

Early Vancouver

Volume Five

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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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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