Early Vancouver

Volume One

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

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1931-1932.

A Collection of Historical Data, Maps, and Plans Made with the Assistance of Pioneers of Vancouver Between March and December 1931.

About the 2011 Edition

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The End!

Of the Greatest of all Wars

VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1926.

"Germany Surrenders"

How Vancouver Receives the News of the Signing of the Armistice.

MAJOR J. S. Matthews

By an officer of the 6th Regiment "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles," who served overseas with the "North British Columbians," was wounded in the capture of Regina Trench, invalided back to Canada, and spent the night of November 10-11, 1918, in recording his impressions of the news that hostilities would cease at once.

PEACE! I must write fast that the emotions of this historic moment be not left unrecorded. Our punishment, the world's punishment, alike both to victor as to vanquished, is complete. It is over, it is finished; or rather, perhaps, the first stage. Punishment en extremis for the Germans through whom God chose to express his anger at the whole; humiliation and the humbling by sorrow for the lesser offender. The Germans did not try to do right. We, at least, were led by the desire, even although we failed in its execution. Can it be possible that we were the servant He chose with which to chastise the wicked?

I find no desire to rejoice other than in a most solemn way. There is an inclination to pray, to offer thanks to the Almighty that He has given us victory, that we have found such favor in His eyes that He has spared us the humiliation of defeat, that we have deserved that favor, and that we have been found worthy of being entrusted with the care of our weaker fellow-beings, even though they have been our enemies. May the great leaders of our Empire, while safeguarding our own as it is right they should, still always bear in mind that they must not abuse the great power that has been thrust upon them, but must care for and husband those who have fallen into our hands. That by example rather than by force the greatest good can now be accomplished and that, having set those poor misguided creatures who call themselves the German nation upon the right path, their duty is dne.

WHISTLES AWOKE HIM.

I was asleep when, at thirteen minutes to one, the blowing of factory and steamer whistles awoke me. I called Hughie, who jumped out of bed, and we opened the windows, and the glad tidings came in the easier. He looked out, and said that most of the houses around (Kitsilano) were lit up, and that people were walking to town.

It is now ten minutes to 2 a.m., and there are still sounds of whistles blowing, and people shouting, and beating cans, but most of my neighbors must have gone back to bed because their homes are dark again. A few firecrackers and pistol shots are ringing out, and by the distant sounds I imagine the revelry in the city must be intense.

At first, as I lay in bed listening to be sure if the sounds that I heard really heralded the news which, while we expected it, still had grown somewhat indifferent about owing to the recent news that victory was certain, I felt strangely sad; sad with sympathy for those poor mothers whose sons have fallen; sad for those wives and children who, hand in hand, will watch our returning soldiers in vain for their daddy to come home; pity for those brave men who have lost their lives while the last shots are being fired. God has visited us with a great sorrow during the last few years, and there now lies before us a great and a grand task, which otherwise could not have been, the task of showing that, even in the greatest of our trials, we can still be true men and women, strong, steadfast, sympathetic and just.

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OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE.

The opportunities to serve, the great privilege of serving others—the noblest work of man for man—now lie around us on all sides in great abundance. That pleasing satisfaction which falls to those who devote their lives to the services of their fellows, will soon, as our broken men come trooping home, be available to the humblest. The sorrows which this war has created are so numerous and so varied that none may pass a day in which the opportunity to assist some poor sufferer from its horrors will not avail itself, and those in need of it will be more receptive, by reason of their humbled pride. The watchers, who stand idly by, will be less suspicious that personal gain is the motive of such noble acts as may fall to their view.

After repeating the Lord's Prayer with especial stress of thought on the sentence, "Thy will be done," I felt I should be more profitably employed if I got up, and recorded for the benefit of those who follow me, the first impressions of one mind at the receipt of the news that the greatest of all wars had ended. The gun at Brockton Point has ceased to fire, but I can hear, in the distance a few whistles still hooting, and nearer some persons blowing horns. Otherwise all is now still save the ticking of the clock. It is now a quarter to 3. Those whistles will not cease, I expect, until daylight.

How well I remember that beautiful August day four and a half years ago when little Hughie, from playing among the ferns and bracken with his brothers, ran after the train to the water tower at Ladysmith, B. C., to buy me, the Colonist, which brought the news that Great Britain had declared war. My little boys half noticed that I was perturbed, but went on with their playing. My slight training as an amateur soldier, eight years in the Duke of Connaught's Own, made me realize even then, in my simplicity, that it would degenerate into a holocaust before it was over. How lightly the public took the news. True they seemed to be a little more than ordinarily interested in the newspaper that morning, but went nonchalantly on with their work as they carelessly laid it down again. We are seven thousand miles distant, and some of the zest must have been lost on the way. And now—it is all over.

Yes; it was worth it, every bit of it was worth it. It was not England's seeking. But to the everlasting glory of her administrators, the epoch in British life in which it has been my fortune to live will go down to posterity and history as one glorified by the nobility of mind of those in that period. Greece was famed for her art, Rome for her conquest.

BRITAIN FAMED FOR JUSTICE.

The British people will go down through the ages for their justice. Let us "do unto others as we would have them do unto us." It was worth it, yes, every inch was worth it, that those vandals whose ignorance and arrogance brought such suffering upon the world should be brought under control, and be turned by time and patience into better men.

It was worth it that those who violated the peaceful homes of harmless Belgian women should not go unpunished for crimes which they must have known were wrong before they commenced them, for there is no men or race of men, be they white, black, yellow or red, who have the right to perpetrate such needless misery upon others as I have seen visited upon poor French and Belgians as a result of the German invasion.

The German mind was running away, like an uncontrollable horse, in the wrong direction. It was gigantic and powerful. To stop it and turn it in the right direction called for a herculean effort and great sacrifice. Great deeds always call for great sacrifices. They are worthless if they do not. The sacrifice has been appalling, but the mad beast has been turned, and to his own good, as well as the good of others. It matters little to which land or race of people the greater credit for the feat belongs, but it is pleasing to know that one's own country can claim a large share without violating modesty.

It is now quarter to four a.m. A newspaper boy, riding through the darkness on his bicycle, has just passed calling "Extry, extry." I gave him ten cents extra for the good news. Oh, how thoughtless of me. I should have given him $5. "Peace" in huge letters was the one great word the single sheet of newspaper, hurriedly printed no doubt, bore, and beneath it the picture of Jesus Christ, looking down from heaven above on the shell destroyed battlefield, and below the words, "Peace and good will on earth to all men." To it I added the words of Miss Edith Cavell, on the eve of her execution, which I admire. "In the presence of God, and the awful prospect of immediately entering eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough."

The greatest of all sentences arising out of the Great War.

All is still, I am going back to bed. It is 4 a.m.

* * *

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0068

HOW VANCOUVER CELEBRATED.

Same day,
Nov. 11, 1918, 8 p.m.

Truly time waits for no man, and famous days, like famous men, must pass away. The great events of November 11, 1918, will soon be history. What a day it has been. The weather has been cold and clear, just the kind for the celebration that our vast Vancouver crowds have enjoyed. I arose again at 8 a.m., and after a hurried breakfast made my way in an almost empty street car to the office. Only one, out of forty who should have been there, was at the office—Mr. Johns—and after a short talk we drove off in his car to see what was going on in the streets. We bought a few Belgian, French and American flags, and decorated the car. Hughie sat on my knee. There were signs that pandemonium was about to break loose in Vancouver. Then we went home, and broached a small beer bottle full of whisky given me by my greatest competitor in business. (Total prohibition was in force in British Columbia in 1918.)

Well, the afternoon was one of the proudest of my life. At 2 p.m. several hundred, probably a thousand, veterans who had fought in France formed up on the Central School grounds, and arranged themselves into groups representing the battalions with whom they had served in France. My old unit, the "102nd North British Columbians" and the "54th Kootenay Battalion," formed up as the 11th Brigade. All that was left of them, left of 2000 was little more than a platoon, perhaps 100 all told.

At the head of them, I, as senior officer of the brigade, marched in that memorable procession. Marched, not rode, for much as I would have liked to have been mounted, it would have been impossible to control a horse in that alley of spectators through which we squeezed our way. North American crowds do not show their elation with cheers, but by making a noise, and occasionally a clap of the hands. They beat cans, blew horns, showered confetti.

With a rough banner, hurriedly daubed with the name of their former unit, each body of returned soldiers, in column of fours, and headed by bands and pipes, wended a sinuous way through the assembled populace of this great city. There never was nor never will be a greater crowd upon those streets, for space was required even to stand upon.

We marched, we sang, we smiled, or looked grave, as each emotion succeeded the other, and as each thought of the days just passed were brought to memory by some trifling sight or happening.

"Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" seemed to be the favorite songs, and I am afraid I was guilty of the indecorous behavior of bawling out, on the main streets of Vancouver, the words of those two historic tunes, just as lustily as I knew how, in company with my gallant followers. We marched via Abbott, Hastings, Granville, Robson, Richards, Dunsmuir, Granville, Hastings and Cambie streets, back to the old school grounds, where we sang the national anthems of our own and Allied lands, and then dismissed, to join the madly jubilant masses which thronged the streets from curb to curb. The thousands of autos bedecked with such hurried decoration and flags as time allowed, filled the streets, and followed each other in long trains; now and again a huge lorry loaded with boys and girls, old men, and others, who could find no better conveyance.

NOISE WAS TREMENDOUS.

The noise of the multifarious contrivances invented to demonstrate the jubilance of each participant was deafening; some drew or rather bumped old cans behind their motor cars, others beat cans, blew horns, waved flags or yelled. The old courthouse square, now being used for exhibition purposes as "No Man's Land," was occupied by soldiers, who, with a small anti-aircraft gun, kept throwing harmless but noisy bombs far into the sky, and the fire brigade answered twelve false alarms during the day. The absence of accidents among so dense a mass of recklessly happy persons was remarkable.

But midst all this great scene of gladness, this abandonment to rapture, there was a tinge of sadness. Many a face that was wrinkled with laughter for one moment, sank at intervals into an expression of gravity and pain. There was little need to ask why. The newspaper tonight says that 35,000 Canadians have lost their lives in the world war, and then, too, while the tumultuous crowd worked itself into ecstasies of joy, the "Princess Alice" steamed into the harbor with 100 bodies from the "Princess Sophia," lost last week on Vanderbilt Reef with over 300 souls, not one of which lived to tell the tale. When shall we again witness such an eventful and memorable day?

* * *

November 13, 1918.

"When I think of the British Empire," said Lord Milner before the

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0069

Vancouver Canadian Club some years ago, "I feel more like going into some corner to pray than waving a flag in the street." He must have known the truth. How did he discover it?

Turning from my office seat I walked over to my little friend, Miss Rae, one of three sisters and whose only brother was killed on the Somme. She had always a kindly feeling for me since I extended my sympathy on that sorrowful occasion.

"Well," I said, "how do you feel."

"Nothing worth speaking of, Major, rather doleful, somewhat miserable," she replied. Later in the day, just before we closed the office I again walked to her desk and said to her, "well, how now." "Not very well, pretty miserable. I think it has been my most unhappy afternoon," she replied. I walked silently away. As Tennyson says in "Crossing the Bar," "too full for sound or foam."

So I went home, and after tea phoned Mrs. W., whose husband, one of our machine gunners, had been killed in the fight on Vimy Ridge, leaving a penniless widow and four little girls, the eldest 13. She had been trying to find a large house to start a boarding establishment. The scarcity of houses is due to the war, and she has become worn and tired with worry and tramping the streets in search of one, but she was lucky today, has found one, and that much has been done towards repairing the havoc that war has brought to her door.

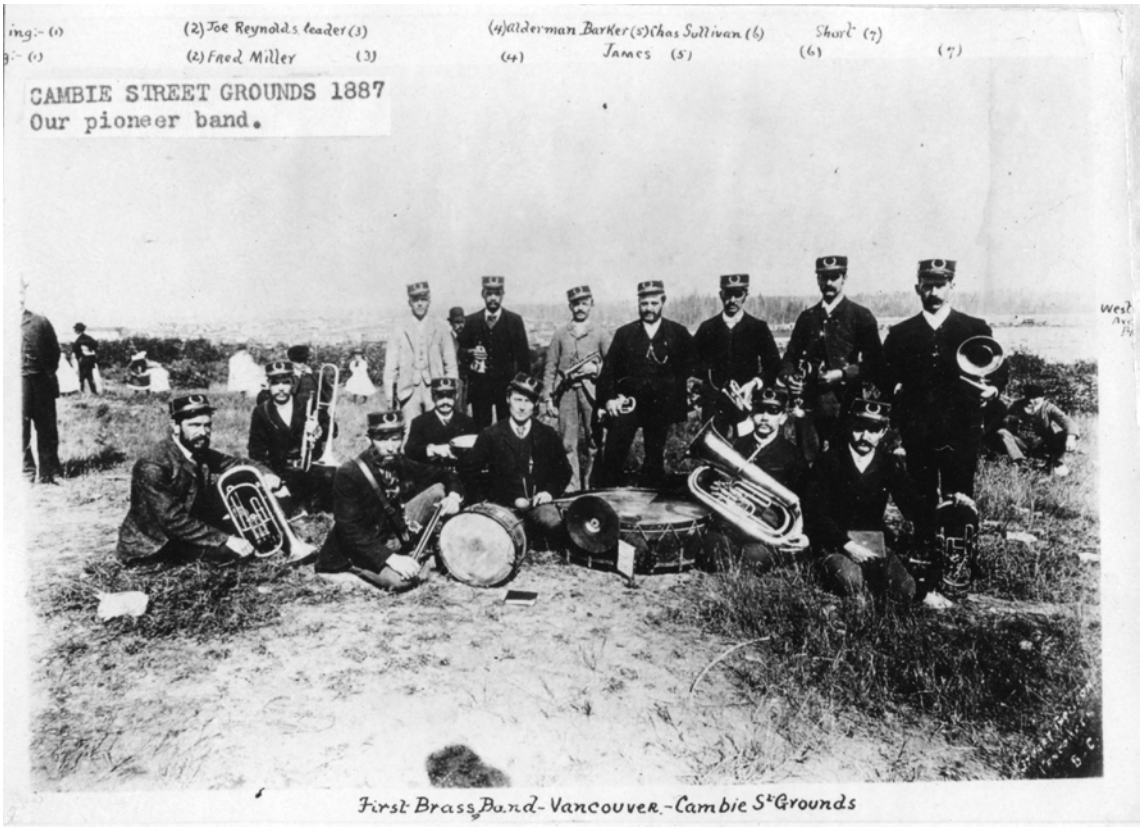
"As I walked home, after completing the arrangements for the house, I passed a group of little children playing on the sidewalk, and one said: 'Daddy's coming home, daddy's coming home.' I have had, Major, a most miserable day," she said.

Even an ill wind can blow good, and even glad tidings may bring sorrow.

Written at 1343 Maple St.
Commenced a few moments after the blowing of the whistles, and closed as dawn approached

J. S. Matthews
1932

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0070



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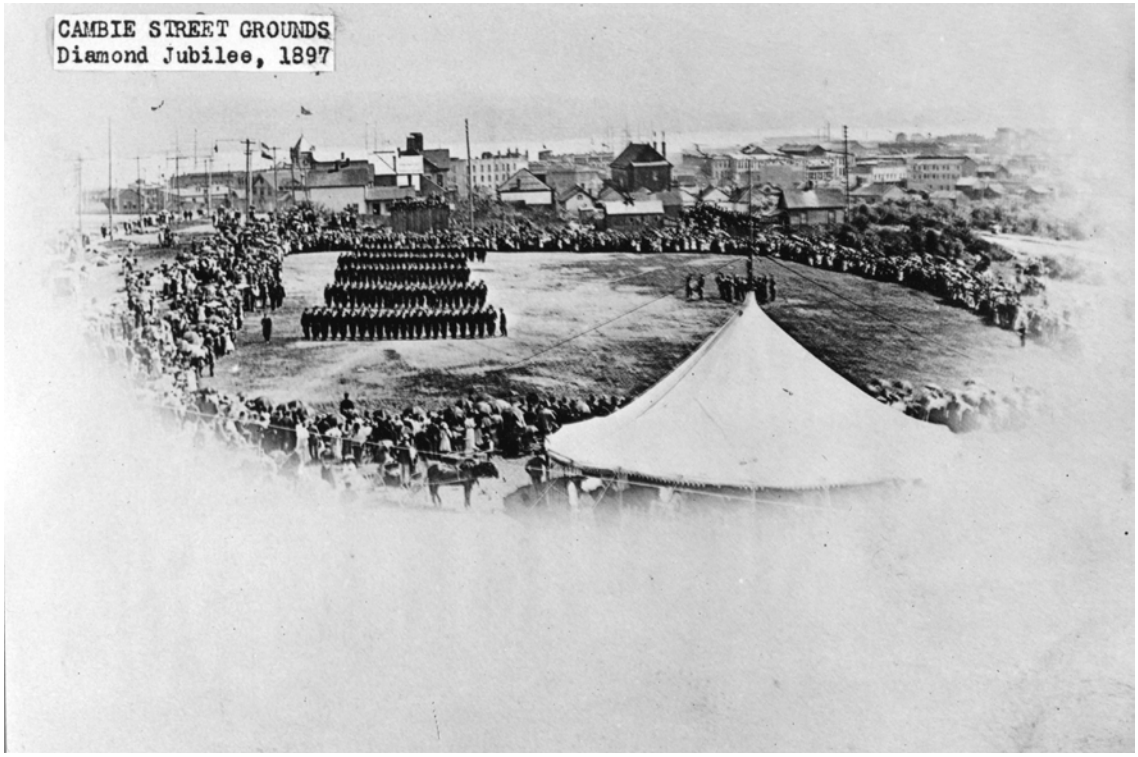

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Item # EarlyVan_v1_0073

14 November 1931 - Our Pioneer Park—The Historic Cambie Street grounds.

by Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.

(unpublished)

Dear old “Cambie Street”! Who of older Vancouver has no fond recollection of our earliest, and at one time our only park, historic, romantic, workaday “Cambie Street”?

A plain oblong of flat, grey earth, utilitarian, unpicturesque, unadorned by monument, unrelieved by verdure, never named, never ceremoniously opened, which has cost us less and served us better than any like possession, and in whose past our rich story of civic achievement and event is entwined. “Cambie Street” just grew, and growing, grew with us.

“Cambie Street” was our first playground; we have ninety-eight parks now. It was there before the railway, before Stanley Park, before the Parks Board was created; the “common” of our pioneers, the scene of all or nearly all their early assemblages, their games, their contests, their early band concerts. There paraded the old artillery, our first volunteers; there the gallant jack tars from the long since departed British fleet on the North Pacific marched and countermarched in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Victoria the Good; from its rough slope departed our contingent to the South African War; so did the Yukon Field Force in the Klondike gold rush days.

Their Majesties The King and Queen, then T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, visited “Cambie Street” in 1901, and there, too, burst forth our first cheers for them when, ten

years later, they ascended the throne. “This is not your land,” petulantly exclaimed a native chieftain (Chief Joe Capilano) in 1912, and gruffly ordered the manoeuvring troops to depart and begone, thereby settling, to his own satisfaction, and in short order, the troublesome, endless Indian Land question. Our splendid regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders, first displayed their gay uniforms on “Cambie Street.”

The first stern command, “Fall in,” for the Great War was given there, and then again in 1919, the last solemn, and, to comrades forever parting, the sorrowful order, “Dismiss” upon their return.

It has seen untold numbers of celebrations, ceremonies, carnivals, circuses, cricket, lacrosse, baseball and football matches, trooping of the colours, memorial parades, civil commotion, even riots and battered heads. Quack doctors have thumped their drums and bawled out the marvellous cure-all qualities of the “pink pills for pale people.”

Astonishing as it may seem now, in the early 1880s—forty-five years ago—“Cambie Street” was a dark, damp jungle of luxuriant forest; towering cedars screened in everlasting gloom the habitat of bears, wolves and deer. An ancient Indian trail corkscrewed a shadowy, uncertain way through fir and maple vine to the foot of (now) Granville Street, False Creek; a tiny rill trickled through the solitude; hunters from the village of Granville (“Gastown”) searched “up on the hill” for meat and sport, and finally loggers invaded the profound stillness, hewed down the largest trees, and with oxen “yarded” the great logs down forest trails to the nearest water—False Creek and its log booms.

Then came the empire builders, and afterwards the railway. The surveyors struggled to cut lines through the forest, then marked squares on their maps; one square they numbered “48.” The remaining forest was cut down; the land lay destitute and empty, a disheveled confusion of slashings and stumps; the sun shone where it had not shone for centuries.

Then the scorching breath of fire, the Great Fire of 1886, driven by a gale of wind, swept down on “Cambie Street”; noon saw writhing flame, dusk blackened ruin, darkness and night the twinkling lights of many fires.

A tragedy followed, for which posterity must ever suffer. Stupid improvidence permitted the whole vast tract upon which our city stands to be offered for private sale; it was given wholesale to the builders of the railway. Of all the hundreds of vacant lots and blocks throughout that great expanse of virgin land, not one single acre was reserved for public use; today the densely peopled centre of a great metropolis lies parkless. “No. 48” alone was saved to hear shouts of glee succeed the silence of the age, to bear the tramp of multitudes of feet. Our pioneers looked on, amazed and helpless.

Chance rather than design, and a few batsmen at the noble game of ball, principally cricket, saved us “Cambie Street.” A young law student made the actual selection of the site, and still lives to receive our thanks. His name is A.E. Beck, K.C.

This is how it happened.

In September 1886, Mr. Beck—afterwards our first Registrar of the Supreme Court, then studying law at Portage la Prairie under the late Honourable Joseph Martin—decided to “follow the steel” to its end at Port Moody. There the old screw propelled *Princess Louise* en route to Victoria with passengers and freight via way ports of Hastings, Hastings Mill, and a little old wharf on piles at the foot of Granville Street, brought him to Vancouver where he disembarked.

Former acquaintanceship with the late Major C. Gardner Johnson, ardent cricketer, and near relative of our first magistrate, Mr. John Boultbee, led to an invitation to make his home at their residence on Westminster Avenue (Main Street) near the old bridge which then spanned False Creek. Magistrate Boultbee’s villa stood over the edge of the water, and in the dusk’s imperfect light of the evening of Mr. Beck’s arrival, he mistook that immense area of mudflats, now filled in and known as the Canadian National Railway station and yards, for a perfect playing field, and arose early the next morning eager to be upon it. Imagine the astonishment of this young prairie athlete when daylight revealed a great lagoon of water edged with green overhanging forest.

The “perfect playing field” had vanished—during the night, and beneath the flowing tide.

The simple mistake naturally caused some slight amusement, but was not without its subsequent value, for two months later, Mr. Beck almost inadvertently became one of the principals in an incident which gave us the Cambie Street grounds.

Six months previously, in April 1886, the collections of hutments clustered around Water Street had been incorporated into the City of Vancouver; a city not parkless, but almost wholly park, for save in a portion of the West End, which was stumps, all else was verdant forest. Midst such a scene of primitive disorder, the location alone, much more the creation of a playing field, was a considerable task; however, a start was made. A petition was prepared—it had 350 signatures—praying that a playground be provided, and on 25 April 1887 was presented to the City Council.

A picturesque grove of greenery stood on a point of land which jutted out into False Creek between Jackson Avenue and Heatley Avenue; an old Indian Encampment. It was a little paradise on the shore, once known as Grove Crescent, now no more. It was considered but discarded. The map showed a large area of land, where now stands Stanley Park, marked “Government Reserve,” the former “Coal Peninsular” of the Royal Engineers, and it was reputed to have a “flat place.”

A boat was hired at Andy Linton’s boat house at the foot of Carrall Street, now the site of the Union Steamship docks. Mr. Gardner Johnson and Alderman L.A. Hamilton—the latter being a member of our first city council as also chief surveyor for the C.P.R.—got in, and young Mr. Beck was invited to “come along” to give an athlete’s expert opinion. It was a winter’s day in November 1886; they rowed towards Brockton Point.

“Why Brockton Point?” Mr. Beck was asked recently.

“Well, you see,” he answered, “we were without funds; there was no parks board then. We thought something might be arranged on a government reserve without much expense. We reached Brockton Point, clambered over the boulder-strewn shore, and plunged into the forest, which stood in its original state save for such large trees as loggers had removed; there were no roads or trails.

“We broke through to the far side, to the Narrows. Mr. Hamilton pointed out the beauty of the site, encompassed by the sea, the snow-capped mountains; and, it was level. Presently my opinion was asked. I remarked that it was a truly beautiful place, but would take a ‘million dollars’ to clear it; I pointed out its inaccessibility; it might make a wonderful place for wealthy men with time and money to spare; young men in stores and offices had neither; we should never be able to get the teams together; it was too far to row over for a game. There was no bridge then.

“So we scrambled back to our boat, rowed across Coal Harbour, landed somewhere about the foot of Bute Street, scrambled up the old skid road until we got to Georgia Street, and then struck east on that narrow, muddy track.

“Mr. Hamilton led the way, and as we walked past a desolate region of black stumps, the wreckage of a forest, where now stands the Court House, Mr. Gardner Johnson pointed to that block, and termed it ‘a nice flat place.’ ‘You cannot have that,’ retorted Mr. Hamilton, with assurance. ‘The C.P.R. will want that for a hotel park,’ so we trudged on in the mire. We crossed Granville Street where the Hudson’s Bay store is now, and kept straight on east to where the dirt road ended, and progress was blocked with sticks, stones, stumps and dead branches. It was the corner of Richards Street and Georgia Street.

“Before us lay a wild profusion of debris, humps and hollows; the ground sloped gently towards False Creek. In the distance a few houses along Westminster Avenue were visible, beyond that the mudflats and scattered trees, and on the horizon the green forest of what is now Grandview, then unnamed. We stood surveying the landscape; I climbed a stump. ‘There’s a C.P.R. block down there you could have,’ exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, and he waved in the general direction of Cambie Street.

"'But it slopes,' I answered. They assured me the defect could be remedied.

"'We'll take that,' I replied. That was all.

"'All right,' replied Mr. Hamilton, 'I'll try and get it for you.'

"We all turned around and retraced our steps, somewhat weary with the long afternoon's exertions, and the prospect before us of a tedious long walk home. In those days, there were no street cars to speed you about; you walked or you did not go. However, we had concluded an eventful task, and were grateful.

"Our choice did not meet with universal approval, for some asked, 'Why did you go so far out?' to which we gave the stinging reply, 'Well, it's not as far as Brockton Point anyway.'

"After the workmen had completed the roughest of the work," continued Mr. Beck, "a group of cricketers, armed with picks, shovels and rakes, got together, selected a flattish place at the top corner, now that nearest to the Y.M.C.A. building, and diagonally across the grounds, and tackled the job of putting it in shape. We worked morning and evening before and after office hours. Among those who rolled up their sleeves, pulled out roots, collected stones and filled hollows, were the late Chas. Nelson, the druggist, Samuel Prenter, former harbour commissioner, James Schofield, M.L.A. of Trail, and many whose names now escape me.

"At first, we used coconut matting for a pitch and, of course, when the cricket balls fell, they usually stuck where they dropped; the rough ground was soft and wet with seepage. Our most notable match, perhaps, was that of Dominion Day, 1888, when we played a cricket match between Victoria and Vancouver in a downpour of rain.

"Our dressing room was a little cabin at the northeast corner, where the late Mr. Al Larwell lived by himself, and allowed us to use it. His many kindnesses are a happy memory. He was very fond of children, was much beloved, and a good all-round sport.

"Other well-known cricketers of that day were the late Father Clinton, E.E. Rand, C. Gardner Johnson, W.F. Salisbury, A.J. Dana, and Campbell Sweeny.

"Ultimately, we moved to Brockton Point, but on Mr. Hamilton's 'block down there' countless thousands have since enjoyed themselves, and will continue to do so perhaps for time immemorial."

The Cambie Street grounds takes its name from the adjacent street which was named in honour of Mr. H.J. Cambie, first divisional engineer of the C.P.R. in British Columbia. The word "grounds" is an appellation common to our earlier playgrounds, but which has fallen into disuse; today, we call them "parks." It was first used by Mr. Thos. F. McGuigan, our first city clerk, who thus describes it in official records.

Five dollars per annum was the first annual rental paid the C.P.R., but in February 1902 the city purchased it, paying the trustees, Lord Strathcona and Mr. R.B. Angus, $25,000. Today it is assessed at a value of $230,000.

The cost of blowing the stumps and clearing our first park is illuminating. Three hundred and ten dollars was the price asked by the successful tenderer, William Harkness, to clear an area of almost three acres. Much of the levelling was done by the cricketers, more by the baseball players, and the prisoners of the "chain gang," under that historic character John Clough, the "lamplighter of Vancouver," aided, until finally, as the years passed, its slope was covered with an undulating sward of green grass, crisscrossed by footpaths, and kept short by the grazing of some tethered animal. Subsequently, it was completely levelled, and the present extensive grandstand and dressing room erected.

Long straggling hutments were erected in the winter of 1916 during the Great War for the use of the 158th Overseas Battalion then being recruited, and used again after the Armistice as headquarters for the 11th Canadian Machine Gun Battalion, finally to be demolished.

It was on the Cambie Street grounds that the famous New Westminster lacrosse players first got the sobriquet “Salmonbellies.” It was given them by an Italian bootblack, a well-known character about town, formerly of New Westminster, latterly of Vancouver, and who, following the usual custom of those days, carried his polishing outfit over his shoulder wherever he went.

One day in the early 1890s, the Westminster lacrosse boys came over to Vancouver for a game with the sticks. Vancouver gathered together a scratch team, and both teams, followed by a straggling crowd of pioneer “fans” assembled on the Grounds to play it off. The bootblack was “rooting” for New Westminster.

The New Westminster men got the ball down towards the Vancouver goal, and tried to rush the net. The bootblack was “rooting” vociferously, and in his excitement yelled, “Git there, salmonbellies.”

The epithet tickled the jocular fancy of the onlookers—everyone heard it—much hilarity followed, especially among the Vancouver supporters, and the descriptive nickname fitted so well that it has survived ever since, and in a measure has attached itself to all who hail from the old salmon town. In the earlier days of the salmon industry, it was centred largely on New Westminster, and perhaps Ladner’s; not on Steveston as it was afterwards.

Originally, the Cambie Street grounds sloped from Cambie Street to Beatty Street, and was levelled piecemeal, a little at a time from year to year. In 1902, it was still in its natural slope, with a small grandstand on the eastern side, perhaps 100 feet long. It had been completely levelled prior to 1914, and the long grandstand erected. Later the present dressing shed was erected, before the War.

There is a minute in the Council meetings of 1887 prior to April 25th, mentioning the securing of Block 105 D.L. 196 and Block 110 D.L. 181 (on False Creek shore between Jackson and Heatley Avenue, and flanked by Grove Crescent) which refers to these blocks being investigated for a park site. Mr. T. Mathews, a pioneer, says there was a pretty little space there, partly cleared, on the shore (See Sentell Brothers. Also first official map of Vancouver, 1886.)

Mr. A.E. Beck once told me that the first international game of baseball on this coast was played on 27 June 1887, at the time of Queen Victoria’s first Jubilee celebrations, at Victoria, and between the Victoria “Amities” and the “Williamettes” of Portland, Oregon. He played third base.

Illustrations suitable for Cambie Street grounds can be found in the City Archives, as follows:

First cricket team. First City Brass Band.

Naval parade, Diamond Jubilee, 1897.

29th Battalion going overseas, 1915.

102nd Battalion dismissing, 1919.

6th Regiment D.C.O.R. 1900 to 1920.

The B.C. Garrison Artillery, about 1898.

Trooping the colours, The B.C. Regiment, 1925.

The Military Records are in the Vancouver City Museum.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Not now but in City Archives.

14 NOVEMBER 1931 - THE LAMPLIGHTER OF VANCOUVER.

Page 265 of the minutes of the first City Council of Vancouver contains the following:

Council Meeting, Feb. 28th 1887