Early Vancouver

Volume Five

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

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1936-1945.

Supplemental to volumes one, two, three and four collected in 1931, 1932 and 1934.

About the 2011 Edition

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Contact Information

City of Vancouver Archives 1150 Chestnut Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6J 3J9 604.736.8561 archives@vancouver.ca vancouver.ca/archives



MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. D.R. SMITH (NÉE MINNIE MCCORD), 914 PENDER STREET WEST, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 2 APRIL 1937.

HAWAIIAN BIBLE. KANAKAS.

Mrs. Smith came, due to a slight lameness, carrying a cane; also carrying a good-sized soft black leather bag, apparently quite heavy with contents. She opened it and laid a large, heavy book on my desk, a large bible, printed in 1872, in the Hawaiian language.

Mrs. Smith: "I have brought you the Hawaiian bible; the front has gone; my half-sister has been very careless; she let the children play with it. Originally, it belonged to my grandfather, Mr. Eihu—that was his Hawaiian name. Eihu was pure Hawaiian, and originally came from the Hawaiian Islands where he had been a teacher in the native schools. The Hudson's Bay Company brought him, together with a number of his compatriots of the Hawaiian Islands, to Fort Langley, where he was one of their employees, and where he met his wife, a full blooded Cowichan Indian woman from Vancouver Island. Afterwards, he came to Burrard Inlet, and worked for the Hastings Sawmill, and their daughter, my mother, became Mrs. Benjamin Campbell McCord, married by the Rev. Thos. Derrick in the Methodist Church, built by the Indians and whites together on the beach at the foot of Abbott Street, and where I was baptised.

"The bible belonged to Eihu, and, of course, my mother got it from him" (her father), "and naturally it finally came into my hands; I now give it to you, for your City Archives."

HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL. RUNAWAY SAILORS. TRAIL FROM "WEST END."

"Yes! I went to the Hastings Mill School. Why, of course I walked to school from our place" (the Kanaka Ranch at the corner of Georgia and Denman streets.) "How else could I get there? I used to walk along the trail through the woods, and oh, I was so frightened! I was only a little girl, and the runaway sailors had shacks in the bushes; they were hiding there, along by where Cardero Street is now, and I used to hurry by." (Mrs. Smith made signs as though she were crouching, and shielded her face with her hands.) "Sometimes I took the beach, and walked along the beach all the way from Georgia Street to the Hastings Mill School" (Dunlevy Street.)

JOSEPH MANNION, INDIAN WIVES, "MOWITCH JIM,"

"A lot of white men had Indian wives. There was Joe Mannion, Tompkins Brew, Navvy Jack, Gassy Jack, Portuguese Joe, John Beaty, the Cummings—his family are living in Stanley Park now—and Johnnie Baker, who had his little house just where the Nine O'Clock Gun is, and Capt. Ettershank the pilot, and, of course, my own father" (Ben McCord.)

(Note: Sue Moody of Moodyville's white wife lived in Victoria, but had an Indian "consort" at Moodyville.)

STAGE BUGLE.

"Joe Mannion had a little daughter; she is Mrs. Dr. H.A. Christie now; her name was Maggie, and when her Indian mother died—I think that was the reason—the little thing—she was about five years old—'Mowitch' Jim, her mother's father, brought her to our place; she came to live with us for a few days before they sent her to the convent. She stayed at the convent many years—until she was grown up. I remember it so well because, when she went, they put her on the stage, she took my little hat, a pretty little hat; how I did love that little hat, and I cried because they put my little hat on her, and there she sat with it when she got on the stage at the foot of about Abbott or Carrall Street; the stage just came so far, as far as it could get, and then turned around. I can see Harry Frieze" (sic), "the stage driver, up there on the stage with his bugle; he used to put the bugle up to his mouth and blow it—on the stage—and Maggie took my little hat" (note: "Maggie" is now Mrs. Dr. H.A. Christie, of 1853 Broadway West, a very gracious lady with a charming son and daughter) "and I watched her drive off on the stage with it; she was just a little thing."

MRS. EIHU. INDIAN WOMAN.

"My own mother did not look after me very much; I was really brought up by Grandmother at the ranch on Coal Harbour" (Kanaka Ranch.) "She was really a lovely woman; everyone loved her; pure Indian, of course. Grandmother always talked English; she had such small feet and always wore boots, and a hat, and she used to tell me to try and do like the whiteman did, copy him, because he knew a lot, and not 'be

like a Siwash.' You know how it is. Half-breeds either rise or go down; some of them do well; others just go back to Indian."

SUE MOODY OF MOODYVILLE. "NAVVY JACK." JOHN THOMAS.

"My father" (Benjamin Campbell McCord) "was a Campbell on his mother's side; he was a clever man, and always made friends with the best men; he was a great friend of Sue Moody, and Moody was slack of work, so he put my father and 'Navvy Jack' out hand logging up Jervis Inlet; they got some supplies, about \$800 worth, and went hand logging up Jervis Inlet; and Navvy Jack took his Indian wife with him, and my mother went along, too. But Navvy Jack was not like my father; my father was an intelligent man; Navvy Jack wasn't; and they quarrelled, and Navvy Jack pulled out and left his Indian wife. Then Navvy Jack got that place in West Vancouver, near Dundarave, now, and after that he was bartender in Gastown, bartender for John Robertson of the 'Hole in the Wall' saloon."

EARLY CEMETERIES. BROCKTON POINT. NINE O'CLOCK GUN.

(I showed Mrs. Smith a crayon drawing of the "Park Road" near the Nine O'Clock Gun.)

"No. The graveyard in Stanley Park was not" (as Dr. Langis states) "at the Nine O'Clock Gun; how could it be? That was where Johnnie Baker lived; the graves were nearer Brockton Point; some day I'll show you the exact place, but they were not by the gun, but about there" (pointing to the deepest part of the bend in the road towards Brockton Point) "about 100 or 200 yards further on. Baker's must have cleared the site on the point where the gun is; I suppose they did; Baker cured fish there; they had their little place on the point right where the gun is; he was a Scotchman, too. No, the graves were in the bend of the road."

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"I remember the little Baptist Church on Westminster Avenue" (Main Street); "stumps all around it; just a little bit of a place, about as big as this room" (pointing to a space about 20 x 36), "a little entrance at the side, with a little pointed top over it, and inside, benches and a stove, and a bit of a pulpit in the middle of the far" (east) "end. I joined it because I asked to join it. We children, the Spinks, Townleys, McTaggarts and Nicksons, all used to be going along all dressed up, flocking along from the West End to the churches in the east end; all the churches, Presbyterian, Methodist, and St. James, were in the east end then, and on a Sunday afternoon, all the children, one after the other, used to walk along together."

FIRE CHIEF J.H. CARLISLE.

"One day I asked if I could go to the little Baptist church on Westminster Avenue, and they said, 'Yes'; Chief Carlisle used to look after it. The same children afterwards used to go to the little school on Burrard Street, where they afterwards built the big Aberdeen school."

15 February 1937 – Memo of Conversation with Capt. Chas. E. Spring, retired, 2284 West 8th Avenue, Vancouver, who, together with Mrs. Spring, called at the City Archives.

Capt. Spring and his father (Capt. Spring also) were heavily interested in sealing, and sealing vessels on the North Pacific, owned several schooners—the largest, the *Favorite*, 100 tons—and suffered severe financial loss during the 1890s due to the Bering Sea Treaty. They formerly resided at Victoria, but since 1920 at Vancouver. Capt. Spring was born on 16 February 1859 at Queensborough, in the Crown Colony of British Columbia, 1859, then a separate colony from Vancouver Island; the same year, 1859, as an infant, went with Capt. Spring, Sr., his father, and his mother, to Victoria, Vancouver's Island, then a separate colony. They have a son who is a wireless operator on the *Empress of Asia*. Capt. Spring is now, 1937, probably the oldest resident of Vancouver born on the mainland, 16 February 1859.

J.S.M.

(Note: Mr. Spring died 11 February 1938.)

EXCERPTS.

Letter, F.W. Alexander, 23 June 1936. (Mr. Alexander was born, 1869, son of R.H. Alexander, manager, Hastings Sawmill.)