

## **Early Vancouver**

### **Volume Six**

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

**2011 Edition (Originally Published 1945)**

*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**

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 125<sup>th</sup> 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. 6 (Vancouver: City of Vancouver, 2011), 33.

Bibliographic Entry:

Matthews, Major James Skitt. *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 6. Vancouver: City of Vancouver, 2011.

### **Contact Information**

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



**MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK KHAHTSAHLANO, SON OF KHAY-TULK (SUPPLEJACK), GRANDSON OF CHIEF KHAHTSAHLANO, WHO CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES AND SHARED MY LUNCH AND A CUP OF TEA AT MY DESK, AND CAME CARRYING A SMALL PARCEL, 24 OCTOBER 1940.**

He has been invited to lunch with His Worship the Mayor, Dr. Telford, in his office, City Hall, on Monday, 28 October 1940.

**FLAGS. INDIAN CHIEFS. CHIEF YHO-WHAHL-TUN. "JERICHO CHARLIE."**

August said: "I bring this flag to show you; it very old flag; it belonged to" (Chief) "Yho-whahl-tun; he's got no English name. He was chief at" [blank]; "whitemans call it Ashlute" (sic); "it's way up twenty-five miles back of Squamish, not on the Pacific Great Eastern Railway; that turns off at Ten Mile Point. I don't know how he got the flag, but maybe the Roman Catholics at New Westminster give it to him; long time ago, long, long time."

Major Matthews: Well, what does it mean?

August: "Well, you know, when they come together, the church, the priest ask who is the chief, and they give each chief on each" (Indian) "reserve a flag. Yho-whahl-tun was a minister" (clergyman); "every Sundays peoples come his house for prayer; they come from Squamish, and away up the river. He died; bury him up at his own place. Then, when he was dying, he says to my stepfather, Chinalset" ("Jericho Charlie") "You keep this flag; for my country."

"Then my stepfather he die, but before he die, I see it in a trunk, and Chinalset said to me, 'When I die, you look after this flag'; that's how I have it."

**INDIAN BURIALS. PROPHECIES. APPLES AND RASPBERRIES.**

"Yho-whahl-tun was the man who told the Squamish Indians that 'By and by, a woman will plant some trees; by and by they will grow red berries'; that's apples; no apples here then, not that time; Indians know nothing about apples. And he told them, 'Woman will go outdoors and pick some berries'; that's raspberries, but there was no raspberries that time. He knows. But he never travelled, but somebody tell him about places long way off, and he listen. And then in he's house he tell the peoples what's going to happen.

"Then, about forty years ago, we bury him in the ground. He was in a box, cedar box, but we bury him in the ground. His bones in the box was just like powder" (dust) "when we touch them with fingers."

**PIGEONS. QWHY-WHAT. HAXTEN. POLLY.**

"I have dinner with my Aunt Polly; she lives back of the church" (at North Vancouver Indian Reserve.) "I ask her if there was pigeons here when she was young. She say, 'Yes, wild.' She's old; she's sister to my mother Qwhy-what; that's three sisters, Qwhy-what, my mother, who was the oldest, then Haxten, she died short time ago, then Polly, she's the youngest of the three; she's got Indian name but we call her 'Polly.' I forget Indian name."

**GASSY JACK'S WIFE.**

"Madeleine" (Gassy Jack's wife) "she go up Squamish; not come back yet."

Note: the flag is seventy-two inches by fifty-seven; broad red margin on three edges, white oblong centre with cross and embroidered words, "Religion," "Civilization," and "Temperance," and corner ornamentation of bible, crown and keys, spade and axe, and governor.

See photo No. C.V. P. In. 47.

**THE HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL, 1872 AND MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHORP, NÉE PATTERSON.**

There was present, as a guest of honour, who was accorded an ovation by four hundred guests at a banquet held in the Hotel Vancouver, Friday, November 15<sup>th</sup> 1940, Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, née

Patterson, a pupil of the first class, April 1873, of the first school, Hastings Sawmill School, on the site of the City of Vancouver.

She is now, November 1940, the sole survivor of that first class resident in Vancouver; her two sisters, also pupils with her in 1873, survive, but reside in California.

She was driven to the Hotel Vancouver by Mr. Kenneth A. Waites, Vancouver school historian (King Edward High School), and was seated at the head table to the left of Dr. Alexander Robinson, principal of the Vancouver High School, an aged educationalist of distinguished carriage. She was "introduced" to the great assemblage of over 400 gathered in the great banquet hall, and rose from her seat, bowed to the brilliant scene before her, and sat down.

This demure little lady amazes one to look upon. She is an actual living connection between that humble, solitary unpainted shed standing in the clearing, midst stumps and forest debris scattered about in hopeless confusion, and a splendid educational system comprising 70 public schools, 90 private schools, 1,500 teachers, 50,000 scholars, together with many colleges and a University, which in the short space of her life has been created out of the silent wilderness. It is a little bewildering to reflect upon, yet it is true, for before I left that scene of magnificent luxury and splendour, and saw a large gathering of well groomed men and superbly gowned ladies disperse and go back to their homes, I actually shook Mrs. Crakanthorp, who was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Muriel, by the hand, and kissed her cheek.

J.S. Matthews.  
City Archivist.

Vancouver, 18 November 1940.

#### **MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. FRANK W. HART (THE SECOND MRS. HART) OF PRINCE RUPERT, WHO CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES WITH A RELATIVE, 19 NOVEMBER 1940.**

She is on a visit from Prince Rupert, is returning in a week; she is 77, but no one would ever know it. She is as active as a woman of 57, and converses fluently. During my absence she was shown all the records we have made of Mr. Hart's life, by Mrs. Stanley Williams (née Margaret Giles), and it was reported to me that she was well pleased, especially with Mr. Hart's letters recorded in *Early Vancouver*, Volume 3.

#### **HART'S OPERA HOUSE. JOHN W. STEWART. HECTOR STEWART, HIS SON.**

Mrs. Hart said in part: "You know, the Opera House" (Hart's Opera House, first in Vancouver) "had a canvas roof."

Major Matthews, interjecting: And cotton lined walls, and a sawdust floor. (Note: see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, for an amusing story of the "Texas Steer," where the horse fell through the stage, and the "circus seats" fell with the crowd, injured a man, and they settled it by the prima donna giving the injured man, a rough logger, a bouquet of flowers at his bedside, and a kiss, and Hart left a twenty dollar gold piece beside his bed; nothing more was heard; no lawsuit for damages.)

Mrs. Hart: "Well. The roof was of canvas, and could be pushed up, and boys would peep inside. The boys climbed up the outside of the board wall, pushed up the canvas and peeped under it, and could see the stage. Well, Hector Stewart—he was just a lad then, perhaps eleven—he was up, had climbed up the outside and was peeking in, so Mr. Hart went outside, and gave him a push from behind. *He fell over into the Opera House* on top of the people. One or two were hurt when he fell on them, but not very much; nothing serious. Hector Stewart was the Chief of Police's son; both dead now.

"But afterwards, in the Yukon, Mr. Hart was ill, and Hector was up there, and carried Mr. Hart a long way to hospital on his back; Hector was a big strong man, but Mr. Hart was a big man too, and heavy, but he" (Hector) "carried him a long way."

The ladies left, apparently well pleased with what they had seen. Mrs. Hart is a very delightfully charming lady; no one would ever suspect her age, 77.