Early Vancouver

Volume Four

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

2011 Edition (Originally Published 1944)

Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1935-1939.

Supplemental to Volumes One, Two and Three collected in 1931-1934.

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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Memo of conversation with Miss Muriel Crakanthorp, 1066 Burnaby Street, who called at the City Archives with her cousin, David Pierce, 3901 Agua Vista Street, Oakland, California, son of Rebecca Park Pierce, née Patterson, on a visit to the city.

He is married and has children.

STAMPS MILL. SOMASS HOTEL, ALBERNI.

Miss Crakanthorp said: "Mother" (Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp) "has been looking at the photo you sent her of the main street of Alberni, and tells me she was born just about the site of the present Somass Hotel on the main street, 26 February 1864; first child born at Stamp's Mill, Alberni Canal."

HOSTILE INDIANS.

"Mother told me, too, that sometimes when the Indians got 'bad,' that they used to ring the cookhouse bell. Sometimes the Indians got real dangerous, and then the white people would ring the cookhouse bell as a signal for all the women to gather together in the cookhouse, and all the men come up from the mill."

SIWASH, THE EPITHET.

Miss Crakanthorp: "What does 'Siwash' mean?"

Major Matthews: Corruption of the French word for savage.

Miss Crakanthorp: "Mother was telling me that they never called the Indians 'Siwash' unless they were

annoyed or disgusted with them over something; unless the whites wanted to say

something nasty to the Indians."

Major Matthews: Oh, that's right; you ought to read what old Jim Franks (Chilaminst) has to say about

that: it was a nasty thing to say to an Indian. No one would do it even now if they

knew how it offended our good Indian friends.

INDIAN QUARRELS.

Miss Crakanthorp: "Mother was telling me that one day over at Moodyville there was a big tea party up on the lawn at the 'Big House,' above the mill. Then, suddenly, there was a commotion at the gate, and a middle-aged klootch was there calling in distress, 'Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Patterson,' and wailing. Grandma Patterson was always ready to drop anything if there was trouble, so she went to the gate to see what was the matter. The klootch had a big cut on her lip, and it was bleeding profusely, and that is all there is to that story, except this, that two Indian women had been fighting, both were drunk, and got into a fight, and the one had bit the lip of the other. So Grandma left the party, and went off and fixed her lip.

"Another time, Aunt Beckie" (Rebecca, mother of Mr. Pierce) "and Mother were having a cup of tea in the kitchen. Aunt was up from California, and when a klootch came along with a very fine rug she had made and wanted to sell it, my aunt offered her two and half dollars for it, but the klootch wanted three dollars. So they argued and argued, but Mother kept out of sight where she could hear, but not be seen by the klootch. Finally, Mother managed to say to her sister, 'Ask her if she will take four dollars for it.' So Aunt, quite sarcastically, asked the klootch that question. The Indian woman became quite indignant at once, and exclaimed, 'Shame, shame, shame, Alice'—the Indians always called people by their Christian names—'Alice is a nice girl; she wouldn't say anything like that.' The Indian woman was clever enough to detect an affront in an instant, and detect that Aunt Beckie was poking fun at her. So she would not sell her basket to Aunt, but she sold it to Mother for two and a half dollars."

D.E. McTaggart. Corporation counsel.

Major Matthews: Do you remember, Miss Crakanthorp, that day last April, the day your dear mother and you were sitting in the window up here (in City Archives), a tall gentleman came in. I left you to meet him, and he spoke a few words to me, then left again, and when I returned to you, you said to me (significantly), "We heard what he said." Do you recall what he said?

Miss Crakanthorp: "He said, 'You must be an exponent of Christianity; you heap coals of fire on my head."