

LYTTON MUSEUM

and ARCHIVES

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“The Rivers” 1958 Yearbook

Submitted by Peter McArthur

While searching the past for interesting items or memories I came across the Museum’s collection of Kumsheen Yearbooks.

One yearbook from 1958, (50 years ago!) particularly caught my eye. It has a section titled “Literary Efforts” and was written by Grade 9 and Grade 12 students.

The first segment is a winter scene that could very well have been written about the Lytton area in 2008; the next two segments actually record important vignettes of our Native history, and the last item is a bit of tongue-in-cheek humour!

A Winter Landscape

Virginia Baker, Grade 12.

The Winter landscape was a picture of dazzling whiteness, serenity and quiet. The snow was at once a blanket muffling any sound that dared to interrupt the quiet of the scene and a mirror dazzling any eyes that dared to look upon it. The hills that had once been craggy and sharp were now gracefully molded and curved in the folds of the new-fallen snow. The trees that had once been barren and shivering were now fairies dancing in and out among the hills in their cloaks of warm, soft snow. A lazy meandering



stream only added to the peacefulness of the scene as it wound around the hills without a ripple of sound, reflecting the untouched beauty of the scene. Over all lay the feeling of deep content as when a sleepy child has cuddled down into a warm and comfortable bed.

Picking Seaweed

(Yearbook picture not available)

Lawrence McKay, Grade 9.

Seaweed is one of our Indian foods that looks like spinach, but does not taste much like it. Every Spring about

ten or twenty families go camping to pick seaweed. In some places out on the camping grounds about four or five families share three houses. Whenever the tide is very low the women and boys who are twelve and over get up very early in the morning to go picking seaweed. Sometimes they go a long way from the camp, leaving the girls to look after the younger children. By the time the women and boys get back the girls have dinner ready because the women and boys have to go out right after supper to spread the weed on the rocks to dry. In a short time the seaweed is dried. Then it has to be chopped and packed. The seaweed is chopped on a large, smooth wooden block with high cardboard edging. Salt water is kept nearby to dampen the seaweed, to make it easier chopping. After it is chopped, the seaweed is left to dry in the sun. Then it is packed into cans.

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Strawberry Picking



Elizabeth Swakum, Grade 9.

At the beginning of every summer, people, especially women and children who want to earn extra spending money, go strawberry picking in Washington.

When they get to their camps and get settled they start picking. At night they go to sleep as early as possible. The alarms go off at about five o'clock in the morning in the cabins. People wake up and make fires, rattling pails as they get water from a tap nearby. Soon the smell of bacon, eggs and toast fills the air. By six all the people are ready to go on the bus if the patches are a few miles away. Sometimes, if the patches are near the camps they start picking right away. As the sun starts to get hot some of the pickers get lazy and children may start a strawberry fight. If the pickers are near the camp they go there for lunch, if not they bring their lunch and have a sort of picnic of ham and chicken sandwiches and soft drinks, pies and cakes. After such a good lunch it is hard to go back to work because by now it is getting

very warm. The mothers usually pick while their children trot back and forth bringing in carriers to the ladies who punch tickets. About the middle of the afternoon the people stop for a bite and a drink. For the first few days everyone is sore from bending and are very glad when it is quitting time.

When the pickers get back to camp everyone tries to get a shower and the store is so crowded you can hardly move. After awhile you can smell all kinds of suppers, fried potatoes, pork chops and occasionally burned rice or some such thing. When everyone has finished eating and dishes are done the women visit and the children play until bed time. It is the same thing the next day, hard work, but it is a lot of fun.

The efficiency of our police force



Barry Boch, Gr. 12.

The efficiency of our police force had always gone unquestioned until Sept. 19 about 4 p.m. It was just about then that

an intruder appeared in our peaceful village. After much harassing from dogs, it finally took to the trees for refuge where it only became a target for rocks and other objects hurled from various directions by juveniles with a distorted sense of humour. It was then that the local constabulary, bristling with armaments and munitions, warily approached the scene, where, after much confusion and discussion, it was decided that the offending monster should be dispensed with. Carefully selecting their weapons, which included a twelve-gauge shotgun and a thirty-eight caliber revolver, the tranquility of the afternoon was suddenly shattered by the three mighty blasts and the offending intruder fell to the ground, slain from its temporary quarters by the fearless arm of the law. Then two burly constables rushed in and removed the carcass from the scene. It was a baby porcupine.



2008 is the 200th Anniversary of Simon Fraser's trip down the river that now bears his name.

He arrived at the Stein River and stayed the night at a village there, then was invited to the big village at "Camchin" (Lytton) on June 19, 1808.

His round trip from Fort George to tide water and back took 71 days.

BEFORE DISCOVERY

On the bank above where the clear water of the Thompson joins the muddy brown water of the Fraser stands the little village of Lytton. Today Lytton has a population of about one thousand Indians and Whites. It depends on the railroads, construction, and the Indians for existence. But it is not always so. The history of Lytton is typical of that of many of the small towns along the Fraser River. Those who pass by on the new Trans Canada highway or by either of Canada's main railroads, seeing only a few bull-lags and a typical British Columbia Indian reservation do not see or care of the interesting story that lies behind those buildings.



The beginnings of settlement near Lytton are lost in the dim mists of pre-history. Small carved stone figures such as illustrated which pre-date the Indians are now found in the neighborhood of the town. These are found in few places in British Columbia, such as in the Saanich Peninsula and near Nanaimo. In these latter places there are carvings on the rocks which are somewhat similar. They usually indicate that the place was

at one time a position of some cultural or religious importance.

All the figures are alike. They consist of a man or woman kneeling holding a bowl. Down the back there is a reptile which fashions itself into a headress. The most obvious use of these figures would be as some type of incense burner.

Some anthropologists and historians believe that these were left by the earlier people who came from Asia and finally found their way down into Mexico. The fine carvings on these as well as some of the designs resemble those found in ancient Aztec or Mayan ruins. These ancient people had moved on long before the present Indians, whom some reports say were chased here by the Blackfeet Indians off the Prairies, arrived.



The Garbage Gobbler. Once a familiar sight along the Scenic Fraser Canyon Route, this last example is still used at the Ashcroft Tea House.

Christmas Luncheon



On December 12, 2007, the Lytton Museum and Archives held it's annual Christmas Luncheon.

Hosted by volunteers, we provided soup, sandwich, dessert and beverage for over forty people.

Again, with the participation of the St. Bartholomew's Health Care Auxiliary holding their bake sale, the luncheon was a success.

Photos: above courtesy Richard Forrest, right courtesy Tom Peglow.



THE DESCENT OF FRASER

The present site of Lytton was first seen by white men in 1808. Simon Fraser had been ordered by his superiors of the North West Company to explore the great river. Accompanied by John Stuart, Quesnel and nineteen voyageurs he travelled down the river

At the forks where the Thompson meets the Fraser he came across the principal village of the Thompson tribe, Skilkumcheen. Here he christened the clear river after his friend, David Thompson, believing it to be the river Thompson had found earlier.

It was after leaving Skilkumcheen that he ran into the greatest difficulties. In his journals he tells of his trouble- "Here we were obliged to carry on among the loose stones in the face of a steep hill between two precipices. Near the top, where the ascent was perfectly perpendicular, one of the Indians climbed to the summit and by means of a long rope drew us up one after another. This work took three hours, and then we continued our course up and down hills and along steep declivities of mountains where hanging rocks and projecting cliffs, at the edge of the bank of the river, made the passage so small as to render it, at times difficult even for one person to pass sideways.

The accompanying diagram gives some idea of the difficulty



EDITOR'S NOTE:

Unfortunately, none of the stories in the yearbook are attributed to an author. The illustrations which accompany the stories are likewise unattributed.

If anyone can remember who wrote these stories, who drew the illustrations or where the pictures came from, we would like to know.

Museum - 250-455-2254



~~ Frank Gott, Hero and Villain ~~

by Ross Urquhart

Sitting on the divide between Cottonwood Creek in the Stein and Blowdown Creek on the Duffy Lake side, and towering over the surrounding country, is Gott Peak. In the last twenty years it has become well known because of the tote road which snakes past it through the seventy - five hundred foot pass on its way to the Silver Queen Mine. Hikers and backpackers swarm the area during the summer because of easy access and beautiful scenery, and as they climb to the top of that imposing mountain to gain the truly breathtaking view I have little doubt that few know the amazing and disturbing story behind the man for whom the peak is named - Francis (Frank) Gott.

Frank Gott was a Lillooet Native Indian who was a legendary big game guide for many years. It was said he could carry his own weight all day long and cover more ground than a horse while doing it. He was tough and knowledgeable and, as the story goes, afraid of nothing. His life had been hard and his adventures many by the time he was sixty - two years of age but that year was 1916, the Great War was in full swing, and Frank wanted badly to be a part of it. When he showed up to enlist he said he was forty - seven and with his newly dyed hair and naturally youthful looks he could pass for it easily.

He was posted to No.3 Company of the 102nd Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force which was later to be named the "North British Columbians". If sometime you happen to get a look at the badge of that Regiment you'll see an Indian head predominantly displayed there. The model for that head was Frank Gott.

By all accounts Frank was a great soldier. Regardless of his age he was

in tremendous physical condition and anytime someone teased him about his years he would challenge them to a ten mile run. When he went overseas and into the trenches at Flanders and Ypres, and other famous battle sites, he fought with a cool professionalism that was much admired by others. Once, in a particularly terrifying situation, a young officer scrambled down into a trench Frank was occupying and, seeing Frank, asked him if he was scared, to which Frank casually replied that he wouldn't have missed this for anything. A short while later he was made a sniper, given a special rifle, and told he could move about and take up positions overlooking enemy movements. That suited Frank just fine. He would stay patiently in one spot for hours waiting until enemy soldiers moved out into the open for a few moments where he would pick them off with a skillful shot. It was what he had trained for all of his life, only it wasn't sheep or goats he was shooting at now.

Unfortunately for Frank the army eventually found out his real age...or so they told him. What is actually the case is that Frank developed tuberculosis. He begged them to let him stay but they wouldn't give in and Frank was shipped home. They also told him that he was the oldest Canadian soldier to see active service during the war. Frank was justifiably proud of his contribution and wore his soldier's cap for many years afterwards while guiding hunting tours around the mountains as he took up where he left off in his former business.

His next notoriety came when the game department started getting tough on hunting seasons and bag limits in the late 1920's and early 1930's. In 1930 a game warden named Albert Farley rode into Frank's camp one day and caught him with an out-of-season bear

in his possession. He was charged and had to pay a fine and he never forgave Game Warden Farley for catching him. A couple years later when Frank was guiding Jimmy Dalton and Raymond Miller on a hunt in the Bridge River drainage Albert Farley again rode into his camp. Just the year previous, the game department had decided that all deer shot would have to be tagged, but some of the old timers still didn't recognize this law and Frank was one of them. The first thing Albert Farley did when he rode into camp was walk over to a fresh deer hide and ask Frank where his tag was for it. It's hard to say what was going through Frank's mind at the time. It might have been that he figured Farley had it in for him or the fact that he was seventy - eight years old and dying from tuberculosis. We'll never know because what he did was get his rifle and shoot Farley twice in the back. He had no intention of trying to hide it afterwards. He gave his gun to Dalton and his horse to Miller, told them he was done for, and walked into the woods.

The hunters quickly went to the nearest police station and reported the crime. A squad of police and game wardens were organized to hunt him down but they all realized that Frank would only be found if he wanted to. He knew and traveled those hills too well to get caught unaware. Men were detailed to watch the major routes in and out of town and one evening, a few days later, two men saw Frank coming along a bank above the Bridge River. When they approached him and told him to surrender he replied, "I'm a soldier and I never surrender!" He kept coming towards them and they could see a knife in his hand so they fired a warning shot in front of him. When he turned and started to run they fired again and he was hit in the leg and

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

In 2007, at the request of member Gwen Miller, we reported on the whereabouts of several of our Kumsheen Secondary students of the past and where they were 'at' in life. Over Christmas, through letters, cards and news articles we received more information. We pass this on with great pride and sincere congratulations to those involved.

Dorothy Share writes: "Sean is now an R.N, working in the Winnipeg Hospital on the Cancer Floor. He graduated in June, 2007."

(Way to go, Sean!)

The Canadian Pharmacist Association:
June 17, 2007 (Ottawa):

As part of its Centennial celebrations, the Canadian Pharmacists Association is recognizing 100 pharmacists who have made significant contributions to building the association and the profession of pharmacy over the past 100 years.

Eleven B.C. residents were among the 100 pharmacists recognized at the recent CPhA conference.Among them, one of Lytton's own....

Dale Dodge (Oliver, B.C.) continues to be active in promoting the value of pharmaceutical care and an expended role for the community pharmacists.

(That's our boy!!)

From Barb and Mark Rebagliati:

Mark Rebagliati is a descendent of one of the original pioneer families of Lytton, and although he travels all over the world, he and his family still keep in touch with our community. Quote from their Xmas letter; "Mark continues to be very busy with work. In 2007 he traveled to Afghanistan, Dubai, China, Tibet, Mexico, Alaska, Arizona, Ireland, London, Chile, Peru, and to northern B.C.

Mark has received some awards of recognition:

2007 Thayer Lindsley International Discovery of the Year for the Pebble Deposit in Alaska;

2007 China Mining Explorer of the Year Award for Xietongmen project in Tibet.

And Feb. 2008, The AIME-SME Robert M.Dreyer for International Economic Mineral Discoveries

Their Xmas letter is at the museum for anyone interested in coming in to see. Mark and Barb also made it to the Arctic this year AND to Lytton for the Chute's 50th Anniversary!

Mark's son, Ross Rebagliati, is now in Kelowna, where he is Director for Snowboard and Ski Operations for Kelowna Mountain.

Beth Hamilton (nee Dolman)

The Dolman family at one time owned the 20 Mile Ranch, Lillooet Road. Vera Dolman, who owned the ranch, was also a School Board Trustee for School District #30, and was killed in a tragic accident above 14 Mile.

Beth assumed guardianship of her four siblings and they moved to the lower mainland. Eventually Beth married Neal Hamilton and they run a Cranberry farm on Vancouver Island.

Beth sent the following email about her sister, Francesca (who we all knew as Franny):

Quote: Francesca is my next younger sister (Trish is the youngest) and she is a Key Makeup Artist in the Film Industry, with over 27 years in the business. She has such series as Andromeda and Poltergeist, to name two, as well as many feature films in her list of credits. She has been nominated 3 times in the last 5 years, for the prestigious Gemini Awards, and won twice. She has also been nominated and won the

less-well known Leo awards, which are B.C. industry based. She has appeared as a contributor in several industry magazines. Fran also worked on the TV movie "Pictures of Hollis Woods" shown on CBS Dec.. 2nd, starring Ms Sissy Spacek, and claims it was one of the best experiences she's had to date.

Francesca goes by the name Von Zimmerman. Watch for her name in the credits!

Congratulations, Franny!!

Trish Dolman is Beth's youngest sister.



Taken from The Vancouver Sun's "Whistler film festival preview":

Trish Dolman is celebrating the 10th anniversary of Screen Siren Pictures this year. She's come from working alone in a one-person office to running a busy production house with feature film and documentary credits and seven employees.

Dolman, 37, began Screen Siren Pictures in 1997, working alone out of a small office in Yaletown with a limited amount of start-up capital. A contract

producer for Discovery Channel, enabled Dolman to pay the bills through her Discovery projects...

Those early projects included documentaries *Ice Girls* and *Britannia Beach*, as well as the company's first Feature *Flower and Garnet*, which was a major milestone for the company.

In December, 2007, 'Reservation Soldiers' aired on CTV, a documentary which showed how some native youth see the military as their only career opportunity. The second film screening at the festival this year is *Luna: Spirit of the Whale*, a television movie.

Trish's mission is to focus on quality and social relevance. Her films cover a range of subject matter in her documentaries and part of her mandate is to always find new talent. The Vancouver Sun article is available at the museum, and contains much more detail.

Congratulations, Trish!!



Frank Gott, Hero and Villain

Continued from Page 5...

dropped. Other police heard the shots and came running and together they carried Frank down the trail and into Lillooet from where he was transferred to Lytton Hospital. He died later that night, not of the gunshot wound, which Dr. Poyart said was only superficial, but of tuberculosis.

He was so popular in the area that the manner of his death caused quite a stir. Many thought the men who shot him should have been charged with manslaughter even long after they had heard the circumstances of the shooting, but an inquiry cleared them of all wrongdoing. It still left Lillooet with a bitter last memory of one of their greatest heroes.



Birthdays BC in 2008

A few dates of interest gathered by Stephen Hume, Vancouver Sun.

200 Years Ago

In 1808, Simon Fraser travels more than 1500 kilometres in 71 days and becomes the first European to travel the river that now bears his name. Fraser was invited to "Camchin" on June 19, 1808.

180 Years Ago

George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Co., begins on Sept. 17, 1828, a historic journey down the Fraser River, beginning at Fort St. James and ending in Fort Langley.

160 Years Ago

The Forestry Industry begins in B.C. with the construction of a sawmill at Parson's Bridge, near Victoria, in 1848. The industry will eventually become a colossus that in 2006 generated \$13.5 billion in exports and employed 82,000 people.

150 Years Ago

On April 25, 1858, the steamship *Commodore* arrives at Fort Victoria, with 450 passengers, mostly American miners, who launch the Fraser River gold rush.

130 Years Ago

George Walkem is elected Premier on a platform advocating secession from Canada if the Federal Government doesn't get cracking on its promise to build a railway to the West Coast. B.C. got it's railway!

80 Years Ago

In 1928 an unknown Vancouver sprinter named Percy Williams ... wins double gold over 100 and 200 metres at the Amsterdam Olympics.

(Editor note: Percy was well known in the Lytton area and often used to stay at the McKay ranch in Botannie Valley.)

Lytton in 1958

In 1958 the government of the day published the *British Columbia Official Centennial Record*.

From the events listed there we find:

The Holiday Theatre presented "The Magic Nugget" by Poppy McKenzie in Lytton on May 16th.

The Fraser Brigade, a re-enactment of Simon Fraser's journey of 1808 stayed at the Stein River overnight from June 19th to June 20th and then visited Lytton, staying until the morning of June 21st.

The North Caravan, one of two Historic Caravans carrying displays of historical exhibits, stopped in Lytton on June 18th.

The Canadian National Railway Museum Train passed through Lytton. Did it stop? The schedule shows a stop in Boston Bar on July 31st and another in Spences Bridge on August 2nd and 3rd.

Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen played Lytton on October 16th.

VOLUNTEER!

Lytton has many volunteer groups, including the Museum.

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



JOIN THEM TODAY!

What Is It?

In the November 2007 issue of our Museum Newsletter we included a photograph and asked our readers if they could identify the object pictured.

We had a great letter from “The Ashcroft White House” (residence of Rev. Jim White) in which he not only identified the object, but also explained how it was used. We have included excerpts of his letter, and thank Jim very much for his participation!

Quote: “*The item on the back page under “What is it?” is a drill bit for hard rock mining – or for drilling blast holes when making a highway, etc. The drill bit fits on the end of a piece of usually octagon steel, which in turn is plugged into the pneumatic drill. When the teeth dull, one could simply replace the drill bit instead of the whole length of steel.*

If one knows what they are looking for, an earlier version of the drill bit was a sharpened piece of steel with the crowns



on. The way that one was used was called “Two man Jacking”, with one man hitting the steel with a large hammer, while the second man was holding the steel, and turning it one quarter turn after each hammer blow. Usually a piece of steel used in this kind of

drilling had one end flattened out from repeated hits with the hammer, while the other end still has some of the crown left. Back breaking work!”

Thanks, Jim. Now we know!



THE FRASER CANYON

The Fraser Canyon rough and rugged stands,
And some are hesitant to visit there,
“The place,” they claim, “was hewn by Satan’s hands,
There is no doubt he still inhabits there.”

The winding roadway threading Canyon, sheer,
Disrupts their thought, instills their hearts with dread,
The over-hanging ledges stoke the fear,
Providing added panic in their heads.

Activity can swiftly ride the place
From raging fire loose on mountainside,
Or avalanching snow or granite face
All take your measure. Teach respect and pride.

And, unaccustomed eye is loathe to gaze
Upon the churning river far below,
Some easterners prefer to live their days
Beyond the Canyon edge on meadow, low.

But I am one who knows the Canyon well,
For many years was cloistered by its walls,
Upon me there was cast a certain spell
That lingers since I left the massive halls.

The mountains hem like hushed, protective cloak,
Embracing the puissant, watchful wings,
While teasing summer breezes lightly stroke
And to the soul a welcome solace brings.

My heart has known the tug of quiet joy,
My eyes have feasted of the grandeur there,
Superior are the years I did enjoy
The place of rock and resin-scented air.

The place that offered beauty, peace of mind,
I know I shall revere until the end,
Though waters tumble, roadways climb and wind,
I found it not forbidding, but a friend.

By June Koropecki