

# LYTTON MUSEUM

## and ARCHIVES

November 2006

420 Fraser Street, Lytton, B.C.

Issue 7 Number 4

## LYTTON FASTBALL!



*The Lytton Tramps: from left to right, back: Johnny McKay, Cyril Haugen, Devery Loring, Paddy Loring, Tommy Sanderson, Cliff Loring, Terry Bromlyn, John McArthur, and coach Vic Loring. Front: Freddie Charlie, Jerry Adams, Roy Munro, Lloyd Dodge and Bryan Loring. [ca1970's].*

During the 1960's, 1970's and 1980's, Lytton Ball teams were the heroes of the weekends. There have been many Lytton teams over the years, and the tournaments were always the highlights of the summer. Pictured here are the famous Fastball champions, the Lytton TRAMPS, with their coach, Vic Loring.

### Curator's note:

On November 4, 2006, a loyal and dedicated fan of the Lytton Ball teams was lost to us. Mrs. Ruby Seward passed away in a tragic motor vehicle accident.

Ruby and her husband, Gordy, seldom missed a ballgame, whether it was a

*continued on Page 7...*

### IN THIS ISSUE:

Lytton Fastball .....	1
Lytton - Fraser's Fantastic Fork .....	2
Mystery Building .....	3
Stein Odyssey 2006.....	4
You Know You Are In Lytton When..	5
Christmas Is Coming.....	5
Where Are They Now? .....	6
A Poem .....	7
The Harry Smither's Collection.....	8

# Lytton – Fraser’s fantastic Fork

## Sentimental journey three decades later

**Curator’s Note:** *The following article was taken from a December 1966 newspaper. It was written by Georgina Murray Keddell, Ma Murray’s daughter. Ms. Keddell writes of so many people who are no longer here and of travelling through the Big Slide on the Lillooet Road, which is very much still here!*

*I was facinated and hope that you enjoy this article as much as I have.*

*The spelling, punctuation and layout are reproduced from the original newspaper article.*

By

**GEORGINA MURRAY KEDDELL**

Thursday December 15 was a day of driving rain and wind in Lytton though one resident assured me the weather was merely ‘fresh’. To a northerner like me, however, 40 degrees under such conditions is colder than 40 below in Fort St. John when the air is still. But Lytton is a town of contrasts.

I remembered nostalgically my first visit to Lytton as I waited to see the manager of Mark Moors. This is one of several landmarks which haven’t changed in thirty years.. In the thirties Pete Rebagliati was the boss, and he would emerge from the dark gas depths of the oily-smelling but pleasantly so — deep garage, wiping his hands on a wad of rag as he prepared to serve you gas or whatever and fill up your radiator We owned an eye-stopper of a car. It was a Willys-Knight and was wonderful for two reasons: it had carried U.S. President Warren Harding around Stanley Park in the twenties and it had a sleeve-ful valve which was certainly a wonderful thing to have but I can’t remember why. The day was as hot of the hinges of you-know where. For the first time in my life I saw heat, It rippled

up from the cement outside the garage in waves. While the car was being looked over, we went over to the Alphonse Hautier’s to call for a moment. When Alphonse had the door open, we were somewhat shaken to be instructed to “Set god-dammit”. This was Hautier’s parrot, in bad humour because the door was being held open to let the heat in. Mrs. Hautier ran for a table cloth, threw it over the cage for punishment, apologized profusely for the bird’s rough language—and only then did we realize that the parrot wasn’t stupid. It was at least 15 degrees cooler in that sitting room than it was outside.

**OR WAS IT A**

**RATTLE SNAKE’S TRAIL**

To etch the memory even deeper, I walked right into Alonzo Rebagliatti on Thursday as I came out of Mark Motors. Alonzo drove the mail stage back in that other ‘century’ from Lytton to Lillooet. I don’t ever recall him not getting through on the road, either, which at that time was a widened out pony-trail. The lead cayuse on the Kumsheen Indian outfit, they said was given his head to break a trail and the Lytton - Lillooet road was the result. Everyone nowadays yelps about the Big Slide, but the entire road in 1933 was such a fright that I don’t recall being particularly terrified of the Big Slide. Maybe the fact that I was only 18 years old in 1933 helped!

It was interesting to see again the Lytton Hotel—particulaly the fireplace which I watched being built. What a splendid edifice the Lytton was in 1934, and how proud the Medoris were of it. Also what a high financing our family did to pay for a night’s lodging, when Mr. Medori clamped down on the advertising. And as I recall it, he mostly viewed advertising with a jaundiced eye, under which circumstances you coughed up the \$3.50 for the elegant

room, with wash basin and closet and bed lamp.

**MOLSON’S MIGHT  
BE A CURE. ALSO**

The trip paid off in more ways than one. Of all things, I learned of a cure for car sickness from Molson’s sales representative who has been making his pre-holiday sales check in the Lillooet-Lytton area.

Banni has three small children who suffer this common ailment of car sickness. He has learned of an amazing cure. Carsickness, he believes is the result of accumulated static electricity in the human body which becomes more susceptible while riding in a car.

The cure: Ground the car with a piece of rubber - insulated wire available at any garage!

It works, it works it works! Throw out the lard pail, mothers, and live a little! And next time you’re in a pub, order a Molson’s!

The Copper Kettle last Thursday sang merrily on the hearth of that quaint little Main Street oasis, so named. Today, this little English tea - room is considered just too clever and sweet and attractive. When it started, no such overtones were considered, I’m sure. It was what the owners could afford and provide. It filled a need and it likely helped to support a family. It had a counterpart in Lillooet called the Queen’s Teapot but the queen, alas, ran out of tea and the Teapot folded. Pity. pletely overlooked thirty years stop at the Copper Kettle and enjoy in 1966 an atmosphere compleetely overlooked thirty years ago, but today very much in demand.

At Gammies where I waited expecting to see Mr. Gammie-which to me would be Alex—I walked around the store for so long that the clerks I’m

convinced, were growing suspicious. Here is an emporium that also enjoys two one, and the 1-966 version. I loved the saddles and the lanterns and the salt licks, nudged right against the electric dishwasher and the cut glass. I was glad to get straightened out on son, Bill, and restore my reputation with the clerks!

Summer tourists must be amused at Lytton's preoccupation with fireplaces. The third one I saw Thursday was at the Pines at the Junction. This glorious sweep of asphalt and motel units and cafe and garage. And right over the manager's head, this beautiful living room fireplace. "Now," said the boss, "If I'd just get a head of steam on here and get some wood..." It was a day for a fireplace alright. But at 110 in the summertime shade. no one would believe it.

### NEED COMES BEFORE GREED

The old hospital hasn't changed a scrap, but a new experience to me was "The View", up the road a piece from St. Bartholomews' Pete Forbes brightened my morning. I asked him about the attractive totem outside the store. Was it carved locally. I wanted to know. He pointed to the Indian Reserve buildings in the centre of which his store and gas pump seems to sit. "I got it done right here," said Pete. "Took one hell of a long time to get it. I used to keep asking them how it was coming. And they'd say, oh good, but they ran out of firewood last night and had to saw her up. Three times they sawed up their carving to feed their dying fires—but finally I won. And there she stands to prove it." Forbes has a delicious sense of humour. Many of his customers are the reserve people. He told me about a little girl who ran to him one day with a dime for an ice cream sucker. "Mamma says I can have a revel to eat while she has the baby," said the little one."

"Well," Pete goes on, "I" thought that one over for awhile. And I thought the youngster had got mixed up. I

thought maybe while the mother fed the baby or changed the baby, she could have the revel. But no sir, she was back in fifteen minutes. 'She's had it, reported the small one with satisfaction, I got a brother Another revel, please.'"

Anyway, it was great fun visiting Lytton—in spite of three stone bruises on my mother's car coming over the

Big Slide—in spite of impaling my hair piece on the Van Winkle clothesline—in spite of arriving in town on a day that many people had chosen to be away in the city.

It has grown to one of the really beautiful little wide spots on the great road north.



## Mystery Building



Here is another local mystery: Do you know anything about this building?

We know it was called the SKUSES-HOTEL, and over the door of the lean-to at right, it says 50 MILE POST. On the back of the photograph is written: 50 MILE HOUSE, YALE -CARIBOO WAGON ROAD.

We just cannot find out exactly where it stood.

According to Lyons in his Milestones on the Mighty Fraser, there was a log building about 1.3 miles (2.1 km) north of Kanaka Bar Creek, which was the first hotel on the Cariboo Wagon Road. This was about fifty miles from Yale, and a stop to change horses.

The horses at the front of the hotel are

harnessed to pull wagons, rather than saddled, so Skuses Hotel was a wagon or stage stop.

The problem is that this building does not appear to be made of logs, so it might not be the building Lyons writes about.

Of course, Lyons bases his mileposts on the old Fraser Canyon Highway, which does not follow the present Trans-Canada Highway all the way along.

The original photograph was sent to us by the New Westminster Public Library and was taken about 1880.

Any help would be greatly appreciated!!



# STEIN ODYSSEY 2006



*A brief stop at Tundra Lake*

*Have you ever dreamed of hiking the Stein - all the way from one end to the other? It has been done several times, usually by groups of people and usually it takes 6 to 8 days at least, resulting in many blisters and sore muscles but with great memories.*

*Pat and Carrie Walsh have tried it twice with friends, the first time being turned back by deep snow, and the second time coming all the way through in six days.*

*Pat's dream was to run the Stein in 2 days. Despite being told many times that it was a completely crazy idea, Pat and his friends, Randy Rankin and Neil Ambrose, set out to prove us all wrong. As Pat says: "Here's the short version of what happened".*

by Pat Walsh

We departed Maple Ridge by car at 5 p.m. Thursday night, knowing that we had to drive to Lillooet Lake to find a detour trailhead. The old forestry road to Lizzie Lake is washed out and you can no longer drive to the trailhead. By

the time we fought traffic and stopped for dinner it was 10 p.m. before we began our trek to the trailhead. That little detour around the first washout took a good ½ hour extra in the dark and we took a full 3 hours to hike the old road to Lizzie Lake camp, finally crashing for the night at 1 a.m.. Did I mention the 3500 ft elevation gain...

We departed Lizzie Lake at 7:15 a.m. on Friday morning enroute to Stein Lake which, according to the book, is only a distance of 22 kilometers or so. Past experience however told me that whoever measured that distance was probably a crow! It previously took us 2½ very hard days to hike it. There's also the little problem of a 7000 foot ridge that tends to complicate matters somewhat, but I digress...

We passed through the Gates of Shangri-la and breezed past Lizzie Cabin after only about an hour and by 9 a.m. we were well above tree-line and going strong. By 10 a.m. we were high into the mountains overlooking the Stein Divide with Caltha Lake and the Ridge above

Tundra Lake in sight.

It still took us another 2 hours to descend Cherry Pip Pass and arrive at the actual Stein Park boundary overlooking the incredible deep blue waters of Tundra Lake. Tundra Lake went relatively well without any mishaps and only took about 1½ hrs. By the time we made our way up to Tundra camp, watered and fed, it was 2 p.m. when we set off for Stein Lake. We were all carrying a full load of water (3 or 4 litres each) at that time and we still ran dry before we made it. It's got some pretty rugged and steep uphill followed by a spectacular ridge walk of about 3 miles at 7000 feet before you literally drop 3400 feet in 1½ miles. The blow-down has been cleared around Stein Lake by BC Parks and so it was not a problem getting through. We arrived at 7:45 p.m., just in time to wash up and get some dinner into us before dark. Day One was 12½ hours of steady, hard work, but despite being just a little weary and sore, we had no major injuries.

We knew that we had at least another 60 hard kilometers to go on Saturday if we wanted to be out that day in time to meet Carrie, Caroline and Marla for dinner and beers, so we were up and going fairly early. The alarm went off while still dark at 5 a.m. and by 6:35 we were fed and on the trail. We arrived at the Rutledge Creek cable crossing at about 7:45 and by the time we got across, we realized that our support crew (Carrie, Caroline & Marla) were just leaving Maple Ridge to drive around to meet us in Lytton - we better get a move on...

By 10:30 we were well into the area of the 1996 forest fire which has seen a tremendous amount of blow-down since then - brutal is the only way to describe it. We lost the trail countless times and were continually bush-wacking our way through tall brush - not a good idea in shorts & T-shirts. We lost a couple of pints of blood there...

Five hours later we were down out of



Left to right: Pat Walsh, Randy Rankin, and Neil Ambrose. They are all marathon runners (50K, 125K) from the Alouette Achilles Running Club, Maple Ridge, B.C.

the old fire site and at Logjam Camp. We left there at 1:30 p.m. and hustled into Cottonwood Falls by 3 p.m.. We needed to take a bit of a break and spent 30 minutes soaking in the cold waters of Cottonwood Creek. We had only planned to take a 15 minute break here but Randy got way-laid - something to do with a bridge; Brooklyn, I think...

By the time we left Cottonwood it was 3:30 p.m. and this was to be our last push. We knew from past experience that this is typically a 6 hour run when you're fresh and we were getting concerned about making the last ferry into Lytton, which we understood to be about 11 p.m.. It was time to kick it up a notch. With a couple of Advil, a power gel and the vision of the Brooklyn Bridge still fresh in his mind Randy all of a sudden was rejuvenated and he took off and was soon lost to sight. Neil and I made the Bridge by 7 p.m. and were both "running on fumes" by that time. It was only the thought of making the ferry and hooking up with our support crew for beers and a good meal that kept us going.

Randy apparently made it out to the

Trailhead by 9:15 p.m. and missed the support crew by 12 minutes! They had hiked in as far as the Devil's Staircase and waited for us until dark. Thinking that we were not going to make it in 2 days, and that they had to also make the ferry back into Lytton, they decided to head back into town. Neil and I arrived by 9:45 p.m.; a total of 15 1/2 hrs that day - tough run.

Epilogue: Our support crew did not abandon us entirely: they left us a cooler of cold Corona and potato chips - unbelievably good! We made the last ferry into Lytton and arrived to a hero's welcome, a steak dinner and a couple more Coronas. When asked if he would ever do it again Neil's immediate response was "are you friggin crazy"! Randy was still dreaming of a "bridge too far". I remarked that our total run time was about 28 hours and mused out loud that when Parks finally cleans out the blow-down from the old fire, it might just be possible to do the Stein in 24 hours. I saw a little glint in both of their eyes...

**Curator's note:** *The Brooklyn Bridge, you say? Would you believe a lovely, totally naked wood sprite who greeted them at Cottonwood Falls, name of "Brooklyn"?*

## YOU KNOW YOU ARE IN LYTTON IN AUGUST WHEN:

- The trees are whistling for the dogs.
- The birds have to use pot holders to pull worms out of the ground.
- Hot water comes out of both taps.
- You learn that a seat-belt buckle makes a pretty good branding iron.
- The temperature drops below 95, and you feel chilly.
- You discover that it only takes two fingers to steer your car.
- You realize that asphalt has a liquid state.



## Christmas is coming - and do we have the gift for you!

We now have the complete collection of Museum Newsletters available in a 3-ring binder.

As future newsletters are published, they can be added to the binder.

These must be ordered in advance, and are priced at \$25.00 each.

Call the Museum at 250-455-2254 to order your copy now!

### LYTTON MUSEUM and ARCHIVES



### NEWSLETTERS

1999 to PRESENT

# WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

In our August 2006 issue, we put forth the invitation for all families whose children have attended our Lytton schools to write and tell us where those children are now, and how they have made their mark in life.

The following is a very small sample of how well represented our Village is out there in the big world!

There are also so very many people who are not yet represented. Let's hear from you!

## **The Gwen and Wilson Miller family:**

**Jack Miller:** Doctorate of Education; Chair of the Education Dept. at TRU; and among many other things, he was 1st in the over 60 category in the London Marathon!

**Christine (Miller) Kenward:** R.T. (X-Ray technician) Calgary.

**Elizabeth (Miller) Burdeniuk:** Sec. Dyna Flex Co., Salmon Arm, B.C. - she does trade shows all over the U.S.A. and Canada.

## **The Ajit and Surinder Bains family:**

**Gurinder Bains:** Has her Master's in English; teaches Secondary School, Langley.

**Sarjjeet Bains:** Certified psychiatrist; Sarby took 14 years of University - 5 years for her Pharmacy degree, 4 years for her degree in medicine and 5 years in psychiatry!!

**Pritpaul Bains:** SFU; is in 2nd year at UBC, majoring in English. He passed the Provincial English Grade 12 exam with 99%!!

## **The Low Bing and Lily Chong family:**

Peter Chong and wife Alice are now retired in Burnaby.

**Beatrice (Chong) Jang:** Deceased. Three daughters: Debbie and Kathy are Registered Nurses, and Gail is a R.N. Directory of Nursing.

**Ronald Chong:** Retired Pharmacist, Burnaby. Wife Lori, and four children:

Brad is in Business; Shelley and Kenny are Chartered Accountants, and Geoff is a Chartered Management Accountant.

**David Chong:** Retired Lawyer, lives in Vancouver with wife Adrian. David was the first Graduate of Lytton High in 1949.

## **The Dodge family:**

**Douglas Dodge:** SFU BSc; BCIT: Land surveyor of B.C and Canada (BCLS and CLS). Partnership in Land Survey Business in Williams Lake: Exton, Dodge and Galibois Land Surveying. President of BCLS in 2002. Wife Sharron and 4 children.

**Dale Dodge:** BSc in Pharmacy. Community Pharmacy in Oliver, B.C. Has developed software program that recognizes that pharmacists counsel patients and allows them to document counselling - used in approximately 35 stores. Wife Roberta and two boys.

**Carrie (Dodge) Walsh:** Administration Assistant for R.C.M.P. office in Maple Ridge, B.C. Husband Pat Walsh, who is Superintendent R.C.M.P. office in Langley.

Two boys, one in the R.C.M.P. in Surrey, and one working in the Alberta oilfields.

## **The Manders family:**

**Terry Manders:** Retired physician

in Summerland. Wife Anka and two sons.

**Pat Manders:** Dentist, Summerland, B.C.

**Keith Manders:** Orchardist and Heavy Duty Mechanic, Summerland, B.C.

**Phillip Manders:** Degree in Physics and Meteorology

**Douglas Manders:** Lawyer

**David Manders:** Teacher, School Principal.

## **The Shumaker family:**

**Ted Shumaker:** BSc in Pharmacy. Working as hospital pharmacist in Penticton.

Married to Katie and has three girls.

## **The Roberts Family:**

**Kenny Roberts:** Dr. of Dentistry

## **The Ralph Williams family:**

**Christa Williams:** Attended Lytton Elementary and Kumsheen schools until Grade 9, transferred to St. Michael's University School. Graduated with Honours and went on to Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario. Graduated with BSc in Science, again with honours. Christa presently holds position of Executive Director for the First Nations Education Steering Committee, North Vancouver, B.C.

**Jason Williams:** attended Lytton Elementary School before transferring to St. Michael's University School. Graduated with honours and went on to UBC. Currently working as Supervisor at Canada Bread, Langley, B.C.

That is enough for now. Next issue we will hopefully have the Chute family, the Floyds and McMillans, the Bakers, the Keebles, and many more!

# Lytton Fastball

...continued from Page 1

weekly game, or a tournament, whether in Lytton or one of the many surrounding communities. They were often the first ones there and the last to leave. They were the Lytton teams' strongest supporters.

When Gordy passed away, Ruby still kept coming to the games. She was always there, in the beginning for her husband, then for her sons as they became ball players, and finally for her grandchildren, and this includes some 60 years of baseball, fastball and slowpitch.

She will be missed.



---

## Where does it come from?

The Museum Newsletter is a co-operative effort by a group of volunteers.

The basic material is assembled by our Curator/Archivist Dorothy Dodge, and usually she has written the article if no credit has been given.

We actively look for articles of local interest from anyone who is willing to write or may have photos of interest, as well as our Archives.

We are also interested in interviewing people with local stories. We can record the interview and write an article. Call the Museum for details.

The Newsletter is laid out, edited and published by Richard Forrest of Freedom Graphics.

All material contained in the Newsletter is copyrighted by the Museum unless otherwise noted.

Please contact the Museum at 250-455-2254 or by email at [curator@lyttonmuseum.ca](mailto:curator@lyttonmuseum.ca) for permission if you wish to use any material from the Newsletter.



*The New Lytton Hotel, built by Antonio Medori - subject of our March 2000 Newsletter, in winter.*

*Harry Smithers Collection*

---

## A poem for our current Secondary Students to relate to:

### epitaph to a pilot

his unique paper projectiles have  
taken wing a thousand  
times before  
only to inevitably plummet  
to the choking chalk dust of the floor

so too emotions flew while he re-  
mained  
unscathed

but the last  
hastened by the invisible  
ever-approaching  
ever-amplifying  
footfalls of the oblique exterminator  
had fault  
the flaw spelled doom

the reeling sailing missile suddenly  
unexplainably  
arched and curving did perch amongst  
the mass of wiry dermatoid projections  
of the executioner and

she in vengeful hysteria him did drag  
innocently cussing  
her existence before  
jehova's fearful gateway

all hatred vanished  
replaced by terror of painful sound  
and merciful silence  
his ultimate fate

before the almighty controller of his  
destiny  
he did shrink  
and vainly supplicated clemency

but he got bent over and strapped  
anyways



*(From the 1966 Lytton Secondary yearbook, by Terry Manders and Doug Dodge)*

# The Harry Smither's Collection



The Museum has been fortunate to receive a number of photographs by Harry Smithers.

These were stored in a private residence for many years before being donated to the Museum.

*Left: The Village Office on Fraser Street. This building was eventually replaced by the trailer that served until the new Village Office was built at Fourth and Main. To the left of the Office, the old Globe Hotel livery stable, horses long gone and converted to serve other needs.*

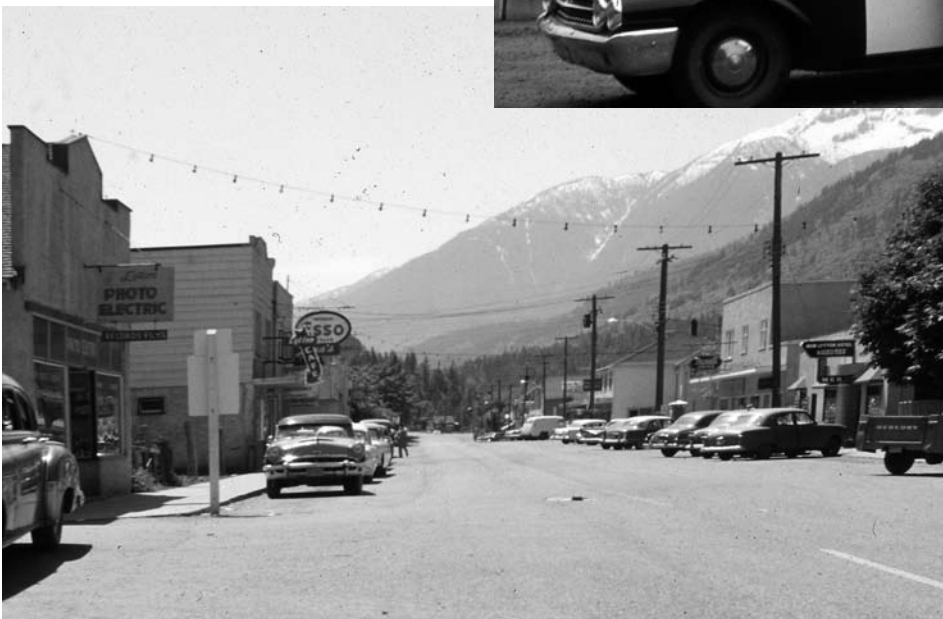
Harry Smithers was a long time resident of Lytton and served as the Village Clerk for many years. He, his camera and his Austin became familiar to almost everyone in town. He took pictures everywhere and as a watercolourist, he loved scenery.

His pictures of the mountains, rivers and buildings around Lytton form an invaluable record of a time before the Trans-Canada, when downtown was filled with activity.

Here are a few pictures to enjoy.



*Above: The local Highway Patrol in a shiny new black and white, circa 1961, at the pullout at the summit of Jackass Mountain. Note the single "red cherry" on the roof and what would now be a dress style uniform.*



*Left: Main Street, circa 1950s. On the left, Lytton Photo Electric at Sixth and Main, with the Lytton Cafe, the Esso station and the Shell station down the block. On the right, the Men's Entrance to the Lytton Hotel bar and Rexall Drugs in the building now holding Video Lane and farther down the street, the bakery in the Sitko Building.*