

Early Vancouver

Volume Four

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1935-1939.

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

About the 2011 Edition

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GRANVILLE, 1884. AINSLIE MOUAT. A.R. COUGHTRY. STAGES.

(Looking at photo No. N. Dist. 19; P. Dist. 30, Granville, 1884) “This building numbered ‘T’ may have been Blair’s home, but Ainslie Mouat built it; not to occupy himself, but to rent. Mrs. Walter M. Gow, née Coughtry, lived in it with her father and mother when she was a child.

“This dark spot here, the side door to Miller’s cottage, is where Carrie Miller and I used to stand and watch the stages come in, to see who’d come.”

“HOLE IN THE WALL.”

“This tall building at the end here, numbered ‘Q,’ was Pete Donnelly’s; he went to Scotland to get married, and came back John Robertson.”

PICNICS. GRANITE FALLS.

“You see, in the early days, they were supposed to entertain the captains of the ships, and their wives; nearly all the sailing ships, particularly the American ships, carried wives and families of the captains, and after the picnics there would be a dance.

“We used to go up the inlet to what they call Granite Falls now—they were beautiful falls—in the ferry boat *Senator*. All the neighbours would get together and see what they could bake, and they would all go up, and sit on the shore at the falls; the ladies would take their fancy work; they started that when I was about twelve, that would be about 1876, and kept it up until I was nineteen.”

MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

“Then, in Sue Moody’s time—that was when I was ten or eleven—after the picnics we would all be invited to the cookhouse for dinner or supper, and after that they used to dance in the Mechanics Institute.”

HUGH BURR. SEYMOUR CREEK. MILK.

“Hugh Burr lived at Seymour Creek with Mrs. Burr and their six children, all girls, Martha, Elizabeth, Fanny, the twins, Emaline and Adaline, and the last little girl whose name was Harriet Margaret Alexandria Burr. Mr. Burr had a farm, and used to make milk and butter. He used to cross to Maxie’s and sell butter and milk, and then come down to Moodyville in his rowboat with his milk. If it was very rough on the inlet he would not come. We saw him once afterwards in New Westminster.”

MEMO OF CONVERSATION (OVER THE PHONE) WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHORP, 586 EAST 59TH AVENUE, 8 JULY 1939.

CHIEF LAHWA. CHIEF CAPILANO JOE. CHIEF HARRY.

Miss Crakanthorp said: “I have been talking to Uncle Fred, Mother’s brother, about the chiefs over at Capilano.

“Uncle told me that when he was about thirteen—that’s fifty years ago as he is 63 now—he and a boy named Georgie Kamm who was older—about sixteen—went down to Capilano Creek—we always called it Capilano Creek, not river, in those days—to get some mules.”

CAPILANO CREEK. MULES. OXEN.

“They used to have a lot of mules at Moodyville to draw the logs down the skid roads; they were sure-footed. They had oxen at first, then they got the mules; a whole string of mules, ten mules, two abreast. We used to go down to see the mules come in with the logs; great big logs, big fellows; they always brought three, down the skid road; they had come a long way.

“Well, a couple of the mules strayed away, went down to Capilano Creek, and Georgie Kamm was going to get them and wanted my uncle for company; they went along the beach when the tide was out, and they found the two mules down by the water at the mouth of the creek.”

(Note: variously spelt in directories as: 1882, 1885, no mention, 1887 Kamm, T., 1891, Kamm, George; Kamm, Thomas, Millhands, 1892 Kaunn, Thos. millman, 1893 Kamm, Thos., millman, 1894 Kamma, Thos., millman. Miss Crakanthorp says spell Kamm.)

HOMULCHESON. CAPILANO VILLAGE. CHIEF LAHWA.

“There was a lot of Indian houses there; it was the village, and Chief Lahwa lived there. He was an elderly man, fifty or more—boys don’t judge men’s ages very well—and the old chief was a great Roman Catholic, at least he liked the ‘show’ of the Roman Catholic Church; he would not go to any other church; he did not care very much for religion, but he liked the pomp of the robes, and the lace, and the big choir.

“Well, this day, while they were getting the mules, Chief Lahwa came out of his shack, and he was ‘roaring’ drunk. The only garment he had was his undershirt, but he had a bible in one hand, and exclaimed to the two boys, ‘The priest told me I can get drunk, and I can do anything I like, as long as I keep this bible,’ and he was carrying the bible around with him in his hand.

“Georgie Kamm and Uncle Fred stood laughing at old Lahwa, but kept way from him, as he was a bad old fellow, and then Georgie said to Uncle, ‘That old devil is my uncle.’”

KAMM OF MOODYVILLE. KANAKAS. SUE MOODY OF MOODYVILLE.

“About the Kamms, a Kanaka name. These children were actually Moody’s children; Uncle thinks three little boys, and a little girl, but two little boys and one girl anyway; and their mother was an Indian woman. But Sue Moody had a white wife in Victoria, and Mr. Moody wanted her to come and live at Moodyville, so he built her a nice house—not the one known as the ‘Big House,’ another one—and she came up from Victoria to live at Moodyville. But the Kamm children were so like Mrs. Moody’s girls that Mrs. Moody would not stop. And his Indian wife called his children Moody. Then Moody was drowned off Flattery, and his Indian wife went to a man named Kamm; he was a Kanaka, and that’s where the Kamm comes in; after a while she married him.

“Now you see, Grandmother Patterson was the practical nurse who brought nearly all those children into the world, and that’s how she knew all about it.”

MASONIC LODGE. INDIAN WIVES. MOODYVILLE INSTITUTE.

“Mother says that some of the Indian women were very cheeky. They would go down to the store and order all sorts of things, and charge it up to somebody, and if he did not pay they would threaten to ‘make him suffer for it.’

“Mother says that when she was about eighteen, there was a man and he had a white wife and an Indian wife, but the white wife would not stay, but the Indian wife simply worshipped him. Then he died, and there was a Masonic funeral, and Grandmother Patterson saw that the poor kloodch was breaking her heart off by herself; she was not being noticed at all in the pomp and ceremony. So Grandmother took her right up in front, in front of everybody, and went and had a cup of tea with her after the boat went away. The boat was taking the body over; I don’t know where, perhaps George Black’s at Hastings for burial at Westminster. They held the church service in the meeting house, in the old Institute, and then took the body across the inlet. But the old Indian kloodch just worshipped her white husband.

“Chief Lahwa was followed by a Chief Harry; we don’t know much about who he was; not the Chief Harry who is well known, but another Harry, and he had a wife who used to wash for Grandmother Patterson. Oh, no, chiefs’ wives didn’t mind doing the washing. So then, after talking with Uncle, I went downstairs and told Mother what Uncle had said, and she said, ‘He’s right.’ Uncle says Georgie Kamm is still living.”

Approved by Miss Crakanthorp, 18 July 1839.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHROP, 1025 BURNABY STREET, VANCOUVER, OVER THE PHONE, 25 JULY 1939.

FIRST TENNIS ON BURRARD INLET. FIRST CROQUET ON BURRARD INLET. MOODYVILLE. MRS. BEN SPRINGER.

Miss Crakanthorp said: “Mother says that the lawn, later used as the first tennis court on Burrard Inlet, was built before the Springers went to live at the ‘Big House’; the lawn was the beside their home, the ‘Big

House' at Moodyville." (See photo P. Bu. 2, N. Bu. 51, and P. Out. 209, N. Out. 90.) "It was just a lawn, probably built by" (Senator and Lieutenant-Governor) "Hugh Nelson.

"Mother was born at Stamps' Mill in 1864, and she was eighteen when the Nelsons moved out and the Springers moved in, so it would be 1882. Prior to that year the lawn was there, but Mother does not recall it being used for tennis; it was used for croquet."

R.C. CRAKANTHROP, FIRST TENNIS PLAYER.

"Then, in fall of 1886, my father" (Mr. R.C. Crakanthorp) "came to Moodyville, and next spring, 1887, taught Mrs. Springer how to play tennis. Father had been travelling in the United States, but his home in England had a tennis court, and he was a very good player."

RICHARD FLOOD, FIRST LAWN KEEPER.

"Mother says that Richard Flood" (see photo P. Mi. 3, G. N. 130) "who was best man at her wedding, laid off, or blocked off, or whatever it is called, the tennis court lines, and he had the whiting in a pitcher. He would go along and pour it out.

"Somebody, some woman, there said to tell him that he ought to put 'that (white) stuff' in a teapot, and pour it through the spout, so Richard Flood sent a message back, 'Tell her to go and teach her grandmother how to milk ducks.'"

City Archivist: Did the message reach her?

Miss Crakanthorp: "I cannot say."

MULES.

(Note: W.A. Grafton, conversation, 26 July 1939, says, "There was only one string team of mules around Burrard Inlet that I ever saw; the Moodyville Sawmill had them.")

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS MURIEL CRAKANTHROP, 1025½ BURNABY STREET (OVER THE PHONE), 19 AUGUST 1939.

OYSTERS. LOSS OF S.S. CHEHALIS. OYSTER BAY RESTAURANT.

Miss Crakanthorp said: "Mother got your note about oysters on Burrard Inlet, and she says that if there were ever any oyster on Burrard Inlet, that she never heard of them."

Note: a conversation with Mrs. James Walker, daughter of Joseph Silvey, "Portuguese Joe," fisherman of Gastown, on 17 August 1939, also records that oyster on Burrard Inlet were unknown to her.

"You remember the Union Steamship *Chehalis* going down in the Narrows: the *Princess Victoria* ran into her and drowned a lot of people. Well, the *Chehalis* was on her way to look at oyster beds then; they had heard of some oysters growing somewhere, and were off to see if they could find them; that was the reason she was going out the Narrows. And about the old "Oyster Bay Restaurant" being named after oysters in a bay on Burrard Inlet, that's all nonsense, because I remember an Oyster Bay Restaurant in San Francisco.

"Mother says the Oyster Bay Restaurant on Carrall Street had that name because it specialised in oysters, a rare delicacy in Vancouver in those days. She tells of a couple who were married at St. James' Church, and then decided to celebrate the event by having a special dinner; they went to the Oyster Bay Restaurant on Carrall Street, and had an oyster dinner; it was considered quite out of the ordinary to have oysters; there was about only one place in town where they could be got."

(Note: the famous restaurant on the southeast corner of Carrall and Oppenheimer, now Cordova Street East, is probably the oldest restaurant in Vancouver; has always been famous for its good food, even if somewhat hurriedly and boldly served without ceremony; good food with no fuss or pretence. The property was the first lot sold by the Canadian Pacific Railway—sold before the public sale, and privately to Walter E. Graveley, who retained it until his death in 1939.)

CAPT. W.H. SOULE. CAPT. WILLIAM ROGERS. CAPT. CALVIN PATTERSON.

“Mother says that the story of the courtship of the widow of Capt. Calvin Patterson by Capt. W.H. Soule and Capt. William Rogers, the former winning her hand and earning thereby the local sobriquet of ‘William, the Conqueror,’ and Capt. William Rogers, the unsuccessful suitor, earning that of ‘Sweet William,’ is quite true; Capt. Calvin Patterson was Mother’s uncle.”

(Note: the article appeared in *The Burnaby Advertiser*, 21 July 1939, and is by George Green—see his file.)

OYSTERS, NONE ON BURRARD INLET.

Between 1898, when he owned an Indian canoe, and 1905, when he was partner in a small sloop (yacht), and on numerous family picnics to beaches on Burrard Inlet and English Bay, J.S. Matthews, who lived in Auckland, New Zealand, where oysters are on every beach, and where he was a member of both rowing and yachting clubs, states that he has never seen an oyster or an oyster shell, old or new, on a Burrard Inlet beach, from Point Grey to Roche Point.

J.S.M.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHORP, 1066 BURNABY STREET (NEW ADDRESS 1218 BURNABY STREET), OVER THE PHONE, 17 OCTOBER 1939.

GEORGE BLACK, HASTINGS. FIRST KILTS. HIGHLAND DANCES.

Mrs. Crakanthorp said: “About kilts. George Black of Hastings did wear kilts on many occasions; whenever he went to a party, or ball, he used to take his kilts with him. He was a splendid dancer, and he was almost asked to don his kilts and dance.

“I cannot remember what tartan he wore, but he used to dance the sword dance. He was without swords, so he used to take two handkerchiefs and cross them. I saw him dancing many times, many places, wherever there was an entertainment, or singing; anything like that. Mr. Black wore white socks, and used to take his boots off and dance in his stocking feet—sword dance, of course—he danced beautifully. He was not very good looking, but he was an exceptionally fine figure, and well built; was tall, and when he danced he looked as though he was on springs, he was so graceful; just perfect. When they had games or sports on the 24th May, or 1st July, he could jump so high it looked as though he was on springs.”

MRS. GEORGE BLACK.

“I have read descriptions of George Black as having dark hair; he wasn’t dark; George Black was sandy; he was bald, and what hair he had was sandy, and his eyes were blue; I gave you his photo, and Mrs. Black’s, too. Neither of them were very good looking; Mrs. Black was not pretty, but very stylish, light brown hair, dark eyes, and played, sang, and danced. They had two children, Maud and May; Maud was drowned. I don’t think the children were born on Burrard Inlet. Mrs. Black’s parents were Americans; she was educated in Oregon.”

FIRST BAGPIPES. FIRST RACEHORSES. “SLEEPY DAN.” “BRYAN O’LYNN.”

“Mr. Black had the first racehorses on Burrard Inlet; one was called ‘Sleepy Dan,’ and the other was ‘Bryan O’Lynn.’ ‘Sleepy Dan’s’ eyelids drooped, looked as though he was going to sleep; horses do that. I think they both came together. They used to race at Gastown, and over at New Westminster; sometimes Mr. Black would ride, sometimes his stock riders, and Mrs. Black was a great horsewoman, too.”

HART’S OPERA HOUSE.

“The first time I ever heard bagpipes was at a Scottish ball in Hart’s Opera House on Carrall Street; it was just before I was married, 29th December 1892; there certainly was plenty of bagpipes there that night.”

ISAAC JOHNS. CHRISTMAS, GRANVILLE. MRS. JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN.

“Mrs. Sullivan of Gastown was a fine woman; she was part French, and part black; anyway, dark; her maiden name was Josephine Bassette. And another thing: it was Christmas day, and Ike Johns, the customs officer, got drunk, and Ainslie Mouat and some of them took him home in a wheelbarrow; they hadn’t far to go, just a few yards. But. The next day Mrs. Johns was about, and he was telling his cronies that ‘some of the boys got it bad last night, but I got them home safely.’”