

Early Vancouver

Volume Five

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2011 Edition (Originally Published 1945)

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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Footnote or Endnote Reference:

Major James Skitt Matthews, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 5 (Vancouver: City of Vancouver, 2011), 33.

Bibliographic Entry:

Matthews, Major James Skitt. *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 5. Vancouver: City of Vancouver, 2011.

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McGill is an old farmer,
And Morris, he's a charmer,
And Ellery and Aiken are all there. (Chorus.)

There's lack of woman's nursing,
There's lack of woman's tears,
A famine of their love and tender care.
So open up your purses; assist those two brave nurses.
Who for Jesus' sake are going right up there. (Chorus.)

Composed by Thos. J. McGill, in Brandon, Manitoba, 1898.

18 SEPTEMBER 1945 – MOODYVILLE, BURRARD INLET. EARLY FIRE PROTECTION.

Memo of conversation, over the phone, with Miss Muriel Crakanthorp, R.C.A.F. No. 2 Equipment Depot, Indian Reserve, False Creek, only daughter of Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, 1406 Davie Street, pioneer of Burrard Inlet, 1873; first at Hastings Sawmill, 1873, and afterwards at Moodyville Sawmill, 18 September 1945.

MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. MOODYVILLE, B.C. FIRE PROTECTION.

Miss Muriel Crakanthorp: "Mother says to tell you that there was no fire brigade at Moodyville; all they had was barrels and buckets of water on top of the roof of the sawmill; the buckets had something painted on them like 'Property of Moodyville Sawmill'; something like that.

"In the case of fire, the men of the mill were supposed to rush up on top of the mill and man the buckets. There was lots of water at Moodyville, and there were very few fires. If a house caught on fire, the men all gathered and put it out with buckets; bucket brigade. There was no hose, or fire brigade; just buckets."

As told to me. J.S. Matthews.

CONVERSATION, SAME DAY, WITH MR. CALVIN PATTERSON, BROTHER, MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHORP, PROPRIETOR, CIGAR STAND, HOTEL GEORGIA.

MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. MOODYVILLE, B.C. FIRE PROTECTION.

Mr. Patterson: "Oh, they had some hose, and hose reels about the sawmill too."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. THEODORE BRYANT, LADYSMITH, B.C., 24 SEPTEMBER 1945.

Son of the Rev. Cornelius Bryant, minister of the (Wesleyan) Methodist Church, more commonly known as the "Indian Church" at Granville, or "Gastown" from 1878 to 1881. Mr. Bryant is on a visit to Vancouver; has been up to Prince Rupert for a trip; also to Ashcroft, and is on his way home, and spent this afternoon in the City Archives. Despite his age he is sound of mind and thought, and as active as a cricket. He has been a postmaster over *fifty years*; first at Wellington, Vancouver Island, for thirteen years and eight months, and at Ladysmith since 1907.

ROLLER SKATING RINK. HASTINGS TOWNSITE. GEORGE BLACK.

Mr. Bryant: "It was earlier than 1881 that George Black had a skating rink, roller skates, at Hastings, because Father was here from 1878 to 1881, and it was before we left. George Black used to get a wagon, fill it with straw, and come down to Granville, or 'Gastown' as they call it now, and pile all the children he could get into the wagon; sit us on the straw, and take us up to Hastings Townsite to his skating rink."

GRANVILLE HOTEL. SULLIVANS OF GRANVILLE. MAGEE BROS. STORE. JOSEPH MANNION.

"In this photograph here, this Granville Hotel" (photo C.V., Dist. N. 19, P. 30; Granville, 1884) "this hotel was not the original Granville Hotel; the one you see here was built while we were in Granville, probably in 1879 or 1880. It replaced an earlier building, which was pulled down or moved or something, but I

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.