flattery, but down to Olympia, or Stellacoom, and rode from there on horseback, for he arrived on horseback, but she does not actually know."

(Memo: it is strange that Harold Ridley told me his father went to the *mouth* of the Columbia River in a canoe. In view of the fact that ferry boats were running from Victoria to Port Townsend, why did he not take a ferry boat to Victoria from New Westminster, thence to Port Townsend, and thence to Stellacoom, and Portland? Why did he take a "crew of Indians" in the canoe?)

In 1938, Mrs. Isabella Ann Burns, née Macaulay, 22 Nicholson Road, Stornoway, Scotland, and Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, 586 East 59th Avenue, Vancouver, are the only two known surviving pupils of the first school class, 1873, Hastings Mill School.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHORP, 586 EAST 59TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, WHO VISITED THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON, 7 JULY 1938, IN COMPANY WITH HER DAUGHTER, MISS MURIEL.

HASTINGS SAWMILL. DOMINION DAY. KANAKAS. FIRST GRANDSTAND.

Mrs. Crakanthorp: (looking at a small watercolour of Hastings Mill painted about 1876 by Mrs. Richards, wife of Lieutenant-Governor Richards) "I think this must have been some Dominion Day; see the flags on the ships. We used to have sports on the sawdust. I used to sit on the 'grandstand'; just a few boards nailed, tier on tier, on the north side of the old store, afterwards the warehouse." (See photo C.V. P. Mi. 19, also *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.)

PIGS.

"We used to put all the pigs in the pen beside the cookhouse" (photo C.V. P. Mi. 19) "—there were hundreds of pigs—and then we would have the Dominion Day sports: running, jumping, putting weight, and greasy pole, out on the sawdust; the man who got the flag on the end of the pole got a pig; one