

Early Vancouver

Volume Three

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1933-1934.

Supplemental to Volumes One and Two collected in 1931-1932.

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FAIRVIEW LOGGING. DOUGLAS PARK.

"The Chinese gardens on Heather Street, now a park about 22nd Avenue, I recall quite well before the Chinamen went there. It was originally a natural clearing, a berry clearing, and I think there were beaver there. When the loggers were logging up Oak Street way they had their camp there, and they had a clearing fenced, and used to turn their oxen out in it to graze and roam about; that was how it became still more cleared; the oxen tramped about, and broke the bushes down, so that finally the Chinese chose it for a garden. The old logging road came out by what is now the Vancouver Lumber Company's mill on False Creek; there was one main logging road, and branches led off from it. The meadow was probably at one time frequented by elk; that's why they afterwards used it for turning the oxen into on Sundays."

WESTMINSTER AVENUE. JERICHO. LOGGING. BRIDGE.

"There was another swamp up on Westminster Avenue and about 33rd Avenue. They were logging out at Jericho when I was about seven, that would be 1882, because I remember it, and then there was logging going on back of the Moodyville Sawmill. There was a big bridge up Lynn Creek, away back above the canyon; it was sixty or more feet high, built of logs; the Moodyville people hauled their logs over that bridge with oxen.

KITSILANO INDIAN VILLAGE.

"The Indian village at False Creek Reserve was more towards the Granville Street Bridge than the Burrard Street Bridge in those days; of course, afterwards there were a lot of houses right under the present Burrard Bridge."

ELK.

(After discussing the disappearance of the elk. See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.) "Well, the story used to be that Walter Moberley told that he had seen living elk at Burnaby Lake. I think they must have all gone about the 1860s." (See Haatsalano.)

HASTINGS SAWMILL STORE.

"The Hastings Sawmill store at Alma Road is not the first store the Hastings Sawmill people had; there was one earlier than that, the one they used when they first built the mill, a bit of a place. They had three in all. The first little old one, then the one at Alma Road which did for many years, then the third one to the south of the second one, and they combined the two—they were attached—and put a 'store front' in front of both."

HASTINGS SCHOOL.

"This bare ground to the right of the old Hastings Mill School is not the old Hastings Sawmill road, now Dunlevy Avenue. It is the playground. The Hastings Mill Road was further to the east a bit, a hundred feet or so."

SPORTS; LACROSSE. HASTINGS SAWMILL. DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS.

"We used to play lacrosse on the old sawdust pile at the Hastings Sawmill; that's where we had the Dominion Day celebrations and games. A.E. Godfrey was one of the lacrosse players." (He was well known afterwards as a lacrosse player.)

FIRST LAND SURVEYOR. A.E. MCCARTNEY. CALVERT SIMSON.

"Calvert Simson lived in one of the little cottages facing the Mill store, and A.E. McCartney in the other one, at the time of the fire." (Note: think wrong. Peter Cordiner lived in one.) "A.E. McCartney was the first resident land surveyor in Vancouver. He is buried in the old part of Mountain View Cemetery, and the fact that he was the first Land Surveyor is recorded on his tombstone; I think he has descendents living in Vancouver."

1 DECEMBER 1933 – MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. FRED W. ALEXANDER.

Fred W. Alexander (son of R.H. Alexander, after whom Alexander Street is named) now on a visit to Vancouver on business connected with the Pacific Coast Lumber Bureau, Seattle, Washington, and of which he is an official.

Mr. Fred Alexander was born on Yates Street, near the old Dominion Hotel, Victoria, on 19 December 1869, spent his boyhood at Hastings Mill, and was educated at ?, Victoria, and Bishop's College, Victoria.

GASTOWN OF THE '70S AND EARLY '80S.

He said, "This photo" (Ridley's Gastown) "shows Portuguese Joe's store on the right. Portuguese Joe had a quarrel with another Portuguese, slammed a pistol down on the counter, the pistol went off, shot the man, and Joe fled. The Indians found him hiding on top of Siwash Rock, but he died before he was tried."

TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

"I remember the telegraph line being brought in to Gastown. Sam McClure, brother of Mrs. J.C. McLagan, whose husband owned the old *World* newspaper, was the first telegraph operator; that would be about 1881 or 1882. Edwards was the next telegraph operator. The telegraph office was in a little building beside Jonathan Miller's house."

HOTELS. SALOONS.

"There were four hotels or saloons. The Sunnyside, Deighton's, Mannion's, and Robertson's. Robertson had been a logger, and had been known as 'Pete Donnelly'; why, I don't know. Then he started this saloon shown here" (Thompson photo of Gastown, 1882), "sent back to Scotland and got his bride out, they were married, and lived in this little cottage with the lean-to in front of which Dr. Masters is sitting; he did not live in the two-storey dwelling where the ladies are sitting on the door step. Dr. Masters was the government doctor. I am not sure, but I think McCartney had a drug store in the lower floor of this tall building. Ike Johns, the customs officer, lived down the far end of the town, at the west end of the beach. Blair's house was not there in 1882, as this picture shows; at least I don't think so."

COURT HOUSE AND JAIL.

"Next to the Deighton Hotel was a small house where Alex Johnston, who operated the hotel after Cudlip, lived. Alex Johnston had formerly worked for George Black. The little log jail, the *old* log jail, had just two cells. The log jail would be, perhaps, 12 or 14 feet long, and 8 to 10 feet wide, the cells being side by side with a little passage way in front of both."

MILLER'S HOUSE. COURT HOUSE.

"This entrance" (Ridley's Gastown) "under the verandah with the child playing with a rocking horse, is the entrance to Jonathan Miller's little bit of a place. A little rat-hole of a building; today it would be called a shack, with a living room, a kitchen, and two bedrooms behind the verandah. The Court House was in behind, but the two were not connected as shown here in the plan of building signed" (22 February 1886) "by Mr. Cambie. I was quite big when the Court House was built. Father was a Justice of the Peace, and the cases were all tried down at the mill; a rather queer scene sometimes; everybody talking in Chinook. But the Court House at Gastown was very small; one room, I think, and a row of cells—about four, there must have been more than three, with doors opening into the room, doors with an aperture closed with bars high up on the door, walls of flooring or V joint, and darkened by smoke. Which reminds me of a tale they tell of a logger Miller put in the old log jail."

"Miller put a drunken logger in the old log jail. They never locked the cells unless they put an Indian in. The logger woke up by and by; pretty early in the morning, and found himself in a cell, and wondered how he had got there."

"Presently a friend came along and the logger enquired from the friend."

"The Friend: 'You were pretty bad last night.'"

"The Logger: 'What did I do?'"

"The Friend: 'You'll find out when Miller comes along, better come on out for a walk and get your head cleared up before he comes along.'"

"The Logger: 'Oh, no! Couldn't do that.'"

"Anyway, finally the friend persuaded the logger to come on out of his cell, and they went for a walk down the old trail which led through the bush towards where the Royal City Planing Mills were afterwards—down Carrall Street, now going south. Then the friend urged:

"The Friend: 'I believe if you scooted down to the camp'" (Jerry Roger's logging rollway and camp) "'Miller would forget all about it.'

"The Logger: 'Oh, no! Couldn't do that.'

Anyway, the logger finally scooted down to the camp, and stayed there. Every time one of the boys went up to Gastown, they would come back saying, 'Miller's asking for you, wants to know when you are coming up town,' and then smile. But the logger wasn't 'having any'; he was staying where he was safe, and stayed for a whole six months sober up. Then he found out that it was 'quite all right,' and started for town at once, for the usual purpose, of course."

(Note: this camp was on False Creek, just west of the foot of Ash Street, and east of the creek mouth, that is, about between the creek mouth and Ash Street. In 1900-1902 it was as small green patch between second growth trees and water; see J.S. Matthews' first home, False Creek.)

FIRST CUSTOMS OFFICER, BURRARD INLET.

"Tompkins Brew, he was a man over six feet, was the first customs officer for Burrard Inlet." (Note: this requires investigation. See Hastings Map of 1869; the man Hocking who lived in the only house at Hastings was also a customs officer.) "There was no customs officer at Granville in 1870." (Trutch's Map of 10 March 1870, shows "Custom House," "Jail.") "Tompkins Brew lived at Brockton Point; he was a brother to Mrs. J.B. Pemberton of Victoria." (See Victoria Directory, 1869, page 67.) "Before Brockton Point was known to us as Brockton Point we always called it 'Brew's Point'; that was when I was a boy. He had an Indian wife. Chartres Brew, of the Cariboo, was his brother.

"Tompkins Brew seized a barrel of whisky at the end of our dock; some breach of customs regulations, I suppose. Anyway, they argued and argued about it, and Brew took samples; so many samples were taken for one thing or another until at last they finished the barrel of whisky.

"You know the Cunninghams of New Westminster; they were always prohibition enthusiasts, and Mr. Cunningham wanted to 'save' Brew's boy; he wanted Brew to let him have the boy to bring up, but Brew replied that his recognised church was the Episcopal, that he sometimes went to the Presbyterian, or he might even approve of the Roman Catholic, but he'd be 'damned' if his boy should be a Methodist. The boy afterwards work for" (Mayor) "Dickenson of New Westminster as a butcher boy. Used to ride around Westminster on horseback delivering meat to the houses."

GEORGE BREW OF GASTOWN.

"No. George Brew, who bought a lot in Gastown in 1870 or 1871 was no relation to Tompkins Brew. George Brew was cook at the Hastings Mill. I just remember him as cook, and I know his name was George. I don't know whether he built the building which was afterwards the Terminus Saloon" (Blair's) "but I know he ran it before Blair did."

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN EARLY DAYS. FIRST JAPANESE.

"This photo" (Bailey No. 414) "of Hastings Mill employees. 'Rusty' Pleace, not 'Poulice' as it is spelt here, was a well-known character. This little child in white here is his child; she was drowned.

"One New Year's Eve—everybody called on everybody on New year's Eve in those days—'Rusty' Pleace was 'half shot,' so they wheeled him around with them on their visits in a wheel barrow, but finally they got tired of wheeling him, so they tied him up to the old Maple Tree at Gastown with a horse chain; he was still there in the morning. 'Rusty' is the man in the derby hat; the man in the white coat almost touching him is the 'oiler.' The end man, whiskers, on right, is Ward. This man, second from the end, may be a Jap, as Harold Ridley says, but the first Japanese here I ever saw worked for us in the house. When he first came, Mother started to talk to him in pidgin English, and he replied, with a formal bow, in most perfect college English, 'I'll endeavour to follow Madam's instructions to the best of my ability.' He'd been educated somewhere in England, I think."

FIRST CONSTABLE IN VICTORIA.

"Which reminds me that Bill Haywood, of the University of Oregon, is a grandson of Frank Coty," (François Coté) "our log tender, who had come with Sir George Simpson in 1849—an old voyageur. Old Coty always said he was the first constable in Victoria; he was appointed by Sir James Douglas, and was given an old log cabin for a jail, but couldn't get anyone to put in it. So he got some Hudson's Bay rum, and filled up three or four fellows, and then put them in it and locked them up. Then he went out in the woods and finished the rum, and left them in the log jail. After a while they got thirsty and began to 'holler' for water. Coty said he was only constable for one day. Sir James got to hear of it and 'disappointed' him the next day."

SAILING SHIPS AT HASTINGS MILL. EARLY CHURCH.

"Frank Baker, we called him 'Dumps' Baker—he was so little—lived in one of those shacks down where the sugar refinery is now. He had always a 'raft' of dogs around his place; no one would go near him; he was a great deer hunter.

"Once, there had been no ships in for a long while, and finally one came in to load. I forget her name, but the captain was Captain Couves. Captain Couves used to have a prayer meeting every night on board. Then Sunday came along. The church was the school house, right alongside our cottage; the old school here—this is the photo of it; this is our stable just to the left; the roof of Ridley's house just shows above it. Well, the first Sunday Captain Couves was in port, of course, he went to church in the school house. The stevedores at that time were Simon Fraser, W.H. Soule, and 'Dumps' Baker. Simon Fraser and Captain Soule were both married and accustomed to go to church, but 'Dumps' wasn't over familiar with the inside of a church; doubt if he knew what the inside looked like. So Simon and Captain Soule went in, but 'Dumps' only got as far as the door, and then he scooted, and, of course, the situation being what it was, 'Dumps' was out of the running for getting the job of stevedoring the ship.

"After the Captain" (Couves) "got back to his ship he held another prayer meeting, called on the Lord to give him guidance as to who to give the job of stevedoring the ship to. The steward helped him to pray for guidance, and the steward prayed that the Lord would give the captain guidance to give the job to Captain Soule, who was 'a most godly man.' But the Captain found out that Captain Soule had given the steward twenty dollars to do the praying.

"Calvert Simson, of course, was our storekeeper; he married Blair's daughter.

"Cordiner, our blacksmith, lived in this little cottage to the right of the school in this picture. Our cottage was to the left of the stable. Edith Cordiner, now widow of Chas. Nelson the druggist, afterwards reeve of West Vancouver, was a daughter."

THE HASTINGS MILL SCHOOL.

"This school was run by the government with my father as trustee. Once they needed wood, so my father sent up a load, and sent an Indian up after it to split it up. Then, in the regular course of business, he sent in a bill for one dollar to the government, but the government refused to pay the bill until they had information and the receipt of the man who got the money. So my dad wrote on the bill, 'Sore Neck Billy, his mark, one dollar,' and sent the bill back. Then they paid it."

MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. LOGGING DAYS AND LOGS.

"This photo" (Bailey Bros. No. ?) "of ships at Moodyville; the old water mill was to the left" (east) "of these ships. In those days, when a boom broke up in a storm they did not go after them and collect up the scattered logs; it was cheaper to go and cut down some more trees. But the Indians up Sechelt sometimes used to collect them and bring drift logs in, and sell them to the Moodyville Sawmill."

DYNAMITING FISH. HERRING.

"One time, 'Old Shale,' he was Indian chief at Sechelt, was down and—it was before the days when dynamiting fish was made illegal—he saw Sue Moody, who was one of the owners of the Moodyville Mill; he was lost in the *Pacific* off Flattery when they ran into a sailing ship and all lives save one were lost—dynamiting herring." (See W.R. Lord.)

"In those days Burrard Inlet was full of herring, the water was black with them, and Sue, to keep himself friendly with old Shale, and get him to get the Indians to bring more logs, gave old Shale a couple of cartridges of dynamite.

"'Old Shale' took the cartridges back to Sechelt, and soon called all the Indians together to go out and see the new way of catching fish. But Sue had forgotten to tell Shale that the fuse ran down the centre of the cartridge. So Shale and his Indians went out in their canoes, and 'Old Shale' stood up in his canoe, and lit the fuse, and then started to blow on it. 'Old Shale' got the surprise of his life when the cartridge went off and blew his hand off at the wrist. I have often wondered what old Shale thought when 'she went.'"

HASTINGS SAWMILL. LIBRARY.

(Bailey photo No. 722.) "No. 9 is the old Harvey house; he was first storekeeper; No. 4 is our house, our original cottage, the first of the three we lived in; Harry Newton and Mowatt afterwards lived there. No. 10 is the cook house, 11 is Ridley's, 12 is the original store, the old store, the first one, a high building, the one used before the one they now have at Alma Road; there was a hall or lodge room upstairs, you can see the old flag pole, a high one, right in front of the store, I remember how high, because the halyards used to get out of the wheel at the truck and we used to have to pay \$5 for someone to climb up and put them in again; 13 is the old shed for dressed lumber. The library does not seem to show; I think it was pulled down, but it was somewhere in here between—to the right of—12 and 13."

TEA SWAMP.

"At first they tried to bring water for the mill from the Tea Swamp; there used to be a ravine leading up to the Tea Swamp, but the fellow who built the flume, built it up hill; tried to make the water run up hill." (Note: the Tea Swamp was in and about the corner of Fraser Avenue and 17th and 18th avenues east, and the ravine ran down the hill a little to the east of Main Street.)

725 Henry Bldg.
Seattle, Wash.
Mar. 13, 1934.

Dear Major Matthews:

It is a fact that the Hastings Saw Mill endeavoured to bring in water from the Tea Swamp or rather from what was called, in those days, the "Second Bridge Stream" and the mill dam was about where the Brewery was after built. The False Creek Bridge was the first bridge and the bridge across the creek, running out of the Tea Swamp, was the second.

The flume from the swamp ran in front of the old schoolhouse and through the back yard of the cottage we lived in near the mill. As I have already stated, no water ever came through the flume as the "engineer" built it up hill.

I have known of men swimming their horses across False Creek not before the bridge was built as I was too young, but when the bridge fell down, which it periodically did.

Very truly yours,

F.W. Alexander.

(Comment by Harold E. Ridley, on reading original of above letter. "I have myself picked up freshly chewed beaver sticks under the *Second Bridge*; they did not expect to get the water from the Tea Swamp, but at a point in the ravine just below Ninth Avenue.")

TROUT LAKE WATER.

"So then they brought the water from Trout Lake; built a dam up there. We got wonderful water from Trout Lake during the whole time the mill was in operation; we never had to clean the boilers; the peaty water, or something, used to keep the boilers as bright as polished steel. There were a lot of beaver in Trout Lake and they would tear out the dam. They" (the beavers) "would raise the water in their houses. So they sent a fellow up there we called 'Silly Billy' Frost; he got his name from one time when they were

repairing the dock, he stood on an outside timber” (stringer) “and sawed himself into Burrard Inlet; sawed ‘til the timber snapped off and fell—he went with it. So after that they thought the best thing to do with him was to send him up to Trout Lake to look after the flume.

“They kept that going for a while, but after that the beavers built their houses higher, and from that time on there was no repairs to be made to the dam, the beavers kept the dam repaired. The only thing was that, in the fall and winter, the beavers would plaster up the end of the flume, and we had to clean that out so that the water would run into the flume.”

NORTH VANCOUVER.

“Tom Turner died. Years after his death a man named Spring, he was a king pin in St. James’ Church, and a contractor, ‘dug up’ a will. Some woman is supposed to have found the will in a trunk in Scotland, if I remember rightly; it would all show in the court records, and got the property. Tom was probably the *first settler in North Vancouver*—his place was just west of Lonsdale Avenue.” (See photos.)

HASTINGS MILL STORE.

(Bailey photo No. 722.) “This photo is about 1890. They did not put the sign “HASTINGS MILL STORE” up until about that time; after the Fire” (of June 1886).

HASTINGS MILL, ORIGINAL SITE. STANLEY PARK.

“They first started to build the Hastings Mill right where the Brockton Point athletic grounds are in Stanley Park; they stopped because they could not get enough water for the mill; that is why there was a little clearing there, and the Indians settled there afterwards on the clearing; facing Deadman’s Island.”

PORTUGUESE JOE AND PORTUGUESE PETE.

“I don’t know where Portuguese Joe’s children are—if he had any. ‘Portuguese Pete’ had a little store up Pender Harbour; he was a fisherman; worked longshore, and fished.”

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Portuguese Joe No. 3 that is Gonsalves.

KANAKA RANCH IN COAL HARBOUR.

“There were two Kanakas down at the Kanaka Ranch in Coal Harbour, and they had one wife. One used to come up to the mill store to buy groceries, and things for one set of children, and the other came and bought for the other set; just how they arranged it I don’t know, but such as the case.”

DRILLING FOR COAL, GRANVILLE.

“No. I don’t know where the drill for coal was made near ‘Gastown.’ Of course, it might have been down Coal Harbour.” (See Mayor Oppenheimer’s book—printed reports—page 59.) “The ‘Kanaka Ranch’ was down there, where all the best houses are now, near the Burrard Inlet end of Denman Street. The Hudson’s Bay had a trading station down in the Hawaiian Island, and that was how the Kanakas came up; there was another one” (Kanaka Ranch) “in Victoria, I forget where, near the Empress Hotel, it might have been where View Street is now; somewhere about there.”

THE HASTINGS (DOUGLAS) ROAD.

“Right past Burnaby Lake there is a short pitch in Hastings Road, or used to be, that is ‘Chickamin’ Hill” (Money Hill), “then comes the ‘Long Hill.’ Old fellow Lewis, who ran the stage, used to stop to collect the fares at Chickamin Hill; then he would pull on up to the ‘Long Hill’ and tell you to get out and walk, but he always got the money at Chickamin Hill.”

GRANVILLE-HASTINGS ROAD.

“I can remember when the road from Hastings to Granville was built. Before that Van Bramner ran a little steamboat, the *Lillie*. She was just a little steam launch with a propeller. Hugh Stalker, afterwards of the *Senator*, used to run her; he was engineer, and a Siwash for the captain.”

TOM LYNN OF LYNN'S CREEK.

"Tom Lynn of Lynn's Creek—I don't know what 'Fred's Creek' means on these old maps—was an old Royal Engineer; he was captain on the tug boats here; Hugh Lynn, his son, got hanged; Tom had a bit of a milk ranch over at Lynn Creek." (His grant is supposed to read John Linn.) "Tom used to come over to Gastown for a periodical drunk; he'd fight to 'the drop of the hat' in front of Mannion's Hotel. There was a long float running out in front of the Granville Hotel" (Mannion's); "pretty shallow shore; and when Tom would see Mrs. Lynn getting off the boat, Tom would take to the woods as fast as he could."

FALSE CREEK ROAD AND BRIDGE.

"I don't remember the building of the False Creek Bridge" (Main Street) "but I remember it used to fall down periodically and they had to built it up again. It was built after the 'Road to Granville' shown here" (on Forbes-Vernon Map of New Westminster District, 1876.) "Before that they used to swim their horses."

FRASER AVENUE (NORTH ARM ROAD OF LATER DAYS).

"This road from the North Arm towards Granville used to stop down on what we call Marine Drive now, by Cridland's; right down on the river. Angus Fraser had a camp down there and used to float his logs down a ditch." (Note: see Henry S. Rowling.)

POINT GREY (HEAVILY TIMBERED).

"Look at this land grant the Hastings Mill had." (Vernon's 1876 Map of New Westminster.) "It stretched all the way from Point Grey away beyond Mount Pleasant. I wish I had got my father to write down the story of Hastings Mill; he often promised to, but never did. He told me once how many feet to the acre that timber stand produced; it was something astonishing; it" (the trees) "was standing just as tight together as they could stand. Well, as I told you, they logged it three times, went back twice after the original logging."

"One of their camps was at Cridland's where the present Fraser Avenue finishes; another one was at the tip of Point Grey, where they had an elevator system for raising the material for building the University, near there; another one at Jericho, and another one, the 'Horse Camp,' where they used the big cars and the wooden rails, along the far end of Point Grey Road. Jericho, of course, got its name from Jerry Rogers; Jerry Rogers came from the State of Maine."

TRACTION ENGINES FOR LOGGING.

"The traction engines which we used at Jericho for logging were first used at the 'Horse Camp,' Jericho, cars on the wooden rails" (Note: see Calvert Simson's narrative, also final disposal of the parts) "were brought out from England for use on the Cariboo Road, and after they had failed, the Hastings Mill bought them. They never did get up the Cariboo Road; they got up about as far as Yale and stuck in the mud. One had a great upright boiler on it—it stood as high as this room, and looked like some antediluvian monster coming down the road, swaying from side to side; it frightened men and horses. The wheels had huge white solid rubber tires, I should think six inches thick, and a foot wide; great big solid things; pure, pure white rubber, I was told a set of those tires cost, in those days even, five hundred dollars, equal to twice as much now."

JERICO.

"Jerry Rogers was the first at Jerry's Cove, or Jericho; his original house was afterwards used for the original club house of the Jericho Country Club. After Rogers came Angus Fraser, and still later Dalgliesh, lived in it with Mrs. Dalgliesh; this is her place, in the distance in this photo of the paddle wheel tug *Richmond* and a scow of picnickers" (Bailey Photo); "Dalgliesh sold it to the Jericho Country Club, and then it burned down."

HASTINGS ROAD TO GRANVILLE. ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

"This photo of St. James' Church, wrongly marked; it should be 'looking west,' not 'looking east.' The old two-plank sidewalk to Granville ran in front of the church along the beach. This sidewalk in this photo" (showing Church and man and child standing on cross-plank sidewalk) "this sidewalk was not built until 1881 or 1882, and was built by ship's crews who refused to work; I think they were Negroes. We turned them out" (of the jail) "in the morning, and they went to work on the sidewalk; put back in jail at night. I used to be bell ringer in that church; Rev. George Ditcham was the first minister at St. James'." (First minister who stayed some time.)

Note: the exact location of the first St. James' Church was partly on (now) Alex Street and partly on Lot 36, Block 1, D.L. 196, just west of present lane leading across C.P.R. main line.

PRINCESS LOUISE TREE. MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Query: Mr. Alexander, how did the Princess Louise tree come to be so named?

Mr. Alexander: (continuing) "When the Marquis of Lorne was Governor-General, he and the Marchioness were out in British Columbia, and it was expected she would come over the Hastings Mill. So they built a trail from the mill to the tree and a bit of a platform around the tree, so that she could see a big tree. She never came, but Lord Lorne did, and they chopped down a tree close by to show him how a big tree was felled. It stood almost exactly at the foot of the present Main Street, fifty to a hundred yards east of the church." (See panorama photo of Vancouver, 1886.)

INDIAN CANOE RACES AT NEW WESTMINSTER.

"The finest Indian canoe races I ever saw were those staged for Lord Lorne on the Fraser River. I don't know how many canoes started, but there was quite a lot. They went down the river; my, but they were swift! Then they came back again, and then down again, and then back. I know three canoes were in at the finish; there were, I think, eleven men to the canoe, and swift; my, they did 'go!'"

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

"We had an old Indian known as 'Old William.'" (See Ridley's Trout Lake narrative.) "He used to look after us, we children; why, I learned to talk Chinook almost before I could talk English. There was an Indian rancherie east of the mill—two or three hundred yards east, along the shore, where they used to hold the Indian Dances. Well, anyway, one morning Old William came to the house looking pretty poorly, and Mother asked him what was the matter.

"Old William said that the previous night he had been coming home along the trail carrying a lantern, and had met an Indian woman—she was not a moral woman—and she had put the lantern down on the ground, and then stood back and made grimaces at him, at the same time clawing the air with her fingers extended like claws, first one hand, then the other, slowly clawing, and making faces at the same time, and she had clawed the breath (his soul) out of him.

"Mother said, 'You know that's not true. You know they can't do that.'

"Then Mother continued, 'You are a Catholic; you believe what the priest says. Did you tell the priest?' Old William said he had.

"'Didn't the priest tell you it could not be done?' continued Mother. Old William said he did.

"'Well,' said Mother, 'don't you believe it?' William said he believed what the priest said; it could not be done.

"But all the same, Old William stayed sick, and got worse and worse, until finally they had to get an Indian witch doctor down to do his 'stuff,' and then Old William got better, but up to that time he got thinner and thinner, and he would surely have died."

THE LIONS.

(Peaks in North Vancouver.) "On the old, old charts, 'The Lions' were marked 'Sheba's Breasts'; I saw that on an old English chart once; but we never called them 'The Lions'; we always called them 'The Sisters.'"

HASTINGS MILL SHIPPING. E.D. HEATLEY.

"Vancouver was first stated, that is, the Hastings Mill, by an old Englishman, E.D. Heatley, who lived in San Francisco; his nephew, Ernest Heatley, is still alive, I think, in England. When the C.P.R. came through my Dad tried to get Heatley to put the Hastings Sawmill property on the market at the same time as the C.P.R., but Heatley would not do it, and sold out to a syndicate, the Victoria crowd. Heatley Avenue is named after Heatley, but how Campbell Avenue got its name I do not know, unless it is that Campbell, the Victoria druggist, was one of the Victoria syndicate."

R.H. ALEXANDER'S DIARY.

"I often tried to get Dad to put down the story of Hastings Mill, but he never did. But I think I have a copy of his diary when he came from Red River with the Overlanders of 1862; if I have a spare copy I will send it to you."

WARSHIPS.

"The first man of war I can ever remember in Burrard Inlet was the H.M.S. *Repulse*; that is, so far back I cannot remember much; she had muzzle-loading cannons; must have been 1874 or 1875. Yes, I was born 19th December 1869."

THE FIRE ENGINE (HASTINGS SAWMILL). GUNS AGAINST 'SAVAGES.'

"I think possibly Harold Ridley is right when he says our old fire engine was the first north of San Francisco; this is it here in this photo of 'The Dark Town Fire Brigade' on the Granville-Hastings Road. The fire engine came here in 1867. Then there were two guns, four pounders, brass, those guns came out about the same time, to protect the sawmill from the 'savages'; they had the Tower" (of London) "mark on them. Where did they get to? I recall one year at some celebration they had them fixed up on a wagon, with the fire engine, and flags, all in the procession. The mill roof was of shingles; hand split, and I remember once when it got on fire, Frank Coty, whom I have already mentioned, went up on the roof in his caulk boots and put it out; he just walked all over the roof in his caulk shoes."

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886.

"The fire burned our fence and our stable; you can see where those were by this map of the C.P.R. right of way." (Cambie's 22 February 1886, in Land Registry, Vancouver.)

JAIL AFTER FIRE.

"There was a telegraph pole just near the old Maple Tree, and after the fire they put a log chain around it, around the telegraph pole, and then handcuffed the prisoners to the chain; just stuck the handcuffs through the links of the chain; it was fine bright weather for about two weeks after the fire, and the prisoners just sat on the ground in a circle around the pole." (See Walter E. Graveley, 17 April 1934, this book.)

REBUILDING VANCOUVER.

"They got pretty busy rebuilding Vancouver after the fire. Pat Carey" (formerly of Port Moody, afterwards Brunswick Hotel on Hastings Street) "had to pour water on the ashes so that he could get started rebuilding on Hastings Street, north side, between Carrall and Abbott. Hammers and saws were going all night, and long into the moonlight." (Perhaps midsummer's long twilight.)

CARRALL STREET.

Query: Mr. Alexander, what do you think of the proposal to put a "Pioneer's Monument" on the C.P.R. triangle of land in the middle of Hastings and Carrall streets?

Mr. Alexander: "Good. There was a huge cedar stump there at one time; when Hastings Street was cleared they let a special contract for one hundred dollars to remove it; it was an enormous thing."

HASTINGS SAWMILL. SHIPPING.

"Long Shore Gang, Hastings Mill, Vancouver." "This photo 'Long Shore Gang' is recent; Indians from the 'Mission'" (North Vancouver) "and a Chinaman with his wash bundle."

"In the old days it was the custom to have two gangs longshoring, and one was an Indian gang, and one a white gang, and each loaded their own side of the vessel. You see, if you stow more on one side than the other you get a list on the ship. The Indians would break their necks to beat the whites, and get a list on the ship towards their side; some times they beat the whites; that's why we did it that way."

"Dick Isaacs, of North Vancouver? I don't remember him, but if he has but one arm and lost the other in our mill, then I recall the incident. He was on the 'cut off.' The 'cut off' saw is worked with the right hand, the lumber pushed along with the left. The rope broke, and the saw cut his arm off below the elbow; I recall it threw his amputated hand half way across the mill." (For Dick Isaacs, see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

SAWMILL AT EAGLE HARBOUR.

"Caulfeild, who lived in this cottage" (Bailey photo) "and Mowatt, our account, started to build a mill in that little double cove just around Point Atkinson; they got it about half built, and then, I don't know exactly what happened, but it never ran."

THE MILL HOUSE.

"At first we lived in the little cottage, then we went to live in the house shown here in this C.P.R. map" (Cambie, 22 February 1886) "and finally we built our third house on the southeast corner of Dunlevy and Gore Avenue; it is still standing."

INDIAN SLAVES.

"There was a rumour once that the Cape Mudge Indians were down and were 'outside'" (English Bay.) "Our Indians were alarmed and stayed pretty close in; they were afraid. We had an Indian boy, Douglas, by name; both his parents were slaves, in slavery up north somewhere."

15 DECEMBER 1933 – CONVERSATION WITH FRED W. ALEXANDER, SON OF R.H. ALEXANDER, OF THE HASTINGS SAWMILL (MANAGER), AND AFTER WHOM ALEXANDER STREET IS NAMED.

MOODYVILLE RIFLE RANGE.

"Dr. Bell-Irving used to go over to the old Rifle Range to shoot—and shot Mrs. Lynn's cow." (Lynn Creek.) "Don't just know how he did it, got impatient or something, and let go; anyway, he 'got' the cow, and I believe paid her" (Mrs. Lynn.)

(Note by J.S.M.: The old Moodyville Rifle Range was not fenced, but just a couple of targets set up, and the small bushes on the flats between Seymour and Lynn Creek, cleared away. I was often over there about 1900; if there were any firing points, then they were very primitive ones; my recollection is that riflemen fired from clear spots in the grass at the different distances.

The Moodyville Rifle Range was never used by the militia—they used Brownsville or Central Park until they got Richmond in 1904. Occasionally an officer of the militia or the visiting warships might have an afternoon's practice over there, but for years it was the private range of the Vancouver Rifle Association, a very early semi-military organisation.)

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY.

(See Genealogy form.)

STANLEY PARK, SECOND BEACH. VERY EARLY SQUATTERS.

"I asked Mr. Ridley what he thought of the stories of the Cariboo Miners camping for a few days or weeks at Second Beach owing to the Fraser River being in flood and the mosquitoes 'awful' in the spring and summer of 1858 when the van of the gold rush started." (See Joe Sievwright.)

Mr. Ridley: "A long time ago there was an old log cabin, built entirely of logs, which stood, perhaps, about three hundred yards from Second Beach, and about fifty yards from the water, on the west side of Lost Lagoon, about where Haro Street would touch if produced. When the Parks Board put a road through there, they destroyed it—it was still standing then—I presume because it looked ugly; it was just a tottering wreck then; and was between the road the water. The Parks Board did a lot of cleaning out in there. It was just a small log cabin; it was very old even when I first remember it. I often wondered who built it, but never knew." (See R.W. Harrison.)

WARSHIPS. CANNON SHOT.

I asked Mr. Ridley what he thought of the muzzle-loading cannon shot, seven-inch diameter, eighteen inches long (about), weight 111 pounds, with six brass or bronze rifling studs, found on the beach near the Nine O'Clock Gun, Brockton Point, 27 January 1934, where it had seemingly rolled out of the bank on to the shore. (See Otway Wilkie and Shells – Cannon Shot.)