

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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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

coming along in a canoe from our home; the old coal shack down at the foot of what is now Abbott Street; the old deserted cabin of those who had drilled for coal and which we occupied.”

HASTINGS MILL STORE WHARF.

“Before they had the Hastings Sawmill wharf, all they had was the beach. When a boat came in, it had to push its way up as best it could on the beach and land things as best they could, but after they built the wharf they could land things properly, at any stage of the tide; they had a sloping place” (gangway) “where the boats could land their cargo at any time.”

THE OLD, OLD HASTINGS MILL STORE.

Major Matthews: Did you say you saw this building built?

Mr. Scales: “Certainly. Before they built this store they had the earlier one. It was a building where they kept everything wanted for the mill and loggers. When a logger wanted anything, he went to that old store and got it; all they wanted for the mill, too. There were not so many people here that they wanted a regular store. All they wanted was a building to keep all sorts of stuff in, from tools to groceries; everything. Oh yes, I saw them build this building.”

Note: in an old advertisement published in the *News-Advertiser*, 2 October 1891, there appears:

HASTINGS MILL STORE
1868—Established—1868

If this is correct, then Mr. John Scales, R.E., and his wife and children, including John Henry Scales, must have come here in 1868 or earlier.

Subsequently, Mr. Hunter took Mr. and Mrs. Scales back to their home, but before doing so, took them for a drive around those more splendid parts of the city which Mr. Scales had never seen.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ROBERT MACKIE, 2510 SOUTHWEST MARINE DRIVE, FORMERLY MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH McCLEERY, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE (ONE OF) FIRST SETTLERS ON THE SITE OF VANCOUVER, I.E., FITZGERALD McCLEERY, OF D.L. 315, 3 JULY 1945.

Mrs. Mackie came carrying an old wash board, and two ox bows, which go around the neck to oxen, fit into the yoke.

OXEN. OX BOWS. OX YOKES.

Mrs. Mackie said: “Here are the two bows you asked for; got them out of the barn. They were used on our farm by my father for plowing; they used to go around the necks of our two oxen we plowed D.L. 315 with; one was called ‘Bright’ and the other ‘Jerry’; They were both pure white oxen.

“Father says in his diary that the flies were bad, and bothering ‘Bright’ and ‘Jerry’; that was when my sister” (Mrs. Logan) “was born; it’s in his diary.”

Note: Mrs. Logan was born 1878.

Note: I have tried to fit the bows to the yoke given us by the Mitchell Estate, which was without bows, but the McCleery bows are a little too large for the holes in the yoke—too wide apart. If I steam the bows I think I can bend them in closer so that they will fit.

JSM.