

Seawall: The Ballad of James Cunningham
Thanksgiving pageant
October, 8, 2013
Unitarian Church Vancouver
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Scene 1: A seawall barrier to stop erosion along the shore of Stanley Park (1913)

ENGINEER, Park Commissioner A.C. J. WEEKS, and Park Superintendent W.S. RAWLINGS

ENGINEER: Now, gentlemen, observe the foreshore here; this is my concern, and one that we should all share. (*Picks up stone and crumbles it as he speaks.*) Beds of sandstone and shale. Both are soft and eroding quite rapidly. We've all seen it ourselves, what's been lost, if we think back.

WEEKS: Well, there are the tides.

ENGINEER: Tides indeed, Commissioner, and they're incessant. In the Inner Harbour, they can vary as much as 12 feet between extremes of high and low. And then there's the constant swells from water traffic to take into account.

RAWLINGS: In all, it will eat away from what we have of the shoreline; and working families are clamouring for beaches. What of rock fall; is that a concern?

ENGINEER: Mr. Rawlings, at Prospect Point and around Siwash Rock, certainly, the cliffs are already undercut, and rock will fall.

WEEKS: Crushing some hapless fisherman or hiker? We can't have that now, can we?

ENGINEER: Then we're agreed? The foreshore around the park is in peril due to rapid erosion. And what we need is...

RAWLINGS: A seawall.

WEEKS & ENGINEER: yes. (*ENGINEER wipes his hands*)

RAWLINGS: An enormous project, Commissioner; and money to build it?

WEEKS: From the Dominion Government, they own it after all; and we lease it. From City Hall as well; we'll have to share the costs. Secure funding as and when we can, and build it when we have monies, material, and labour.

RAWLINGS: I believe the need is most acute here, at Brockton Point, and at Second Beach.

WEEKS: We'll address it to the ministry of Public Works; grants to build a Seawall here and...

RAWLINGS: And Second Beach

WEEKS: And the beach. (To ENGINEER) Have the engineering department draw up the plans and cost the project. Thank you, this has been most instructive. Rawlings. (*They exit*)

Reading for Scene 2:

One may say that we seek with our human hands to create a second nature within the natural world.
(Cicero)

Scene 2: The Vision: An Urban, Seawall Promenade Encircling Stanley Park (1916)

W. S. RAWLINGS and MRS RAWLINGS at Brockton Point (*People promenading during the scene*) (*foreshore scenery has "added" lighthouse and balustrade*)

MRS RAWLINGS: William, I think it's lovely! The stonework, the promenade to the light house, mountains and water, with the city beyond...it's quite romantic!

RAWLINGS: And popular.

MRS RAWLINGS: You've done wonders here already, and in three short years!

RAWLINGS: It's something of a balancing act, my dear, what with the business and propertied who want wilderness, "the sublime," on the one hand, and workers and their families, on the other, who want recreational facilities, playing fields, rose gardens, beaches, pavilions... Sometimes, I feel it's one compromise after another; a steering between competing parties, competing visions...

MRS RAWLINGS: A *dialectic*, with you, my love, in the middle.

RAWLINGS: Quite. (*Silent. They regard the view.*)

MRS RAWLINGS: And you?

RAWLINGS: I?

MRS RAWLINGS: Yes.

RAWLINGS: Well look, dearest, and consider...(*Pauses. Gets Enthusiastic*) I *was* thinking; (*He picks up a stick gestures and sketches in the sand*) what with the Causeway just completed creating a lagoon, a seawall promenade therefrom around Brockton Point and the lighthouse, and "again another in the making by the seawall construction at Second Beach..." Well, "one *cannot but be* impressed by the possibilities of a marine walk almost encircling Stanley Park." Consider: "The erosion which is taking place along many parts of the foreshore will eventually" mean work "similar to that here and at Second Beach to prevent serious inroad to the Park...This treatment can easily be extended to the...east, and again westward towards Prospect Point" and then around linking up work on English Bay.

MRS RAWLINGS: That would be a *prodigious* undertaking.

RAWLINGS: Indeed it would. And much of it at night to take advantage of the low tides. "It would, of course, have to be spread over a number of years" and as need and funds permitted. But "imagine what the realisation of such an undertaking would mean to the attractions of the park."

MRS RAWLINGS: It would be splendid!

RAWLINGS: "I doubt if there exists anywhere on this Continent such possibilities of a combined park and marine walk as we have in the making" here.

MRS RAWLINGS: (*musings*) "Second nature."

RAWLINGS: My love?

MRS RAWLINGS: That quote from Cicero you so admire. "We sow the corn and plant the trees. We fertilize the soil by irrigation. We dam the rivers, to guide them where we will. One may say that we seek with our human hands to create a second nature in the natural world."

RAWLINGS: And build a seawall promenade; more the beauty. But human hands to create "a second nature" here...whose? (*Musing*) Someone from the trades, with ability to captain the work, and the persistence to see this through for decades for aught I know. And who will that be?

Readings before scene 3:

a) My father used to say to me, “Put a few boulders on a wall if you want to do something useful.” (Steve Allen)

b) It is our heritage, [stone] solid vestiges of which, varied in scale and style, speaks of their makers still. (Tomas Lipps)

Scene 3: The Ballad of James Cunningham

JC’s story from youth to young adult on Isle of Bute (1880s) to immigration to Canada (1910) to WWI (1914-17) back to Vancouver. (*in pantomime told to “Rothesay Bay”*)

Rothesay Bay

Fu' yellow lie the corn-rigs
 Far down the braid hillside;
It is the brawest harst field
 Alang the shores o'Clyde,
And I'm a puir harst lassie
 That stan's the lee-lang day
Shearing the corn-rigs of Ardbeg
 Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

I had ance a true love,
 Now I hae nane ava;
And I had ance three brithers,
 But I hae tint them a':
My father and my mither
 Sleep i' the mools this day.
I sit my lane amang the rigs
 Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

It's a bonnie bay at morning,
 And bonnier at the noon,
But it's bonniest when the sun draps,
 And red comes up the moon:
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbrays,
 And Arran peaks are gray,
And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,
 Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay.

Then a bit sigh stirs my bosom,
 And a wee tear blin's my e'e,
And I think o'that far Countrie
 What I wad like to be!
But I rise content i' the morning
 To wark, whilst wark I may,
I' the yellow harst field of Ardbeg
 Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

Scene 4: Rawlings and Cunningham (1923)

RAWLINGS and James CUNNINGHAM (*Office: RAWLINGS at desk; plans; a chair. CUNNINGHAM enters.*)

RAWLINGS: It's Mr. Cunningham?

CUNNINGHAM: They call me Jimmy.

RAWLINGS: Mr. Cunning... Jimmy. It says here you're a fine stone mason.

CUNNINGHAM: Thank'ya, sir.

RAWLINGS: You've already worked on the Seawall round Brockton Point, on homes in the city, and it says here stone work at the Empress Hotel in Victoria...

CUNNINGHAM: That was some masonry additions and repairs, Sir, at the Empress...

RAWLINGS: And you've supervised crews.

CUNNINGHAM: Yes sir, some fine men. Veterans in the work...

RAWLINGS: And the War...

CUNNINGHAM: I did my duty.

RAWLINGS: "King and Country"...

CUNNINGHAM: Aye.

RAWLINGS: And you're an Isle of Bute man. You came here in...

CUNNINGHAM: That would be 1910, Mr. Rawlings. Before that I worked on the stone quays at Kilchatten and Bannatyne. Elsewheres on the Isle. Walling, both dry and mortar. Homes. Whatever was at hand. But the trades were ailing; along with the mills and fisheries; not enough work, so I shipped out. Did my duty in the war, and I've not wanted for work since I've been here.

RAWLINGS: Mr. Cunningham, Jimmy, let me come to the point.

I want you to be our master stonemason and supervise the crew work on the Seawall.

CUNNINGHAM: Seawall, Sir?

RAWLINGS: The Board of Park Commissioners is undertaking to build a seawall with promenade that, when completed, will encircle Stanley Park from Coal Harbour to Prospect Point and around to Second Beach. And I believe you're just the man we need.

CUNNINGHAM: "Twill require far more hands'un what we have now; and stone. And time?

RAWLINGS: When the work's finished...Jimmy, well...What can I say? Trees and trails through Stanley Park, the Seawall promenade...Untold generations will rejoice in our work: nature and culture; permanence amidst the flux of life. A real city, with the park: its lungs... a place of retreat and recreation. A promenade: *circulation*, where women and men and children can be renewed and refreshed by movement and views of nature that will inspire a commitment to life here and now, if you will.

Jimmy, the work will take years. Perhaps decades.

CUNNINGHAM: Well...Mr. Rawlings, if I may say, that's quite a view. And a good one. It's work and time enough for me. (*He stretches out his hand to shake. They agree.*)

Reading for Scene 5:

This is the oldest toil; old as a chipped hand-ax, old as Stonehenge, old as Clovis point, old as toil gets. (Anonymous)

Scene 5: Cunningham and crew. "Dirty Thirties." Summer Day 1937

Veteran stone masons (SM), New Stone masons (NSM), hod carriers (HC), GOBAN (old timer SM) (*Workers assembled before partially completed wall. Stones lying about. Wheelbarrow; tripod/block and tackle.*)

SM: So you're the new lad? Where from?

NSM: Jus' lookin' for good work and wages. Same's as anybody.

SM: Fair 'nuff.

NSM: And the boss? Heard he's been around.

SM: Jimmy Cunningham? I'll say. Here at the Seawall since '17. Worked on the Empress and Banff Springs Hotel, after it burnt to the groun'.

GOBAN: Lor' that was a piece of work; in '26 an '7?

HC: "Fit for the King," I heard.

SM: *Believe* it! All in stone, nothin' but the best the second go 'round; and our Jimmy the best of the lot. Laying it good an' straight.

GOBAN; He's a good'un.

SM: S'good s'they come; and fair. But, mind you, he can be a piker if you're slackin' off.

HC: I won't be slackin! Why yer lookin' at me?

SM: Monument says he.

HC: Monument?

SM: This here Seawall; (*pats the stonework*) buildin' for generations, centuries says he. "What makes a city!" S'what Jimmy says.

GOBAN: "Makes a city?" Well, that's the craft, and stone, isn't it? It lasts.

SM: And you be...?

HC: Here he comes!

CUNNINGHAM: Right! I'm Jimmy. We're building a Seawall 'round the Park. This's good work when those's as in Ottawa and the City has the money; an' right now, what with the economy an' all... an' all of us needing the work...Plenty for us and those as wants it. We work at low tide, day and night. Better see to it with the missus at home, now. No misunderstanding. Low tide. Day and night. Our job is to finish this wall, begun at Brockton Point to the bridge Mr. Guinness's is putting up at Prospect Point t'opposite side. We've got crews over't English Bay and the Beaches. And some time our work'll join up. I expect each as'll do his part. Questions?...None? Right! Well, let's be at it then! (*gestures at the wall*) Good slope t'all the work, and mortar, no stinting on the right mixture.

GOBAN: *CEMENT'S A SIN!*

All: OOHMMMMmmm...

CUNNINGHAM: If we're dry walling, I agree. That'll shift and bend to the country. But this isn't a sheep paddock or enclosure in the counties now is it? This is a proper city Seawall's as needs a good sheer surface, with *cemented* closed face t'ward the tides. (*pause: considers, picks at the mortar joints with a trowel*) Will need minding, I'll grant; but mark the tides here! Not like a 200 year country dry wall. And you are?

GOBAN: Goban.

CUNNINGHAM: Well father, welcome! *This is art and brute force combined*, same's as in the counties. But we're not "stripping out," and building dry, here. This is new and to

last, from foundation up. Judgement's still the same, though: (*Gestures*) sound foundation, right stone/right place, tight coping, and exact batter from foot to crown. You know the work. And WITH good CEMENT. Sure pointing. S'at clear?

GOBAN: Guv'ner!

(*C exits; men pick up tools; start working*)

NSM: (*to no one in particular*) "I find walling therapeutic. It clears my mind of clutter." Meditation it is. "Once I get a wall going, it sort of goes by itself, and it's then I'm able to do my best creative thinking."

HC: *Thinking?*

NSM: And why not? Then I go home and do some writing.

HC: Yer'a writer?

NSM: Oh a bit. But stone's the main thing. Keeps me off the street; hopefully off the dole. Listen. I was a buckeen, once, like you, and hod carrier; learned the craft from my dad, in Saskatoon, building at the University. Now there's some stone work! But writing doesn't pay, does it? But walling?

NSM: (*to HCs*) And best you mind: "A good hod carrier...knows what to do and makes every move count makin' the mortar." His skill is to see that the stone mason "doesn't run out of anything." So you're important here, lads; don't forget it!! You're "half our day," and make it sweet, or a torment. You're low man now; (*they shift and look down*) but work well, and you'll soon "get up to a skilled trade!" Who knows? Maybe one day you'll write about all of this, and us!

CUNNINGHAM: Right! What's this? Let's be at it then! Till the tide's in. And I expect you back with the ebb! We work the low tides. Lads. You know there's more than a thousand of us working the walls; s'good work and wages. And we'll get it done! (*C exits*)

They work a stone into place.

SM: (*Not disrespectful*) And we'll get it done, says he. (*Looking to GOBAN*) "Cement's a sin?!" What kind of tramp stonie talk is that? Where you think you are, Cornwall? Devonshire? This is Vancouver, B and C.

GOBAN: (*to whomever*) Vancouver, Cornwall...it's all the same with the "Dust."

HC: *Dust?*

NSM: (*to HC*) He means this here stone craft. (*They nod, fascinated*)

GOBAN: Just as long as one's welcome by other journeymen, here or in the country. I'll stay in any job, any place, as long as the men, the work, and the stone's right.

SM: (*picks up a stone*) This stone?

GOBAN: I'll come to that! If the men are good, I'm inclined to stay. (*Looks around, shrugs*) If the work's good, I forget the men.

All: (*variations on:*) *Woohooo!Hooray! Etc.*

GOBAN: (*undeterred*) But if the stone's bad. Saints preserve us!! Nothin' can keep me! "Because, dammit, nothing torments a man more than nursing a treacherous bit of stone only to find after all your trouble that it was blackguarding you all along. Just as you are about to say: 'I'm a thunderin' bit of flesh to handle this cantankerous lump' out you've blown a corner of it, or you set it in the wall amiss.

"I've blown out a corner of this stone," once says I to the boss, "twas in it," says I."

“I know bloody well it was,” says he, “but t’isn’t there now, and that’s what you’re paid for—to keep it in, and lay it straight.” Well, I packed up on the spot, and roadit to the next kit; dint I? Aye, that’s the sort of thing that gets a man down.

HC: What’s he jawing about?

NSM: The Craft, the stone, and the road. Some’s like him never stay long at the job. Still, he’ll teach you a thing or two, I can tell you. Mind what he does and the way he works; journeying from place to place, that’s how we improve the tradition, and keep it new.

SM: *(to GOBAN)* And *this here* stone?

GOBAN: Granite. *(hefts it and spits)* “A little more than a series of frustrations, s’granite.” Still, I don’t matter. “Limestone, sandstone, slate or this granite here. “They all makes fine walls.”

SM: Well it’s Seawall we’re building lads, and let’s to it!
They work.

Reading for scene 6:

Before man was, or dawn, before

Wind was, stone was;

The first movement of stone

And the music of rivers were one. (Pablo Neruda)

Scene 6: JC Night at Home (1959)

CUNNINGHAM and MRS CUNNINGHAM, WORKERS *(CUNNINGHAM and MRS CUNNINGHAM abed.)*

Song:

*“But I rise content I’ the morning
To wark while wark I may
I’ the yellow harst field of Arbeg
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.”*

CUNNINGHAM: *(starts awake, reaching out)* Mither!!

MRS CUNNINGHAM: Jimmy! What is it?

CUNNINGHAM: A dream, missus; only a dream. Don’t you mind. There, there. *(sits up, fretting. Looks/speaks to the audience.)* “Stone’s my life. I dream all the time; most times it’s on stone.” There’s some problem chiseling away at me; “I’ll wake up in the night and think on it. *(He rises in pajamas and walks to a table.)* . “I’ll sit at this here table and get a piece of pencil and paper and go over it, makin’ marks and drawin’ or however...this way or that.”

MRS CUNNINGHAM: James Cunningham, come to bed. They retired you four years ago.

CUNNINGHAM: *(to the audience)* Aye! **And** they keep wanting me back. “**1955**”: 77 I was then; a grand Park Board retirement for the “master stone mason.” Cheers all around. “Good ole Jimmy.” And the Seawall still isn’t done. Forty years then; goin’ forty-four now. Mr. Rawlings said decades; and he was right. S’good sort was Rawlings. “What makes a city?” he’d ask. Indeed. *(Frets)*

But something's not right with the wall; I know it. *(He goes for a coat and tucks a bottle in the pocket.)*

MRS CUNNINGHAM: James Cunningham, you are not going out?! *(She's up; looks at the clock)* It's the three in the morning!!

CUNNINGHAM: And low tide!! Crews at the Seawall near Siwash Rock; and something's not right! I'm going out luv.

MRS CUNNINGHAM: Jimmy!

CUNNINGHAM: Missus: they draw up the plans; figure the strength; but you've got to do it with your hands. *(Shows his hands)* It always comes right back to your hands.

Stone. You don't pre-paint it; can't camouflage it. It's there and for all to see. If there one stone in there awry, I know where it is and I'll never forget it. You know me, luv.

There, there. I'll be back before you know it.

MRS CUNNINGHAM: Well at least take this thermos of tea; put this toque and scarf on; gloves. *(C puts them on. Exits)*

Reading before Scene 7:

As many a ruin will testify, careless work does not last. Good work, however, endures and this is due as much to the character of the mason as of the stone he uses. In our work can be read our measure.
(Alan Counihan)

Scene 7: The "Cowboy" Wall (1959)

SMs, HCs; CUNNINGHAM; GOBAN; stones; mortar trough, tools and lanterns. Instead of trousers, caps, vests; men are in overalls/coveralls.

(CUNNINGHAM enters; looks at the wall; picks up a trowel picks at the mortar; SMs and HCs watch)

CUNNINGHAM: Lads

WORKERS: Jimmy

SM: Can't sleep, Mr. Cunningham?

CUNNINGHAM: Ochh. *(waves it off. Workers gather. Watch C as C gets agitated at what he finds)* *(Under his breath)* Bloody hell! *(Looks around)* What kind of cowboy wall is this?! You Park lads?

WORKERS: *(various responses)* Yes. Sir.

CUNNINGHAM: Can someone tell me what's going on?! Look at these joints! And the cement! It's soup! This'll not last, not at all! This your work? What do ya think yer making here?

SM: It's the city, Mr. C; they're contracting the day work out to private outfits more and more now.

GOBAN: Cuttin' corners, an we show up for the night crew; an look what we're stuck with! Jus makin a buck and work's shoddy!

Others: *(murmuring)* That's right! Aye!

CUNNINGHAM: *(to everyone)* **An you?!**

SM: Something that lasts. That's us. Seen for the rest of our lives and generations is stone. *(murmurs of agreement)*

CUNNINGHAM: Lads. "Stone's the oldest and best building material's ever that was. Cavemen built out of stone before even they used logs. He got him a cave; built stones across the front; and he learned to use mud to make the stones lay there without sliding about. The Romans as used mortar that's almost as good as we have today. Everyone hears these things, they just don't remember them." Stone's our business, our craft. "Stone is still stone." And we build with it to last! My work, I can see what I did the first day I started. All our work is set right out there in the open for all to see. To make a city! Buildings, curbs, and a Seawall.

WORKERS: That's right! Yes Mr. C! Jimmy!

CUNNINGHAM: So let's see to this piece of wall.

(Workers and C pick at the wall. Remove a stone or two. C starts humming, then singing the chorus of "Rothsay-O." Workers pick up the tune, finish the chorus with C and variously start singing the verses and chorus together)

Rothsay-O

by Ron Clarke

This tune was published at the beginning of the 19th century with words composed by William Watt, a weaver, who was born in 1792. The words were "The Tinker' Waddin'". Watt also wrote "Kate Dalrymple".

C Starts humming then singing the chorus)

Chorus:

*A fill-a me do, a fill-a me day
A fill-a me do, me daddy-o
A fill-a me do, a fill-a me day
The day we went to Rothsay-O.*

On New Year's eve in Glasgow town
When all we had was half a crown,
A bunch of us thought we'd prow! around
And find some fun in Rothsay-O.
We wandered down Victoria Street,
We didn't care much for snow or sleet.
And at half past two, with aching feet,
We found ourselves in Rothway-O.

Chorus:

*A fill-a me do, a fill-a me day
A fill-a me do, me daddy-o
A fill-a me do, a fill-a me day
The day we went to Rothsay-O.*

This young fellow here who's a bit of a lout
Said he'd treat us all to a pint of stout
So as quick as we could we all set out
To find a pub in Rothsay-O.
Says he, "Me lads, I'd like to sing."



Says I, "You'll not do such a thing."
Says he, "Clear the room and make a ring
And I'll fight yous all in Rothsay-O."

Chorus

We had to find a place to sleep,
We were all too drunk to even creep,
So we found a place that was really cheap
In a boarding house in Rothsay-O.
We all settled down to take our ease
When somebody happened for to sneeze
And wakened half a million fleas
And all the bugs in Rothsay-O.

Chorus

There were several different kinds of pests,
And they ran and jumped inside our vests,
They got in our beards and built their nests
And cried, "Hurrah for Rothsay-O."
Say's I, "I think we'll head for home."
And we swore we never more would roam,
We're scratching still as we sing this poem
Of the night we spent in Rothsay-O.

Chorus

SM; To Mr. C!
WORKERS: To Jimmy! And the Seawall! Hip, Hip hooraah!
(*Exit singing.*)

Reading for Scene 8:

The... passage [of stones] through a mason's hands only adds to their history. They absorb everything. The trace of the chisel's point will hold on their surface for centuries and any change I might make to a stone's shape will last as long as ever lasts. No wonder we have used it for so many of our great religious and secular monuments or as markers for our dead. It is a remarkable material, the very stuff of the world and it seems that if in our work we give it the best of ourselves, it will absorb that, too.... (Alan Counihan)

Scene 8: JC, kids and parent, at the Seawall (1963)

JC and Parent (P) and Children (C1&2) (JC is sitting up against the wall)

(*C and P watching kids playing on the wall.*)

PARENT: (to C) It's coming along quite nicely isn't it?

CUNNINGHAM: What's that?

PARENT: The Wall. The Seawall. Our children love it here. It's made such a difference!

CUNNINGHAM: Aye, the Wall. Been some years in coming.

PARENT: Do you think they'll ever finish it?

CUNNINGHAM: Oh, aye. Soon, I would think.

PARENT: Have you been here long? I mean in Vancouver?

CUNNINGHAM: Since 1910.

PARENT: You must have seen a lot of changes to the city since then.

CUNNINGHAM: Indeed. Including the typhoon last year; knocked down a quarter of the trees in Stanley Park. *(Pause. Looking at the children)*

PARENT: They say when it's finished, the wall'll be some...

CUNNINGHAM: 21, 280 lineal feet from Brockton Point to Second Beach; with stonework starting on a bedrock or concrete base, tapering from two feet thick at the top to a base thickness of four to eight feet, at a cost of...oh who knows now, what with the dollar; I've lost count.

PARENT: You seem to *know a lot* about the Seawall.

CUNNINGHAM: Me? I would think so. Helped build it, ma'am.

PARENT: And you are a..

CUNNINGHAM: *Were*. Stonemason. You can call me Jimmy.

PARENT: Jimmy?

CUNNINGHAM: Cunningham. Back in the "thirties" there were over 2000 of us working on the Seawall, one place or the other... But it's mostly been fits and starts over the years. No building at all from 1939-50. Started back before then during the Great War, we did. Mr. Rawlings, the Park Superintendent, it was his idea, the Seawall. Bringing nature and us together. Good for a city. He'd say, "Jimmy, 'With our...hands, we create a second nature in the natural world.'"

PARENT: That's beautiful

CUNNINGHAM: And us working low tide, day or night. Rain and shine. Crews of stonemasons, hod carriers, heavy equipment men.

PARENT: Quite a production! And soon it will go all the way around the park.

Children! *(They come over)* This is Mr. Cunningham; he helped build the Seawall. See those stones, and the wall along the shore? That's his work.

CUNNINGHAM: Me and lots of others.

GIRL: Rocks are heavy. How did you lift them and get them to fit?

CUNNINGHAM: It's hard work. Stone is heavy. And in a wall, each one has its own place. Like a puzzle. It's a good life; not tiring really. Anything you like isn't tiring. Oh, and we had lots of men, and machines: tractors, trucks, and backhoes... to help lift.

GIRL: Why didn't you use logs?

CUNNINGHAM: Logs?! To build this wall?! Let me tell you a story. *(As he tells the story, he "builds" the Pender Street Arch with driftwood sticks)* Long time ago, when I was a young man, in 1912, the city built an arch down Pender Street way; a great colonnade with pillars and pediment of cedar; like a Greek temple it was, for the Duke of Connaught, the Guv'ner General, to pass through. It was a sight: parades, bands and procession! Young girls in dresses and ribbons. Comes the Duke in his Rolls Royce driving through the arch. *(Waves)* Do you know what happened after that?

GIRL: No, what?

CUNNINGHAM: The city takes the whole thing down, log by log, moves it to the Park, where Lumberman's Arch is now. And then in 1947, before you were born, they tore the

whole thing down. (*C knocks it a part*) It was rotten and falling a part. Thirty-five years! That's the story of those logs! And this wall? We've built it to last the ages; for centuries. That means when I'm gone, and you're grown, and your children, this Seawall will still be here.

PARENT: Something we can see for the rest of our lives. (*The children play*) Nothing in this world lasts forever...but that's a kind of immortality...Something to be thankful for.

CUNNINGHAM: Yes. I think it is. Stone work is patience and persistence, ma'am.

People now and in the future are going to come down here 'tween the Park and the water; and see how we built and why. That tells a lot about us and who we were.

PARENT: And what we care about...

CUNNINGHAM: Well, got be on my way.

PARENT: Thank you Mr. Cunningham.

CUNNINGHAM: Ma'am?

PARENT: For the Wall. For me, and the children. The city. It **is** beautiful.

CUNNINGHAM: Yes. Yes, I think it is. (*Waves to the Children, exits.*)

Reading for Last Scene:

a) "Does it matter who carved it? In 200 years no one is going to ask who the carver was. As long as people appreciate it and are fond of it; that's enough."

b) "Si monumentum requires, circumspice." (If you seek his memorial, look around you.)

Dedication to Sir Christopher Wren, St. Paul's Cathedral

Last Scene: Seawall Dedication: 1980

SPEAKER: And in conclusion, I thank the citizens of this great city, whose keen interest, advocacy, use, and affection for Stanley Park and this remarkable Seawall have been essential to their creation and development. Millions have and will continue to marvel and enjoy this magnificent setting that symbolizes the harmonious joining together of forest, mountain, ocean, and city. This Seawall and promenade, nearly nine kilometers in length, and seventy years in the making... (*freezes.*)

(*Rawlings and others step forward one by one.*)

RAWLINGS: Decades I said to Jimmy. I didn't know how true it would be. Then I hadn't counted on the Depression and another World War.

MRS RAWLINGS: Did you hear the speaker say: "keen interest and advocacy." What he means is that they were at each others throats sometimes, with my William in the middle. "Wilderness," "the sublime," that's what the Shaughnessey crowd wanted: romantic uplift unspoiled by...

SM: ...by the likes of us?! Workers and families... we wanted ballparks, a petting zoo, some place where we could play. Just some grass to run on.

CUNNINGHAM: And the wall?

NSM: Oh, you should have seen it at night! A couple of thousand of us there was when things were really going back in the thirties. Crews working by lantern light, in the rain and wind; heaving the stone; the steam of our sweat and laboured breath rising like a cloud. The tide coming in, and Jimmy laying it on us: come on lads just one more course of stone before we call it a night. Oh you should have seen us then!

RAWLINGS: The Seawall Jimmy?

CUNNINGHAM: Aye, the wall.

SM: Did ya know that when Jimmy died in 1963, we put his ashes in a niche in the wall; and then sealed it tight?

CHILDREN: In the wall?!

-His ashes?

-Where?

-Tell us?

GOBAN: That's a secret of the "Dust."

Children: *Dust?*

NSM: He means the craft; the stonies; the stone masons put his ashes in the Seawall, and aren't about to tell where he lays. But then the wall: that's Jimmy.

MRS RAWLINGS: And William

WORKERS: And all of us. We built it. A monument.

RAWLINGS: For a city.

CUNNINGHAM: Aye, but then what do you reckon makes a city? (*piano plays*)
MRS RAWLINGS: Does it have a heart?

(Song comes in)
You and we, can't you see
this is our work

RAWLINGS: All of us

Song:
With our hands and our art
We'll tend and raise it
Stone by stone, wood and glass,
businessfolk, working class

CUNNINGHAM: This is our hope and task.

What is this city?
Why does it break our hearts?
And where are the answers
What keeps us so far a part?

We come and go
And hardly know
What to do with all the woe
Privilege, homelessness
Lotus Land, heartlessness

[We work all day
So why can't we afford this?]

We are the city
Come out on the seawall
Then look all around you
Children: (spoken) Vancouver:
A home to lose or build for all.
To lose or build for all
To lose or build for all.

CUNNINGHAM: For all of us.

RAWLINGS: Like the Seawall Jimmy?

CUNNINGHAM: Yes the Seawall. For everyone, and built to last, and for the ages.

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