

# LYTTON MUSEUM

## and ARCHIVES

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420 Fraser Street, Lytton, B.C.

Issue 4 Number 2



### The Brophy Family

Back Row: Barbara Brophy (nee Rapp - born March 11, 1863) - Mervyn Brophy (born March 12, 1890) Michael Brophy (born August 31, 1853)  
Front Row: Carl Brophy (born March 31, 1893) - Mary Agnes Belknap (nee Brophy - born October 14, 1898)

### The Brophy Letters

One of the neat things about working in the museum is getting to read the diaries, correspondence etc. that ends up in the archives.

I've been sorting out files lately looking for items of interest for the newsletter and I read Mrs. Brophy's collection of letters to her grandson, Vic, written in 1947. I have read these particular items many times and actually did an article on Mrs. Brophy in issue #4, Nov. 2000. I would like to share with you some of the excerpts from her letters to her grandson as they pertain to Lytton.

#### Quotes:

"...Mike ( Barbara's husband) Brophy was deputy county Assessor when we got married, and was County Road Supervisor until he came to Canada to run what

... continued on Page 2

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was known as the Van Winkle Hydraulic Mine, Lytton BC. That was in 1893. Came back to Nevada City for the winter, and in the Spring went back to Canada. Then in 1895 I moved here with my two little boys, Mervyn and Carl. I went to the mine and cooked for the men in the boarding house for one year, then the mine gave out and I moved to Lytton, 1896. Lived in the old house for 16 years, took the post office 1904, Sept. 8<sup>th</sup>, and have held it up to the present time (1947)..."

"...After I moved from the mine to Lytton I took in washing, sewing and baked bread to sell. Sold 16oz. loaf for 5¢. I made the first ice cream ever made here. Also went out nursing - brought a number of children into the world as there was no doctor stationed here..."

"...Our nearest doctor was (in) Ashcroft. My only daughter, Agnes, was born here in Lytton October 14, 1898. 1910 I took Stanley and Katie Keeble, also Agnes to England. We left on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May and went to Ipswich, England. Stayed until July 1<sup>st</sup>. Left the Keeble children in England. 1911 we started to build the present house we live in. Moved into it on the 12<sup>th</sup> of February, 1912. I took in roomers for several years. Moved the post office to this building Feb. 1912..." (Ed. note: This building is now the Totem Motel)

"...More about my trip from California to Lytton. This was 1895. Left Nevada City May 1<sup>st</sup>. Took the narrow gauge railroad to Colfax and then took the Central Pacific to Sacramento and from there the Northern Pacific to Seattle. Stayed one night with cousins of ours, Kate Celodi. From there we took the train to Sumas, changed again to a local to Mission City, which was abandoned some years later. At Mission City I was met by Mr. Tom Earl and proceeded to Lytton and was met by Mike. We stayed overnight at the old Bailey Hotel and slept on a mattress on the floor. Next day went across the Fraser River in a canoe run by an Indian by the name of Black Hawk. There was no such ferry at that time. When we had oc-

casion to come across the river to do our shopping or get the mail it was in the canoe run by the Indians and had to pay 50¢ each time. Also paid 50¢ at other times to get our mail from the post office. I got quite a kick out of the boat trips I had down the river in the boat with the Indian. When we had a good south wind the Indian would bring us right down the river to the Thompson, and going back the Indian put up a sail and we could sail up the river to our landing place on the other side which was about one mile. If there was no wind the Indian would take a long rope and tow us up. Would not like those trips now at my age, but there is a ferry across the river at present..."

"...I have lived in Lytton 53 years and have seen many changes. Lytton has changed a lot. When I first came the town was very small and had only four stores run by white people. Two Chinese stores, two hotels - one was the Bailie Hotel, the other was the Globe. The first Globe burned down 1896, was rebuilt 1910 and burned down about six years ago. (Ed. note: this would be 1937) It has never been rebuilt. The Bailie Hotel was sold and taken down in 1910 and rebuilt. It was owned at the time by R.V. Winch of Vancouver. Has since been built again and owned by Medori, a very modern hotel..."

"... the Legion are finally getting their building up..."

*End of quotes: Mrs. Barbara Brophy, 1863 - 1951.*

The 'old house' Mrs. Brophy spoke of in the first quote was on 4th Avenue, about where the library in the new Village building is now.

The beautiful 60-room Lytton Hotel burned down in 1931 and was rebuilt in 1934.

The 'Legion' building must have been in the excavation stage and had not yet started construction. The 1949 fire swept over the blocks from 3rd to 5th street and

levelled everything in its path.

Old letters such as the above are so important for the historical items they possess. Even one single line giving a name or a date can answer many questions. They enable us to pinpoint our history with much more accuracy than our failing memories do.

Thank you, Victor Belknap, for sharing your grandmother's letters with us.



## DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?

All Elders please pay attention! This portrait was found when the old George A.G.Rebagliati warehouse was torn down many years ago. George Kirzenstein rescued it from it's intended trip to the dump and years later gave it to Lorna Fandrich. She had some repair work done on it and donated it to the museum. The trouble is, we do not know who it is. We feel it may be from the original Rebagliati family, probably from the A.G. side. Can anyone out there solve this mystery? Please phone the museum at 250-455 2254.





## LYTTON'S CEMETERIES

Further to our series on local cemeteries, this edition will focus on the 'Hautier Family Cemetery'.

The Hautier family cemetery is situated near the north end of the Lytton Lumber yard. It is enclosed by a white pipe fence, with cement pillars at each corner and a cement pillar in the centre. Included are the graves of Louis Constant Hautier, his wife Josephine (nee Vandebroecke), their sons Willie and Alphonse Hautier, and their daughter Louise Mai Josephine McDougall (nee Adams, nee Hautier). It is unknown whether there are any other family members buried at this site.

There are grave markers for Louis and his wife and son Willie, and an unmarked cement slab on one other grave. On February 21, 1882, Louis C. Hautier had 2 square acres of land surrounding the burial site of his wife and son, absolutely and forever, designated as 'Family Sepulcher and Burying ground', and this cemetery is registered with the Ministry in Victoria. As this area is now

within the Village limits, the Village has undertaken its care.

It must always be remembered that this cemetery sits within private property and anyone wishing to visit it must first ask permission of the present owners. This is an important safety issue as there is a constant movement of heavy machinery in this area.

Louis Constant Hautier first arrived in Lytton in 1859. He pre-empted land near the old Fort Dallas site, where the cemetery is, and where he farmed. He grew vegetables for his hotel and also imported alfalfa seed and was successful in growing hay.

He built the Globe Hotel in Lytton, which was Lytton's first hotel. By all accounts he and his wife were wonderful cooks and his farm supplied enough fresh vegetables to enable them to set an excellent table for travelers. Louis also practiced Herbal Medicine and was often sought out for his expertise, as there were no doctors here at that time.

Louis' wife, Josephine, was a concert singer before coming to Lytton with her husband. As well as helping her husband look after the hotel, over the years

she gave birth to six children. Life must have been exceedingly difficult for Josephine, coming from a wealthy family and surroundings to this little area of wilderness. After a long illness, she died in 1881.

Many famous people of the times visited the Globe Hotel. Son Alphonse recalled dignitaries at his father's hotel, such as Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, who had an excellent bass singing voice, and would often sing with Mrs. Hautier. Also, Premier Andrew Charles Elliot, who was the son-in-law of Governor James Douglas, Thomas Beatty, who was the father of Sir Edward Beatty, president of the CPR, Sir Richard McBride, Premier Joe Martin, Premier Charlie Semlin, Sir James Douglas, and many others.

When Louis died in 1886, Alphonse, his son, took over the hotel. This hotel burned to the ground in 1896 and was rebuilt in 1910, only to burn down again in 1937. It was never rebuilt.

There are several photographs of the Hautier family available in the Lytton museum, and much has been written about the early times of the Hautiers. They were one of the first pioneer families of Lytton, and an important part of our history.




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## VOLUNTEER!

Lytton has many volunteer groups, including the Museum.

If your interests are in gardening, building, collections, model railroading, or any type of community service, there are people like you helping our community.

## JOIN THEM TODAY!

# MUSEUM HAPPENINGS



## HAPPY DAYS! STACY IS BACK!

The Village Council has hired Stacy Thom as our museum summer student again this year. Stacy was with us last year and did a super job, so we are very happy to welcome her back. Please come in and let Stacy show you all the wonderful artifacts and photographs in our collection.

And now, a word from Stacy herself:

Hello, everyone. I am back at the Museum for another summer. I have just completed my first year at the University College of the Cariboo, where I am working on my Bachelor of Science program. I had a lot of fun learning the bus routes in Kamloops. I really missed the comfortable feel of Lytton and the fact that you can't get lost in a town so small. Please feel free to come in and say 'Hi' as I will be here all summer. Stacy Thom.

## MUSEUM HOURS

**Saturday through Wednesday  
9:00 am to 5:00 pm**

(Closed 12:00 to 1:00 for lunch)

**Thursday and Friday  
10:00 am to 1:00 pm**

(Subject to availability of volunteers)

We have had 430 visitors so far this year!

We have the 'railroad signals' in the backyard all repainted and shiny - many thanks to the hard work of Lawrence Haugen, Chuck Keeble, Doug and Jonathan MacIntyre, P.J. Haugen and Brian Baxter. (*see photo below*)

We had a visit from the son of a tour guide who works in the Lytton castle, Knebworth, Hartfordshire, England. He left us some new brochures and also promised to see what he could do about getting us a 'coat-of-arms' flag from our namesake's Lytton family. We can only hope!

Terry Aleck brought us an amazing artifact - he didn't leave it here - he only let us drool over it! Terry found it somewhere along the tracks, buried in a bank.



It is a beautiful Chinese incense burner, shown here. The legs have a dragon's head carving at the top and carved feet at the bottom. We would love to put it on display, Terry!



*Volunteers raise the railroad crossing signal in the backyard of the Museum after its complete re-finishing. Many thanks!*

# Early Times In the Botany Valley (Part 2)

These are excerpts from an interview with Mrs. Rose Baker, (nee Loring) These stories were taken from the B.C. Archives sound tape # 409:1, recorded Oct. 25, 1965, by Mr. E. Orchard at Lytton, B.C. The author has endeavored to maintain the original sentence structure and vocabulary, editing only for clarity.

Introduction, review from Part 1:

*“Mr. Delos Lorenzo Loring, my great grandfather, was born 1818 in the state of Virginia U.S.A. He traveled across the great American plains to California. When that country came to be ‘settled and civilized’, he trailed overland, just as an adventure, and eventually arrived in Victoria about 1839, then trekked into this country. He got into the pack-train business and finally settled on the pioneer ranch in the Botanie Valley. He died in 1912 at the age of 94. He really saw the early history of this country, and also of the States.*

**Interviewer:** Can you tell us about life on the farm ?

**Rose:** Grandfather planted mulberry trees and butternut trees on the farm. He had what was called a nursery orchard, he would plant the little trees in there till they were big enough to put out in the orchard. Every thing to make a comfortable living... Grandmother decided that the town was too tough for her children to come to school in Lytton, nothing decent, so she contacted the head of schools and hired a teacher. The government didn't pay for it, she paid for it herself for her children. I was called Isabel Rose, Isabel after my grandmother, all the first daughters in my grandmother's family were called Isabel, and Rose after an aunt that my mother quite admired.

Although mother said she was very strict, when she came to visit her sister Bell, she would say “Oh dear Bell your daughters

are growing up like bush women”, then mother said she would have us all out on the lawn walking in circles with books on our heads so our posture would be good. I don't know why she did it, they all walked up straight anyway, and mother said she was the first one to ride astride a horse which was very tomboy... nearly broke her mother's heart. And when her Aunt Rose saw her riding like that she was absolutely horrified, to think that Bell would let a young lady ride astride. Mother said it was very comfortable to ride like that, she would ride bareback and everything like that, she found it much easier than riding side saddle which they all did of course in those days.

**Interviewer:** What about Alphonse.

**Rose:** Yes, Uncle Alphonse stayed on the farm. He never married, and I have an aunt that didn't marry. They both stayed on the farm.

Mother would ask Alphonse if the slaughterhouse had been washed down after the last killing, where is your cape? You were in the slaughterhouse, and is it clean? No one around here did that, the farmers just went out and hung a carcass on the fence somewhere.

The icehouse it had to be cleaned every season before the new ice came in, as it was connected with the milk house. All the milking things were in there: the pails, the milk separated for the cream, and butter churn had to all be cleaned and washed.

Alphonse died in 1927, everything was there then but its all gone. There's nothing there now its all gone, except for a little shack. That's where the potato digger lived. It's where my aunt lives now (1967) bless her old heart, she won't let anybody have it to fix it over or renovate it. She just sits there and dreams about it, when it was nice. I suppose she's as happy there as any place.

**Interviewer:** Can you tell us about your father?

**Rose:** He was James Pudney. He was apprenticed to an architect - shipbuilding, and suddenly decided he wanted to farm

in Canada, and came out (*from England*). He and mother met in Spences Bridge because the Smiths were friends of the Loring's. Mother and dad met at a party there and were married, I think about a year after they met.

**Interviewer:** When was that.

**Rose:** It was about a year after I was born...

**Interviewer:** A year after you were born, what year was that?

**Rose:** I mean before I was born, I'm sorry.

*Indistinct mumbling laughter.*

**Rose:** That's interesting.

Loud laughter and mumbling.

**Rose:** No, we weren't quite that modern in those days. I was born in 1907 so it must have been about 1906 or 1905 when he came out here. He was a fairly good-looking man, not really too fond of work - quite liked the theatre and the stage. Mother was just horrified at that and wouldn't let dad do anything like that, but that's what he wanted to do more than anything. He was the instigator of the little theatre in New Westminster. I forget who else was with him. He was the son of a very poor minister, a Baptist I think, and he was a missionary in England.

I can remember I had a very proud aunt in Nanaimo. She would hate to think I was telling a story about her. Back in those days a proper young lady wouldn't go out unless they were properly dressed, that meant hats, and gloves, coats. They only had one pair of gloves between the two girls, so if one girl went out the other one stayed home because there wasn't two pairs of gloves. That's how poor they were. But they're OK now. Sharon did very well after their father died

**Interviewer:** Well your father did a number of things ?

**Rose:** Yes, he ended up as a kind of a promoter, he was a remarkable salesman.

We would go to town for a while and live in town, then they would both get tired of city life and they'd come back to the country to farm. Mother had come from quite a nice farm and she wanted things comfortable. It was quite a chore for dad to do the things that mother wanted, a pioneer as well, you know.

He'd move to the city and get very tired of it then come back to the country again. They never had quite enough money or worked hard enough on the land to make a home and a living like mother's place had been. Of course you couldn't do it all in one year. Dad never stayed more than three or four years on the land and off he'd go to the city and perhaps stay three or four years in town.

By this time they both had become very tired of it.

Mother said her first house in Nanaimo was built on a very huge rock. I'm absolutely horrified now to look back on that and laugh about it now, seeing the beautiful homes they build now on mountain sides and rocks. But I was absolutely horrified when dad showed me this house on a rock.

When I'd make it back to Nanaimo, I couldn't see how we could have a garden or any thing.

"If I had only known", she would say, "so young and inexperienced in the ways of gardening we could have had a beautiful place, but I grumbled the whole time I was there"

And Dad would say he wanted a house, not a garden like in the country, so we would go back to the country again. (*Botanie Valley near Lytton*)

They would have gone off and left the farm, and sometimes when they came back the fruit trees would still be alive. They would have boarded the house up well when they left. It would still be there. We managed to have a tennis court and quite a nice lawn and garden but none of it was very successful, going away like that. Well, of course, mother and dad had chickens and turkeys and did very well like that.

The last years they were there they grew tomatoes and did very well with them.

**Interviewer:** So you grew up partly here, what were your earliest memories of this place?

**Rose:** It (*Lytton*) was a wonderful town. It was wild and woolly. Lots of Indian people and there were lots of white people. We used to have a great celebration on the first of July. It lasted three days. Some people wanted it to last longer, but three days was about the limit.

There were horse races on the main street. My Uncle Alphonse, being very fond of horses, he had a horse race and would bring a jockey in to train the horses. I remember he won quite a few very beautiful silver cups with his horses.

People would come from all around.

The wild Chilcotin ones, that everyone was always a little nervous about because they were still quite wild. There were married women's races with horses, and single girls races with horses, and of course there were many foot races on the main street.

The Indians would put up their tents or visit with their friends from town. It was quite a wonderful time. Every night there was a dance: a huge great thing, which of course the children weren't allowed to go to. But of course we kids would sneak around. It was held in the old Globe Hotel, which had a dance hall.

**Interviewer:** Which hotel?

**Rose:** That was the first hotel. Then during the construction of the C.N.R., there was a Lytton Hotel, which I think was called the McGuire, I'm not too sure of the name.

In those days it wasn't the thing for ladies to be entertained at the hotel, there were always homes where the ladies were entertained, which is quite strange now-a-days. I don't think anyone entertains at home. Now we have a Church Hall, a Legion Hall, and a Community Hall, so if anyone wants to have a party they rent one of those halls. When we were youngsters that weren't proper at all. The homes were quite good sized in those days, you could have a number of people for a home party.

**Interviewer:** Was there any mixing with the Indians, socially in those days?

**Rose:** No, unless some white man came in and married an Indian woman, and she was classed as white and could be entertained and go to the dances. The Indians weren't allowed to go to the dances and we weren't allowed to go to their [celebrations] like we do now. I think,... I suppose we have lost quite a bit, there was too much drinking and it makes a dance a most unpleasant place, so we don't have the pretty dances like we used to have, when we were younger we went to quite gala affairs.

**Interviewer:** Were all the whites British in those days?

**Rose:** Oh yes, I would say. There was a Mr. Anthony who had a store, and there were the people at the church, and there was a doctor, and "they" were the people you were suppose to know in town. There were other people in town, honest and hard working. It was very very snobbish. They lived in the lower end of town, just a block down, let me see - there were two stores, a restaurant and that was it. That was the Rebagliati's and the restaurant was Chinese. One of the stores was Chinese, and you just didn't step across the boundary.

**Interviewer:** You talk about it as fairly wild place, a fairly rough place?

**Rose:** Well it was a construction town for quite a while. When the CPR went through it boomed: it was all shops on both sides, and there were tailors, and butcher shops and fish shops, and ah, shooting galleries, pool halls, a dance hall, it was so grown up and sophisticated we even had a red-light district.

The worst thing they could find out about the red-light district, with the ladies being up most of the night, then they would go out early in the morning and pick wild mushrooms that grew. That annoyed most of the better ladies of the town. One old gal said since she was up all night anyways and she just had to have her mushrooms early in the morning.

(loud sound of laughter on tape)

I was always waiting to hear all their wild tales, but they never mentioned that. So there you are!!!

**Interviewer:** Where was the red light district?

**Rose:** There was a house up there where an old bachelor lived, in the creek, it was a very attractive place apparently.

**Interviewer:** You remember the construction days of the CNR?

**Rose:** Not too much, I would have been about five or six years old. We lived out on the farm above the CNR tracks and the only time we would see the CNR men, as I said, would be for the first of July. I don't think we came into town. Being that young, I don't remember.

**Interviewer:** That would be another boom with the CPR.

**Rose:** Yes, it was. Of course, I don't remember the CPR. It was before my time.

**Interviewer:** Now this British society that was here, did it live in the town, or around here?

**Rose:** They lived in the upper end of town where the hospital is, where the church was. Ah, - I would say, yes, there was one teacher, one teacher taught the eight grades, so that was it.

Then there were the farmers along the Fraser River between Lillooet and Lytton, and the (*indistinct*) quite prominent people that was from, then (*indistinct*) from Rosebank and the (*indistinct*) prominent farmers from around Merritt and Spence's Bridge.

**Interviewer:** What about the storekeeper? Wasn't there one or two well-known storekeepers from around here?

**Rose:** Mr. Anthony was the first storekeeper. Well, Mr. McIntyre first had the store, then Mr. Anthony came out, a young man from England, I don't think he was a remittance man. As a matter of fact, his sister came out and she taught school, and he took over the store. It was quite permissible to go to their shop, and we knew them as they were apparently

educated a little bit more, I'm not too sure about them.

**Interviewer:** What was the other store, the Rebagliati store?

**Rose:** Yes, the Rebagliati store. It was a very good store, a lot better than Mr. Anthony's.

There were more people at that house, like the people who worked at the railroad. Yes, they were Italian too, so naturally they chummed together with their people.

Well, the Indians came to Mr. Anthony's store too. He was a sort of friend to them too, in the way that people were friends to that type of person in those days: Its nice to know you, but that's alright no more.

**Interviewer:** What about the Indians?

**Rose:** Well, we just came in and took over and didn't tell them to move out.

As I said, at one time we all went to church together, and those who wanted to go to school were allowed to, but there weren't too many of them, they didn't find it necessary. Then they became separated in the churches and in the wards in the hospitals, and things like that, We're getting back together nowadays except the churches. There are the two separate churches: one for the white people and one for the Indians.

They are both Anglican. We have a Roman Catholic one too, where a few Indians go there too. Its strange, wherever the minister or the priest arrived, that's the (*religion*) that the town became.

The English ministers arrived here so most of this town is English. The priest arrived in Lillooet so most of the Indians there are of the Roman Catholic faith.

**Interviewer:** You had mentioned Father La Jeune.

**Rose:** Oh yes, to Lillooet, they had terrific miles they traveled in those days, both the English priests and the Roman Catholic priests.

**Interviewer:** Who was on the English (*Anglican*) side?

**Rose:** Archdeacon Small was the first one through here. I can remember mother talking about him. He was a very fine man (*authors note: Rev J.B. Good was the first Anglican missionary in Lytton*). In those days the priest was a doctor as well as being in the church.

**Interviewer:** You said something about a widow who had these young Indians. What was her first name? Who was she?

**Rose:** Oh yes, they had farmed at Spence's Bridge at one time: Widow Smith. There was a farm in the town and belonged to (*indistinct, 3rd person speaking*). It was across the Thompson River, it was all farms, not across the river where the new Spence's Bridge is. That used to be all orchard.

**Interviewer:** (*indistinct question*)

**Rose:** She just, well they just visited. That's where mother and dad met. Dad came out there to fruit farm, having heard about this farm in England. It was well advertised when Widow Smith's apples were asked for by, I think, Queen Victoria or her husband. One or the other. I don't know just when it was. That's how she (*Widow Smith*) became quite world known and that's why dad came out here to fruit farm in Canada

**Interviewer:** Did she take people there to train them?

**Rose:** Well, no. I suppose the young English people came out to Canada to farm, and there weren't too many farms in those days, so they would inquire around. Wherever help was needed, that's where they went. Grandpa used to take them in because he thought it was good for his family to see and to be around educated people.

And my poor old aunt, who is up there to-day, tells about the time she and her young brother was so frightened by one of these young Englishmen that was sent out. When he came in he said, "Good evening" in the loudest voice, it startled her: he, just shouting. She went and hid under the table. And that's why he was sent to the colony: he just annoyed everybody in England.

It was a good lesson. It was alright. Mother said they were very mannerly and she didn't mind having them around.

**Interviewer:** Did any (*indistinct*) around here?

**Rose:** No, not that I knew. I don't think anybody really knew. I don't think it bothered them in those days. It was your ability to do things or to acquire the ways of this country that bothered people.

Mother tells the story of one of them coming out to hunt, as he had hunted in England.

My uncle said "we're going hunting, do you want to come along?"

Oh, my goodness sakes, he did. He knew how to use a gun.

He got lost.

They remembered he practiced a bugle, he had been a bugle boy in something or other, this part I just don't remember. He knew a bugle. Well, anyway we had a bugle. I think it was when Grandpa was way back in the States.

Well, we'll just signal him with that, for they had signaled him with a gun, and he didn't know about that and they hadn't thought to tell him, never thinking that he would get lost. They never thought that the woods in England aren't like our woods out here. They went and got the bugle, and went to where their camp was and blew this bugle. And there wasn't any response from him at all, so they went looking for him.

In the morning he did find his way back, if by accident or not, I don't remember. Talking afterwards they said "I thought you knew what a bugle was?"

"I do", he replied.

"Well, we were blowing that bugle all night, why didn't you answer us?"

He said "I didn't hear any bugle." So they blew the bugle for him. And he looked at them. "All night I ran away from that noise. I thought it was some animal that I didn't know about. That's not a bugle call. I didn't know ..." (*loud laughter*) He ran all night (*more laughter*) that was delightful (*peels of laughter*) Oh!, he had run all night from it. (*laughter*) Oh dear ... Mother said they were most delightful men

A Mr. Earl had come out here to find and prepare a home for his new bride. In those days this took many years, and that he was here by himself at home and fixing his farm, he had an Indian wife. And the Indian wife quite understood that there was going to be a white bride. It was perfectly all right with her, she would go when the white bride came.

So the day arrived when the farm was all fixed then he would go back home and bring his bride out. Then this young bride came from Scotland, and my grandmother had heard that the ladies from town were going for a visit. So she thought she would be there not knowing if the new bride would need some assistance, when she knew the ladies of the town were coming. And, of course, the ladies of Lytton were going to call on her, for after all the poor thing must be told what had gone on when she wasn't here.

So, grandmother thought she should go to be of some assistance and help, she was going to stand up for the bride of the farmer husband.

As they were having their tea, she served it very nicely grandma said. She was quite lovely. Then the ladies looked at one another, then Mrs so-and-so said, "I don't like to do this but you should know, there was an Indian woman here with her children, but they have been sent away, We are so sorry about this you know, but you should know about this, so we thought we would tell you."

Then grandmother was going to get up and tell them what she thought, when the young bride said he had the best the land could supply then and now he has the best the land can supply. "Good afternoon to you ladies."

That put the ladies in their place alright, and my grandmother said she didn't need to say a word, she didn't have to stand up for anybody.

Grandma Rose thought that that was lovely, "better than I could have done". (*A long silence on tape.*)

**Interviewer:** So it had the desired effect?

**Rose:** Oh yes, the Indian girls didn't mind. It was all right for them and quite comfortable for the farmers. She had

looked after his house, and his clothes as well as his manly needs, apparently. They had quite a number of children, some of them are still about to-day, and some of his white children too. A matter of fact, some came out from Chicago this past summer. When they did come out, I did want to talk to him but didn't....

**Interviewer:** (*question indistinct*)

**Rose:** About the aunt I was named after, my mother said they used to admire her clothes, her furs, her jewelry she wore, they were magnificent, just so beautiful. My grand mother would say to her, "Who was Aunt Rose's sister? What does your husband do?" What was his name? I've forgotten. And auntie really didn't know till he died: he was a professional gambler, which wasn't quite the thing to do if you were a respectable family. But Aunt Rose didn't know, and how she discovered this, they were living in a hotel, He ran in and put something down her bosom. She didn't think anything of it at the minute, because he had done that before. He said "Don't show them". Then he ran out and she never saw him again. He had been shot, he was shot when he did this. Now they don't know why he wanted to hide them but he had put loaded dice down her bosom. Men came on looking for him and asked her if he had left anything or given her anything, She said no, then it dawned on her to take these dice out to see how they worked. But that's where all her wealth came from. And I don't mind telling that either, I think that's quite something.

**Interviewer:** Where did she come from?

**Rose:** I don't know, I think he came from San Francisco, she had visited us from San Francisco at the farm, and thought her sisters children were most uncouth young ladies, didn't walk with the proper posture with books on their heads. We used to parade around the lawn for her.

## END OF TAPE

Transcribed by Graham Everett, Lytton, B.C., 2003



*Lieutenant Governor of B.C., Her Honor Iona Campanola, Mayor Chris O'Connor and Joe Chute*

'Lytton Days' was a special celebration this year. The Queens Golden Jubilee medal was awarded to one of our own at the Civic Dinner of May 16/03. This medal is awarded to persons who have given significant contributions of self to their community. This year the honor was bestowed upon Joseph Chute, a Lytton citizen who has been very involved in our

## QUEEN'S GOLDEN JUBILEE MEDAL

community since first setting foot in Lytton in 1950.

Just a few of his activities include Charter president of the Lytton Lions Club and still a Lions member, involved in the T.V. Association for 15 years, photographer for the 1958 centennial and Chairman of the 1967 centennial, Boy Scout leader, Sunday School teacher, Recreation Commission member, Secretary of the old Board of Trade and still a member of the Chamber of Commerce, a long time Hospital Board member, and he has been teacher and Principal in both our public schools (35 years!). He then retired and became the Mayor of Lytton for 14 years! Joe has also set up a very interesting and comprehensive railway museum in the Caboose Park.

The presentation of the Jubilee medal was made even more special for Joe,

because the Lieutenant Governor of B.C. , Her Honor Iona Campanola, visited Lytton and made the presentation on behalf of the Queen. Such an honor is only bestowed upon a very special, select few.

**Congratulations, Joe!**



*M.L.A. Dave Chutter, Her Honor Iona Campanola, and Joe Chute*

## Lieutenant Governor Visits Lytton Museum and Archives!

After the Civic dinner honoring Joe Chute, Her Honor, Ms. Campanola did a walkabout in Lytton. She visited the museum with her entourage, and asked many questions. Ms. Campanola was impressed with our collection and particularly remarked on the PCMR and RMR badges which we have displayed.

Her Honor left a few brochures at the museum, explaining the duties of her office. The Lieutenant Governor is an important element in both the Legislature and Executive Government of the Province. She summons, prorogues, and dissolves the Legislature, and reads the Speech from the Throne at the Opening of each Ses-

sion. She gives Royal Assent in Her Majesty's name to all measures and bills passed by the Legislative Assembly and signs Orders in Council, Proclamations, Crown Grants and many other official documents before they have the force of law.

Each year, in ceremonies in Government House, the Lieutenant Governor presents a number of awards for bravery, outstanding public service, volunteerism and achievement. She attends many cultural events, military and civilian ceremonies. She opens buildings and conferences, addresses gatherings of various kinds, and visits hospitals, schools, community events and military es-

tablishments. It is by these visits throughout British Columbia that citizens are given the opportunity to participate in the ceremonial functions of the Province.

Her Honor alternates visits with big cities and small towns such as ours. It was very uplifting to know that, at a time when rural communities seem to be of little importance to our present government, the office of the Lieutenant Governor still sees rural areas and small communities as an important part of the fabric of British Columbia.



# LYTTON YOUTH AMBASSADOR PROGRAM



*Youth Ambassadors Daniel Hance Jr. and Chantel Denault visit the Museum.*

The year 2003 is the first year for this program, and it was our privilege to host this group of young people on a tour of our museum. They are a delightful, well-mannered team, and the object of the visit was for them to soak up as much of the history of Lytton as they could, in a short 45-minute visit. It was a learning time for all of us; after all, do you know how many Mayors Lytton has elected? Or when Lytton became incorporated? or who the longest serving Mayor was? These guys and gals went on their way with minds boggled with dates and names!

The big Awards day for the Ambassadors was on Saturday, July 5/03. Our trusty Stacy attended and reports the following: Lytton Ambassadors are

CHANTEL DENAULT and DANIEL HANCE JR.!! Vice Ambassadors are SHAWN SEIDEL and SERENA THOMAS! Friendship Ambassador is KARI SPINKS, talent bursary was won by DENNIS HANCE, Knowledge of Lytton bursary was won by SERENA THOMAS, People's Choice and Fundraiser was won by DUSTY CHARLIE, and the Public Speaking Presentation bursary went to SERENA THOMAS. WOW! Congratulations, everyone!

We wish them well, and hope to see this group again next year - if not sooner!



## LYTTON MUSEUM and ARCHIVES

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