

# LYTTON MUSEUM

## and ARCHIVES

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420 Fraser Street, Lytton, B.C.

Issue 8 Number 3

## Walter Isaac, Wolves and an Indian Doctor

*Submitted by Ross Urquhart*

Walter Isaac did many things in his life, but if you asked him his profession he would probably have said trapper - even though he just trapped for the few months of winter when the pelts were prime. During the seven or eight month "off season" he took on other jobs, mostly involving carpentry and horse packing. In the 1950's Walter was able to combine these skills and make a name for himself building forest fire lookouts on top of rugged, remote mountains throughout southern British Columbia. I worked one of his lookouts and can personally, and thankfully, attest to the quality of its construction.

He came by his carpentry and horse packing skills the same way most people did in this era - he picked them up by watching others. Starting as a very young man Walter spent ten years working for the railroad on a crew that built trestles and tunnels, and he moved from that to trapping, prospecting, and, for summertime cash, to horse-packing mining parties into the Kwoiek River drainage. He did that every summer for ten years starting in 1933. Walter knew what hard work was and he knew how to get by with very little. In those days a carpenter's level was often a half-full whiskey bottle (half full of

water hopefully) and a rock drill was something you held in your hand while your partner hit it with an eight pound maul. A dangerous occupation on those grounds alone.

Walter was short, wiry and probably didn't weigh more than 130 pounds at any time in his life, but even though he wasn't big, there was no doubting his toughness or capacity to endure hardship. For many years his usual winter consisted of three solo trips, each lasting six weeks, up forty miles of frozen trail to the headwater lakes of the Stein River, then up the drainages of the feeder creeks, servicing a total of four hundred and fifty traps. His territory began around Cottonwood Creek where Ray Dunstan's ended but he still had to travel the fifteen miles through Ray's territory, past the lower canyon with its nine miles of whitewater, over the crossing at Canoe Landing where the calm water starts, past the old homestead and Chopping Wood Creek, and on to Cottonwood Falls just to get where he could start trapping. From the far end of his territory it would take seven days on snowshoes to hike back to his home, just south of Lytton.

He began this trap line in 1930 and expanded his area a few years later when he bought out Urban Hicks with

\$500.00 - his life-savings - and in 1948, when a building collapsed on him and broke his kneecap, he abandoned his territory traps and all. He wanted to sell the trap line but times had changed and nobody would buy him out. It seems few people were now interested in that kind of hardship.

According to all reports his traps are still where he left them. Following the custom of trappers everywhere Walter took them out of their sets and placed them in nearby trees on his last trip of the season... ready to set the next year. After a few decades many of them became incorporated into those trees and, occasionally, a sawyer in a mill has an opportunity to witness spectacular evidence of this practice.

Walter enjoyed trapping but readily admitted that it was a living more suited to young men, particularly in mountainous country. His greatest worries were of avalanches and becoming injured and he regularly had close calls on both accounts. The closest one he remembers came while snowshoeing

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up Jack Thompson Creek where he barely missed being buried by an avalanche. He said he heard a loud crack and looked up to see a wall of snow coming at him faster than a rifle shot. He ran for cover and just made it as the wall of snow and ice went roaring by. Walter always said that in the long run trapping was still worth the hardship because it was the highest paying job available to him at the time and he had a large family to feed. In one season during the forties he made \$2500.00 and that was a substantial pile of cash in those days.

Walter's territory consisted of one main cabin just beyond Battle Creek that was quite large — 8 X 12 feet, and nine lean-tos, usually one on each main creek. They were part of his trap line but because his territory overlapped with another near Stein Lake he shared that lean-to with a trapper named Baptiste Richie. They never happened to be there at the same time but they left each other notes about the trapping or the provisions. Walter told me he always wanted to meet Baptiste, who was from the Mount Currie Indian Band, but he never did. Other people also used his camps during the summer, while traveling through, but the only person who stayed in one for any length of time was a one-armed man named Davidson, from Kanaka Bar. He came over from Kwoiek one year during the 1930's and used Walter's Jack Thompson Creek lean-to as a base for prospecting. Walter didn't mind because he treated it well and left him some bacon and flour.

Unless you know the West Fraser mountains it's difficult to describe the hardships involved with going alone into a trapping or prospecting territory and staying there for long periods of time. The trail from the mouth of the river to Stein Lake was long, winding and often narrow. It was well worn but it passed through steep canyons and over numerous rock slides and creeks. Frequently, in winter, it was icy or

flooded and the hard hooves of Walter's horses became skates under them. Once, just past Earl's Creek, Walter lost a packhorse and a whole outfit when the horse stumbled and slid down the bank into the river. The snow in this region often fell so heavily that Walter had to use his snowshoes to dig down into his lean-tos, and each trap he set needed a shelter built over it so it wouldn't be buried by the snow. Walter's traps were usually set in the timber, along the creek bottoms where most of the animals are found, but if he came across a deer or goat carcass he would set traps around it for coyote, cougar or lynx. He trapped beaver in the river above the rapids of First Canyon or Second Canyon where the water was relatively calm but the beaver were generally small, as "bank" beavers often are, and he valued them mostly for their musk glands which he boiled with rum and water and then let sit over the summer to sprinkle on his traps and snowshoes. He told me this concoction would mask his scent and attract the animals. Walter also told me that boiled beaver testes made an excellent medicine for fighting lung disease. He used it on occasion and recommended it highly.

The value of beaver pelts may have opened up the Canadian West but in the twentieth century fur market marten was the money maker. Walter could get as high as \$115.00 per pelt in a good season and this was at a time when many people worked for a dollar a day. The second best price was for mink which once went as high as \$90.00 a pelt. Whereas Young and Urban Hicks preferred red flannel and rotten salmon eggs to attract marten into a trap Walter's favorite marten bait was mice.

Walter normally used three horses to pack his pelts out and provisions in and he always made sure they were packing a load. If the trapping was poor he'd shoot deer, dry their meat in strips over a fire, then pack it out to feed his family. Walter says he could bring seven deer

out this way in one trip.

As you might expect six weeks alone in remote wilderness during winter can be an intensely lonely experience. The trapping is usually done in the valley bottoms where the dense vegetation along the creeks and rivers provides food and shelter to the fur bearing animals, but the short days of winter are even shorter here because the sun rises late and sets early over the high, steep mountains. You might only get four or five hours of sunlight on even the clearest days. The long evenings would normally be spent skinning and stretching hides if you were lucky or feeding the fire, smoking a pipe and staring into the darkness if you weren't. At times the stillness of remote wilderness can be so total you can just sit and listen to the rhythm of your heartbeat, and the flapping wings of a bird flying by becomes a startlingly loud noise.

Eerie things can happen too. One night while staying at his main cabin Walter heard a strange noise coming from the river and he thought it sounded like someone crying. His horses were spooked and wouldn't go near the sound but Walter felt he had to check out what was making this noise. When he went to investigate the sound seemed to come from out on the river ice but it was too dark to see clearly so he felt his way out there and found nothing. Walter tells this story matter-of-factly, but sitting there looking at him and listening to him you know that for a woodsman with his experience, to feel so absolutely sure he was hearing a human voice that he would go out on the ice and search for it - in the dead of night - it must have been very convincing.

Fortunately for Walter he wasn't always alone. When he was at his main camp he had his horses to talk to. They were not great conversationalists but, like all pets, they reacted to words and gestures, and you felt a sense of communication. Walter had favorites among his little

herd who attracted his attention by being either more affectionate or harder working than the others, but all of them had distinct personalities and those that were especially good at their tasks became objects of fierce loyalty. They traveled in and out of his territory with him but most of their time was spent hanging around the cabin while Walter worked his various trap lines.

One locally well-remembered winter in the late 1930's was particularly severe. The snow kept coming down until it was extremely deep and, to Walter, this seemed to coincide with a noticeable increase in the activities of wolves. There had been a growing plague of wolves in this area for half a dozen years. Although sightings were rare in the 1920's, by the early thirties they were on the increase and during the mid-thirties they showed up in large numbers and became very bold - even wandering down into ranches along the Fraser River. Many long time residents blamed it on the southward advance of the moose, which were just moving into this region, but once the wolves arrived and discovered mountain goats and bighorn sheep in herds ranging up to sixty animals, they stayed and quickly multiplied. By the early forties the sheep on the West Fraser below Lillooet had disappeared and the goats were nearly gone, and once these animals disappeared the wolves followed suit. It would take the goats over thirty years to recover and the sheep herds and wolf packs never have returned, however, for about a decade from the early thirties to the early forties there were very large, very hungry wolves roaming the back country.

Walter didn't really mind the wolves. It took him some time to get used to their howling but that was a personal thing. To him the important fact was that they didn't bother his traps, like a wolverine would, stealing the animals he'd caught. It was a fact of life though, understood by both parties, that any wolves within range were in immediate jeopardy from

the .351 Winchester self-loading rifle that Walter always carried. They were still viewed as competitors.

Walter's little trio of horses were spooky around wolves but they were very hardy and used to looking out for themselves. Few wolves would last long within striking range of the horses rock hard and lightning quick hooves, or so it had always seemed.

This winter the excessive snow in the valley, before and during Walter's stay, meant the horses could only keep trails open around their feeding area and watering hole. If they got off the beaten path they had to leap to get through the deep snow. It still wasn't a major problem. They had room to move and shelter in the trees. The deer were abundant and a lot easier for the wolves to catch. The main trail remained open. Walter wasn't worried.

Nevertheless, he found it was becoming more difficult to ignore the wolves. They howled every night, sometimes just outside his cabin, and he would see their tracks around the horses in the morning, always maintaining a respectful distance, until one night when that all changed. For some reason there was much more howling than normal and it kept getting louder and wilder. The horses were obviously nervous. Walter sensed something was about to happen and he was just checking out his rifle and loading a spare clip when the attack came.

The wolves charged in a wave and drove the panic-stricken horses out into a clearing where they floundered in the belly deep snow. The wolves were lighter and with the big soft pads on their feet they stayed up on the snow's crust as they darted in and ripped at the throats and hamstrings of the horses. Walter threw on his coat and hat, grabbed his rifle and bull's-eye lantern, and ran out into the night. When he got within sight of the horses his lantern lit up the eyes of the wolves flashing all around him.

There was already one horse down and the others were screaming in pain. He started shooting almost at once and he stayed out for hour after hour continuously circling the area with his lantern and rifle... snapping shots at fleeting shadows. When it came light he counted five dead wolves around his horses.

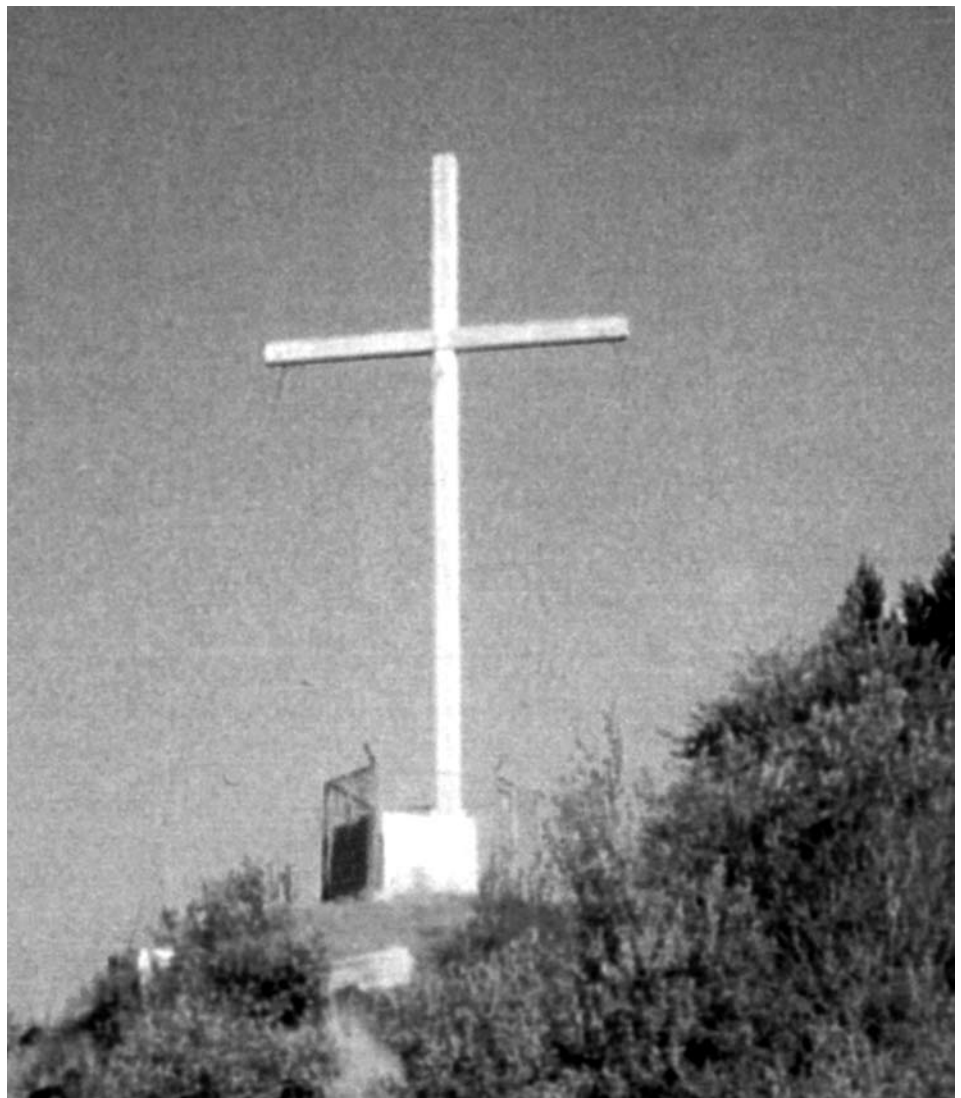
He had lost one horse but the others would survive so he proclaimed himself the victor and skinned out the five wolves, marveling at the size and richness of their pelts, and the only thing he found unusual about the wolves was that their feet were full of deep cuts from the ice. He always wondered if that may have had something to do with the attack. Regardless, their hides alone would make one full horse pack. At the time Walter was getting forty dollars for a prime marten and they were just tiny so he was sure he would get good money for the wolves. As it turned out he got one dollar for each set of ears. That being the bounty paid by the government. No furriers wanted wolves so he just hung them on the wall of his shed, at home, and left them there to rot. He proudly showed me a picture his wife had taken with a Kodak Brownie camera of himself with the five hides slung over his back and all you could see of Walter was the brim of a hat with a pipe sticking out beneath it.

Walter's life was full of adventure and he had more than his share of narrow escapes but his lengthy stretches away from home, particularly in winter, created a hardship for his family as well. One such occurrence was especially rough.

Walter had promised his wife that he would be home for Christmas. The trapping was good that year and prices high so he intended to stay right until the last day but on one of his last days he slipped on the ice while crossing the river and fell hard on his knee. He knew right away that he wouldn't be going anywhere for awhile. Christmas came

and went and so did New Years. Walter's wife was getting frantic so she contacted the Indian doctor, who gave spiritual as well as medical advice to the local people. In keeping with the traditional practice the Indian doctor requested an article of Walter's clothing to sleep on so he could have a vision of Walter's fate. Walter's wife complied and after a full night's sleep the Indian doctor arose to announce that Walter was dead. Of course, the family was shocked and went into mourning at once. Friends and relatives gathered to comfort them and prepare for the potlatch while plans were made to go and recover the body. As part of this plan a large steer was slaughtered and the hide was removed and tightly rolled to keep it from hardening up. The skin would be used to wrap Walter's body in and skid it out over the icy trail and the meat would provide food at the potlatch. Finally, after all the preparations were made, the Indian doctor along with some of Walter's closest friends set out on the forty mile journey to retrieve the remains.

As luck would have it, by now Walter was feeling better. The weather had been good and he was getting stronger each day so he figured he might as well start for home. He reasoned that there were other cabins he could hole up at along the way if he got too lame to continue, so he packed the horses and slowly took to the trail. Walter knew his wife would be worried and when he came around a bend in the river and saw a group of his friends out looking for him he wasn't all that surprised. But when the local Indian doctor stormed up to him cursing and threw a rolled hide at his feet - and then stomped off down the trail, he had to admit he was more than a little stunned. His friends, who were happy to see him alive, explained the situation, and Walter gave each one of them a prime marten pelt (worth eighty dollars that season) in appreciation of their friendship, and they all went home to a joyous celebration.



## Fraser Canyon's Alpine Cross

In Switzerland the alpine cross is a tradition on the mountainous hiking trails.

This enduring symbol of hospitality and welcome, located on the hill above the Canyon Alpine Restaurant, has rapidly become a Boston Bar landmark.

The old wooden Alpine Cross has recently been replaced with a heavy duty aluminum one. The original cross was crafted and designed by Bryan Kerr from one single wooden beam and erected in May 1992. The cross was lit for the first time in April 2002.

The new cross was constructed by IMW Industries in Chilliwack and mounted August 6, 2005. A crane was brought in from Abbotsford to ensure that ev-

erything relating to the new placement went smoothly.

The new cross is lit every night for six hours. A card titled "Alpine Cross - a beacon to weary travellers" depicts the cross and relates the story on the back flap. The cards are designed by Patricia Davison and are available for purchase in the Canyon Alpine district. The proceeds go towards the cost of lighting the cross.

The locals missed the cross when it was down as most of us from this area know that when we see the cross, we are almost home.



# St. Bartholomew's Health Care Centre



*Hospital staff at sod-turning for present Lytton hospital, 1937:*

*Left to Right: Phyllis Dalton, R.N., Margaret Dunstan, Tillie McIntyre (laundry); Lizzie Joe; Mrs. Royal (cook); Jock Muir (maintenance); Lorna K. Richmond, R.N.; Ruth Price, and Mrs. Munn (mother of Rev. Eric Munn). Courtesy of Lytton Museum*

*Submitted by Dorothy Dodge*

We did an article in our November 2004 issue, entitled 'Remember Our Hospital'. At that time things looked pretty bleak. Since then many people have fought hard on Lytton's behalf and now there is actually a buzz of activity around and under and over the new site. Do we dare to believe...?? It only took 13 years!

**THEN:** [ca 1935] the staff of the old hospital did the 'sod-turning' for the building this community has used as our hospital from 1937-2001. They were a happy, smiling group looking forward to a 28 bed acute care hospital with its own modern operating room, up-to-date kitchen, laundry and lab, plus much more. How they even managed with the small building they had before is a mystery. Even with the 'new' building, when I came here to work in 1947 the hospital was overcrowded to

the point of having 3 or 4 beds in the upper hallway!

**NOW: July 13, 2007.** After 13 years, since the plans for the new hospital were first announced, we had another sod-turning ceremony. It was an exciting day, seeing all those nice shiny new shovels biting into the ground, all those smiling faces promising a new Health Centre/Assisted Living Facility for Lytton.

The work is going along nicely now – we even spotted the Community Administrator- Thompson official, Ms. Linda Basran scrambling around the site, complete with hard-hat and yellow vest, keeping track of the goings-on!

The real celebration will be the Grand Opening of the St. Bartholomew's Health Care Centre/Assisted Living Units, sometime in the Fall of 2008, bringing the communities of Lytton and area into the 21st century!



*Dignitaries at sod-turning for new Lytton health Centre, 2007:*

*Councillor Amy Charlie, Lytton First Nations; Yale-Lillooet MLA Harry Lali; LFN Chief Byron Spinks; TNRD Chair John O'Fee; Health Minister George Abbott; Andrew Noonan; Lytton Mayor Chris O'Connor and Lytton Site manager, Jennifer Thur. Photo courtesy Sarah O'Connor*



# LYTTON MUSEUM AND ARCHIVES

## Chair Person's Annual Report 2007

2007 has been another good year for the Lytton Museum and Archives.

The unfortunate train crash of summer 2006 resulted in the recovery earlier this year of several important artifacts from the Thompson River, including a train truck and several train car parts dating from the early 1900s. These items are the property of the Lytton Indian Band, and have been kindly placed on loan with the Museum. We are presently looking into cleaning, sorting and cataloguing the items in preparation to moving them to the Museum back yard for display.

We are presently preparing plans for the back yard of the Museum. We are investigating enlarging the outside display area and moving the tracks to provide easier access to the back yard for the public, especially handicapped visitors who cannot presently get past the tracks beside the building. We hope to have these plans completed in 2008.

The Village of Lytton provides us with a building and property to house the Museum and has generously provided wages for summer staffing, however we also rely heavily on volunteers and benefactors. It is the constant efforts of the members of the Museum and Archives Commission and the other volunteers, who clean, build, plan and help out all year long that make our Museum work. Our benefactors, from those who leave a few dollars when they visit to those who make substantial donations give us the funds to buy the materials and equipment to organize, store and display our collections and to plan our larger projects. It is impossible to operate the Museum without funding and we have been blessed with many

generous donations.

We will have three newsletters published this year and our Curator, Dorothy Dodge, must be congratulated for coming up with topics that reflect current happenings around the community.

2008 will also mark the entry of our archives into the internet community. We have about a hundred archives pictures presently online at <http://www.lytton-museum.ca/archives/>. While we are editing the descriptions of the pictures and the search function, the link will be private. Everyone is welcome to try out the new feature, and we will put a direct link to the archive photos when the descriptions have been proofed.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the volunteers who have put hundreds of hours into maintaining and improving our Museum and to once again thank all of those who have donated artifacts, pictures and funds to the Lytton Museum and Archives.

It is truly our community that makes our Museum.

Thank you all.

Richard Forrest

Chair, Lytton Museum and Archives

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## The Lytton Ferry Déjà vu??

This summer we had much unrest due to the V.S.A. Highway strike/lockout which cut the ferry hours drastically and left the Westside residents 'high and dry' - pun intended.

While searching for interesting historical tidbits I came across the following article from "The Province" newspaper, 1967 - 40 years ago! It really is about time the ferry was declared an essential service.

*Quote:* "Persons living on the west bank of the Fraser River, at Lytton, have accused highways Minister Gaglardi of sentencing them to a harsh and underprivileged existence.

In an open letter to the Minister, Mrs. Ruby

Dunstan, chairperson of Anxious Mothers of Lytton, says Gaglardi has isolated 260 people from participating in their community.

He has done so, says Mrs. Dunstan, by refusing to grant an extension of the Lytton Ferry operation from 7am to midnight.

Residents of Lytton have been "shocked and angered" at Gaglardi's statements that he is reluctant to grant the extension because of a possible increase in beer parlor traffic, says the letter. It further accuses Gaglardi: "Your refusal to provide an adequate ferry service is not because of the cost, but because of your attitude towards us who are most dependant upon the ferry. It goes without saying that you have no right to deny a group of people a right which was extended to all citizens of B.C. by the Attorney General's Department more than 15 years ago."

The letter adds: "The adult education committee with assistance from the Indian Affairs' Branch and in expectation of longer ferry hours, had arranged bus services to bring the people of the west side to night school during fall and winter months.

"You have prevented that. Parents", the letter continues, "cannot bring their children to movies or concerts because there is no way to get across the river at night with a family.

Only God can help the adult or child who gets sick or injured during the 14 hours the ferry is closed. You have sentenced us to a harsh and underprivileged existence. And then you say we drink too much.

The letter concludes: "We cannot give up now, Mr. Gaglardi. Too many of our people have been deeply hurt by the accusations and insults of the past four months for us to give up without achieving a safe ferry service.

"We appeal to you in the name of all that is decent and humanitarian to consider this problem in terms of your department's responsibility for the safety and well being of our people".

Gaglardi was not immediately available for comment." *End of quote.*

Thank goodness that common sense prevailed and ended this dispute in 2007, to the advantage of the Westside residents.

# LYTTON MUSEUM AND ARCHIVES

## Curator Annual report

November 27, 2007

This year, so far, we have had 972 visitors to our museum, from all over the world. It always amazes me how far they have come, and how interested they are in our history. However, I'm sure we learn at least as much about their countries as they learn about ours. Two facts are always constant: they marvel at our scenery and also our space!

This year we invested in post cards for sale and they are very popular. We also brought in two books for sale; 'Widow Smith' and 'Archdeacon Small'. These are sold at bargain prices and are also very popular. (And make excellent gifts!)

Group visits this year included a class of students from Stein Valley School, the Ambassador group for their annual history lesson, and two or three bus tours. Former Lytton residents who dropped in were the Chong family, the Al Graham family, the Manders boys, Mrs. Isobel Glasgow, and many more.

Research projects kept us pretty busy this year. There were the usual requests regarding the St. Georges history, the Byron Earnshaw family, the Watsons, the Clemes family, and of course, Chief Spintlum and Simon Fraser. One lady needed information on a teacher at St. Georges and left us with a thick folder on the research she had done elsewhere. There is usually one project a year that stands out and this year it was in the form of a bundle of photographs received from Saltspring Island. Some of the photos were definitely of Lytton, some I sent on to Banff, and some of the Antill family. After much searching and several phone calls we discovered that the Antill photos actually belonged in

Lytton, related to the Clark and Dimond families! This is the sort of thing that makes archival work exciting.

We now have over 1800 photographs in our collection, including the latest from Harry Smithers, the Van Dyke family and the Saltspring Island donation.

We purchased new equipment for the museum – a small fridge, a new printer/copier/fax, and a new scanner. Also purchased were two series on Simon Fraser, from the Vancouver Sun, written by Stephen Hume.

New artifacts received were an old gasoline/oil meter, two railroad switch keys, an adorable brown bear (stuffed!), some old-fashioned light fixtures, and a wooden-spoked speeder wheel (now, now, one man's junk is another man's treasure!). We also have a 1913 car licence, porcelain finish and all!

Our volunteers and helpers this year are our most valuable assets! Anna-Marie Adams and Tom Peglow worked from mid-June to end of August – very popular and hard working. Their wages were paid by the Village Council and LFN. This enabled us to provide help keeping the Caboose museum open, also. Volunteers were Robert Bolan, Joan and Richard Forrest, Marie Heaster, Peter McArthur, Valerie Ablett, Lois Brooks, Irene and Jim Steer, Peg and Joe Chute, Tom Peglow, and Ernie Wagner. We had Burt Glasgow bring up the railroad and dredge artifacts from the banks of the Thompson River (yet another volunteer!) and they are stored in the Village compound. Now we need more volunteers to help our railroad expert, Robert Bolan, clean these pieces up and set them up on the museum grounds. Don't be afraid to offer help!!

Our latest recruit to the volunteer unit is a computer whiz! Peter McArthur has often done Internet searches for us in the past, and now spends 2 or 3 mornings a week greeting visitors, doing 'searches', and he and Marie Heaster are now orga-

nizing our maps. (God is Good!)

Our greatest financial backer is the Village Counsel. They pay our summer students, provide heat, water, light and maintenance for the building (which they also provide), and they are at present building a fund to help refinish the outside of the building. Without them we wouldn't exist.

Our serious fundraiser is our Museum Christmas luncheon, which is held at the Parish Hall on December the 12th, 11:00 am to 2:00 p.m. We will have the new newsletter available for sale, and the St. Bartholomew's Health Centre Auxiliary will also be there with their bake sale. This year Joe Chute will be setting up a small display of his trains for all to enjoy, so we hope to see everyone there.

Our other source of funding is the generous donations that come from time to time. It is this funding that allows us to purchase the special materials needed to preserve our archives and to replace equipment that becomes obsolete.

We hosted our annual "Tea and Talk" afternoon during Heritage Week in February and will be doing so again in 2008. This is always a great success, a chance to visit and share photographs and stories with our old-timers, a chance to pig-out on delicious goodies, and to enjoy the museum itself. Everyone is always welcome, so please watch for the posters.

We are officially closed October 31 to March 31. However, if you want to visit the museum at any time between those dates, just PHONE me @ 455 2268 for an appointment. If I can't be there I'll find someone who can!!

See you Dec. 12 at the Parish Hall.

Submitted,

Dorothy Dodge

Curator.

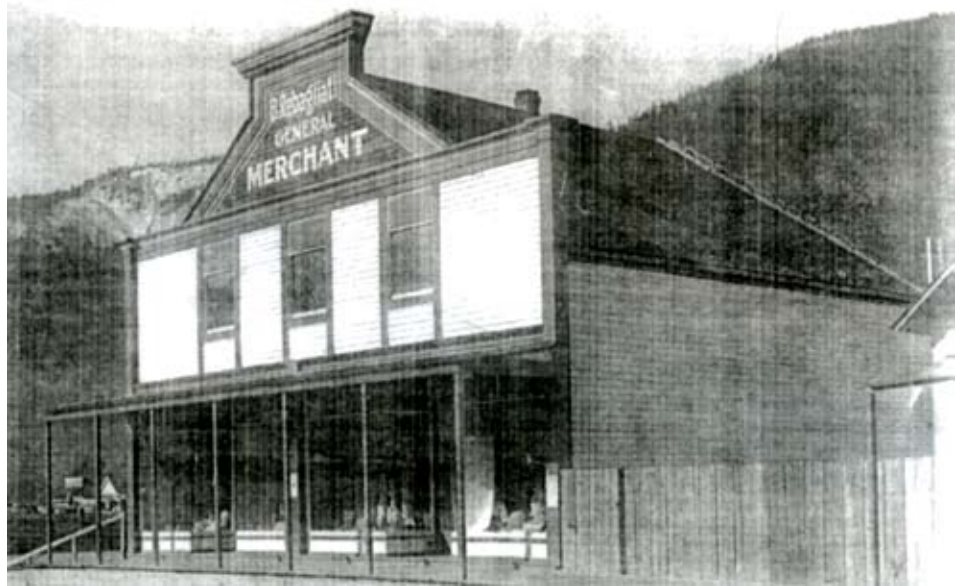
## Did you know...?

Once upon a time that sad looking building on the Main Street, just down from the Village Office, was a thriving General Store?

It started out as BR's General Store, and it sold everything you could possible need. It sold groceries, hardware, dry-goods, jewelry, shoes, toys, and they had a delivery service. Next door, there was a meat market. They were open six days a week, but closed ½ a day Wednesday and all day Sunday.

In the late 1940's it was sold to Wilson Miller, and became Miller's Store. It burned down in 1949, but was rebuilt by Wilson as a much more modern store.

Miller's sold out to Oscar Beck, of the Lucky Dollar Chain, and Mr. Beck hired Stewart Hubbard as store manager. The Grand Opening of the Lucky Dollar, in 1963, promised a "completely renovated" store, and through the adjunct of the Lytton Meat Market, claimed the business as a one-stop family shopping



*The new 1913 B. Rebagliati (BR) Store, built by Charlie Mills.*

*From a photocopy courtesy Douglas Rebagliati now closed, as of 2006.*

centre.

In 1972, Peter Chong bought the business and it became a hardware store. If they didn't have the product you wanted, they got it for you within a day or two.

The Chongs sold the business to the Lytton First Nation Band in 1986. It is

What will happen to this building now? Renovations are on-going – will we again have a much-needed hardware store? We can dream!



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## What Is It?

This small artifact (1 3/4 inches or 45 mm high) was found in loose backfill. A couple of hints: it is solid metal and is used when it is attached to something else. A photo from the top is below.



*Our What Is It? shown with a looney for size comparison.*

*Photos courtesy Richard Forrest*