

Early Vancouver

Volume Three

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

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

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

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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MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. HENRY S. ROWLING, 1356 EAST 11TH AVENUE, VANCOUVER, 13 APRIL AND SUBSEQUENT DAYS.

"As I told you last year," said Mr. Rowling, (recorded *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, 1932) "I was born in New Westminster, February 3rd, 1864, consequently it was that when my father, W.H. Rowling, settled on D.L. 258" (South Vancouver) "in September 1868, I was only four years old. My brothers and sisters were all young children, and we all lived there during our childhood. Of the family there were Thomas George, who died a young, unmarried man of about 25, Rose Mary, born 8th August 1858, James, 14th October 1862, both dead, and Henry S., 3rd February 1864, Mrs. P.A. Byrne, 24th February, 1866, William Henry, 2nd September 1867, all born in New Westminster, and Miss E.J. Rowling, born in D.L. 258, August 24th 1874, all four of the latter still living, 1933.

"Father had come out with the Royal Sappers and Miners, afterwards known as the Royal Engineers, and, for a time, worked on the completion of the survey of the boundary between British Columbia and the United States. My mother and sister came from England towards the end of the year 1861, and arrived in New Westminster after a voyage of about six months by sailing ship, coming around Cape Horn.

"After work on the boundary was completed, the soldiers made roads; I believe amongst others, the Yale Road; they were paid \$2.00 per day, and found in food and clothing and tobacco, like rations, they were allowed a lot more clothing than they could use—were given an allowance of a certain quantity, could do anything they liked with it, sell it, if they wished to, plus a small regimental pay which did not amount to much. The civilian population of B.C. petitioned the government to recall the soldiers and give the work of road making to them, so the working soldiers were ordered to England, but given the privilege of taking their discharge and receiving with it a military grant of 160 acres of land any place they chose to locate. These grants were transferable, and quite a number of the soldiers sold their grants, some as low as \$20; my father bought several; one of them for \$20, and put some of them, I think, but am not sure, on the quarter sections on Lulu Island.

"Our family lived in New Westminster until September 2nd, 1868, when we moved to Father's military grant, D.L. 258, situated on the north shore of the North Arm of the Fraser River, about two miles east of Fraser Street. Later, by purchasing military land grant scrip as already mentioned, he acquired, at one time, no less than five quarter sections of land stretching, side by side, along the river front, from what is now Boundary Road dividing Burnaby and Vancouver, westwards, and he also held three fractional quarter sections on the north shore of Lulu Island, nearly opposite our home." (See further conversation.)

"Before marriage, Mother was Miss Mary Russell of Dorsetshire, England; her brother, Isaac Russell, is now a feeble old man living at Langley Prairie with his daughter Beatrice, my cousin, now Mrs. W.A. Hoskin, in charge of Spencer's greenhouses at Langley Prairie. Father came from Truro, Cornwall. Both Mother and Father died on the old homestead on the original land on which he settled; Father on December 7th, 1905, and Mother on February 15th, 1906, and are buried in the family plot, Mountain View Cemetery. Both died of old age, Mother died as she was walking across a room; Father just passed away, worn out.:

SCHOOLS.

Query: How about schooling, Mr. Rowling?

Mr. Rowling: "When we settled on the North Arm, and long after that, there were no schools. Any education the children received was by private teaching unless the parents were financial able to send them to some town school."

MARINE DRIVE. THE RIVER TRAIL.

Query: Trutch's map of 1872 shows a road from New Westminster to Gastown, and another down the north bank of the North Arm almost to Point Grey. What sort of a road was it?

Mr. Rowling: "Road; no road! It was a narrow trail or footpath; you couldn't drive along it; you could scarcely have pushed a wheelbarrow. It was just a narrow trail through the bushes and trees, and ran from New Westminster to about Betts and Mole's farm close to the Musqueam Indian Reserve, and

suitable for pedestrians only, but sometimes a saddle horse was ridden over the trail. When this was done, the rider had to dismount in several places; some of the ravines were forty or fifty feet deep, and their banks were so steep it was necessary to 'make' trail by angling back and forth at sharp angles down the steep bank, cross the wet bottom, muskeg on a narrow planed crossing of split cedar slabs, and a narrow bridge of the same sort across the creek, and then horse and man, one after the other, scrambled up the steep opposite bank. The trail was used very little, as most of the travelling was done by boat or canoe; that is, down river—there was no Eburne or Marpole then—or up to Westminster.”

NORTH ARM ROAD (FRASER STREET). JERRY ROGERS' SPAR CAMP.

“I think there was a narrow road from New Westminster to Jerry Rogers' spar camp, which was three miles below Westminster, and which was about one mile west of the Rosehill Farm, which belonged to Sam Brighthouse. That was about 1876, when I was about twelve years old. After the North Arm Road was opened up, from Fraser River to False Creek, a narrow wagon trail was built eastwards from Fraser Street to and across the creek which flows into the river at the west end of Rowling Island. I worked cutting brush for a short time on the survey of this road with George Turner, ex-corporal of the Royal Engineers, afterwards government surveyor. Just why they built that wagon road from Fraser Street to the west end of Rowling's Island I do not know exactly, for there still remained a section from its eastern end to Jerry Rogers' spar camp, which was impossible to anything on wheels. The original trail from New Westminster to Magee was almost in the exact location Marine Drive runs now, just clear of the flats. Jerry Rogers' spar camp was up on the side hill back of the muskeg; he floated the spars from the hillside down a long ditch—it was probably there yet—to the river; Peter Byrne dug that ditch for the Burnaby Municipality.

“Jerry Rogers cut the tall straight fir trees only; they were for spars, and they got a lot of spars at that camp; some of them were eighty feet long. They shaped them octagonal, then made them up into rafts, and the little old sidewheel boat, *Maggie Rogers*, towed the rafts of spars down river and over to Burrard Inlet. There were a lot of spars shipped by the Hastings Sawmill; shipload after shipload; the days of sailing ships were by no means over, and the spars were for sailing ship construction.” (See Ridley or Alexander.) “I logged off the same ground afterwards, but I took the heavy crooked trees which Jerry had left.”

ROWLING ISLAND.

Query: How did you come to buy Rowling Island when you already had so much land?

Mr. Rowling: “Father was getting old, and wanted the island; it was not much value, but Father wanted it. I remember young Cotton saying to me, ‘Well, the old man got his island.’ The existence of Rowling Island, named after Father, and first owned by him, was first made known to the Land Registry Office at New Westminster by myself. Father sent me up to New Westminster to make application at the Land Registry office to purchase it. The officials there told me there was no such island; they said they thought perhaps there might be a mud bank or a sandbar, but no island, they had no record of it. I assured them that there was an island, that there was timber growing on it, that there was spruce on it five feet diameter, and that I had been through the channel, and around it in a tug boat. Then, strangely, having discovered that there was an island, the government refused to sell. Father finally got it with the assistance of Mr. F.L. Carter-Cotton, member of the Provincial Parliament (and I think, Speaker at the time, or President of the Council), and L.G. McPhillips, his solicitor. I don't know what Father paid for it, but when he died 28 years ago we sold it for five hundred dollars; years later it was sold for thirty-five thousand dollars. I think the old channel has been filled in of recent years.”

THE NORTH ARM METHODIST CHURCH.

Query: Will you tell me about the little church at Eburne, please?

Mr. Rowling: “The Methodists built the little church, I think, about 1876; Garopee gave the land; I think pretty nearly all the farmers contributed something towards its erection; we, the Rowlings, made the cedar shakes for the roof. It was located a short distance, perhaps fifty feet east of a little raised trail, branching off to the church from the main trail. I think the little trail to the church was almost exactly where the present roadway leading through Marpole to the bridge now is. The trail from New Westminster to Magee's afterwards River Road, now Marine Drive, ran east and west, and this little branch trail led off southwards to the church about fifty feet west of it; there was no bridge there, nor was this a river

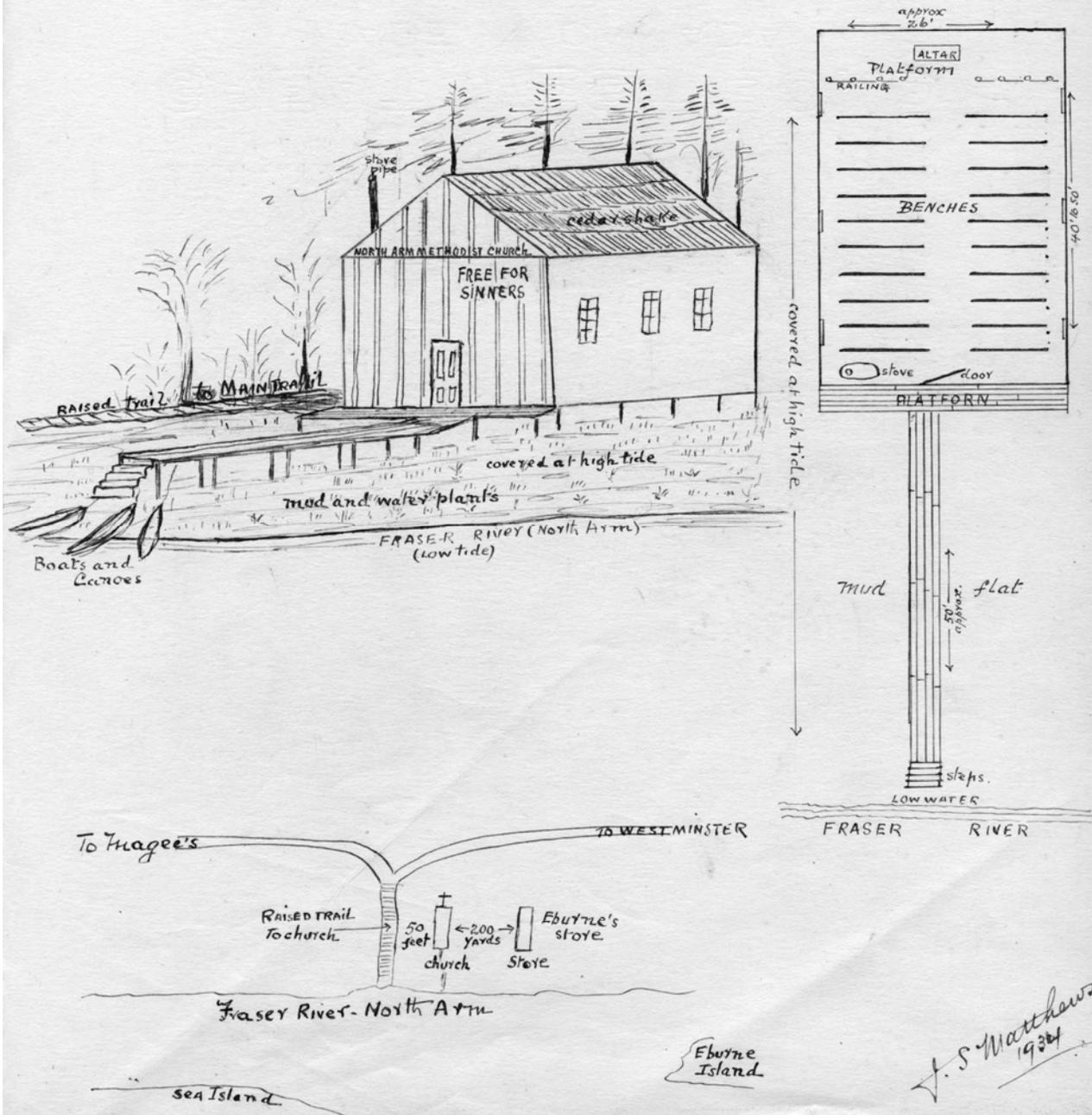
crossing point; the little raised trail just led to the church on the river bank. The tiny edifice of God stood on large cedar posts near the river's edge, and the water of extra high tides flowed over the land on which it stood. On both sides and at the back, grew grass, a few berry bushes, and small trees; it was a primeval setting. And, the congregation came mostly in boats and canoes, *Kanim* is the Indian name for canoe" (I think Chinook jargon, see Tate – J.S.M.) "which they tied to the steps down to the river at the end of a cross board walk, perhaps three feet wide, and fifty feet long from the church, on posts or stilts."

THE PIONEER CHURCH OF EBURNE.

"The structure itself was of upright, unpainted, twelve-inch boards with three-inch battens over the seams, no studs, and roofed with cedar shakes, hand split, three feet long; it was about twenty-six feet wide and forty or fifty feet long, gable end facing the river; at high tides the floor was not more than three or four feet above the water flowing beneath. The only door opened from a narrow wooden platform which spread across the entire front, towards the river; the cross board walk on posts led to the steps where the settlers' boats and canoes were tied. The peaked roof of cedar shakes was without cupola or bell, and my recollection of the windows is that they were plain, square, inexpensive windows; I do not recall them as being of the arched design common to churches. The name 'NORTH ARM METHODIST CHURCH,' in one line, was painted across the end facing the river."

NORTH ARM METHODIST CHURCH
 (old) Eburne, B.C.

Very rough and probably not correct conception
of this church. Rowling says "About what it
looked like"



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THE INTERIOR.

“The interior was likewise plain wood. Two rows of benches served as pews, and at the furthest one, a raised platform with a modest railing served to raise the officiating clergyman above his small congregation which rarely numbered more than twenty, or, on secular occasions, as a stage before the audience. A plain modest altar stood centrally at the rear of the platform. Hanging coal oil lamps, and a great stove for cordwood completed the furnishings. Viewed as a whole, it was a very modest structure.

“The Methodists held services every alternate Sunday; on the other Sundays it was open to any other denomination desiring to use it. When the Church of England clergymen conducted divine service, it was observed that they refrained from using the platform as a pulpit, but stood on the level floor; I presume the platform was too unorthodox for them.”

INCIDENTS IN EARLY CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

“You will understand that, living as we did in more or less isolation on our solitary farms, incidents which would be of very minor importance in our great city of today with its daily newspapers, its foreign news, its radio, telephone, telegraph, loomed large in the minds of men whose ears heard few sounds, whose eyes saw little other than trees and greenery, and whose concern was cattle and crops rather than economics and industry. We grew everything that could be grown; we kept a lot of cows, made butter and sold it to neighbours, and so on, and incidents which happened on those occasions were impressed more deeply upon our minds than they would be in the hustle and bustle of today. I must tell you some of them.

“One Sunday morning, the congregation was dispersing, loitering on the platform and stilted walk as they slowly moved off after service to their boats and canoes. The tide was in, and the ground between the platform and trail was flooded. Two young fellows wished to cross to the raised trail, and in attempting to cross this narrow stretch of water, and also display their skill as canoe men to the onlookers, stepped into their canoe tied to the platform. The canoe tilted, shipped water, and they stepped out, and with little dignity, waded across, dragging their canoe after them. Someone in the crowd called out jeeringly, ‘Where are you going, Charlie?’ He replied in ill humour, ‘Going to hell.’ I did not approve of the remark, being then religiously inclined, much interested in churches, never believed in a literal hell, but I did ask in an undertone, ‘Did you ever hear of a man going to hell in a canoe,’ and got a reply that ‘It would be good to make a laugh—to see Charlie splashing through hell in a canoe.’ The incident may seem trivial, but it gives you a picture on a Sabbath morning of the surroundings of the pioneer church.

“Although all denominations used the church, Methodists, Presbyterians and Anglicans, they did not agree then as they do now. The Methodists and Presbyterians of that day would never have dreamed that they would someday unite to form a United Church. I was in my teens then, and although deeply interested in church matters, did not belong to any particular denominations but I did belong to the Good Templars, a temperance organization, and took much interest in them.

“The Methodists, as you know, were very much opposed to dancing; the Anglicans were not. The Methodists were very strict about temperance, but the Anglican clergyman had no objection to the moderate use of tobacco and liquor. Well, the Rev. George Ditcham, Church of England minister at New Westminster, came along one night when we young Good Templars were having a meeting, so we invited him in as a visitor, and he returned the compliment with a very pressing invitation to attend his services the following day, Sunday. We were amazed when he began to preach his sermon; he gave us an awful ‘roast.’ He said we were a lot of ‘narrow-minded ignorant bigots’; that we quoted the bible to serve our own narrow ends. He told us we were quoting the bible as saying, ‘Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour’s lips,’ and that we deliberately stopped there, whereas we should quote what followed, which was, ‘and maketh him drunken also.’ He said we had no right to condemn the good things which God had created, that it was not forbidden in the bible to take a drink; that it was getting drunk which was harmful.

“The Rev. Mr. Thos. Derrick, the Methodist minister, also used to lecture—he was comical in his utterance—in the evenings. The logger’s sobriquet for him was ‘The Old Hoisting Gear.’ One time he told us about a settler who in response to his repeated urgings to attend church, always answered that he ‘would come next Sunday,’ but never came, so he spoke to one of the family—a big boy—saying, ‘Perhaps you are not Methodists?’ ‘Oh, yes, we are,’ said the boy; ‘we’re Methodists all right, but we’re not doing much at it.’”

“FREE FOR SINNERS” – A SIGNBOARD.

“On one occasion—I was about 16 then, so it must have been about 1880—a big painted signboard bearing the words ‘FREE FOR SINNERS’ in letters large enough to be plainly visible to all travelling up and down the river, was placed beneath, and to one side of, the name board, ‘NORTH ARM METHODIST CHURCH’ on the end of the church; a most conspicuous notice. The invitation may have attracted some sinners; how many will never be known, but it caused considerable confusion, and some merriment, in the minds of the farms who jocularly claimed they had doubts as to whether it meant they could get in free or denied them entrance without payment. So, ultimately, the board was taken down.” (Read and approved by Mr. Rowling. J.S.M.)

EBURNE ISLAND. D.L. 258, NORTH ARM, FRASER RIVER.

Query: How did Eburne get its name, Mr. Rowling?

Mr. Rowling: “About a mile east of the present Marpole, near the west end of Twigg Island, is a small island formerly known as Eburne’s Island. It was there that I first met Henry Eburne, the owner of the island. Before he opened the store at Eburne, now Marpole, he owned the whole island and had a farm there. Eburne was an Englishman, his wife and children are, I think, still living; he died a very few years ago, perhaps four or five. He was a well educated man, a sincere Christian, a staunch Good Templar, absolutely honest and truthful, frank, and ‘above board,’ kind and friendly, perhaps a little inclined to be dogmatic. As a youth, I lived with him and worked for him on the island for two or three weeks; I liked and respected him. I do not know if he was a member of any church; I believe he came out from England with the Kridlans; I believe he was a distant relative of Mrs. Kridlan, whose place on the river front adjoined Fraser Avenue—the west.” (Cridlan.)

“It was a Frenchman by the name of Garopee—I am not sure if that is the way the name is spelt—who first acquired the site of what is now Marpole. I have heard that Eburne wanted to build a store, and Garopee sold him an acre for one dollar on the north bank of the river near the trail to New Westminster, right on the river bank, and perhaps two hundred yards east of the present bridge to Sea Island. Until quite recent years, what was called the village of Eburne was on the north bank, not on Sea Island as it is now. Old Eburne was on the east end of Garopee’s property; Garopee lived on the most fertile part, the flat land on the west side.

“One of Henry Eburne’s sayings was that no man could swap horses and remain a Christian. His argument was that in order to make the other fellow accept your horse, you had to lie so hard that you couldn’t remain a Christian.”

REV. DITCHAM.

“I recall Rev. Ditcham once saying to Henry Eburne that there was nothing he enjoyed better than swapping horses, and Henry replied, ‘You are a minister of the Gospel. That’s not a very nice thing for a clergyman to do. I thought you were a man of God.’ ‘So I am,’ retorted Mr. Ditcham; he paused, and then added, ‘when I’m not swapping horses.’

“There was a very wet swamp between the hillside and the river, all the way from our farm to Westminster. There was but one settler—whom I can recall. His name was French John, between us and Garopee’s. He” (French John) “married an Indian woman, and Mrs. Garopee was one of his daughters. Garopee’s land, now the site of Marpole, was mostly covered with forest, and beyond, towards the west and the Musqueam Reserve, was fertile flat land covered with wild grass and small bushes. Sam McCleery’s place came first, next to Garopee’s; it is now known as ---; then came Fitzgerald McCleery’s, now ---; then Magee’s, now ---; and finally Betts and Mole—Obadiah Betts and Henry Mole, his partner—the last settlers westwards. The McCleery, Magee, and Betts and Mole farms were mostly bottom grass land, and their houses built on the hill side; the trail, or footpath went, I think, as far as Betts and Mole’s place. I recall the building of Eburne’s store quite well; I would think that would be about 187-.”

THE NORTH ARM ROAD (FRASER RIVER TO FALSE CREEK). FALSE CREEK BRIDGE.

“The North Arm Road, now Fraser Street, was, as I first recall it, say about 1888, a long, straight dirt trail about twelve feet wide, beneath the trees; the branches in places closed over it so densely that in places it was like passing through a tunnel. It led to a bridge, a bit of a bridge, at False Creek and on to Gastown.

As I understand it, the first bridge across that narrow passage of water, now filled in, at Main Street, was a footbridge" (see Fred W. Alexander and water flume; also J.H. Scales), "afterwards replaced by a wagon bridge which Gilley and Mooney of New Westminster built long before the Great Fire of 1886. What a remarkable period it has been. I have seen all the bridges, save the first one, across False Creek, erected, and as you know, was a guest of the city at the opening of the last one, the great Burrard Bridge, opened by Mayor Taylor last Dominion Day" (1932.)

"In those days, of course, there were no bridges at the western end of False Creek; loggers and others going to and from the logging camps at Jericho, etc., crossed in boats or canoes. I have heard a story that somewhere there was a fellow living on the beach who ferried them across for fifty cents" (probably Beach Avenue to Indian Reserve) "and the story goes that a half 'stewed' logger returning to camp after imbibing a few 'snorts' at the pioneer saloons of Gastown, was rowed across the creek by the ferryman like a king's progress in his barge, but on the other side the logger got out and walked off without paying; the boatman got hot; the logger hadn't any money. The logger's excuse was, 'Well, I had to get across, didn't I?' 'What did you get in the boat for, when you knew you hadn't any money?' bawled the angry boatman. 'Well, who do you think I am?' retorted the 'pickled' logger. 'Do you think I'm Jesus Christ and can walk on the water?'"

LOGGING OPERATIONS.

"My first logging operations were about our old homestead and all around. Jim and John Gillies had previously taken much of the choice timber on part of our homestead; I took the rest" (which Jerry Rogers had left when he cut the tall, straight ones for spars), "and took the big heavy trees; then I had another further down the Fraser River about at Ontario Street; later, about 1869, another at Greer's Beach," (Kitsilano) "when our camp was a little west of the bathhouse at the foot of Yew Street; we did not get much there, it had been partially logged off earlier, less than 750,000 feet, mostly fir, there was very little demand for cedar. And," (whimsically) "we got 'permission' from Sam Greer, whose quarrel with the C.P.R. had not ended in his eviction. Sam was witty; an Irishman. Sam sold his logs to some sawmiller whose log rule was an inch short, that is, showed 23 inches when the actual measurement was 24 inches, and the same all the way through. The sawmill man told Sam it was a 'mistake.' 'Yes,' replied Sam, 'that is, I understand, the polite name for it you have in this country.' We had an arrangement with the Fader Mill, which stood where Robertson and Hackett's Mill is now on Granville Street, to cut the logs we got at Greer's Beach into lumber, and we sold a portion of it to H.P. McCraney who built the Granville Street car tracks from Pacific Street through the city."

GRANVILLE STREET LOGGING CAMP. SKID ROADS. OXEN.

"Then I had another logging camp at the south end of the Granville Street bridge, on the high ground just east of the junction of Fourth Avenue West. We got our logs off the C.P.R. Grant, now Shaughnessy, etc. Our skid road was a good long one, and ran back a mile and a half to the southwest; it swung off to the west on a fairly even grade; we had very little uphill work. I cannot say just exactly where that old log road went; that would be impossible now, but it must have led west of the Shaughnessy Hill. I used oxen in both Greer's Beach and Granville Street camps; the dump in the first was where the swimming pool is now, and in the latter just east of Granville Street." (See Chilaminst, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "You see, mills did not have to go far for their logs in those days. Rorison, brother of R.D. Rorison of Lulu Island took the cedar off the C.P.R. Grant after we took the fir off, and sold the cedar bolts, sixteen foot bolts, to the Royal City Mills, False Creek. The bull puncher's cabin in which you say Alderman L.A. Hamilton, C.P.R. Surveyor, and his sister" (afterwards Mrs. John Leask) "took refuge after the Great Fire—to which you say George Cary used to row them backwards and forwards—must have been John Beatty's cabin beside our camp. John had married an Indian woman. They say John wanted to marry a white woman and persuaded the Indian woman to go and hang herself; she hung herself all right, but what John's persuasion had to do with it I don't know." (See photo No. ?)

LOGGING OPERATIONS (SHAUGHNESSY, GORE AVENUE). ROYAL CITY MILLS LOGGING CAMPS.

"I arranged to sell the logs I cut off the C.P.R. Grant to the Royal City Mills, False Creek, but when I wanted the money, Ferguson, the manager, was away, so accidentally meeting Howard DeBeck of the Brunette Sawmills, Sapperton, on the street, I sold them to him. Howard did not really want them, but I wanted money, and to help me out he gave me \$4.50 a thousand. When Ferguson came back I told him what I had done; he said, 'That's a pity, I want logs, I could have given you a dollar more.' So I went to

Howard DeBeck and told him, and he released me from the bargain, and I got \$1 more on 500,000 feet, that is \$500 more. Howard DeBeck was [a] man of fine principals. I had a fruit farm at Penticton next to his and could not look after it. I told Howard to pick the best of the fruit, use what he could, and let the rest rot; there was no written bargain, but one day I received, most unexpectedly, to my astonishment, a cheque for \$100.

“The photograph of Bailey Bros. No. 679, and this other one captioned ‘Ox Team Hauling Logs, Royal City Mills Camp, near Vancouver.’ I imagine this must be of the camp the Royal City Mills had on the north arm of the Fraser about one mile east of the Boundary Road; ‘Wintemute’s Place,’ we called it; it was owned originally by Mr. Wintemute of New Westminster. Its exact site was almost exactly where ‘Spotty’ McGregor’s ranch on Marine Drive was some years ago; about a mile west of the Rosehill Farm which was five miles east of our place. The Royal City Mills had another camp at Mud Bay. Bob Preston, who preempted Kitsilano Beach in 1873, was in charge of all the Royal City Mill’s camps.”

OX TEAMS.

“You will observe, in this photo, the biggest log is foremost, and as the logs trail off, they get smaller and smaller, the smallest being the last log. The reason the biggest log is put first is that there is always a ‘slack’ between logs, and when the ox team pulls, they give an initial big jerk which starts the first and heaviest log, and the momentum of that heavy weight moving jerks those behind, and so starts the whole ‘turn of logs’—that’s the name for a string of logs—moving. The oxen know, and brace themselves for one successive jerk. A ‘rollway’ is where the logs are dumped into the water.”

GORE AVENUE AND BROCKTON POINT.

“Other small logging jobs I had once was hauling piles down a skid road almost exactly where Gore Avenue is now—I think they were for some cannery—that was the winter before the Great Fire. Frank Perry, now of 1550 Charles Street, old time logger, worked with me. Then I hauled spruce at Brockton Point; when they cleared the athletic grounds at Brockton Point, I hauled with horses the spruce trees they had felled to the shore.”

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HENRY S. ROWLING, 4 JUNE 1933, AT KITSILANO BEACH.

WILD ANIMALS. ELK.

Major Matthews: Bill Hunt, who lived down near Kitsilano Beach in 1897 or about that, told me about a lot of elk dung he found in the torn-up roots of a hemlock which had been blown down; what do you make of it? (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, 1931.)

Mr. Rowling: (slowly) “Preserved, eh? I don’t know where the elk went, and never asked the Indians. My recollections of the Indians is not of the pleasantest; I did not care for them. I think my dislike was caused by the fact that they had big scabs on their necks; there were cracks in the scabs; the scabs were broken open, and you could see the white pus in the cracks; most repulsive; the result of their association with white men, I imagine. We found a *tremendous lot* of old elk horns over on the little flat prairie east of D.L. 258 where we ran our cows, embedded in the grass; the wild grass had grown up, died down, each year, and the elk horns were old, and embedded in the dead grass.” (Note: also found them in the swamp around Deer Lake, around the swamp at Kitsilano Beach. See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

WOLVES AND COON, COUGARS, LYNX.

Major Matthews: Sam Greer shot a wolf in his garden back of the bathhouse (Kitsilano Beach), great big timber wolves. (See Hall, Vol. 1.)

Mr. Rowling: “Oh, yes, I have seen the timber wolves crossing the ice on the North Arm, but we did not have much trouble with wild animals. Might have lost an odd cow now and again; the cougars, they are sly animals—you never see them—they might have taken a pig or so, and the cats, the lynx—there were lots of cats around, plenty of them, they might get a chicken or a duck, or a little pig, or the coons might have, but they did not bother us much. The cats” (lynx) “have no fight in them, but you can blow a hole in a coon and he will still fight; a cat thinks he’s dead when a shot hits him, and just lies down dead. I remember one time a lady came along and said a cougar was killing her ducks, and Peter Byrne and