

Telegraph Creek

When Telegraph Creek began in 1866 as a way-station on a trans-Alaskan/trans-Siberian telegraph route that didn't pan out, it had six hotels and a lot of get-up-and-go. When Edward Hoagland visited it a century later it was still intact with one hundred and fifty people but no hotels. It has retained a sense of self-sufficiency.

Hoagland wrote an excellent book about Telegraph Creek called *Notes From the Century Before*. The excerpt below describes the life-style of John Creyke, who was then 60, quiet-spoken, tall, with "thriving white hair, deep-set eyes and massive ears."

Creyke was a hunter. His trapping territory was . . . to the east along the Klastine River for the fifty miles between here and the head of the Iskut River and including Ice Mountain, a broad dominant volcanic cone of nine thousand feet, then on another twenty miles over an interesting range to the Klappan River and all the way up the Klappan to its source at Tumeka Lake; and up the fork of the Little Klappan as well, to its source at Gunanoot Mountain, which is two hundred miles from here . . . His own assigned territory is twice as large as Delaware, limited though he feels it to be. There was a range of mountains for hunting caribou and another



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for hunting sheep — maybe another for goat. There was a river for salmon and a river for trout. There were rivers after these rivers and ranges after these ranges, uncountable vivid valleys these were, a heaving, pelagic green. Once the knack was acquired it was nothing to go for a month or the summer, lazing along as calmly as a long-distance swimmer and never encounter an end.



Ferry Queen of Burnaby in Horseshoe Bay.