



Above

Lord Stanley of Preston, the sixth Governor General of Canada, is perhaps best known for having donated the Stanley Cup that was later handed down to the National Hockey League.

Right

The statue of Lord Stanley welcoming everyone to the park that bears his name. The first Governor General to visit British Columbia, the statue captures the moment in 1889 that he is said to have thrown his arms in the air and dedicated the park "to the use and enjoyment of people of all colours, creeds, and customs for all time."

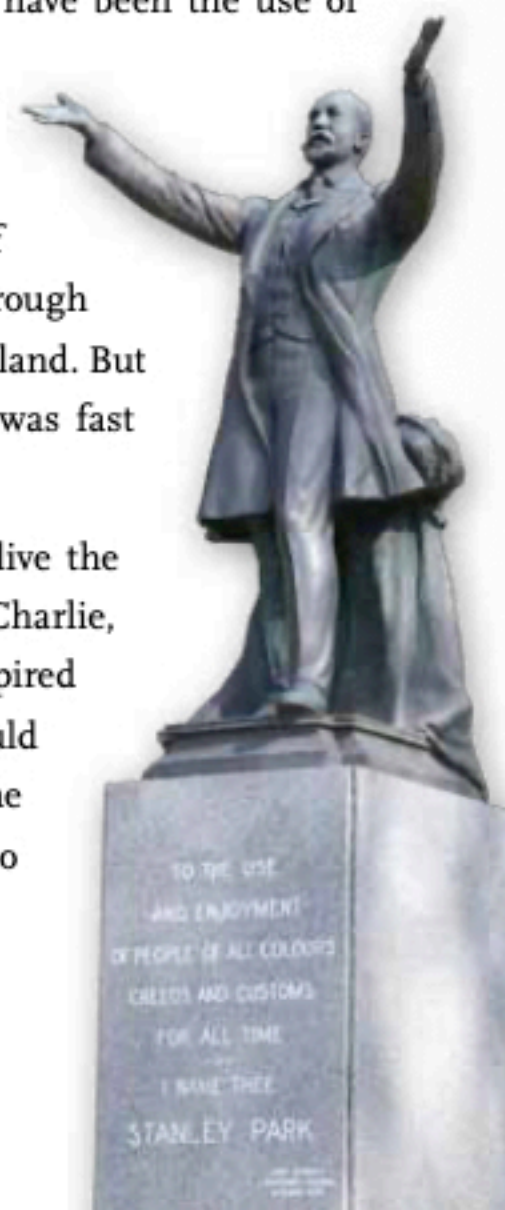
"When they make Stanley Park Road we [were] eating breakfast in our house. Someone make noise outside. Chop our house! ...chop the corner of our house. We all get up, go out see what was the matter. The man says, 'We're surveying the road.' My sister asks... 'Whose road? Is it Whiteman's?' Of course, Whiteman did not say park ... The man said 'When the road goes by here, you're going to have lots of money'... But, they have not paid yet!"

The roadway cut right through the house, and to add insult to injury, at an official ceremony in 1889 when Lord Stanley, the Governor General of Canada, formally dedicated the Park named in his honour, it was on a site described as "an old Indian clearing." It was actually the gravesite of Supple Jack, whose remains the family had had the foresight to remove as they retreated to Snauq.

"It was from [Snauq] that I saw Vancouver burn in June 1886," remembered August Jack. "Afterwards, as a boy, I used to go over and search the ruins for nails. When we went to Gastown we went by canoe ...to the south end of Carrall Street and across over to the Burrard Inlet on a sort of wagon trail. What would have been the use of struggling through the

bush when it was so easy to paddle?" At high tide, in the 1800s, another spirited canoe circumnavigation could be made of Stanley Park, via a creek at Second Beach through Lost Lagoon, which made the peninsula an island. But the wilderness August Jack knew as a boy was fast disappearing. So was the memory of it.

It was his new extended family that kept alive the old stories, especially his stepfather Jericho Charlie, whom he described as "a good man" who inspired him in his youth. "He had a big canoe, would carry a ton or more ... He used to go from the Old Hastings Mill Store on the Burrard Inlet to



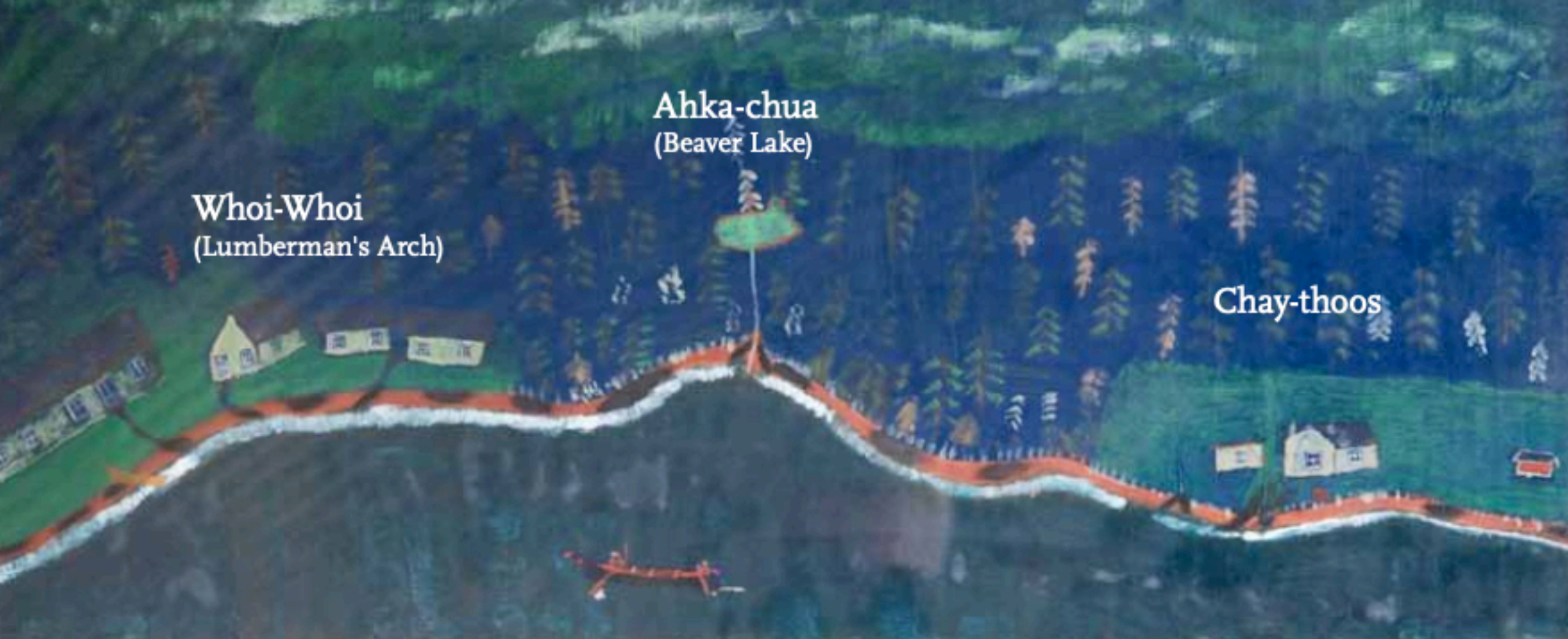
The Great Name and Land Grab

The family name of Khatsahlano was appropriated by the Canadian Pacific Railway to enhance real estate development in the early 1900s. Pioneer Vancouver postmaster Jonathan Miller had already proposed it as a sub-post office for Greer's Beach, but it took streetcar signage as a promotion of the "new suburb" on Dominion Day in 1905 to get the momentum going. Local archaeologist Professor Charles Hill-Tout claims to have modified the spelling from the original name and indeed to have chosen the name himself. "Mr. Miller referred the request to me and I chose the hereditary name of one of the chiefs of the Squamish." Whoever chose the name, it had the right historic ring to it that sells real estate. At the turn of the century, the village of Snauq was surrounded by CPR landowners and developers like David Oppenheimer and Robert G. Tatlow. The Province had already granted CP land in 1886 and 1902 for the railway. Subsequently the land north of the CPR right-of-way was placed on sale and the first lot sold in 1909. But a bigger land deal was about to come. By 1913, when the BC government pushed through an arrangement to buy the 72 acres known as Kitsilano Reserve No. 6, without federal authority, for \$218,750, it came as no surprise. Khatsahlano and his people were loaded on to scows and moved to the North Shore and Squamish Valley. Their homes at Snauq were burned, wiping out any trace of the village save a few hops and apple trees.

In no time, the federal government protested the deal for the Vanier Park area, and Ottawa bought out the province's acquisition. But it wasn't until June 2000 that the Squamish Band reached a \$92.5-million out-of-court settlement with the feds to settle claims to former reserves in Kitsilano, North Vancouver, Squamish and more than a dozen other parcels of land. A few years later the BC Court of Appeal would uphold a decision restoring about 10 acres of Kitsilano land to the Squamish Band, 116 years after it was expropriated for use by the CPR. That land, part of the ancestral home of the Squamish people (and the birthplace of August Jack) can be found under the shadow of the Burrard Street Bridge and adjacent to the Molson Brewery. In May 2010, the Band, composed of 3,600 members, declared plans to build an "eight-acre commercial and residential development" on what remains of the original site, bordered by blackberry bushes and swampy woodland to the west, condos to the east, and the bridge above.



William Cornelius Van Horne, the unstoppable president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, oversaw the building of the transcontinental railway, assuring his company benefitted all along the track to the terminus, with major real estate acquisition in Vancouver. Also credited with launching CPR's sea transport division, Empress luxury liners and the company's luxury hotel business.



CHILDHOOD MEMORIES. Squamish village of Whoi-Whoi as it appeared in 1886, just prior to the creation of Stanley Park. Vancouver City Archivist Major Matthews commissioned the oil painting by August Jack Khatsahlano in 1936. The name of the ancient village, updated as Xwayxway, (pronounced "kwhy-kway") was put forward by the Squamish Nation, in 2010, as a possible new name for the park.

Jericho, loaded with hay and oats for the horses and oxen working at Jerry Rogers logging camp." August's mother also regaled him with tales of the old days, like when the first white man came up the Squamish on the "floating island with the three dead trees." Even his wife, Swanamia, seemed of another time, known as the only remaining Squamish woman in Vancouver who continued to wear the traditional shawl.

Over the years Khatsahlano often reminded people that he could not read or write, yet as he grew older his memory seemed to grow more acute. In his life, he went from logging contractor, hunter and trapper to prospector, guide and medicine man, adding dance performer and carver along the way, but he is best known for his storytelling and preserving the original Squamish language and place names of Vancouver. One of his last projects, "Squamish Legends...The First People" (1966), was a collaborative work with his half-brother, Domanic Charlie. Yet, in spite of all his recognition, he was never without struggle. In 1913, again he was forced to move, along with all his people, this time from Snauq, when "the government of the day made an unsavoury deal for an industrial venture." He finally retired to Squamish but not without being forced to move at least one more time to make room for the Pacific Great Eastern Railway.

August Jack Khatsahlano would eventually have the last word. Among many of the Squamish in the logging camps of his youth, he became recognized as a man of good judgement and knowledge,

and so, with time, he was made Chief of the Tribal Council. Also, during his youth August had been initiated into the Society of Power Dancers of the Squamish, after finding his “power” after long hours of solitude in the wilderness. In his elder years, he sought more solitude in the mountains and his image grew larger than life. He became the iconic “last great Squamish medicine man,” who knew the curative power of local plants and “whose sensitive fingers were said to hold the ancient power of healing,” and was also said to have healed his own blindness. Even his grandfather’s name, Khatsahlano, for which he had to work to own in his youth, was elevated to baronial-style status with its translation into a fanciful English meaning, “Lord of the Lakes,” in reference to the long-gone muskrat ponds by his home village of Snauq. The village is long gone, as is the old graveyard, the apple orchard, the sand bars of False Creek, the fish traps, the multitudes of duck and the swish-swish of a sea thick with smelt. But in a tree near the shore, a stone’s throw from the original site near the Burrard Street Bridge, a pair of eagles returns to nest, year after year. August Jack would have liked that.

Pioneer Victoria photographer Frederick Dally captured this picture on his way up to the Cariboo Gold Fields in 1868. On the photo he wrote: “When I was taking this photograph the boy [in front of the small cabin] imitated all my movements with an empty beer bottle and a coat over his head as if he was doing the same thing.” The photo shows a Hudson’s Bay Company blanket drying out in the afternoon sun at what Dally termed an “Indian rancherie” on Lost Lagoon. It was located not far from where miners camped at Second Beach near the First Nations village of Staitwouk on the peninsula that became Stanley Park. The lodges were made of thick cedar slabs, split with deer’s horn wedges, and built with stone hammers and chisels. According to early Squamish belief, the Great Spirit bestowed upon the first man three things that he could not do without: a wife, a salmon trap and a chisel.





Vancouver's Hastings Mill

*As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my going
To smell the smell of piled-up planks and feel the salt wind blowing,
To hear the cables fret and creak and the riggings stir and sigh
Shipmate, oh my shipmate! in those days gone by...*

*As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw a ship there lying,
About her masts and yards, the little clouds of sunset flying;
And half I took her for the ghost of one I used to know...
"Shipmate, oh, my shipmate!" many years ago, So many years ago.*

—By the time Cicely Fox Smith, a Vancouver Island typist, nautical poet and late Victorian adventurer, began to reminisce about Hastings Mill in her book of poems *Sailor Town*, published in New York in 1914, the romance of the tall ship days were numbered. Although tall ships would continue to load lumber for at least another two decades in the port of Vancouver, the glory days had long since waned.



EARLIEST KNOWN PHOTOGRAPH OF HASTINGS MILL SETTLEMENT AND GRANVILLE POST OFFICE, CIRCA 1872. The barque on its side is the Dutch barque *Cornelis* of Amsterdam. It was towed back to the mill and beached after being stranded in August 1871 at the entrance to the Howe Sound, as it was laden with lumber and bound for Valparaiso, Chile. Right behind the barque (next to the cookhouse with the copula) is the mill store and post office. It can be found today on Point Grey at the foot of Alma, as the Old Hastings Mill Store Museum. To the far right, on top of the hill, with the white roof, is mill manager Captain James A. Raymur's cottage. The building to its left is Vancouver's first school, the Hastings Sawmill School.

When the world was young

by Jacqui Underwood

THE CLAMOUR AND STEAM OF HASTINGS MILL, its roaring burner and tall-masted ships at the pier, dominated Vancouver's harbour for more than half a century, from the late 1860s to the mid-1920s. Only a few years before it shut down, the Hastings Sawmill was still the largest exporter of lumber in Western Canada. But waterfront real estate had proved to be too valuable. The operation was slated for dismantling to make way for port development. All but forgotten in the "march to progress" was the pivotal role the mill had played as the city's founding industry. It had turned a colonial backwater of primeval forest and native villages into a centre of commerce and magnet for immigration. Because of the mill, Vancouver was born and a door on the Burrard Inlet was opened to the world.



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AN AMBITIOUS DREAMER. Captain Edward Stamp built the first sawmill on the south shore of Burrard Inlet in 1865. Commonly called Stamp's Mill, it was owned by the British Columbia and Vancouver Island Spar, Lumber and Sawmill Company, of which Stamp was the manager. In the late 1860s, Stamp's mill and Moody's mill on the North Shore put Burrard Inlet and British Columbia lumber on the world map. Five years later Stamp's Mill would be renamed Hastings Saw Mill, under new ownership, with an embittered Stamp moving on to other enterprises.

Captain Stamp's Mill

It began with trees. Big trees. The tallest, straightest timbers in the world stood on what is now Point Grey, waiting to be harvested. In 1858, thousands of rough and unruly Americans invaded the Hudson's Bay precinct of British Columbia in a mad scramble for gold on the Fraser. A British colony was quickly proclaimed to keep order. Caught up in the heady dreams of making a fortune in the new world was Captain Edward Stamp of England's merchant navy. His "El Dorado" was lumber and his first enterprise in the region had taken place the year before: gathering spars in the Puget Sound. He returned to run a store in Victoria, then built a sawmill at Port Alberni, but its mountainous location caused its demise. Still, he couldn't keep his mind off those spars. By 1865, his ambition of being a lumber king, had gelled on the Burrard Inlet, on the west coast of the new colony of British Columbia—"The last great frontier."

It wasn't total wilderness. Vast tracts of land had been registered for the Crown, and the Royal Engineers had blazed trails from the mainland's capital of New Westminster, mapping out reserves and lots. Oblate missionaries visited the First Nations settlements around the Inlet, while the discovery of coal briefly attracted the first white settlers to a bay on the south shore, the newly named Coal Harbour. On the north shore, in 1862 the first lumbermen had built a water-powered mill, but it was foundering. Stamp made his move. His venture on the inlet included plans for the construction of a sawmill near the Squamish village of Whoi-Whoi on what later became Stanley Park, with Beaver Lake as the intended water supply for the mill's steam-run equipment. There were complications. The property overlapped an adjacent naval reserve, the rip tides of the Narrows could only spell disaster, and all the while the resident natives watched askance. Vancouver's unlikely "founding father" moved up inlet.

For the new mill site, Stamp chose a prominent point on the south shore of the Burrard Inlet, halfway between the two narrows, just east of a maple-lined sandy cove that was "perfect for canoes." The cove was next to Coal Harbour, part of the town reserve allotted by the Royal Engineers. But the adjacent land chosen for the mill site was "old government reserve," and it would be freed up for Stamp's taking.

His British Columbia and Vancouver Island Spar, Lumber and Sawmill Company had been injected with 100,000 pounds British capital. Among the company directors were the notorious meddling Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Colonel Richard Clement Moody, and his former private secretary Robert Burnaby. Stamp acquired 243 acres of government reserve land for a \$1.00 an acre. The former merchant seaman began to clear land and build.

Although Stamp was just the front man backed by Moody and his British investors, the mill operations were soon dubbed Stamp's Mill.

The new mill property extended along Burrard Inlet from today's Carrall Street to Heatley Avenue, south to the northern shore of False Creek, which in those days went all the way to today's Clark Drive. The camp itself was set close to the edge of the ancient forest on the inlet. To the east, in KumKumlay, there were a First Nations longhouse and cedar homes along the shore, a ready workforce for the mill. Water would be carried by flume from the streams that flowed from Trout Lake, for the mill's steam-powered machinery. Construction also began in Victoria, on the steamer *Isabel*, a 146-foot-long side-wheeler, the first tug to be owned by any sawmill on the mainland. Its engine and the state-of-the-art mill equipment were due to arrive from Scotland by the end of the year.

The First Nations traditional hunting grounds became Stamp's kingdom. Logs would be gleaned from 15,000 acres of virgin wilderness, between Burrard Inlet and the mighty Fraser, from the tip of Point Grey to modern-day Cambie Street. Unlike the hills of the Alberni operation, the land was low-lying, making the plentiful logs easy to cut and skid to the sea or directly to the mill. Stamp's company received a 21-year timber lease.

That summer he enlisted the skills of the legendary Jeremiah Rogers, known in British Columbia as the "greatest woodsman of them all." Originally from New Brunswick, the big popular man had worked with Stamp since his Alberni days and took on the job of harvesting those giant spars from the forests of Point Grey, from his base at his self-named Jerry's Cove (Jericho) on English Bay. The first load of 251 magnificent spars were shipped aboard the *Aquila* to Cork, Ireland. The reputation of BC lumber was established and Stamp's Mill was on the map.



THE GREATEST WOODSMAN OF THEM ALL.

Jeremiah Rogers was a respected and innovative logger who is credited as the first to use a steam-driven tractor to haul logs out of the bush. His finely selected spars at Point Grey brought Stamp world attention. Later, after a falling out, Rogers became a free timber agent, competing with the Captain. The district of Jericho is named for his logging camp at Jerry's Cove, modern-day Jericho Beach.



Edward Davis Heatley took a hands-off approach to his ownership of the Hastings Sawmill Company, while his partner, George Campbell, was closer to the action, operating out of Victoria. Heatley, who maintained an address in San Francisco where their partnership, Dickson, De Wolf and Company was based, speculated in Vancouver real estate leading up to the first city election, in which he was represented as an 1886 Vancouver city voter. As the affluent owners of Hastings Mill from 1870-1889, Heatley and Campbell are both remembered in street names near the old mill site.

Across the water on the North Shore, altered, improved and under new ownership, the Burrard Inlet Mills re-opened. American Sewell Moody would create in Moodyville the perfect template for a mill town, keeping his men dry and working sober, complete with religious services on site. Unlike Moody, Stamp made no effort to improve the living conditions of his workers, or for that matter, interfere with them at all. The first south shore mill settlement grew up hodge-podge, with deserters from sailing ships and busted refugees from the gold mines left to their own devices. Also a large part of the workforce were the Burrard Inlet Squamish and Kanakas (Hawaiians who had worked with the Hudson's Bay Company), all settling where they would, creating little gardens with chickens and pigs, in a completely original West Coast lifestyle that was not at all temperate. It was soon to be complemented by a rowdy Gastown, once Stamp's Mill operations got underway.

Stamp had bigger fish to fry. After his aborted effort at Stanley Park he was eager to get the mill going at the new site, especially now that the North Shore was back in business. One can imagine his dismay when the barque *Kent*, direct from Glasgow, unloaded the new mill machinery at Stamp's wharf in December of 1865, and it was discovered in the New Year that an essential piece of equipment was lacking. It happened again with the next shipment. Although he sued and won damages from the shipper (the inlet's first lawsuit), valuable time had been lost. The mill did not begin operation until June 1867.

Nevertheless, Stamp's first year of mill business was the biggest Burrard Inlet had ever seen—4,101,000 feet of lumber, 100,000 shingles and 2000 spars on 14 vessels, far outstripping his rival Moody. 1867 saw a record four deep-water vessels in Burrard Inlet at the same time, and the *Isabel* proved her worth in quick dispatching of pioneer cargo. Another shipment of spars brought more praise. "Jeremiah Rogers, the cutter" and "Stamp, the shipper," became known for the fine quality of their spars, "probably the best ever shipped from any part of the world." By 1868, the inlet was a very busy place, with Moody building a second mill to keep up with demand. Burrard Inlet lumber had won its place on the global market.

In the woods, three new towns were being born: Moodyville on the North Shore, New Brighton (the "resort spot" at "the end of the road" from New Westminster) and Stamp's Mill, known colloquially

as “Gastown,” for the neighbouring bars that had sprung up next to mill property. With six logging camps taking out spars and logs and some smaller establishments specializing in shingles and ship’s knees, there was employment for 300 men. Everybody was making money.

But not Stamp. By 1869, the company was broke, so Stamp returned to England to plead his case, to buy some time. But it was too late. He had a falling out with his investors, and the vast assets of the mill went on the auction block in Victoria. Much to Stamp’s chagrin they were sold, for “a mere fraction of the value,” to George Campbell of London, England, and Edward Davis Heatley of San Francisco under the name Dickson, De Wolf and Company. Even the *Isabel* was practically given away in Stamp’s eyes. Ever the builder, Stamp, would die a few years and lawsuits later, still in the game, expanding another BC industry, salmon canning.

Although he would not live to see it, the visionary sawmill on Burrard Inlet that Stamp started would reign as Vancouver’s first and longest lasting industry into the 20th century, paralleling the history of the developing world of the day. It began its life producing enormous amounts of spars supplying the globe’s mercantile ships with the tallest, straightest masts the world had ever seen. From the 1860s on its timbers would build whole towns in South America, baronial homes in Britain, Australia, and New Zealand and the imperial palaces of China. And in the Pacific: California, Hawaii and Japan. Eventually production would culminate with the world’s first high-end semi-prefabricated homes.

But even more than the industry Stamp founded, his legacy would be the settlement that grew up around it. It began the day of that first cut on June 17, 1867, with the ship *Siam* waiting at Stamp’s Wharf to be loaded for shipment to Australia. That was the day an entrepreneur of a different ilk, another unlikely city founding father, the talkative John “Gassy Jack” Deighton showed up at the western edge of mill property “with a whiskey keg, two chairs, and a yellow dog” and began to service thirsty mill workers. It is said he actually enlisted their help to build the Globe Saloon “in 24 hours” in the maple grove that skirted the sandy cove known by the local Squamish as Luck Lucky. It was the beginning of Vancouver’s story – a city that began as a bar on the edge of Stamp’s Mill.

TOOLS OF THE WOODS. Great heavy wooden oxen yoke and iron oxen shoes used in early logging in Vancouver, on display at the Old Hastings Mill Store Museum, circa late 1800s.





LOGGING DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER, 1882.

A team of 14 oxen hauls a "turn" of three, maybe more, of five-feet in diameter by 60-foot-long logs, down a skid road near the north foot of Thurlow Street, to not far from where the Marine Building now stands. The huge logs, most of which were cedar, some Douglas fir, would be hauled to the water's edge on Burrard inlet and after the tide came up towed by boat to Hastings Mill.





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THE DIRTY WORK OF LOGGING, CIRCA 1890.

This photo of ten oxen hauling a turn of seven sixty-foot logs (five feet in diameter) over a skid road appears in two archival collections with two different captions. One description suggests it is a crew on Point Grey. The other places the scene at Charleson's camp near what is today Oak Street and Broadway. Donald Brims, a contractor hired by the CPR, had taken a contract in 1889 to log the forest covering the north slope of False Creek's Fairview District from the water's edge to what would later become Broadway. Whatever the locale, it was dirty work. A bull puncher with his nail-studded, four-foot-long stick called a goad, stands in the rear. The seated man on the left was the skid greaser, often called the "pig man" because he stunk like rancid dogfish. He was paid the lowest wages for keeping ahead of the oxen

and placing fish oil on the skids so that the logs would pass over them more easily. The tin bucket with handles placed in front of him contained fish oil. He used the maul to pound iron spikes or "dogs" into the end of each log for hauling. The man in the white shirt sits beside a Boker screw jack that was used for lifting the heavy and cumbersome logs. Notice the front of the huge logs have been sniped so that the butt ends would not catch on the cross skids that were placed wide enough apart for horse or oxen to step in between and over. The highest paid workers in logging were teamsters, the men whose expertise it was to coax the oxen to act in unison dragging the huge logs across the greased skids to the tidewater. Ordinary mill hands were the lowest paid, earning half the wages or less than that of fellers and teamsters.





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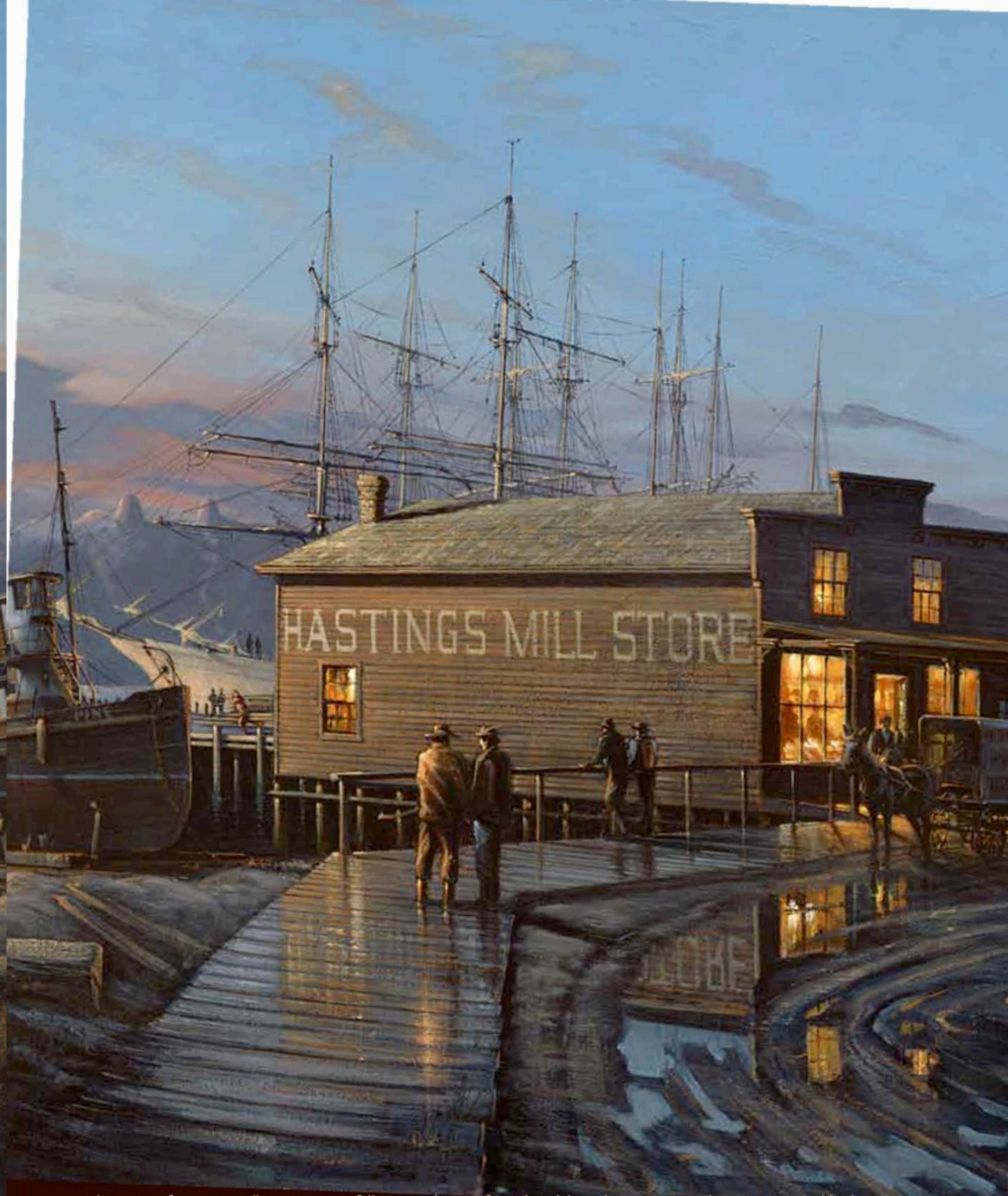
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Oil painting of Hastings Mill at sunset, just following a shower of rain, by celebrated marine artist John M. Horton. "Old salts" pause on the wet boardwalk to swap stories, while various lumber ships lie at the dock or anchor in the stream. Vancouver's largest and oldest mill was located in the area now covered by the Centerm Container Terminal. The original mill office can still be found at the site at the foot of Dunlevy (named after Peter C. Dunlevey) and is run by the Anglican Church as a refuge for visiting sailors.



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A Town is Born

by Jacqui Underwood

STAMP'S MILL WAS ABOUT TO BECOME CIVILIZED. Two men entered the life of the sawmill community that would shape its future for decades to come. The first was the new mill manager, veteran master mariner, the upright, Halifax-born Captain James Raymur. Brought in from Victoria in the new year of 1869 as a replacement for Stamp, he would rule with a strict and pious hand, enforcing his vision of a model town until his death in 1882. Arriving in 1870, to work at his side as accountant and storekeeper, then later following in his footsteps, was the young Richard H. Alexander. An 1862 "Overlander" to the Cariboo goldfields, the 26-year-old Ontario-educated Scot also had been living Victoria, working as a clerk and a longshoreman for the Hudson's Bay Company. For him, the mill would not only become a lifelong career, but a place to raise a family.

Luck-Lucky, may have meant "beautiful grove of maples" to the Squamish but not to Captain Raymur. He toured the mill and was satisfied with its operation, in particular the ultra-modern, steam-powered equipment. It was when he decided to inspect the community that his "scorn of the excesses and haphazard ways of the pioneers" reared its head. There were not only squatters on mill property, there was a substantial beach squat that had grown up next to Deighton's bar on the west side of the settlement. "What is the meaning of this aggregation of filth?" was his oft-quoted rant, "I will not permit a running sore to fasten itself upon an industry entrusted in my care!"

His first act was to drive off all the squatters and their families and family animals from mill land. The squatting Kanakas soon created a new camp on the inner reaches of Coal Harbour, and the historic Kanaka Ranch with its springtime cherry blossoms was born at the foot of Denman Street. "Old Captain Raymur did not like the pigs and chickens running all over the sawdust," recalled one descendent whose grandfather worked at the mill. The Kanakas, who were known to be some of the best employees, took it in their stride and continued to work for the mill. Meantime, back on the property, a company bunkhouse was built for single men and row cottages with proper little gardens began to be established. There were two manager's homes, but Raymur's wife preferred to stay in Victoria. To compete with the bars in rowdy Gastown, Raymur built a meeting room with Vancouver's first library for more cerebral entertainment.



Captain James A. Raymur took over the mill in 1869, when Stamp was ousted. Raymur was a paternalistic manager, creating a model settlement, with a library and meeting room, and proper housing for mill employees. Resident magistrate of Granville, which encompassed both the mill and Gastown, he was astounded by Gastown's filth, and set about cleaning up not just the physical but moral environment of the community. Raymur vowed to eliminate alcoholism and prostitution, building a new church on mill property the year before his death in 1882.



LABOUR DAY PARADE IN 1898. Hastings Mill was the nucleus around which Vancouver grew up and was always a part of every civic celebration. In this image, men and women in their finery watch as horse-drawn wagons exit the mill and head south on Dunlevy. The lead wagon, just past the Alexander intersection, carries two 4' by 20' knot-free timbers to be assembled into dining tables.

However it was the company store that was the heart of the sawmill settlement. You could pick up your mail, stock up on quality merchandise and warm your hands around the stove while listening to the latest news from visitors from exotic ports of call. There were no drunks at Raymur's mill.

Thus began the cleanup of Stamp's Mill and Gastown. One of the first official acts was the name change. The mill was "christened" the more fashionable Hastings Sawmill Company, after Admiral George Fowler

Hastings, Commander of the North Pacific naval station at Esquimalt. It was a popular, if not confusing choice at the time, with Brighton, three miles to the east, already renamed Hastings Townsite. But Raymur stuck to his choice. The meeting room and library he had instituted as part of his social reform became the new Hastings Literary Institute. And the road connecting the mill to Gastown became Hastings Road (today's Alexander).

It was another official name change that would solidify the identity of Hastings Mill and the power of the mill



HASTINGS SAWMILL SETTLEMENT 1890. Shipping lumber to the far corners of the world, the mill town still maintained its village atmosphere. This springtime photo was taken by the pioneer photographers the Bailey Brothers, looking across Burrard Inlet to a heavily wooded North Shore and the Squamish Sacred Heart Mission Reserve with its notable church spire. In the foreground on the left, there are two women with baby carriages heading up Hastings Road (Alexander) to Gastown. Just behind them are R. H. Alexander's original cottage and the new addition to the Hastings Mill Store. Wharf-side, a barque awaits lumber for export.

manager in the early years of the formation of Vancouver. In March 1870, Gastown with its trestle road and wharfs along Water Street became known as Granville, named for Earl Granville, colonial secretary at the time, and Hastings Mill was included as part of its jurisdiction. Lot 196 had been granted to Stamp's company back in 1865, but the remainder, which was still townsite reserve, had now become a government approved townsite. When threats to eject the "trespassers" didn't work, the colonial government determined to survey and offer lots for sale in Granville townsite. The sale, on April 11, 1870, garnered three buyers, including "Gassy Jack" Deighton for Lot 1, Block 2. The courthouse and gaol stood on Lot 2, Block 2. The gaol consisted of two cells, built of logs. Captain Raymur was the



resident magistrate. Within a few months, the dozen or so lots on which sat a hodge-podge of white-wash buildings and make-shift bars began to get snapped up. In December 1871, Captain Raymur took another huge step toward civilizing Gastown. Meeting in the loft of the Hastings Literary Institute, the residents of Hastings Mill and Granville laid plans for the establishment of a school. And so it came to be. Early in the year of 1872 the company built a little frame schoolhouse in the middle of the stumps and slashing of the mill clearing. The Granville School District included the children of Hastings Mill, Gastown and Kanaka Ranch.

Sixteen pupils attended the first class at the Hastings Mill School, sitting on benches with slate pencils and copybooks, listening to Vancouver's first teacher, Miss Georgia Sweney. Daughter of the master mechanic at the mill, she was a young, dark-haired, doe-eyed beauty. An accomplished musician and skilled artist, she could also milk a cow. With no shortage of suitors, she lasted one term.

Georgia wasn't the only pretty woman in the settlement. Mrs. Richard Henry Alexander was a classic pioneer wife, skilled in the refinements of Victorian society. Miss Emma Helen Tammadge came to the colony from



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RUSTED TOOLS OF A BYGONE ERA
— a two-bitted axe and toe-plate.

Three bolts attached toe-plates to planks, called spring boards, to elevate tree fallers above the large swelled butt of a tree. A notch was chopped into the side of the tree and the spring board's toe, especially designed with a raised edge, was inserted into the opening. Agile fallers, wearing hobnailed boots, did a balancing act to cut away a wedge of the tree in preparation for a 10- to 12-foot saw. Well-used boards, like the one in this photo, bore the scars of the boots. Mill owners often gave young men seeking employment three bolts, a drill and a toe-plate and told them to make a spring board. Those that could were hired; those that could not were told to hit the road.



London, England, on one of the famous “bride ships” and met her husband in Victoria through the proper Anglican channels. They had two children before the adventuring Scot brought his young family with him to run the store at Hastings Mill. Emma became the social queen of the Inlet, creating a cultural atmosphere in her south shore home. The school even had an organ, one of the first in Vancouver. She and her husband, along with Captain Raymur attended the balls organized by ships’ captains for “the ladies and gentleman of the Inlet and New Westminster” and took picnic excursions up the Indian Arm to Granite Falls. Emma was the best civilizing effect that the lonely Raymur could have hoped for on his little company town.

R.H. was an attribute too. Alexander made history for Hastings Mill when he established the Granville Post Office in 1872. The first Canadian postage stamps in Vancouver were used in the store that year. Up until then, mail was sent via American ships, bearing American stamps. The post office was created after British Columbia joined Confederation the previous year. Both Alexander and Raymur were supporters of the Dominion and ardent imperialists.

Celebrating July 1st was a favourite way for the mill to rev up community spirit, and Dominion Day celebrations at Hastings Mill became somewhat of “a specialty.” A matter of public pride, they easily beat out the July 4th party at American-owned Moody’s Mill. To quote one observer, “the sports and prizes were ahead of anything else in British Columbia... Crowds of up to 750 people gathered on the sawdust spit in front of the mill. Flags atop the mill and wharf greeted as many as 400 excursionists from Nanaimo and Victoria. Activities included: running, jumping, sailing and canoe races, rifle shooting, climbing greasy poles and catching greased pigs.” Captain Raymur also paid for a band to play for the entire day and provided a “splendid dinner” free of charge.

If Captain Raymur footed the bill, Mrs. Alexander came through with added entertainment. On Dominion Day, she could be found singing “with much taste” before a multitude of admirers.

Then there was what came after the official, mill-directed program. According to one Methodist missionary in the 1870s, “People danced and drank whisky until a sober person became scarce.” Reverend Tate confided to his diary, “the sight that I beheld that night I think

I will ever remember—white people and Indians drunk on every hand... What is the country coming to...?”

The Alexanders' activities were followed with avid interest. R.H. was known to have participated in First Nations rituals. Indeed, he spoke "Chinook", a frontier language that combined First Nations dialects, English and French, and was said to have been honoured with the title of chief by the Squamish. On one occasion Alexander is reported to have personally invited "a young unmarried lady, from a genteel settler family in Victoria," to observe an important "ritual war dance." It was held "deep in the woods on the waterfront near Hastings." Captain Raymur would have considered this behavior scandalous. Word must have gotten out in Victoria. Raymur was beside himself with what happened next.

It was on the 1876 visit of Lord and Lady Dufferin. The royal couple arrived on the HMS *Amethyst* to be officially greeted by an enthusiastic crowd of 200 gathered on Hasting Mill wharf, and a 21-shotgun salute. Captain Raymur presented the address of welcome, then proceeded to have a huge log sawed at the mill for the party to watch. But Lady Dufferin had something else in mind and insisted on an unscheduled visit to the "Indian rancherie" east of the mill. There were no rituals going on, but she did meet with one of the female elders and patted children on the head. Raymur was visibly nervous, but after lunch it was back to the regular program. There was an authentic logging show, with two big loggers felling a 200-foot giant, six feet in diameter, while the Lady remarked how "they were very brave men." Raymur beamed. It was good day for Granville!

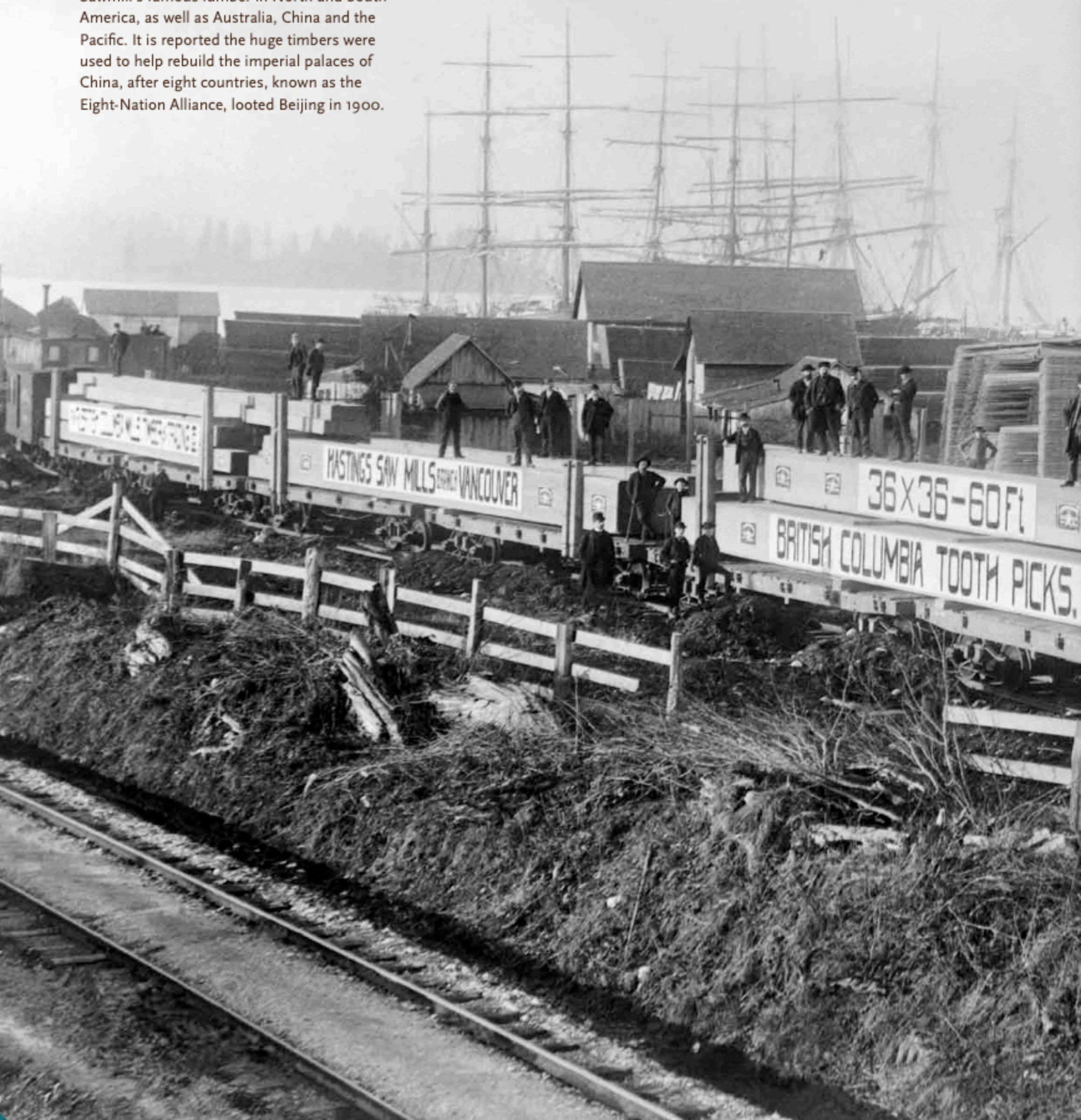
But of all the events that would have been considered most propitious for those early pioneer days, it was the birth of a child in 1873. The Alexanders' third child, Harry O. Alexander, born at Hastings Mill, was Granville's first white native. He would rise to prominence as a Vancouver judge, honoured and loved by many in the new city.

These were the simple times in Vancouver. In the 1870s and early '80s, the Hastings Sawmill settlement's only real connection to the outside world was by water. Interaction with the fledgling village of Granville was an integral part of its day-to-day society, especially since the Hastings Mill Store was the single most important merchant house on the south shore. The first census of Burrard Inlet villages took place in 1881 and included people living in Granville (Hastings Mill), Moodyville, and Hastings (Brighton) but not First Nations villages. It did however take into consideration the lumber camps and ships, giving a strong insight into the new European lumber society.



Richard Henry Alexander was a lifelong Hastings Mill man. Lured by stories of the Cariboo gold-rush, the young Scot crossed the Rockies with the Overlanders in 1862. After shooting the rapids of the Fraser he ended up in Victoria for several years before taking the job of storekeeper at the Hastings Sawmill settlement in 1870. He soon became accountant, and then eventually took over as manager when Captain Raymur died in 1882. Alexander was a social leader, attained the rank of Royal Arch Mason, and established the Vancouver Board of Trade. When John Hendry acquired the mill and expanded operations in 1889, Alexander stayed on as local manager until just before his death in 1915.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TOOTH PICKS. Neatly attired mill men employed by the Hastings Sawmill Branch of John Hendry's British Columbia Mills Timber & Trading Company pose proudly with a trainload of 36-inch by 36-inch by 60-foot "tooth picks," bound for destinations worldwide. There was always a thirsty market for Hastings Sawmill's famous lumber in North and South America, as well as Australia, China and the Pacific. It is reported the huge timbers were used to help rebuild the imperial palaces of China, after eight countries, known as the Eight-Nation Alliance, looted Beijing in 1900.





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Of a population of over 500, just under half lived at Granville/Hastings Mill. But even with Granville being the most settled, with a school, a minister and a middle class of sorts (they had a butcher and a shoemaker), the men still outnumbered the women three to one. And that didn't include men visiting from logging camps or ships. The masculine imbalance was phenomenal. If you included the crews from the camps and the ships, the ratio went up to 6 to 1. It was raining men in Gastown!

With great numbers of unattached men and few European women venturing into the wilderness, many early Burrard Inlet pioneers married or lived with First Nations women. Sewell Moody and Jack Deighton—to name two. The 1881 census revealed that about half the children of Granville were of Native descent. One in six of the lumber village population was BC-born, primarily Native women and children. Those women and children were attached to European men. Only a handful of Native men and Kanakas living in Granville were counted.

Of those included in the census the rest were mostly British. One third were British-born. Eastern Canadians constituted one-sixth and were skilled sawmill workers. One in ten village residents were from the US. Meantime, most of the Inlet loggers (four out of five) were British-born vets of the forests of Ontario, Maine, New Brunswick and Quebec. The largest non-British minority was Chinese, at ten percent; they worked in petty trade, the service sector and as camp cooks.

With British lumberjacks ruling the woods, and First Nations women settling the shores with the “newcomers,” the other demographic that created early Vancouver came from the four corners of the world. It is perhaps this third grouping that more than any imbued Granville and later Vancouver with its unique maritime character and immigrant spirit. Alexander called them a “very motley lot” and “runway sailors” that made up the non-native half of his mill workforce.

These early immigrant adventurers, some jumping ship, others drifting through, included Swedes, Russians, Germans, Portuguese, West Indians, Mexicans, Chileans, Peruvians, various Central and South Americans, Sandwich Islanders (Hawaiians), Filipinos, and Chinese. Some stayed and set up longtime businesses. Others became legendary Vancouver pioneers. Joe Fortes paid his dues at the mill before saving a few lives in the Great Fire and many more from the waters of English Bay.

The 1881 census took place five years before the name of the lumber settlement would become Vancouver, but the winds of change were already blowing. A 25,000-acre land grant had been given to the CPR to extend its line to Granville, some 6000 acres within the townsite itself. Within a few years, the pending arrival of the railway in 1887 would completely transform frontier village life. When lumber was replaced by real estate as “the future,” the original pioneer notions of Hastings Mill and Gastown would be relegated to a romantic memory.

In 1882, Captain Raymur died. The year before his death, he had fulfilled one last dream for his ideal community. He built Vancouver's first Anglican Church, St. James', on mill property. Later consumed in the Great Fire of 1886, a plaque stands today on the wall of a building at the northwest corner of Main and Alexander. It is dedicated to Raymur's little wooden church in the wilderness, a small token of remembrance of this last great man of the early Inlet days.

Raymur's protégé, R. H. Alexander, the bookkeeper and former adventuring Scot, took over as Hastings Mill manager. It was a peak year for lumber exporting in the Burrard Inlet. The predominant exporting centre in the province saw over sixty vessels loaded from Hastings Mill and Moody's Mill, bound to markets around the Pacific. Hastings Mill would survive the Great Fire, would be key in the building of the new city and continue to thrive with the coming of the railway. By decade's end, the future of the two original Burrard