

Early Vancouver

Volume Six

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

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1940-1945.

Supplemental to volumes one, two, three, four and five collected in 1931, 1932, 1934, 1939 and 1944.

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



CONVERSATION WITH MR. AND MRS. GEO. W. JAMIESON, RETIRED SCHOOL TEACHER, 368 EAST 7TH AVENUE, MOUNT PLEASANT, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS MORNING, MR. JAMIESON PRESENTING US WITH AN ENGINE ROOM WRENCH OF IRON, THREE INCH JAW, FROM THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY STEAMER *BEAVER*.

S.S. *BEAVER*.

Mr. Jamieson said: "This wrench, rusted a bit with salt water, I took from the S.S. *Beaver* as she lay on the rocks in 1888 or 1889; it fell off the steamer into the water, and I made three attempts to get it off the rocks covered with water; finally, I got it up. The captain told me it was the biggest wrench on the vessel."

(Note: the wrench is eighteen inches overall, has two hexagonal jaws, one is three inch mouth, the other three inches and one eighth; the middle of the wrench is one inch round iron.)

BEARS. BLACKBERRIES. MOUNT PLEASANT.

Mr. Jamieson: "People nowadays cannot comprehend life as we knew it in those days. For instance, when I first taught school in Mount Pleasant there was only about one man lived west of Westminster Avenue, and one man east of it, figuratively speaking, of course. There was no such thing as Fairview as we know it today. And as I told you the other day, when I saw men with lanterns waiting for their children coming from school, I could understand the lanterns, to give light that they could see in the narrow paths and roots all about, but what I could not understand was the guns. So when I asked, 'Why the guns,' they replied, 'Bears.'"

TROUT LAKE. INDIAN TRAILS.

Major Matthews: You shot a bear yourself, didn't you?

Mr. Jamieson: "You know, there were little trails leading down to Trout Lake; some of them were passable, but in places they were overgrown and one could not see ahead. I went down one on my bicycle one day, and before I knew it I ran right slap bang into a bear eating berries beside the trail. The bushes obscured him, and I was travelling fairly fast, and my bicycle tire hit him square in the middle. He went, 'Woof, woof,' and 'beat it' as fast as he could."

LITTLE MOUNTAIN.

"Then, another time, six or seven ladies went picking blackberries up somewhere—I judge it was up towards the present Little Mountain—and each picked about ten quarts in pails.

"One of the women laid her baby down, and nearby was a pan with berries which had been picked. When she turned around and came back to where she was assembling her berries, there was a bear licking the berries out of the pan, and he had it pretty well cleaned of blackberries, and the baby was right beside it of course. The bear had no taste for babies and just left him alone. But people of today cannot comprehend that these things actually happened."

WILD CATTLE OF LULU ISLAND.

"What you wrote me about the cattle brought from Portland, Oregon, on a schooner by George Black and Fitzgerald McCleery in the spring of 1864, and landing them at Garry Point, and some of them getting away, explains how those wild cattle on Lulu Island came to be; there were herds of about fifty wandering about together; all ages, old, young, everything."