

dammed.

BC, though, like the North, still has some central essence in which man is only a part. Acknowledging its hustling seaport; its vast exploited and exploitable natural resources; its probable populated and industrialized future as Canada's twenty million people double, and double, and double, and double; it is still a place tame enough for man to live, yet wild enough for him to live, as some do. Here is a look at a more slowly changing BC. The following are a few excerpts from a book called *Notes From the Century Before*, by Edward Hoagland, a writer who knows BC well. It is a journal of a trip to Telegraph Creek.

[WAY UP THE STIKINE]

"Mapmakers must enjoy marking in Telegraph Creek. They've had it on Woolworth-type maps of the world and on desk-size globes in the same lettering as Nice or Chicago. It's a town of 150 people in northwestern Canada, 800 air miles from Vancouver, but still below the Yukon and near enough to the coast to have tolerable temperatures, rather like northern New England's, and yet a dry climate."

Telegraph Creek began as a way station in a New York to London telegraph line competing with the unlikely trans-Atlantic cable. The town, supported by two gold rushes, the need for a transit point of some sort, the dream, for some, of frontier living, and "just by the immensity of two Ohios standing empty around," apparently, was a more viable idea than the telegraph. Telegraph Creek, once a town with six hotels and a "Bucket of Blood" block, lives on with a Mountie, a Hudson's Bay store, two rival missionaries, and its own breed of men, some of whom Mr. Hoagland talks about in a chapter called "The Old Man of Telegraph Creek: The McPhoes and the Others."



A DAZZLY MORNING. It's like having a second language to be at home here. I'm a different personality. In the city I overplan, I'm a worry-wart, too punctual, but I came all the way to Wrangell after having been told that the boat was booked full and with no idea if I would find anywhere to live if I did get upriver.

You can recognize the old residents like Callbreath and John Creyke by the cluster of vehicles which have accrued to them, a sign of their having survived. Creyke lives in an empty church, a high fiefdom at the end of Dry Town. A sleepy call answered my knock. I went in. The bed compartment in the corner was surrounded by a

curtain of cheesecloth, and a woman's annoyed voice told me to "Pull it back. Pull the curtain!" When I did, there they were.

Mrs. Creyke is a bulky woman who looks as wise as a gypsy medium, as Indian women who have borne fourteen children frequently do. She rolled over to go to sleep again, but her husband rose. He's a vigorous sixty, quiet-spoken and tall, with thriving white hair, deep-set eyes and massive ears. He's the son of an itinerant, rich Scotchman who had many liaisons during a period of residence of several years. Some Britishers came to be Indian Agents and trek through the bush, some to be officerly missionaries, but this one came purely for fun. Whenever his family sent money for a ticket home, he spent it all, until they had to enlist the assistance of the Hudson's Bay.

Being polite, Creyke rubbed his face awake. He said it was lucky he lived in a church or he wouldn't have room for these wedding parties. He put on a pair of pinstripe pants and moosehide moccasins decorated with beads, and we sat at the edge of the bluff on two logs. Being used to fancy hunting clients from the States, he was doing the favor, simple and unbuttered-up with me. But he liked the sunshine—it was as though he were washing his hair in it with his hands—and the shimmying, wriggling river below. Occasionally he has snagged for Gus Adamson, but he doesn't like this high water; he'd just as soon stay off the river entirely. Hunting has nowhere nearly that danger; hunting and game are everyday life. Laughing, he said he was old enough to start prospecting now. You fiddle around wherever you happen to have set up your camp and see if you stumble on anything—that's what they call prospecting. In the old days he packed for the Callbreaths and Hylands, as well as the outfit that Hudson's Bay had. He took supplies to Hyland Post, which is a fourteen-day trip with a string of seventy or eighty horses, nine days coming back unloaded. His trapping territory was more or less the same as where he hunts now: that is, 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 intervening 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 where we are. He's been south to the Nass, which is further than that, and north to the headwaters of the Yukon, and west to the International Boundary, and east into the Liard River system—one of the iron men, one of the princes.