

LYTTON MUSEUM & ARCHIVES

420 Fraser St., P.O. Box 640
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2015 Issue #2

Unlocking Lytton's Past

SNIPPETS THIS ISSUE

Kenny Glasgow's memories of working at Peter Chong's store raised the question of what food prices were in the 60's. The snippets are from actual 1960's ads, taken from the UBC Historical Newspapers collection.

When comparing these prices to those of today, keep in mind that as of January 01, 1965, the (legal) hourly minimum wage for adult workers in B.C. was \$1.00.

We are pleased to announce our smiling hosts, Tom and Dereck, will have the Museum open every day, June 23 - Sept. 8



Guy Lundstrom photo

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Tribute to Peter Chong
Spences Bridge Disappearance
Did You Know...
Baskets
What's the Difference?
Curio Corner

Happy Birthday to us..

Happy Birthday to us....



The Museum is 20 years old this year.

It officially opened July 1, 1995.

The Museum was started by a small, but very dedicated, hard working group of people, including Dorothy Dodge, Joe and Peggy Chute, Val Ablett, Mary Sitko, Richard Forrest, Joan Blakeborough, Chuck Keeble, Joan Craig, Berit Rasmussen, Lois Brooks, and Sylvia Vandenbos.

By 2005 the museum had 43 members, 13 who lived outside of Lytton.

This year we have 69 members, 31 who live outside of Lytton.

Our birthday will be celebrated on June 30 at our Members Only Annual Potluck Dinner at the Parish Hall.



Hope you can join us!





Kenny Glasgow's Tribute to Peter Chong

When Peter Chong celebrated his 90th birthday, at Kumsheen Rafting, with family and friends, Kenny Glasgow presented the following tribute. He did a repeat performance at this past January's Chamber of Commerce Annual Dinner. So for some of our readers this will be the third time - but it is too good not to share with those too far away to attend either of the above events.

Thank you, Kenny, for sharing your memories and many thanks to Valeria Allison for transcribing the tribute.

Hell-low everybody. I was asked by Bernie Fandrich to say the speech I had for Peter Chong, a great friend of all of Lytton and a great friend of mine, on his 90th birthday at Bernie's place, Kumsheen.

For Bernie believed it would be great to hear it again and upon Bernie bending my arm physically and bending my mind mentally-- I vibrantly agreed! And then Bernie whispered in my ear that it was a masterpiece! And I vibrantly agreed again! Anyway, here it is!

I worked for Peter, Alice, Jack, Beatrice and Peter's mother while in school, grade 10, 11, 12 and for 2 years more after school was finished with me. They were great people to work for, to be with and to have fun with, in short—they were perfect!

Now there were times, Peter and I would be working on a Sunday and in the basement there was a kitchen where we had tea

breaks. Well Peter would whip in there and build us some bolonie sandwiches for lunch and looking across that table with that great laugh of his—he would tell me “We are sure living high on the hog!” And to this day I have never seen anybody that could drink tea as hot and as quick as Peter-- a boiling kettle dumped into a cup, add a tea bag and drink it right there! I learned to drink hot tea, but never, never a match for Peter. Nobody could go through a cup of tea like Peter, no one!

Then during the day, at any time – Peter with that perfect laugh would say “We got to cut expense, got to cut expense.” And I know if this world could run the way Peter ran the business—we would all be living high on the hog!

And when T+H freight truck with all the store's groceries would come, Bobby Hurley at the controls, he would back the trailer up to the basement window where we placed a 12 ft long board from the basement floor up through the window out on the sidewalk at about a 45° slope and it had a colour, a polish, a slippyness from the thousands of cardboard boxes of freight that had slid down upon it. So that board was fast--you had to be quick at catching the boxes of groceries and at the same time be piling them up in good order. And we would all be working at a good pace, nobody was fooling around. Then Peter would yell out “Can we pick up the pace?” and I would yell back from the basement floor, “You dam right Peter we can pick up the pace!” And now Peter with his full volume of laughter would throw that freight down that



chute as fast as possible, it was like flashes of lightning, it was intense, exciting and above all else it was alive! For Peter could always make a boring job into a fun job by injecting a whole bunch of speed into it. That's the way Peter was in the days when youth just beckoned us on! And work always had the habit of coming alive with Peter at the head end. Now we never beat time, no one can, but we were always right up on its arse.

And the customers, natives from across the river, would come into town once a month, so they would always order in volume, it would be 100 lb. of flour, 100 lb. of sugar, 100 lb. of potatoes and a 100 lb. of rice. Now the flour and potatoes were in the new basement and the rice and sugar would be in the old basement. So Peter would say to me, which basement do you want to pack out of? Well I would make my choice, then Peter would yell out "Let's go! We are racing," so we would run down those stairs, grab a 100 lb. sacks and be coming upstairs full out.

Now I can't remember who won! But it didn't matter. What mattered was Peter could make dead-end work into full throttle fun. Peter was in racing shape in those days and he always, always shared the load with you!

Then there was another time that Peter was showing me a new delivery route to one of the Dunstans up in Alkalai, well we got it stuck in the mud on the road and all the time I worked with Peter he never wore a wrist watch, he was always guessing the time! So Peter started guessing and we started running down that dirt road, then running down the

highway when Alice picked us up. But I know if Alice hadn't come Peter would have run right into Lytton. Because to Peter time was a lot more than strapping a watch to your wrist, then parking your face in front of it, Peter's ideal of time was that it was that one ingredient that made all things possible if you threw energy into the mix and Peter always had energy, he had a full tank of it on board all the time, he manufactured it at will!

And Peter's sister Beatrice always made lunch and if there was a good show on T.V., Peter would give me a T.V. extended lunch break so I could watch it. And Peter would have one of his super quick, super boiling cups of tea, throw a couple of sandwiches down his mid-section and be running down the stairs with another sandwich in his hand, going back to work on duty, full duty and heavy duty. All in all Peter's lunch break hovered around 9 minutes and 10 minutes would be on the outside. No man used time so constructively as Peter, every second was accountable!

And I would not have had my driver's licence so early, if it were not for Peter and Jack. They rode around with me enough so I could get good enough to drive a policeman around the block and I have had my pilot's licence every since. So now I became a delivery boy with the store's pick-up, a 1957 Chevy and there were only 2 speeds that truck ever knew: full throttle or standing still.

Because I had learnt early what Peter always knew—that work was a lot of fun if you dumped a bunch of speed into it. I drove it like a race car, always infringing upon that total



edge of panic! And in all the times I drove and delivered I had only 2 wake-up calls of Why don't you slow down and wake up! Once at the East End of Lytton, I turned so fast and hard on the highway to go west, that all the groceries were hurled across the 4 lanes of the highway, the traffic wrecked everything. I bought all the groceries to replace them, but I was lucky in 1 way, not one steel grocery basket was destroyed by traffic.

Then the next time in the dark, in the snow, in the back alley, in reverse running full throttle with no back-up lights, my head hanging out the window trying to see, then suddenly I hit, a sudden stop. I got out dazed as my head had slugged that door quite vibrantly and the customer opened his house door yelling "What the Hell are you doing?!" Here I had hit his car, knocked out the headlights and re-organized his grille.

And all the groceries and baskets had quite rapidly flowed out from the pick up box and onto the customer's car, windshield and roof. Why there was broken and spilled food all over his car. So I scraped the mess off his car. And I bought the the groceries and delivered them, this time in a safer manner. And in the end paid for his car's damage which was around 100.00 – a lot of money when you are making a dollar an hour.

And another part of the past that always stayed in my mind was seeing Peter walk down the street, his hat thrown back and kicked out on an angle, those gold trimmed glasses, those dress pants and that old leather

bomber jacket that you knew was going to be reliable for a long time yet! He was without a doubt, a perfect example, living proof of being in total control for whatever life threw at him. He was unforgettably sharp!

And now looking back at Lytton, its people, its times, everything has changed, people have changed and some have gone forever. And only our memories are proof of the way it was and the way it left us for the ways we miss, nothing is forever. For life is an endless parade of changes where we want change, hate change, resist change, love change, NEED change, regret change, anticipate change and fear change...So to Peter – a great friend, a great boss, a great worker and a great teacher, Happy Birthday Peter, it's a brand new change!

Peter Chong
 reacts to
 Kenny Glasgow's tribute.



Dorothy Dodge photo



Bye Bye Bridge

Another instance of disappearing history!

The town originally called Cook's Ferry, was renamed Spences Bridge when the first bridge was built in 1864. But now that part of history is only a memory.

The bridge served the community for 82 years until the Ministry of Transport decommissioned the bridge because it was structurally unsound. Locals used it as a foot bridge to walk over to the 'other side' of town.

The bridge was dismantled bit by bit with the last section removed in March this year. For a donation, one could claim a piece of the railings and decking as a souvenir. The monies raised will be split between the Volunteer Fire Department and the SB community club.

Locals requested a new pedestrian walkway but were told it would be too expensive. The Highway 1 bridge pathway has been extended to Spences Bridge and Highway 8 from Curnow Bridge to Highway 1 was repaved with wider shoulders for pedestrians and cyclists.



Removal of the final span. CFJC photo.

Did You Know... by Dorothy Dodge

There is a cairn which sits on the north end of the Thompson River Campground, just south of Shaw Springs. It is about 30 feet from the Highway and very visible to passing traffic.

I have passed it literally hundreds of times and always thought it must be a sort of survey marker, but a few weeks ago I mentioned it to a friend and we decided to investigate.

The accompanying photo shows a cement cairn, with a metal plaque attached to the south side of the cairn, with this inscription:



Jo Johnson photo

*Near this site on 15 June 1978
 a military vehicle of
 1 Combat C Engineer Regiment
 Left the road and plunged into
 the Thompson River
 with the loss of
 Master Corporal Desforge F.
 and
 Sapper Leblanc J.E.
 May these deaths not be in vain .*

KEEP ALERT - DRIVE SAFELY.

Editor's Note:

The Chilliwack Progress reported this incident after 22 yr. old LeBlanc's body was recovered from the river 2 weeks later. 36 yr. old Desforge was still missing and presumed drowned. Their vehicle was a two and a half ton truck and the newspaper reported CFB Chilliwack personnel were attempting to recover the vehicle. I wonder if they did.



Baskets

The museum often has visitors who are researching a specific person or historical thread. Last year was no exception.

One such researcher was Dion Kaszas, who came and spent several hours with Dorothy, photographing our First Nations artifacts for his research project. His project is partly funded by Dr. Jeanette Armstrong, from the Penticton Indian Band, who holds a Canadian Research Chair position. and is described in Wikipedia as

a Canadian author, educator, artist and activist,... dedicated to the advancement of literature and the arts among First Nations people and the realization and promotion of the distinct artistic forms of Aboriginal people in the international arts and literary community.

Dion's project consists of visiting museums and building a database to inform people which museums house which objects, so those who are interested in Interior Salish culture know which museums to visit. He is also working on connecting basketry designs, tattooing, and pictographs together as a common visual language. See more about Dion's project at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UnQ393yiKqs>



Baskets of the Thompson area were of such a high quality that they were in demand by other tribes. The baskets are made from cedar roots which were split into equal sized ribbons and wound around the splints from the former process. The baskets were built up in a spiral fashion.

They also are known for their complex designs. It is amazing the different number of designs that have been created. Europeans, in particular, are interested in the basket designs and often use basket designs in textiles and other items.

We are extremely fortunate to have had some beautiful baskets donated to the Museum. Several of them are locally made and exhibit the renowned Thompson area weaving skills.





What's the Difference ?

By now you will have received a funding letter from us. It explained what we would like to do to protect our Museum collection of archives.

So how does the Museum decide what is an artifact and what is an archive?

Artifact has a simple explanation - a physical object produced, shaped, or adapted by human workmanship, e.g. an antler button, a tea cup and saucer, a pair of shoes, a wrench, a guitar.

Archive doesn't have such a simple explanation. Archives can include a broad range of material in a variety of media.

Archives might consist of all the following materials:

- public and corporate records ("archives") generated by governments or businesses, or private papers and records ("manuscripts") created or kept by individuals,
- paper documents such as letters, diaries, reports, minute books, or memos, or
- photographic images,
- maps,
- architectural records,
- films and videotapes,
- paintings and drawings,
- phonograph records and cassette tapes, pamphlets,
- newsletters,
- brochures, and
- even machine- readable records generated by computers.

Archives can be subdivided into:

- ephemera: Miscellaneous printed and published materials, such as posters advertisements, broadsides, cards, and brochures, created for short-term use but historically valuable as illustrations of past events or activities.
- manuscripts: (aka Papers) Unpublished handwritten or typed documents. In archives, manuscripts are usually defined as the personal papers of individuals or private groups as opposed to the records of a business, government or other institution.
- records: 1. Recorded information, regardless of physical format or characteristics. 2. Documents or other material created by government agencies or business in the course of their daily activities.

You may also have heard the terms provenance and fonds in connection with museum holdings.

Provenance (from the French word *provenir*) is the chronology of the ownership, custody or location of a historical object. This helps authenticate objects.

Fonds are records which originate from a common source and are kept together.





Curio Corner

curio: a rare, unusual, or intriguing object.

The Museum has a 1920 medical appliance which offers the “curative and restorative powers” of electrotherapy. Manufactured in Toronto, *The Branston Violet Ray HIGH FREQUENCY GENERATOR and Ozone and Sinusoidal Controller* gives instructions where to place the various probes on (or in !) the body to alleviate over 100 ailments ranging from deafness, constipation, backache, indigestion, colitis, diabetes, gonorrhoea, hemorrhoids, impotence, glaucoma, warts, laryngitis, mumps, lumbago, tuberculosis, ulcers, wrinkles, and even writer's cramp.

Today's regulations for truth in advertising would certainly not be met by :

All human ailments, with the exception of certain highly contagious and infectious diseases, can be traced to faulty circulation and impure blood. Two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

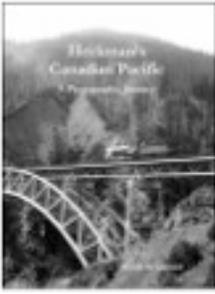
“Shooting Electricity in forces Pain out.”



Attention Train Buffs....

A new book which might interest you. Copies will be on sale at the museum as of June 23.

Heckman's Canadian Pacific
A Photographic Journey
by Ralph Beaumont



Canadian Pacific Railway photographer Joseph Heckman captured the line coast to coast from 1906 to 1918. His more than 4,000 views depicted the railway in Canada's many landscapes, not just the trains and stations, but its steamships, boats, and the people who made the railway run. CP's Corporate Archives have made available 300 historic images for this large format, hard cover book.



360.00 + Shipping in GST
ISBN 978-0-8784002-1-9
Large 9 x 12.5 format
Hardcover
300 Pages + 300 Black & White
25 Maps/Tables, 200 Photographs

Available June 2011 from
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Regular Museum Meetings on the last Tuesday of each month 7:00pm in the Museum.

(no meeting in July, Aug. or Dec.)

Membership includes a copy of each of our newsletters.



Unlocking Lytton's Past

LYTTON MUSEUM & ARCHIVES

(a Village of Lytton Commission) is a member of:



& the BC Historical Federation