

Early Vancouver

Volume Seven

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

2011 Edition (Originally Published 1956)

Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected between 1931-1956.

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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10 FEBRUARY 1948 – DIETZ OF MOODYVILLE.

Excerpt, *British Columbia Memoirs*, J.W. Bell, 1947, p. 15:

Deitz [*sic*] lived in Victoria. I saw him once, when he visited the mill; being carried on the back of an Indian from the boat landing to the store. I believed he had lost the use of his legs; perhaps paralyzed.

Note by J.S.M. Mr. Bell lives (1948) at the Alcazar Hotel, Dunsmuir Street, Vancouver.

Page (unnumbered, but the two last in the book)

John Ward Bell [John Warren Bell?]: “Mrs. Crakanthorp started again by asking me if I never saw Mr. Dietz, one of the owners of the mill, and his Indian Charlie Scow, who carried him about on his back.

“I do,” I replied. “In fact, I mentioned him in my *Memoirs*,” which I got, and read from page 15. “I saw him (Dietz) being carried on the back of an Indian from the ferry boat to the store.”

“What was the matter with him?” asked the Major.

“I think his legs were paralyzed,” answered Mrs. Crakanthorp. “Anyway, he could not walk. Charlie Scow was his valet I guess you’d call him Wherever Dietz went he took Scow with him. In San Francisco, where those who could afford it went during the winter, Dietz always took Scow to look after him and after Charlie Scow got Dietz to bed about nine o’clock Charlie would dress up in Dietz’s Prince Albert coat, silk hat, and take to the City.”

“Do you mean to tell me the Indian went out dressed in Dietz’s clothes? Ridiculous!!” says the Major.

“Indeed he did, Major. Of course, he did not tell Dietz, but that’s what he did. Most of the business men in San Francisco wore Prince Alberts and top hats to their place of business, offices and clubs. That’s a fact, Major, for I spent 1887 and ’88 winter in ‘Frisco.

etc. etc. ...

“The women never went out with bare hands—always wore gloves, Major,” joined in Mrs. Crakanthorp.

CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN WARREN BELL, PIONEER, 1867, NOW OF THE ALCAZAR HOTEL, DUNSMUIR STREET, VANCOUVER, WHO KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS AFTERNOON AND CHATTED, 12 MAY 1948.

GLAD TIDINGS. MISSION SHIP. CAPTAIN WILLIAM OLIVER.

Major Matthews: Mr. Bell, did you know Captain Oliver?

Mr. Bell: “Of the *Glad Tidings*, sure I knew him; pretty tough character.

“You know. George Leask, he was engineer on the *Glad Tidings*. He told me about it. They were up at Cortez Island, where ‘Mike’ Manson started a store. They were up there one night and the Reverend Thomas Crosby got preaching, and got warmed up to his subject and quoted from the Bible and told all about where it said that if a member of your body offend thee, cut it off, cast it away, or you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. So Captain Oliver goes right out from the meeting, got an axe, and cut it off, just left a stub about an inch and a half long. It nearly killed him; he pretty near died. George Leask told me.”

Major Matthews: Did he own the *Glad Tidings*? What did they do with him. Take him to Nanaimo?

Mr. Bell: “No, the Mission people did. Victoria hospital I think they took him to. Afterwards I saw the nurse who nursed him, great big fine woman; but she wasn’t nursing when she told me about it. She said he pretty nearly ‘did’ for himself. But he got better. I knew Captain Oliver myself. I was living on the sand spit

at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands—logging. Oliver used to come around the camp, but the fellows didn't pay any attention to him. He used to come to the logging camp. He had a boat of his own."

Major Matthews: The *Udal*?

Mr. Bell: "I don't know if she had a name. About, say, 1930, he came along to the camp one night and wanted the fellows to come to his service, but they all knew about him—how he had deformed himself—so they just took no notice, and by and bye he started up his engine and went off. There was no meeting; no one went."

Major Matthews: Must have been fanatical or something.

Mr. Bell: "I don't know. Maybe."

(And Mr. Bell shook his head as though he didn't know what to think and was puzzled that any man in his senses should take an axe and deliberately cut off part of a member of his own body, and do it under the delusion that the Bible told he could not enter the kingdom of heaven otherwise.)

DEEP COVE.

Nov. 23rd, 1948.

Major J.S. Matthews,
Archivist, Vancouver, B.C.

My dear Major:

JACK SCALES.

You phoned me the other day and admonished me for not writing more memoirs of my early life, "Few are living who were in B.C. prior to Confederation 1867. Jack Scales recently passed away—I was at his funeral. You suggest I write what I know of Deep Cove, particularly regarding the ox-team days of logging—camps—how they lived—transportation—how they got their logs to the mills."

There is little to chronicle that would interest you or the public of today. I read articles in the Magazine sections of our daily press by Cheechako would-be historians, photographs and pictures. Some are so fantastic and ridiculous—yet so colorful and exciting that for me to even attempt to state what few simple facts that still remains in "memories storehouse" would be of little interest and less understood. You are an exception Major—so I bought this green covered copy book for ten cents—sharpened my lead pencil and will scribble away in an effort to convince you how little there is to write about.

MOODYVILLE. COTTREL'S OX-TEAM CAMP. LYNN'S CREEK. ROGER'S CAMP. JERICO. HASTINGS MILL. HAND-LOGGING ON BURRARD INLET.

In my Memoirs I wrote of my life at Moodyville—Cottrel's Ox-team camp at Lynn's Creek, and Roger's camp at Jericho, just those two camps in 1870. Neither the Hastings mill or Moodyville had large daily out-put—not over an average 40 m. ft. My grandparents and family lived on the flat, west of Lynn Creek as well as my parents, sister and myself.

All were engaged in hand-logging on Burrard Inlet—a most primate way of logging suitable only for mountain sides with slopes steep enough so the full length tree would run by gravity into the "salt-chuck."

Only a small percentage of the total timber could be logged in this manner, a tree here a tree there—after figuring out where to fall it so as it could run into the water. Sometimes a small stand in a draw, could be run down the same runway—but usually each tree made its own path to the beach.