



A Short History of
Caulfeild Village

By H. A. STONE

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*A SHORT HISTORY OF
CAULFEILD VILLAGE*

"Those only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is who have themselves raised a monument in the minds and memories of men"

CAULFEILD

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The history of the picturesque little village of Caulfeild is chiefly bound up with the latterday life of the highly respected and lovable English gentleman,

FRANCIS WILLIAM CAULFEILD

It was his sterling qualities of perseverance and rectitude and his great love of nature, that enabled him to accomplish his ideals. He took great joy in his work, overcoming obstacles that would have deterred many a younger man, and left a creation that will forever remain beautiful, a village and estate of which residents of Vancouver, and the North Shore of Burrard Inlet, will always speak with pride, as well as with gratitude and admiration for the man and mind responsible for its creation.

FOREWORD

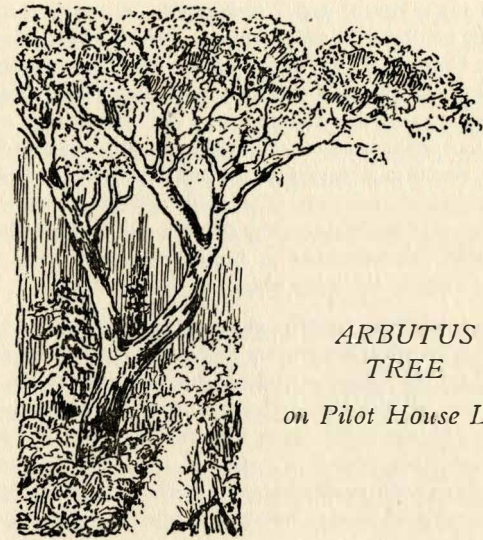
Mr. H. A. Stone has been prevailed upon to write the annals of our village, and to relate incidents in the life of its founder, before time obliterates memories of its first beginning.

It is fitting Mr. Stone should do so. He had a great admiration for Mr. Caulfeild, that fine gentleman adventurer, who carved this pleasant spot out of the wilderness.

They had much in common, both artists of no mean order, both dreamers of dreams who made their dreams come true.

Mr. Caulfeild's mind was set on a well planned village with winding lanes. Mr. Stone visualized the Art Gallery that mainly through his gift and efforts was erected in Vancouver. But he loved and gave of his best to Caulfeild. The original church, the lych-gate and the new beautiful extension of the chancel and sanctuary—as a memorial gift—were designed and planned by him, and will always be linked with his name.

JEAN KILBY RORISON.



ARBUTUS
TREE

on Pilot House Lane

IN the year 1898, the late Francis W. Caulfeild accompanied by his daughter, now Mrs. Basil Williams of Edinburgh, made a leisurely tour through Canada, eventually reaching the growing young City of Vancouver. It is difficult for the present generation, attuned as they are to all the resources of civilization, to visualize the Vancouver of forty years ago.

At that period the City itself was just emerging from the status of a frontier town. The population was only a mere fraction of today's figure. There was much speculation in property with little money to speculate with. The unfortunate boom in North Vancouver had just commenced, and naturally many visitors were drawn into this vortex of investment. This subject was the one chief topic of conversation, and no doubt Mr. Caulfeild was approached

by real estate agents and I understand did purchase a city lot. His one eventful act, however, was his water trip with Captain Cates on the old S.S. *Defiance* when the Captain put him ashore at Skunk Cove, now named Caulfeild Cove, to see that locality of dense forest, its picturesque rocky formations, its lichen and wild roses, its bay and sandy beach and its wealth and variety of natural beauty. So delighted and impressed was Mr. Caulfeild with the charm and possibilities of the surrounding district, that in the following year, 1899, he purchased a large acreage, running from Cypress Falls to the rocky shores of Howe Sound.

This purchase entirely changed his mode of life, as thereafter he spent the greater part of his days at Caulfeild, abandoning the pleasures of English social life, for the more lasting joy of peaceful endeavour amidst the wonders of nature. If we could share the thoughts of this kindly gentleman, then fifty-four years of age, whose extensive knowledge of the beauty spots of Great Britain, led him to paint pictures of lovely Clovelly and other charming English villages, we can better appreciate his reactions at the sight of many Canadian towns and settlements he had just visited with their ugly straight roads, wanting in any form of beauty, and doubt not his artistic soul had revolted.

And so, at Caulfeild, his thoughts must have been, "Here is a spot they shall not spoil. I will plan a village of good design according to the contours of nature. I will reserve the entire waterfront as a public park for the estate. I will lay the foundations of a village of beauty with wise restrictions". And so he did!

Mr. Caulfeild was a scholar, a student of languages, art and astronomy. His chief characteristic was his great love for the works of the Creator. Every tree and rock, every leaf and bud, every vista of the sea and mountain, were his to enjoy and to endeavour to preserve for the enjoyment of others. This love of nature was the foundation of all his planning; it became to him a lasting passion.

It was a very courageous vision for one unacquainted with Canadian ways. The undertaking, while causing him much anxiety in its accomplishment, afforded him, however, great personal pleasure. It was a long thirteen years that had to pass before the Municipality of West Vancouver was formed and sixteen years before the essential connecting highway reached the estate. This delay was the chief cause of converting an investment that might have been profitable, into an expensive completion of a great undertaking.

ROADS! ROADS!

To appreciate Mr. Caulfeild's difficulties one must keep in mind the fact that no road of any practical use existed to connect the property with other settlements on the North Shore. A road to civilization was therefore his first problem. At a later date the provision of roads into his new subdivisions were to him his great and lasting worry; in this connection we must note with regret that the young Municipality of West Vancouver, failed to, or was apparently unable to furnish reasonable assistance. It is therefore not to be wondered at, as his daughter relates, that upon his death-bed, his last spoken words were "Roads! Roads!"

1899 - 1909

Let us consider conditions as at the time of Mr. Caulfeild's arrival. The district was a haven of delight for wild animals, its sheltered southern aspect, its streams and luscious berries in great variety invited them from the mountains. The great brown bear, the graceful deer, the little chipmunk, mink, squirrel and many others were to be found there.

There is still a spot of about a quarter of an acre on the property of Mrs. Flaherty, that was a winter home for a herd of deer; it is surrounded by tall trees, where thick layers of pine needles had formed a rich carpet for their home.

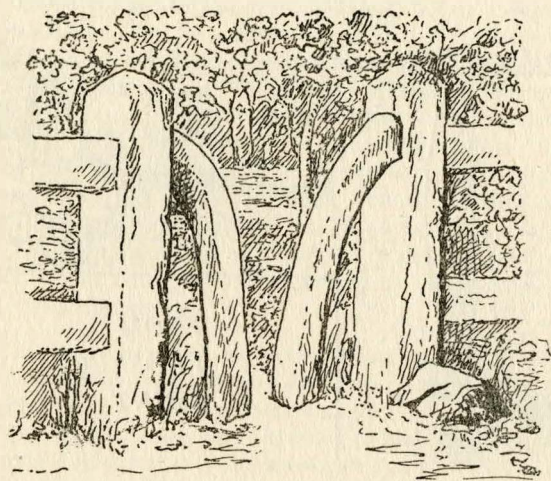
Of men or buildings there were very few.

At Point Atkinson stood the lighthouse. There was not a Pilot House at that time, but a pilot's boat was anchored in the Cove, and nearby, on pre-empted ground, one cottage, where Mr. Grafton — who acted as pilot's assistant — lived, with his family. They owned and maintained a cow, which unknowingly had a part in the village plans. One mile to the east was the Great Northern Cannery, and beyond there were only four or five dwellings in the eight miles of timbered lands stretching away to the Indian Reserve in North Vancouver. Under such conditions of isolation, it is evident that development of the Estate must of necessity have been arduous and slow.

A few campers pitched their tents for summer holidays on those inviting shores. The writer and family did so for two seasons, camping behind the little beach now called Sandy Cove, adjacent to the Cannery. Captain Cates with his then new boat, the *Britannia*, took us there the first summer, with our outfit, kindly running the bow of his big steamer on the sandy beach with a rising tide. Our rowboat was lowered and into it we were packed; lumber to build our kitchen was dumped into the sea, so was a bale of straw intended for our beds; a crate of chickens was broken, the chicks getting away. Yes! it was a glorious and healthy holiday, a fresh water stream at hand, and spring salmon to be bought at the cannery for twenty-five cents each.

I only hope my readers have known the joys and pleasures of a first experience of camping on a secluded spot of similar beautiful and friendly shores, where nature is so generous to the efforts of the pioneer.

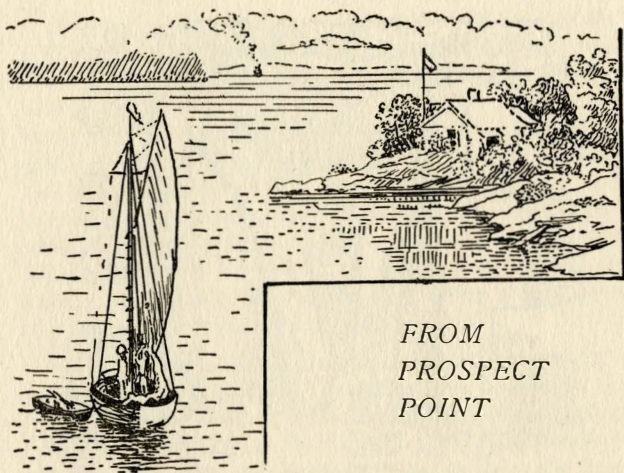
This isolated condition did not dampen Mr. Caulfeild's enthusiasm. He quickly got to work, putting up a strong heavy pier for the *Britannia* and other steamers to use, and two floats for small boats and the pilot's use. He built a cottage for himself which later became a general store and Post Office. Mrs. Caulfeild came out from England, chose another lot and built another cottage for herself and daughter, and shacks were put up for Mr. Caulfeild's assistants.



Mr. Grafton's cow, as from time immemorial cows have been wont to do, would wander far from home and so she achieved a monument. This monument was erected by Mr. Caulfeild to remind all cows that while far-off fields look green their duty lies at home. The monument took the form of an old English style fence which was so constructed to permit passage for people but effectively barring cows. A portion of this "monument" remains at the store approach.

In the same grounds is partly buried an interesting ancient hand-wrought iron anchor, six feet long and very heavy. Deeming it to be of historic value, Mr. Caulfeild brought it from Victoria where, on nearby shores, it had been laying for many years.

It is not unlikely that this anchor had been left by one of the "discovery ships", such as those of Don Galiano or Don Valdez in 1790 or more probably by the *Discovery* or *Chatham* in command of Captain George Vancouver, when conducting his long and important survey voyage in



FROM
PROSPECT
POINT

1791-1795. Having first surveyed Puget Sound and parts of Vancouver Island, he came to English Bay, naming Point Grey after one of his officers. He made reports on the inlet by whose shores now stands the City of Vancouver.

A house for the pilots was built on a prominent rocky point, overlooking the harbour and Straits of Georgia. Later Mr. Caulfeild built a comfortable house for himself on higher ground, known as the "White House". This subsequently became a little museum of interest to visitors.

In those early days Mr. Caulfeild would be seen as a true pioneer, with axe or mattock in hand, hacking his way through undergrowth and forest, aided by a Swede named "Herd". At a later date a faithful Chinaman, "Chow", carried out Mr. Caulfeild's every wish. Many of the rock-ways and roads were built by these pioneers. It was Mr. Caulfeild who located the correct contours of the ground by following the trails of deer or bear or cow. He was wont to say, "The cow is always right".

He needed a reliable water supply and wished to find a reported lake, high up in the mountain behind the property. In a weak moment I went with him one fine summer day. We climbed up and up through acres of bracken eight feet high. But alas! it was the time that ripe pollen fell from the fern leaves as we pushed our way through them. We were almost choked, but still we climbed to a two thousand foot level, sometimes on our knees. We observed several bears. I was the first to give up, so we returned at dusk to a much appreciated bath and a meal. I was not, however, asked to join him again in his explorations. It was evident that I was in disgrace.

To supply the village and estate with water, Mr. Caulfeild was obliged to build his own complete system, taking his supply from the Cypress Creek watershed at a point above Cypress Falls. It was very expensive to construct. In later days he disposed of it to the Municipality at one-tenth of its cost. The year 1909 saw the completion of the system, and also of the surveying for the first subdivision.

Building lots were then offered for sale and several were sold. Summer cottages and houses were built; every brick and plank and all building materials were brought by sea. Mr. Caulfeild made attempts to establish a regular ferry service to the City; it was a great disappointment to him that no service covering the requirements of business men could be maintained. The period of six years until the road came had an important influence on the future of the small hamlet.

1909 - 1915

Mr. Tom Grafton had been promoted to be Lighthouse Keeper in 1909. Captain Kettle filled the position of pilot's man, whilst Mrs. Kettle took over the management of the store, the third incumbent of this position.

Stretches of the old Keith Road, which then connected Howe Sound with North Vancouver, still remain. At best

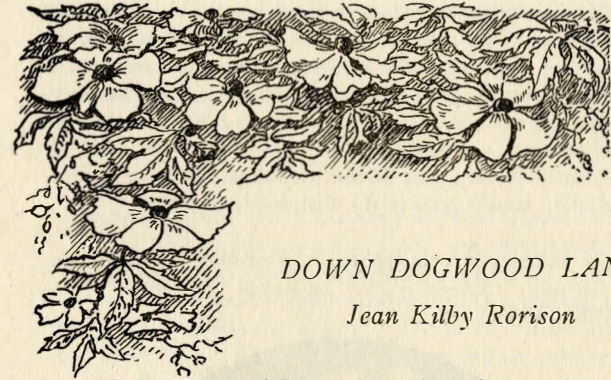
little more than a wagon trail, it was located too high on the hillside to usefully serve the estate.

One could and did, row, sail or go by powerboat the six miles to Coal Harbour, contending with tides and tide rips of the First Narrows, or use the one somewhat irregular steamship service provided by Captain Cates with the *S.S. Britannia*. This vessel plied once daily between Vancouver and Howe Sound points. If one wished the *Britannia* to call in at Caulfeild Cove on her return trip to the City, you needed, in good time, about 6 p.m., to scale the signal rock, which is quite near the wharf, and haul up the flag, and you were lucky if you did not have to wait one or two hours before hearing the welcome sound of the steamer's whistle. These long waits were sometimes pleasantly passed in the cheerful company of Capt. and Mrs. Kettle in their little store.

So getting to Vancouver in those days was quite an adventure.

The pilot-house furnished pilots for all deep-sea ships entering and leaving the Port of Vancouver. One would see a ship slow up near the point, hear her whistle and see Captain Kettle row out in smooth water, or in a launch if rough, and put a pilot on board. The pilot station was closed in 1920 when its interesting incidents became a memory of the past.

The entire district was heavily timbered, very rocky and difficult to survey or clear. The grand old evergreen trees, the Douglas firs and cedars abounded as also did the spruce, hemlock and balsam trees, the colorful arbutus, maples and the innumerable and beautiful dogwoods, and flowering shrubs. The ground was carpeted with ferns, Oregon grape and mosses together with many varieties of lilies and wild flowers. All this bounty of nature which is still preserved for us, made a veritable fairy land, which charmed us all and stimulated Mr. Caulfeild in his work.



DOWN DOGWOOD LANE

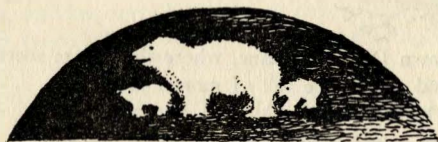
Jean Kilby Rorison

Down Dogwood Lane, where the cedars meet
And soft is the fall of mortal feet,
When the day is blue and gold and still,
Pan comes piping over the hill.
Piping a lay so piercingly tender,
The lady-fern shakes, and the pale slender,
Sweet bells of the Linnea set all a-ringing
A-ringing and singing
To tell all the people the joy he is bringing.
Where tall firs grand like sentinels stand
Guarding the portals of Fairy-Land.

Pan is piping by the river,
On the sheen and the shimmer;
How the sun-shafts start and quiver
As they catch the snow-white glimmer
Of the glowing dogwood tree.
Pan is piping by the hour,
Every insect, bird and flower
Thrills in rhythmic ecstasy.
Where the little river
Gurgling with glee
Runs and stumbles, falls and tumbles
Down to the sea.
Pan is piping by the river
Magic's in his melody!
Pan is piping by the river
Melting out the heart of me!

Mr. Caulfeild planted some English oak trees which will long remain. To many he showed the art of laying rough stones for steps or walls in the proper way. He built a badminton court, which was much appreciated at that time. Many happy hours were spent there, tea being often served on Saturday afternoons. On that court Mr. R. M. Macdonald found a flint Indian arrowhead, giving it to Mr. Caulfeild. It now rests in the British Museum.

By naming the principal road "Piccadilly" and a charming by-way "Clovelly Walk" he linked the village to his British origin.



The finding of a hibernating bear on a new road resulted in the name of "Bear Lane", which reminds us that bears are still often seen in Caulfeild. Deer are constant visitors in summer and are quite destructive to gardens. Visits of skunk or mink are not so frequent as formerly, to the advantage of the householder. Beaver have been reported on the streams, and that delicious game bird, the taste of which is but a long past memory, the trusting grouse, is still hard to chase away from one's garden. It seems to know and glory in its present legal protection. We are therefore reminded that we are on the fringe of a vast undeveloped hinterland of ranges of mountains and valleys, extending away north to the glaciers.

The Municipality of West Vancouver was formed in 1912. Mr. Caulfeild then used every endeavour to get the road built to his estate at the earliest possible time. He wisely objected, however, to its passing through his lower village, so it required very heavy blasting and rock work to

put it on the higher level. It was at this time also, that the unfortunate Pacific Great Eastern Railway was in operation, running from North Vancouver to Horseshoe Bay. It proved, however, unpopular and was soon discontinued for want of revenue.

1915 - 1939

Premier Richard McBride opened the new Marine Drive in 1915. It was a great event for us all. Its coming marked the first real period of development for the village. New homes were built and cottages enlarged. A good market and supply of provisions was at hand. The newly opened road was a great help and it was not very long before electricity replaced oil lamps and candles. Telephone service to the outside world was soon established.

About this time there was held at the home of Mrs. Henshaw, a meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association, when Mr. Caulfeild read his own translation from the Greek of Homer's "Odyssey". This is now included in the Bonn Library for the use of students and schools.

So Caulfeild grew, from forest to hamlet and from hamlet to village, until it now contains about seventy-five homes. Its gardens are well known for their beauty and variety. Nature has provided for the simplest of them such background of tree and leaf that the smallest endeavour to make a garden brings admirable results.

The heavy rock formations lend themselves to the making of rock-plant gardens of special beauty and renown. They attract many garden lovers from other parts.

The one and only store permitted still remains, but it has been much enlarged and improved during the past thirteen years under the management of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cox.

There is a charm about Caulfeild that gets one. Once you have lived there, you do not leave it willingly. Should you have to go away, you are most likely to return. Pilot

Bay with its sandy bathing beach is a great attraction for residents and visitors. Pleasure boats find it a charming spot to anchor in, as it is sheltered from north and north-west winds.

Most of the homes enjoy an extensive view of the broad waters of English Bay, where shipping of the Port of Vancouver passes constantly to and from all parts of the world. Since the Lions Gate bridge across the First Narrows was opened in 1938, one drives by automobile or stage to the heart of Vancouver City in twenty-five minutes, through vistas of beauty which give one a thrill of lasting admiration. We cannot help regretting that Mr. Caulfeild did not live to see that last link in the full accomplishment of his vision.

He passed on, in London, England, on the 6th of March, 1934, in his 90th year. The notice of his decease in the *London Times* does not speak of him as of London but "of Caulfeild, British Columbia, pioneer, artist, scholar and town-planner". The unsold portion of the estate is now owned by his son, Vice-Admiral Wade Caulfeild, late of the British Navy, and his grandson, Toby Caulfeild, who, together with the assistance of the Municipality, erected to their father's memory a large granite boulder, suitably inscribed, near the Pilot House, where Mr. Caulfeild latterly spent most of his time. It is a fitting monument to his strong tenacious character, and in a perfect setting.

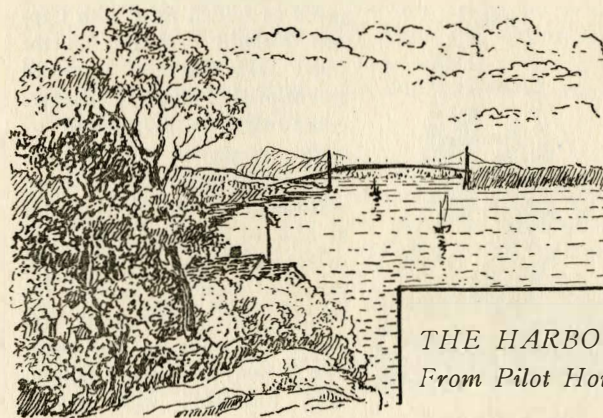


Whilst many individual residents, the hard-working Women's Guild, Societies and Sunday School, by their good work, naturally assisted in building up the village, one cannot in this brief history mention them all, but I do feel that I must record something of the happy pair who are so intimately linked to Mr. Caulfeild's work, and with the life of the village.

Captain Frank Kettle and his wife, Mary, first came to look after the pilots in 1909. They disposed of their little business at the store in 1918 and upon the closing of the Pilot Station in 1920, they occupied the Pilot House. This is charmingly situated almost surrounded by sea and partly shaded by spreading arbutus trees and vines, and there they still carry on their good works.

Near the vine-screened verandah where Mr. Caulfeild spent many restful hours, the flagstaff carries the Union Jack or Canadian flag on all suitable occasions.

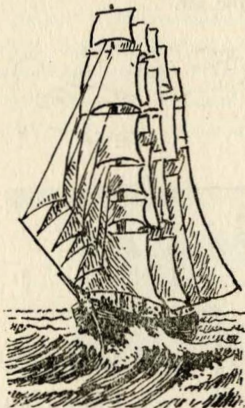
It's an ideal place of sunshine,
There is brightness everywhere
From the gate, out to the Coast line
Cheer and welcome fill the air.



THE HARBOUR
From Pilot House

The Kettles may be called "the grand-parents of the village", loved by all, closely allied to every new development and themselves most interesting personalities. They nursed Mr. Caulfeild through long ill-health. Their door and hearts give welcome to all in need of help or encouragement. So close a bond existed between them and Mr. Caulfeild, that when he eventually deeded the entire park in which the cottage stands to the Municipality of West Vancouver, he made a provision that Mr. and Mrs. Kettle should occupy the cottage as long as they lived. Mrs. Kettle was born in Buckinghamshire, England, in 1865, and Captain Frank Kettle at Cardiff, Wales, in 1861.

As a lad, Frank Kettle sailed out of Cardiff in the barque *Crofton Hall*, eventually becoming captain and owner of three ships, the *Crystal Spring*, the *Willie Clark*, and the *Bessie Clark*, all trading in wool. Captain Kettle sailed many seas. During his thirty-seven years on deep waters he rounded Cape Horn eight times, was six times shipwrecked, broke one leg once, and the other leg twice, and was three times down with yellow fever. He possesses the true sincerity of the deep-sea mariner and has a very kindly disposition.



The "Cutty Sark"

His greatest pride is in having sailed as second mate with Captain Richard Woodget, on the *Cutty Sark*, the most renowned and beloved of all the old clippers—her name is perpetuated by clubs throughout the Empire. This would be about 1885 when steamships did not travel as fast as now, so the *Cutty Sark* often overhauled them with pride, showing them in passing the graceful lines of her stern. Her biggest day's run was 353 knots. She is now, after many adventures, associated with *H.M.S.*

Worcester in London as a cadet ship, on which many British Columbia boys have qualified as officers.

While falling away on the home port tack,
Captain Kettle's blue eyes, show a lively spark,
When spinning a yarn, of his sea-faring life,
He tells of his days on the *Cutty Sark*.

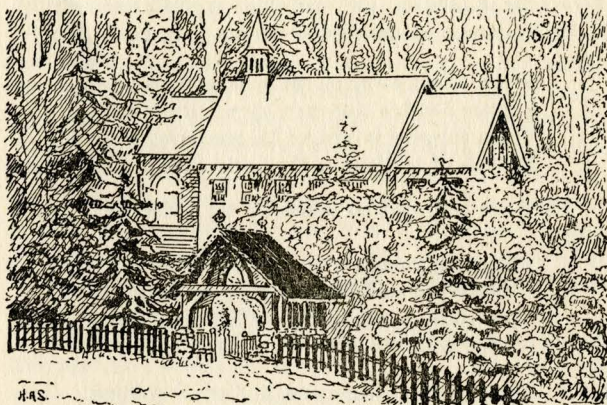
Here are two selected verses by the sailor poet, Cripps Clark:

There may remain a few around the coast,
Old battered shell-backs waiting to embark,
Upon their voyage across the Styx, who boast,
I sailed with Woodget on the *Cutty Sark*.

But they were sailors and, by God, they knew
The way to handle ships in calm or gales,
And we were proud to be among the crew
That brought the first wool for the London sales.

Mrs. Kettle, God bless her, just loves to do kind things for others and anything that is good for the village. Their home has been and still is the information centre for Caulfeild. Her willing and successful efforts in collecting money built the little Church. It would be difficult to say "No" to any appeal made by Mrs. Kettle. When one calls to see them, it is not easy to get away without partaking of their hospitality, a cup of tea, some new-laid eggs, or maybe a rosy apple for your pocket.

Mrs. Mary Kettle met her husband in Bermuda. She sailed the seas with him, often on stormy days she would be lashed to the wheel and steer the ship; the Captain asserting that in rough weather she was one of the finest mates he ever had. A chat with Mr. and Mrs. Kettle in the cozy parlour, where around the walls, in glass cases, are models of his favourite clippers, all delicately and beautifully made by his own hands, is an experience of interest and pleasure to be long remembered.



Until circumstances made it possible to erect the village Church, well attended services were conducted in various private homes by the Rev. J. P. Dingle.

The Church, with its high sloping roof and its white walls to which Boston ivy clings and drapes the windows with delicate leafy fringe, presents a pleasing picture against its forest background. The Church is approached through a lych-gate of true design. It may interest some of my readers to know the purpose of these artistic covered ways. They have been traced back as far as the fourteenth century. At this time the only burial grounds were the "hallowed acres" adjoining the churches. Lych-gates were erected to provide a place where the bier and pallbearers could rest on the way to the grave.

On entering the church doors, one is impressed with the simple beauty and solemnity of the interior. The building was enlarged in 1938 by the addition of a chancel and sanctuary erected to the memory of Beatrice H. Stone. On the east wall are three stained glass windows, forming one

harmonious richly colored picture of the life of "Saint Francis of Assisi". The centre one represents Saint Francis at his devotions, surrounded by birds and flowers, erected to the memory of Mr. Caulfeild by his daughter and the residents. The window on the right shows "Saint Clara" leaving her home of wealth to join Saint Francis in his good works; on the left one sees the "Monastery of the Franciscan Order" which the Saint founded. These side windows were erected by Mrs. Grant Morden in memory of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grant Henshaw. Land for the building was given by Mr. Caulfeild; the cost of erection being gladly shared by those of all denominations in the community.

The first Rector was the Rev. A. Harding Priest, who was followed by Rev. F. A. Ramsey and Rev. E. W. P. Carter, the present incumbent being the Rev. W. Valentine, M.C. The first Church-Wardens were Mr. R. M. Macdonald and Captain Frank Kettle. The church contains an oak panel carving by Mr. Caulfeild representing a ship on the high seas, with the text, "These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep". In the vestry is an oil painting also by Mr. Caulfeild. The church stimulates social unity and good works for the benefit of the locality and Province.

It is much favoured for wedding ceremonies: Miss Mary Cameron and Mr. Alec Riddle were the first to be married in the church. In the very early days there had been an interesting "Sylvan Wedding", the ceremony having taken place under a spreading maple tree, when Captain Dixon Hopcroft was married to Miss Nancy Grant by her father, the Rev. Rowland Grant.

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Reviewing these brief historical notes, two important facts stand out clearly Mr. Caulfeild was the first owner of an estate of considerable size in the West, if not in the whole of Canada, to plan his property by natural contours. (Just imagine what the whole of West Vancouver might have been if his good example in planning had been followed). He, also, was the first owner to deed the most valuable portions of his estate that posterity might forever enjoy the fruits of his planning. Mr. Caulfeild had the true vision of a great builder so aptly expressed by Ruskin in his Seven Lamps: "When we build, let us think that we build forever".

Mr. Caulfeild was, to the end, faithful to his lofty ideals; he was generous almost to the point of quixoticism. Residents of the village he created, now and in time to come, will respect and revere his name and be grateful to him for their enjoyment of his planning and — the lasting evidence of his generosity — the public park.

RESIDENTS

The first three lots sold in 1909 were to H. A. Stone, E. C. Kilby, and H. P. Clubb, and somewhat in the order of arrival are names of other early residents:

Frank Bodwell	Capt. Patterson
R. M. Macdonald	J. A. MacRae
Wm. Astley	J. H. Redden
J. D. Bell	George Stone
J. L. Davidson	W. R. Gordon
Wm. Chappell	Mrs. W. A. Adair
Capt. Amesbury	Mrs. E. Flaherty
Miss Chappell	E. C. Taylor
James Weir	A. B. Cox
Father Reddish	J. W. Geary
E. R. Crummer	C. G. Henshaw
J. G. Rimmer	Capt. Kettle
J. D. A. Fripp	Alex. Marshall
W. A. Anderson	The Misses Kilby
Lucas Hunt	E. H. Moore
Wm. Sulley	H. A. Philpott
The Misses Larnder	F. E. Harrison
Stewart Cameron	H. S. Wood
The Misses Walker	Fredk. Buscombe
Mackenzie Matheson	J. A. Macdonald
Miss Jessie Clubb	A. A. Plummer
Mrs. Bellamy	G. Edwards
H. A. Matthews	W. Walsh

