

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

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week, when the tide was running out, he would come into the bit of wharf at the south end of Carrall Street, and we would send the supplies down to him on a wagon. He was a fine man.”

“HOWE SOUND JIM.” “MOWITCH JIM.” “JIMMY JIMMY.” “JIM GROUSE.” “CHARLIE HUNDRED.” “JERICHO CHARLIE.” “PIE FACE.”

Major Matthews: August, were “Howe Sound Jim” and “Mowitch Jim” two different men?

August: (smiling) “Yes, too many Jims. ‘Mowitch Jim,’ ‘Howe Sound Jim,’ ‘Jim Grouse,’ and ‘Jimmy Jimmy,’ but” (laughing) “his father’s name was Jack” (Tow-who-quam-kee.) “And ‘Faithful Jim.’ Too many Joes too.”

Mr. Simson: “And Charlies. I named Jim Grouse; he was always ‘grouching’” (i.e., grumbling.) “Charlie Hundred lived down in the rancherie east of the mill; he always had lots of money; if ever we wanted change at the mill store, we would send down to Charlie Hundred’s wife” (Indian), “and she always had change.”

Major Matthews: Why did you call him “Hundred.” He was an Indian, too, like the others.

August: “He would save up until he got a hundred dollars, and then ‘blow it in.’ ‘Pie Face’ had a face that looked like a pie; his real name was Saits-kul-tun; he lived on the False Creek Reserve.”

TOO MANY JOES.

See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3. (One copy of the four only.)

“Joe Silvey, Joe Gonsalves, Joe Fernandez, all ‘Portuguese Joes.’ Joe Mannion, Capilano Joe, Joe Humphries, Lockit Joe, ‘Holy Joe,’ Joe Huntly, etc.” Hyas Joe, Isaac Joe.

FOREST FIRES. CLEARING THE FOREST AWAY.

In answer to a question, Calvert Simson, who came to the Hastings Sawmill in 1884, tells me that he does not recall any forest fires anywhere about Vancouver until after the Canadian Pacific Railway came.

J.S. Matthews.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. DONALD ROBERT SMITH, NÉE McCORD, 914 PENDER STREET WEST, VANCOUVER, SEY. 53930, AT CITY ARCHIVES, CITY HALL, 20 JULY 1936.

Mrs. Smith is the only child of Benjamin Campbell and Margaret McCord, pioneers of Coal Harbour; her parents and grandparents settled on about three acres of land at the foot of Denman Street in very early days, and appear to have been the first settlers—other than John Morton, et al.—in that region of the “West End.” It is stated three acres were originally preempted, but in the final settlement, made in 1895, they secured one lot only, 66 feet by 125 feet, being the northeast corner of Georgia and Denman Street, and numbered 1789 Georgia Street West, and sold to a Mr. Crane, for use as a shipyard, for \$23,500.

MR. EIHU. KANAKAS.

Mrs. Smith said: “Mr. Eihu, my maternal grandfather, was a Hawaiian, and worked for the Hudson’s Bay Co. at Langley Fort; he married a Cowichan Indian woman, a chief’s daughter, whose name I do not know, but I do know that they were married at Fort Langley by the factor. Then, later, my grandfather, Mr. Eihu, came to work at the Hastings Sawmill; his Indian wife came with him. My mother, Margaret Eihu, was born in New Westminster, what year I don’t know; the only other child they had was uncle William.”

BEN C. McCORD. MARGARET McCORD. INDIAN CHURCH. METHODIST CHURCH. FIRST CHURCH IN VANCOUVER.

“My father” (Mr. McCord) “came to British Columbia during the gold rush to Cariboo; then he too came to Burrard Inlet, and went logging for Jerry Rogers at Jericho Beach. He was married to my mother by the Rev. Thos. Derrick at the little church on what is now Water Street; I think you know it as the Indian church, or Wesleyan Methodist church; anyway, it was the first church we had in what is now Vancouver. I am their only child, and was born on the 1st October 1877. Subsequently I was christened in the same

church. Mother died 26th April 1925, and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery; Father went over the Skagway trail in 1898, died the following year, and was accorded the first Masonic funeral in Dawson City. My first recollections of the little old church are that the Indians used to come to it as well as whites; I was in it many times. It was just a little old building, about as big as these two rooms” (16 x 30) “and only now and again would the minister come. The back” (north end) “of the little building protruded a little over the beach; it was to the west of the ‘Parsonage.’”

CUM YOW. CUM YEE.

“You see, the front faced south, because we entered by a little door from a narrow trail; it was such a tiny clearing the church stood on; there was stumps all around everywhere; if you went a few feet beyond the church, you were in the thick timbers. We used to play around, and go in the church; you know how churches are never locked. It was just near where the Dominion Hotel is now; Eddie Gold’s father, Louis Gold, had a few cottages to the west of the church; he used to rent them to anybody; to the east was the Chinaman’s place” (see Sanborn map of Granville, 1885) “run by Cum Yow, the interpreter’s father.” (See Angus Fraser, John Murray, and Cum Yee, brother of Cum Yow, coxswain, *Annie Fraser*, racing boat.)

REV. C.M. TATE. INDIAN CHURCH.

“Inside the church there were just benches, and at the front a bit of platform on which the minister used to stand, but what minister I don’t recall, because I was so small; my father used to carry me into church. They sang the hymns, sometimes in Indian, sometimes in English; sometimes Mr. Tate would talk; he talked the Indian language well. After a while we went to church at the little school house at the Hastings Sawmill; we used to walk along the trail from Gastown—we were living in Gastown at the time—to Hastings Sawmill, and one Sunday, when we were at service in the little school at the mill, I was sitting there with Father, and Harry Alexander pulled my curls. I had on a kilted suit, and a glengarry. I got up and hit him on the head with it. I shall never forget it; the minister looked at me, and when we came out of church, my father looked sideways at me; he shook his head; oh, he thought it terrible. Then later St. James was built, and we went there. Harry Alexander fell off his horse and broke his arm, and it never was quite straight afterwards.

REV. C.M. TATE, INDIAN MISSIONARY. DEADMAN’S ISLAND. CEMETERIES.

City Archivist: Do you recall Rev. Mr. Tate?

Mrs. Smith: “Oh, yes, I do. He was a great friend of ours. He used to come and see us at Coal Harbour. There was living there at that time only my mother and myself; Grandfather died when I was a little girl about nine, and is buried on Deadman’s Island, which was the burial ground; a lot of people are buried on Deadman’s Island and at Brockton Point; they used to take the bodies over in a boat. Grandmother went to live with her son, my uncle William, at North Vancouver, where Uncle William still lives. There was no ‘Mission’ there then; they built that afterwards. Mr. Tate used to call sometimes.”

COAL HARBOUR, EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

“Our buildings at Coal Harbour were not much; just a couple of small houses on the beach beside a creek. My grandmother planted apples from seed, and they grew into fine trees bearing such enormous apples, as big as saucers; and we had lots of berries, we certainly did have berries; raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries. No, we were not ‘on relief’” (and Mrs. Smith laughed) “we had” (with emphasis) “*everything*: lots of fish and game, chickens, and pigs.”

City Archivist: How did you come to go to Coal Harbour?

MR. EIHU. BEN C. MCCORD. CHARCOAL.

Mrs. Smith: “At first my grandfolks only lived down at Coal Harbour. Mr. Eihu, my grandfather, came to Burrard Inlet to work for the Hastings Sawmill; Grandfather and Grandmother had lots of pigs and chickens, and that was why they had to leave the sawmill, because old Capt. Raymur did not like the pigs and chickens running all over ‘the spit,’ you know what I mean, over the sawdust” (note by JSM: there was another sawdust “spit” at Moodyville) “so they went down to Coal Harbour, down on Georgia Street, and preempted three acres, but the reason they went there to that particular spot, they told me, was because of a little creek there. It certainly was a pretty place with a big beach of pebbles; of course, when they started cutting trees, roots and branches drifted in and spoilt it, and the creek dried up, and then my

grandfather made charcoal for the blacksmith shop at the Hastings Sawmill; he had great big charcoal pits.”

SQUATTERS, STANLEY PARK.

“Agnes F. Cummings, daughter of James Cummings, original squatter, and Margaret West, were squatters in Stanley Park; they left them there.

“When I was about ten years old, I went out to work; oh, anywhere. I worked for” (Fire) “Chief Carlisle’s sister, Mrs. Bray, and Mrs. Crakanthorp; sometimes used to go to the little bit of a Baptist church on Westminster Avenue, just across from the old City Hall, and then in 1895, I married Mr. Robert Donald Smith; the ceremony was at my home at 1789 Georgia Street West. The Rev. Mr. Cloverdale Watson was the minister.”

VEGETABLES IN GRANVILLE.

“When I was about five years old, there was an old fellow named Billy Patterson; he had a little sloop. He would come up from Salt Spring Island with vegetables to sell; he would bring his vegetables, because there was nothing here. I remember one time, one of the women asked him if he had any oranges, and he replied, ‘Only bog oranges, Mam.’

“Then on one other occasion we went down to Victoria in a little boat; sailed all the way; there were no passenger boats running up and down in those days.”

PREEMPTIONS.

City Archivist: How did you get your land? I thought John Morton preempted all the “West End.”

Mrs. Smith: “I don’t know; I never heard much about Morton. Mother had to give the lawyer some money, and that was how she got the land, but it was a preemption. It was in 1895 that Mother gave the lawyer the money. The Mortons never bothered us.” (See Rev. C.M. Parker, who states that Morton lost a lawsuit over land.) “I planted a cherry tree down on our property; it’s there yet; planted it from seed; it’s a beautiful tree now. My husband” (Donald Robert Smith) “is up at what was once the Surf Inlet Mines, Princess Royal Island.”

GENEALOGY.

“My three children are Albert C. Smith, who lives at 1626 North West Everett Street, Portland, Oregon; he is quite a hockey player. He was born at 1789 Georgia Street on January 18, 1895. Edith, now Mrs. William Rennie, born the same place, the year of Queen Victoria’ Diamond Jubilee, July 2nd 1897; and Mrs. Florence Dean Smith, the youngest, who married a man of the same name; his Danish name was Schmidt, but he changed it to Smith; he was a musician; she died in Shanghai in 1929. She was getting ready to come home to see me, and waiting for the *Empress* when she died; it was a terrible blow.

“My grandchildren are June Rennie, born Selkirk, Manitoba, and now about seventeen, and William Rennie, also born Selkirk, now about fifteen.”

As narrated to me, 20 July 1936. J.S. Matthews.

MRS. BEN C. MCCORD.

“As I told you, my mother was half Indian; my grandmother was full Indian; she was a lovely woman; she was very particular, never went without a hat, always wore shoes; and everyone loved her. I cannot talk the Indian tongue; my mother would not allow me. Mother died April 26th 1926, or was it 1925?”

NICKNAMES.

“I told you I wore a glengarry and a kilted skirt; the children used to call me ‘Scotsy Two Tails.’ Speaking of nicknames, there was an old German named Jack Bruntz; he used to come to dances, but he could not speak English, and people did not associate with him much. He used to say people did not ‘soak shakes’ with him, so he got the name of ‘Old Soak Shakes.’”

Read and approved by Mrs. D.R. Smith, 28 July 1936. J.S.M.

Mrs. Smith died in the fall of 1937.