

## **Early Vancouver**

### **Volume Seven**

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

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

### **About the 2011 Edition**

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### **SAMUEL HOOD, 1<sup>ST</sup> VISCOUNT, 1724-1816.**

Admiral. Commanded the North American Station, 1767-1770. Served at St. Eustatius, 1781, St. Kitts and under Admiral Rodney at Dominica, 1782. (There was also a Vice-Admiral Sir A.A. Hood, H.M.S. *Royal George*, 100 guns, Capt. W. Domett.)

### **CAPT. CHARLES HENRY CATES STARTS OVER.**

Conversation with Calvert Simson, a storekeeper, Hastings Sawmill, 14 December 1937.

Mr. Simson: "Yes, there was a water scow; not 'Spratt's Ark,' but a real water scow. That was how Captain Cates got his start. He used to take the scow over from this side to Moodyville on the north shore, fill it out of the spout at the flume—good water from Lynn Valley Creek—and tow it over to the sailing ships for ballast and fresh water. I think he got five dollars for watering a ship."

### **"LITTLE ARCHER" AND THE JAPANESE VISITING SQUADRON, ABOUT 1909.**

Ronald Kenwyn, formerly editor, *Province*, writes (*Province*, 8 February 1939) on the visit of "Capt." W.H. Archer to the Japanese warships *Aso* and *Soya*, which visited Vancouver following the China-Japan War.

Explanation by J.S. Matthews.

This extraordinary and amusing incident arose in this way.

When the Japanese warship *Aso* and *Soya*—one of them was the captured Russian warships *Bayan*—arrived in the harbour on a courtesy visit to her ally, Canada, there were no naval units to greet them. The only armed forces of any sort in Vancouver, at that time, was the militia regiment, the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment, "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles," and a very fine regiment, too.

The officer commanding, therefore, decided that the only proper and courteous thing to do would be for the officers of the regiment to pay them a visit. This was done, and, afterwards, the Japanese were entertained at a rifle shooting match on the Richmond Rifle Range, and at a dinner at the Vancouver Club. But, concerning the formal visit to the ships on their arrival, this is what happened.

The officers were army officers—had no vessel to convey them to the ships—so one was chartered, a small gasoline launch. They were dressed in full dress, with sword, etc., etc., and away they went to the warships. Just before starting they espied a small craft with some uniformed men on board speeding towards the warships. They were delayed in starting and by the time they reached the flagship some time had elapsed. They were startled to see "Captain" W.H. Archer, a tiny little fellow—less than five feet—coming down the gangway and re-embark on his little ship—a rowboat with a small engine. Cadet-Capt. R.N. Davey, of the No. 101 Vancouver High School Cadets, was with him, gaily caparisoned in a *red* coat. Mr. Archer wore his naval uniform with white cap cover, gilt buttons and sword.

What had happened was that both Capt. Davey and Capt. Archer had arrived on the flagship, climbed the gangway, saluted the ship, been received with honours, escorted to the Admiral's cabin, been entertained with wine and refreshment, mutual courtesies exchanged, and had then retired and bore off before the authorised official party representing the then garrison of Vancouver had reached the ship.

The incident was somewhat, not especially, annoying to the officers of the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment. They regarded it as merely cheeky. The Japanese had no means of knowing they were entertaining interlopers.

What Capt. Archer (his proper cognomen was W.H. Archer, Esq., F.A.I.A., in 1906 living at 31-33 Inns of Court Building, where he also had his office) was captain of we never could determine. But he was a most agreeable little gentleman and delighted to march out at the rear of the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment whenever he had a chance—always in his uniform. And, the officers liked him and, although the procedure was quite irregular, allowed him to do so.

Cadet-Capt. R.N. Davey was captain of the corps of cadets attached to the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment. He was a school cadet captain and, on account of certain boldness, was not very well liked by the officers. He was regarded as "too important."

Why either should have visited the Japanese ships in uniform at all was never understood. Why they should have preceded the official party was also never understood; and they did not receive invitations to attend the official dinner at the Vancouver Club.

I was one of the visiting officers of the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment, and must admit I was “shocked” when I saw the two coming down the flagship’s gangway as we were approaching—a most extraordinary caper.

J.S. Matthews.

### **JAPANESE SHRINE.**

On 23 August 1950, two gentlemen called at the City Archives and asked if we had any record of a Japanese cemetery said to have existed in early years—about 1905 or 1910—on the northwest corner of Cordova and Dunlevy Avenue. We replied that, years ago, we had been told that something in the form of a shrine had been there; but when, about 1935, we had looked, we saw nothing save a garden overgrown with grass. We pointed out that, circa 1913, a Japanese Church was on the southeast corner of Jackson Avenue and Powell Street—about one block away—and that it was possible such a shrine had something to do with cremation of the Japanese dead. One of the gentlemen said that Japanese frequently cremate their dead. They repeated that the place they referred to was on the *northwest corner of Cordova and Dunlevy*, and surrounded by a metal fence. It is true that in 1913 this corner was one of the few vacant lots in the neighbourhood. I am fairly certain it was still vacant in 1933 or 1935. I know that about that time I was told of something peculiar of like character to be seen in that neighbourhood. I went down but all I could find was a garden gone to ruin—on a corner—but whether it was that corner or some other corner I could not remember.

I told the two gentlemen (one from Los Angeles) that if ever I found out I would let them know, and they gave me this address: Walter Bertram, c/o 185 West 23<sup>rd</sup> Avenue, Vancouver.

J.S. Matthews.

### **CONVERSATION WITH MR. WALTER KEAMO, 760 POWELL STREET, VANCOUVER, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES THIS MORNING, 18 APRIL 1952.**

#### **JAMES KEAMO. HAWAIIANS.**

Mr. Keamo: “My father was James Keamo. The white people pronounce it Kee-mo, but the proper way is Ky-am-mo. My mother was Annie Nelson, daughter of Mr. Nelson of Maple Ridge. He died before I knew him—perhaps before I was born—anyway, I do not remember him. He was a Scotchman so far as I know. He had a fruit ranch at Maple Ridge. I think she was born at Port Hammond on the Indian Reserve. Her people came from the Katzie Indian Reservation, but I don’t think she had an Indian name.

“James Keamo was a full blood Hawaiian from Honolulu. He came up here on a sailing ship. He just came for the trip and stayed here. I have always understood he came here alone, by himself. The only job he ever had, so far as I know, was at the Hastings Sawmill. What he did there I don’t know. I don’t know when or where he married, but there were about four children older than I am and I was born at New Westminster, July 24<sup>th</sup>, 1889. There were three children after me.

“Sometime before I was born, Father and Mother went to live at New Westminster where Father fished salmon—flat bottom cannery skiff. I went to the West End school in New Westminster. At the time I was the only one of the family going to school—the others were too young. In a family of ten children there were Grant, Phil, Walter, Harry and Alfred. And the girls were Laura, Emma, Josephine, Edith, and a little baby girl, born before me, who died. I am the only boy living. The rest have died. Grant married and had four children—one dead, three living—and they all live at 2162 East Hastings Street, and are listed in the telephone directory as ‘Campbell, J. Grant, 2162 East Hastings.’ Harry married and is buried in the United States. He had one girl and I suppose she is living in the U.S. I married, had two children—both dead.

“Now about my four sisters. Miss Jose Campbell and Mrs. Emma Rogers are living in San Francisco. Edith died in a monastery in the States and Laura, married in New Westminster, died. She was Mrs.