

SXÁALT-XW-T SIYÁM, CHIEF LOUIS MIRANDA / **An Excerpt from Moodyville, 1969-76**

For some years before 1892, there was a settlement east of North Vancouver that was known as Moodyville. It was built around a lumber mill that employed a large number of men of different races. By the mill there was a big house known as the cook-house and that is where the men had three meals a day: breakfast, lunch and supper. There was also a big company general store where you could purchase all the hardware you needed—all the groceries and clothing—and any kind of patent medicines, too. There was also a hotel where you could get all the alcohol beverages as well. Sailing vessels from different countries used to come to this port for lumber.

It was also a small port, a landing where sailing vessels from different countries used to come for lumber. As I've mentioned people of all differing nationalities were here. English people from the "old country" and Moodyville received its name from its owner known as Colonel Moody, a gentleman from the old country, who owned and operated the mill. There were people from Hawaii, known as Kanakas and where they built their homes was called Kanaka Road. There were a few French people who built on the hillside above Kanaka Road. It was referred to as "Frenchtown." And there were Chileans from South America referred to as "Chilaenas."

And so on August 12th in the year 1892 a little baby boy was born to a Squamish native woman, Cecelia, and to a man from Chile, South America, his name was Francisco (Frank) Miranda. He was baptized Logasta Miranda and later called Louis Miranda. How long my parents lived at Moodyville after I was born I do not know. When I did start to realize things, we were living in North Vancouver in a house built on piles. There were about eight houses built in this manner. On the waterfront and when the tide was high we could hear the water splashing under our house. The houses were located south and a little east of where the Hollyburn lumberyard is located today. The creek that flows on the east of the lumber yard used to flow under our house and that was where all the families got their water.

It was just a dream to me when my mother used to load me into a canoe, and with the help of my stepbrother (who was the son of a full-blooded Squamish

man to whom my mother was legally married but were parted) they would paddle to Moodyville, and there meet my father and load the canoe with enough groceries to do us for the month

I was living with my mother's cousin, Mrs. Susan Flores, and from there I went to live with the Parkers, whom were both Hawaiians, and they had one full-grown son, a grown daughter, and three younger boys, the youngest was just a little younger than I was. It was then I started to go to school at Moodyville, it was then I really seen Moodyville for what it really was.

The Mill was built on piles, and on the south side of the mill and for quite some distance to the east there was a long dock, also built on piles. The dock was long enough to accommodate up to four sailing vessels (known as wind jammers) at once, which came to this Port for lumber that was to be shipped to other countries. These sailing vessels were towed in by tug boats, and when they were loaded they were towed out of the harbour. How far they were towed I wouldn't know.

There were a few of the Native men from the Mission Reserve that were working in the Mill, but most of them worked as stevedores loading the ships. And it was said that it's hard to beat them at that work. And when the lots were open for sale at North Vancouver, my dad bought two lots on First Street between Lonsdale Avenue and Chesterfield, immediately back of where the Hollyburn lumber yard is located today. I do not remember correctly whether or not my Dad paid twenty-five dollars for two lots, or twenty dollars a lot, anyway we had two lots. My Dad was working at the Mill in Moodyville. He worked ten hours a day, six days a week. So the only times that I was with my dad were in the evenings and on Sunday all day

[My] dad got married, the woman he married was much younger then he was. Her father's name was Louie Smith (a German) and her mother was part Hawaiian, her maiden name Lucy Nahanee. As I have already mentioned, we were living on First Street, and I was a very happy boy as I had the most wonderful father and my stepmother was a loving person to me, she was every bit any mother could be to her own son

So it happened one Sunday while I was playing around the front of the house, I heard the church bell ring down on the Indian Mission Reserve. And it just happened I looked up and I seen my dad remove his hat and bless his self,

I never thought anything of it. On the following Sunday I was busy as usual playing in the mud, then I noticed that my dad brought out a chair and sat down and it was not long then I heard the church bell ring, and immediately I looked up and again I seen my dad remove his hat and make the sign of the cross. So I just remained still, and when I seen my dad bless his self again and put on his hat. I went to him and crawled up on his lap, and looking up at him I asked, "What was that dad?" Then he looked at me and said, "Son, those bells were to remind every Catholic to say the prayers know as the Angelus. Every noon in my country when you heard those bells, regardless of where you were, or what you were doing, you would stop, bless yourself and say the prayer know as the Angelus which is very sacred to the Catholic people."

. . . I was eleven years old when my dear stepmother gave birth to her first son, and he was baptized at the St. Paul's Indian Church. He was known to me as Francisco and changed to Francis. Then my dad was troubled with his heart, he was unable to go out and do any more hard work. So one day he said to me, "Son. your real mother is still alive, and she is living up Squamish. They came down to the great Northern Fish Cannery to work during the fishing season which was for about six weeks in the month of July and August. If you would like to meet your real mother, I could ask her to come up here."

. . . So one day came when my dad asked me if I would like to go up to Squamish and stay with my mother for a month or two or come home sooner if I got lonesome It seemed that I was going into a new world; I was leaving my dad and dear ones, all my playmates and relatives. My mother gave me the understanding I would not hear English spoken unless my stepbrother got home which was not often.

. . . We started for Squamish, there was a little wind blowing so my step father put the sail and we were rounding the lighthouse at Point Atkinson, the wind blew a little harder and kept up a nice breeze, so after sailing about eight hours we landed up at Squamish.

. . . I went to Squamish in the month of August in the year of 1905.