

Early Vancouver

Volume Five

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

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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

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Contact Information

City of Vancouver Archives
1150 Chestnut Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6J 3J9
604.736.8561
archives@vancouver.ca
vancouver.ca/archives



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.