

A letter from Linda Heigh, reminiscing about growing up on the Blue Ridge Ranch.

*We lived on the ranch before there was a road to Lillooet. There was a small hand cranked ferry across the Fraser River; I believe the cable is probably still there.*

*My Dad dismantled our Ford 8N tractor, took it piece by piece across the river in the ferry, reassembled it then, with the help of a team of horses, and plowed a makeshift road to our ranch so we could haul supplies.*

*Until that happened, my job was to ride a horse, with a packhorse tied to its tail, to the house, about 5 miles up the mountain, where my brothers would unload the pack and send me back to the ferry. I was four years old. I thought I was a great helper.*

*The school district built a one-room school house about a mile from our house, so my siblings and neighbor kids no longer had to cross the ferry and attend school in Pavilion. I was five years old when I started grade one in that school.*

*It was a rough and rugged life, but we loved it and had great neighbors. Mom and Dad were social people. They hosted weekly card games and parties with Dad's moonshine.... Mom always had the coffee pot on and wonderful bread, as well as meals for travelers.*

*The ranch brand was BR bar. Mom got the idea from looking at the ridge of blue mountains across the river and from her imagination.*

*Mom taught school at Blue Ridge, which was also the name of the school, and Dad got the contract to operate the ferry, so they were able to feed all the people who passed through as well as the many who stayed.*