

LYTTON MUSEUM

and ARCHIVES

September 2002

420 Fraser Street, Lytton, B.C.

Issue 3 Number 2



*Simon Phillips hunting marmot in 1958.
© Beverly Phillips - used with permission*

THE PHILLIPS BROTHERS WOUND A DEER

As promised in our March Issue, we are including another of Ross Urquhart's wonderful interviews with pioneers of the past. We hope you enjoy this one as much as we did.

Written by Ross Urquhart, printed with permission.

When I talked to Simon Phillips in the late 1970's, he was still a very able man. He wasn't tall but he was square, and upright, and he carried many remnants of his once muscular appearance over the length and

breadth of his eighty-five year old frame.

As we talked of his life farming and trapping he was patient and polite, almost shy, but there was a brightness in his eyes and enough of a smile on his face to hint at more than the bare facts he was giving me. There was a certain energy to him, a projection of the adventure and fun to be gained in everyday living. After meeting Simon it became easier for me to believe the story I had heard about him from a mutual friend, and over the years it has remained one of my favourites.

Simon's family lived on the West Fraser about halfway between Lytton and Texas Creek near the mouth of Siwhe Creek and down Cattle Valley Creek into the Stein River Valley. Most of what Simon's family couldn't grow they gathered, fished and hunted for. When it came time to sell their wares, and shop for the few goods they depended on a general store to supply, they had to row across the Fraser River, towing their horses behind them, and ride the twenty miles into Lytton, which was their nearest shopping center. It was not unusual during spring's floodwater or winter's ice floes not to get to town for months at a time and, consequently, they became very frugal



*William Phillips with his horse team.
© Beverly Phillips - used with permission*

and self-reliant people.

On one memorable morning, when Simon was still a young man, his younger brother William came rushing into the house and announced that he had just seen deer feeding around some brush piles they had been stacking the night before, as part of clearing a nearby hillside. They had no refrigeration in those days so the opportunity to acquire fresh meat was always welcome, and this sounded like a prime opportunity.

Simon picked up his rifle and headed back with William.

As they approached the brush piles

they could see a good-sized mule deer feeding on the slope above them. It was fairly open between them and the deer, and a long ways, but Simon had confidence in his shooting ability so he prepared to make the best of this opportunity. He found a solid rest for his rifle, took his time getting ready, and finally squeezed off a shot.

The deer immediately jerked and went down but managed to struggle behind one of the piles. Both Brothers could tell it was hit hard and their first thought was to run up the hill and finish it off. However, Simon had a small problem. He didn't want to use more than one bullet on the deer because he was running low and he didn't know how long before he would get any more.

The brothers talked it over for a few minutes until Simon figured he had a solution. He turned to William and said, "You take the rifle and slowly walk up on it from here. If the deer's alive it will be watching you. I'll circle around behind it, through the woods, and sneak up and jump on it with my knife. It it's still too strong, I'll shout for you and you can run up and shoot it."

They both agreed that this sounded like a good plan, especially to a couple of young men looking for a little home-grown excitement. Simon took off on his run around the edge of the clearing while his brother began walking very slowly and deliberately in the direction of the deer, pausing every few steps to give Simon time to get there.

In just a few minutes Simon was nearing the spot so he crouched down and started moving slowly and quietly through the remaining timber. It

was tough going because of the underbrush but soon he was approaching the freshly cleared opening. Suddenly, he could make out the outline of the deer lying beside a brush pile. Its head was down and it wasn't moving but Simon decided not to take any chances. He slowly drew his knife from it's sheath and crept to the edge of the woods. He burst out into the clearing at a dead run towards the deer. Immediately the deer started to get up but just as it gained its feet Simon pounced and drove his knife deep into the Mule deer's vitals.

As Simon explains, things became a little fuzzy after that. Fur and blood flew in every direction and it didn't necessarily all belong to the deer. Simon was holding on with one arm, wildly swinging with the other, mostly in self-defence, and whenever possible, shouting for William. In the meantime he was continuously being kicked, bitten, dragged and, in general terms, getting the thrashing of his life.

After what seemed to him like an hour (but was only a few minutes), the deer began to weaken and, at last, collapsed and died.

Simon, with his clothes in tatters, and covered with blood and dirt, rolled off the carcass and looked up to see his very wide-eyed brother staring down at him.

Simon was the first to break the silence. "You know," he said calmly, "There was a whole lot more life left in that deer than I thought."

"Yes," replied William, "but there wasn't any at all left in the one you shot!"

HAVE YOU NOTICED THE NEW CAIRN FOR THE LEGION?

The old cairn on the Caboose Park lot was slowly disintegrating to the point where it was becoming a danger to the children who loved to climb on it, so the decision was made by the Legion committee to replace it.

The Volunteer Firemen offered to pay for the new bronze plaque to be installed on the new cairn, as a community service. We owe them a big thank you!

Gordy and Rod Ablett are building the cairn, and are doing a great job. When they took the old cairn down they were very careful to examine the inside 'cone' and the base of the cairn. For those of you who heard the rumour, there was NO time capsule enclosed!



MUSEUM MEETINGS

Museum meetings are usually held the fourth Tuesday of every month.

Watch for posters.

Everyone is always welcome, and if you would like to become a member, let Dorothy Dodge or Joan Craig know.

Membership is only five dollars per year and is a great way to show support for the Museum!

Our next meeting is:

SEPTEMBER 24, 2002.





LET'S HEAR A CHEER FOR THOSE HARDWORKING VOLUNTEER FIREMEN!

In the '40's, '50's, and '60's, we oldtimers lived through many disastrous fires in Lytton. We had a tiny shed with an old 'firewheel' as our only equipment, and the whole town fought fire, driven by fear, not experience.

It's a different story now. We have a fire hall, with two fire trucks and lots of equipment, and we have trained volunteer firemen, who are also doubling as the search and rescue team. These men and women are called out at all times of the day or night to fight fires, rescue people in vehicle accidents, look for lost people, and much, much more. They meet every Thursday night for practices, and still find the time to take courses and learn new techniques.

The firemen have also been holding Bingos in the Legion Clubroom to raise money for extra equipment, etc,

but they also use the profits to help out in any way they can in the community. The Legion is the latest recipient of their generosity, as they have made it their responsibility to pay for the bronze plaque on the new cairn.

Thanks, guys and gals! We really appreciate all you do.

NEWS FROM THE BOSTON BAR/NORTH BEND ENHANCEMENT SOCIETY

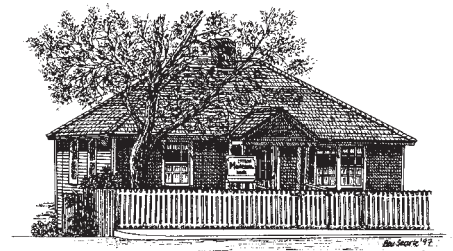
Our neighbours in Boston Bar and North Bend have formed the above society, which will eventually include a museum. They really have their work cut out for them, as they have boxes and boxes of pictures to identify as well as many artifacts to catalogue. The following news item was sent to us by Joan Blakeborough:

The BBNBES will be holding their first fall meeting on September 16, 2002, at 7:30 pm at the Boston Bar Community Hall. All are welcome to attend and new memberships will be available.

We will be introducing a newly appointed chairperson at the meeting. We will also be seeking a committee to oversee the designing, construction and placement of two WELCOME TO BOSTON BAR signs.

Our local editor of the Fraser Canyon Express paper ran a contest for a local flag this Spring and we would like this design as well as the Boston Bar Logo, (designed by Bernd Dessau) on the sign.

During the summer months the new Play Ground equipment for the Family Place play centre was put in place. The staff is now in the process of purchasing a computer, with CDs, more books, and toys for the centre. Play school will be re-opening on September 17, 2002. Contact Margaret Hendriksen at 604-867-9501 for more information.



Museum Happenings

We have had many artifacts and pictures donated or loaned to our museum over the summer.

The biggest collection being the artifacts and archival materials resulting from the closure of the St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The closure of the courthouse also enlarged our collection, with two beautiful totem poles, carved by Jeff Earl and Victor Adams.

Alice Munro loaned the museum her precious collection of Indian Baskets, as well as many household items, such as an old gas lantern and a gas iron. Makes you really appreciate electricity!

Our one BIG problem is becoming a lack of space.

Our museum garden committee put together a very colourful garden on the corner of our front lawn. It was a great visitor draw, and really brightened up the front area.

We were able to hire a student, Stacy Thom, for the summer, thanks to the generosity of the Village Council.

This allowed for regular opening hours through the months of July and August. These were two busy months, with approx. 800 visitors from all over the world.

Stacy was a most efficient worker and the visitors loved her.

Early Times In the Botany Valley.

Rose Baker, (nee Pudney, nee Loring) came from a true pioneer family, whose grandfather, Deloss Loring, homesteaded the Loring ranch in Botanie Valley. At the time of this interview Rose was the owner of the famous Copper Kettle Cafe on Main street Lytton. It was a fabulous place, with walls covered with artifacts of the area and the best food in the country. I remember Rose Baker as a wonderful cook, a gracious hostess, a storyteller, and I especially remember her for her great hats!

Because of the length of the tape we are printing half the interview in this issue and will tell 'the rest of the story' in our next issue. Enjoy!

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 endeavoured to maintain the original sentence structure and vocabulary, editing only for clarity.

Mrs. Rose Baker recalled the following happenings:

"Mr. Deloss Lorenzo Loring, my great grandfather, was born 1818 in the state of Virginia U.S.A. He travelled 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 1912 at the age of 94. He really saw the early history of this country, and also of the States.



Rose Baker serving customers at the Copper Kettle Cafe, Lytton.

© Lytton Museum & Archives

His pack-trains, along with those of another private packer, a Mr. Oppenhiemer, and the Hudson Bay Company's own brigade-trains, were the largest pack outfits in this country at that time. From Lytton he packed up the Botanie Valley over the Clear Range, (High Mountain then down Upper Hat Creek), and on to Clinton and north.

Deloss Loring went bail for a friend who skipped the country, costing him his entire outfit. Never told his family who his friend was or what he had done.

Grandpa started from scratch again. He left his wife and 2 children in town while he hued down the forest on the property to build a small log house in the valley. In the spring (date unknown) he moved his family into their new home in Botanie Valley. He called it Botany Valley after the many botanists who collected the wide variety of flowers there. (Actually the Indians called this valley 'Pootanie')

The Indians called it the valley or lake of many flowers. The Indians also made their annual trek up there to dig roots and pick berries for the

winter. The lake is about 12 miles north of Lytton, in a very beautiful valley.

Mrs. Rose Baker went on to say, "I was born in Nanaimo. My father had came out from England to farm, like many young Englishmen did at the time. Father went to work for the widow Smith at Spence's Bridge where he met my mother. Widow Smith had become quite well known as she had sent a display of her apples to the Royal Exhibition in London, England, and Queen Victoria had asked for Widow Smith's apples. Many young Englishmen became acquainted with her orchards and came out to Spence's Bridge looking for work. Lytton being my mother's home town, she and dad were married and farmed here at Lytton.

My grandfather was the only local man in this country with a formal education, until the remittance men from England started to settle in the country. Some were quite useless at earning a living.

Grandpa entertained anyone who came through the town, like Pauline Johnson (the Mohawk poetess who wrote 'The Song My Paddle Sings'), Judge Begbie, and many other notables. The first church services were also held at their home by the all ministers, Archdeacon Small and Archdeacon Pugh, (Anglican) and Father Le Jeun (Catholic). Both whites and Indians came. It didn't matter who came, they all held services there.

Grandpa was a farmer and didn't prospect for gold. He was only interested in building a beautiful home in the valley for the 8 girls, and 8 boys in his family. When they out-

grew his small log house, he built a 20 room log house. He prospered on the 160 acre farm, with 200 cattle, and 100 pigs, along with a few sheep (much to the cattlemen's horror), chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, a butternut tree, a smoke house (most necessary), along with an ice house. He lived very nicely and comfortably in Botanie Valley, building a place similar to his home in Virginia.

My mother often told bedtime stories to the children, about her father's pack-train adventures in the early days: "He, (grandpa) had heard that there were local bandits about so on one trip when he was packing gold out of the mining camps, he took grandmother along. She carried the gold in a belt around her waist and under her skirt, a most tiresome and heavy chore.

On the trail they met a couple of very presentable young men who asked if they could travel along with them to Yale, as there were bandits about. They were most helpful when it came to doing camp chores. Grandma was riding side-saddle and the young men helped her on and off her horse, as it was difficult to mount with all the extra weight of gold around her waist. Bandits were honourable men in those days and would not attack or harm a lady. Later, when they arrived at Yale or Westminster they heard that their travelling companions had been the sought after bandits!"

Rose continued: "We had wonderful bedtime stories. Another story was:" While travelling from Virginia to California Grandfather's party was lost for many days on the great American plains. When they ran short on food they shot and ate a



Rose's grandfather Deloss Loring
© Lytton Museum & Archives

crow, after roasting it over a spit. He said that bird was very tough and stringy. Later they killed and ate a rattlesnake, which was much better eating than that old crow was. In later years grandpa would offer to get a local rattlesnake for supper, but his children looked on in horror and refused to even think about it. I think he made more than one trip across the desert as grandpa often spoke of coming across another time as a (wagon) scout.

He was a very particular man who wore a Van Dyke beard, a short man, his wife was a head taller than he was. I remember him as a white-haired, elderly man, with bright twinkling blue eyes. He worked on the farm doing everything till the day he died, making harness, working in the blacksmith shop, fixing things, he did all that sort of thing.

The family grew up helping-out on the farm, most of the girls married

and went down to the States, one sister in Florida with her husband on an orange grove. Another married a teacher in San Francisco, California. The boys stayed mostly at home working on the farm with him.

That's where my mother grew up. She was one of the younger girls, and enjoyed life on the farm with its beautiful flower garden. There were lots of horses to ride, parties to attend in the nice big house; it was very comfortable.

Another bedtime story mother would tell: " In the early days, when we were the only family in the Botanie Valley she cooked in a great big fireplace, before we got a cook stove in the kitchen. So before Grandpa went away hunting or selling cattle on a business trip, he always brought in a great supply of very pitchy (pine) wood for kindling. He told his wife that if she ever heard any noise on the roof to quickly build a great big fire in chimney, as it could be marauders from the Chilcotin. With the doors and windows barred they would try to drop down the chimney but only if the fire was small." I suggested they should have put iron bars in the chimney, but mother replied that iron bars were much too valuable to put in a fireplace. We would have used them to make nails in the blacksmith shop. I have one of those square nails around here some place.

Another winter grandpa and his partner were packing gold out of the Cariboo on foot when they came upon a Chilcotin Indian encampment along the river. (*This was just after the Chilcotin Indian wars and the Indians still resented the intruders in their lands*)

Grandpa was a good skater, and had brought their skates along, as it was faster and easier than walking along the river. They stopped in a willow grove, and completely covered themselves with willow branches, then skated very fast past the encampment without difficulty. Years later they heard that the Chilcotin's never camped there again, as fast 'spirits' with long stiff hair travelled over the ice without any footprints, only long scratches in the ice.

Grandma's children would come back to the ranch and bring their families for Christmas and other holidays. One time, I remember there were 30 children at the ranch and we all sat in the dining room for dinner. It was just like a hotel.

Christmas time at the Botanie Ranch was a wonderful time and the family celebrated in the old English style, a roast piglet with an apple in its mouth, a sideboard with everything you could think of: turkey, goose, ducks, pies, cakes, and with a huge great tree. The house was decorated for parties and dances, just a wonderful time.

The rooms were huge, with the dining room and living room on the main floor and all the bedrooms upstairs. Mother said we were a big family with 16 children and needed a big house. Off the dining room was a wonderful pantry and storage cellar where jars of fruit and pickles were kept, milk and jugs of cream to churn into butter, just a grand place!. It was all built with rock and then whitewashed. A huge great kitchen with a great big stove with an oven for baking home made bread and cakes - we loved it in there.

My other grandmother came from Victoria. Her grandpa had come by ship to this country. We don't know too much about grandma's side of the family. My great grandfather was killed in the old log parliament buildings in Victoria, which later burned down. He knew he was going to die so he told his wife that there was enough money for her lifetime and enough to educate the children in the convent.

When the oldest boy was 18 years old, they were all brought home and told that there was no more money and that there was no farm. The farm in question was Beacon's Hill Park. That was never told to great grandma till after the old parliament buildings had burnt, and their family records lost. The Roman Catholic Church had somehow come in possession of the park and gave it to the city of Victoria a hundred years ago (ca. 1860). The family visited several Hudson Bay Posts looking for the records, and one of my aunts, who had married a C.P.R. contractor who, "had scads of money," even went to England searching for the lost records. That's all I know about the story. Great-grandma was about 25 years younger than her husband and a very beautiful woman.

I didn't know any of my great-grand parents, as her mother was one of the youngest children in the family. When I knew my grand parents they were both elderly.

Dad came out from England to pioneer and farm, but really didn't know too much about farming. When he got tired of farming we would move into town, then after a while mother, being a farm girl, they would soon move back to the grandma's farm.



Rose Baker as we remember her — with her trademark hat!

© Dorothy Dodge

We children were scared to death of her, but she was really a kindly old tarter. She had a white team of horses. When we knew her she was about the age of 75.

She would say to Uncle Alphonse, "Get my team". We all watched and knew what that meant, a camping trip for us up to Botany Lake. She and the girls, my aunts, would pack the democrat (*buggy*) of hers full of every thing. Grandma would give us each a small pail or an Indian basket and off we would go to Botany Lake. Along the way she would stop and say, "There are some good raspberries in there, go and pick some."

Whenever she went camping she would have her boys build her a shack, as she didn't like sleeping in a tent. It would have a great big kitchen with a stove in it, and a second room with bunks on the walls for the younger ones to sleep. She would have my uncles go ahead and put up a tent so the older ones could camp out in a tent.

There was always a great cook stove

in her camps, so that she could make juicy raspberry pies for us children. And that's the way I make pies to day, just the way grandma made them. (The author remembers those great juicy pies being served in her Copper Kettle Restaurant on Main Street, Lytton)

She ruled her own children rather strictly. She would never let any of us children get out of line. She had a switch, which she used on us kids, and it didn't matter whose kids they were, she'd always smack us if we needed it.

Grandma would not let her family come to the table in their work clothes till they washed and had put a coat on. I remember her going across the road with her (spy) glasses to overlook the farm. She'd then ask my Uncle Alphonse, at the dinner table, things like, why the fence was still down across the back field.

Us kids wondered if we would be as old as Uncle Alphonse was before our mothers stopped getting after us at the table. Grandma was a kindly old Tarter, but we were a bit scared of her.

After grandpa died she managed the farm, and in later years she would sit on the big porch that ran along the front house and seemed to know everything that went on.

When the big house burnt they were all so busy saving water records, deeds, taxes and that sort of thing that they forgot grandpa's beautiful big book with the local histories and signatures in it. It and the family bible sat on a lectern in the living room. We lost everything.

To be continued...

Transcribed and edited by Graham Everett, Lytton, B.C.

ELECTIONS, ELECTIONS, ELECTIONS!

This is the year we all go election crazy!

In the month of November we have the Municipal elections where we elect the Mayor and four Councilors.

Area "I" voters will elect a TNRD representative.

A School Board member will be elected.

The Lytton & District Chamber of Commerce will elect a President, Vice-President and two Directors at their General Meeting in November.

And, most important of all, The Lytton Museum and Archives Committee will elect a Chairperson, Vice-Chair, Secretary, and Treasurer.

Take part in our community by being a participant in the decision making that puts our community on the map!



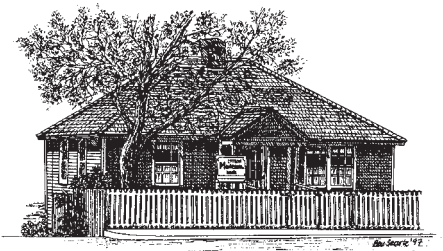
VOLUNTEER!



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!



DID YOU KNOW THAT:

- We have a FRESNO in our collection? What is that? Come and see!
- We have 34 museum memberships? Come and join us.
- We have had 1,050 visitors so far this year?
- Displays of photographs from our museum picture collection are hanging in the Hotel and the new library?
- Last year's summer employee, Gillian Cure, had a gorgeous baby girl in September.

She weighed in at 10 lbs. 14 oz and her name is Maya Elizabeth. She is beautiful, according to Grandpa Chuck *and* she was born in St. Bartholomew's Hospital!

Way to go, Gillian!

- The drawing of the Museum that we use throughout the Museum Newsletter was done by Bev Searle, a former Lytton resident, in 1997 as part of a series for the "Lytton — A Short History and Walking Tour" booklet.

The booklet gives an interesting short history of Lytton, originally written by Ross Urquhart, and a walking tour of the Village, pointing out many interesting sites.

The drawing is copyrighted by Bev and is used with permission by Freedom Graphics, Lytton, B.C.

Thanks, Bev.

A MESSAGE FROM STACY THOM

Hello! I was the summer worker at the Lytton Museum and Archives.

I was just writing to let all of you know how much I enjoyed working here.

When I first started working here I thought I knew most of Lytton's history, but in fact I knew only a little piece of it. I feel I know a great deal more than I started out with but I still don't know all there is to know about Lytton.

I can only hope my future jobs will be as pleasant as this one was.

I have met people that were just wonderful to talk to and those that didn't want to talk. I hope that you will stop by again even though I won't be there.

Bye.

Stacy Thom



*Stacy Thom with two very old Indian digging sticks, used for digging roots
[ca early 1900's]*

CURATOR'S NOTE:

Stacy was a wonderful help this summer.

She had many chores to do, keeping us clean and tidy, and weeding the gardens and the track, all done willingly and with a smile.

What Stacy really excelled at was talking to the many visitors. Judging from the comments in the Visitor's Book, they enjoyed her as much as they did the museum!

MUSEUM HOURS

Unfortunately, we are back to 'hit and miss' hours, whenever the volunteer Curator can get there, usually between 10:00am and 1:00pm. However, please feel free to phone (Dorothy Dodge, 455-2268) if you would like to visit or make an appointment to visit.

Anyone want to volunteer a couple of hours a week or more?

It really is fun meeting people from all over the world.

LYTTON MUSEUM and ARCHIVES

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