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There is a hard variety and a mild one, such as Alec McPhee or George Engelmann in Wrangell. It's a matter of style, not of prowess. You can visualize two men gutting a deer. One of them goes at it like a soldier who is stripping a foe, and the other rather resembles a woman poking through her purse, examining what it contains, although she knows what everything is. Marion operated a fleet of canoes and scows on the Dease River to Lower Post, as well as a bunch of wagons and trucks on the tote road between Telegraph Creek and Dease Lake. The Stikine then was a conduit to a vast interior area, before the Alaska Highway. Indians poled and paddled for him, and he managed a Hudson's Bay Post on the lake, buying \$18,000 to \$20,000 worth of furs every year. Altogether, counting the take of the independents and the other Bay posts, \$175,000 in furs used to leave Telegraph Creek in the spring. A village grew up around his cabin, and the small strike on Gold Pan Creek in 1924 provided a lucrative flurry for the traders like him, the pack-train men and the river men. For the miners, however, rushing into the country and paying through the nose, it was a dead loss. They found just another stream with a glittering name and too much gravel and too little gold. The village Marion started is a blank now, except for a single old Indian lady, a Mrs. Asp, who has chosen to stay by her husband's grave. Somehow or other she kills a moose every year and scratches up a potato patch. She can only be

reached by boat, and she is said to be past talking to, if indeed she is still alive. Nobody really seems to know.

His own wife is dead. His children's vacations are marked on the calendar, and he is waiting impatiently. As busy as they are with their families, maybe none of them will be able to come. It's a lonely wait, obviously—no telephone service—and he talks about quitting the Stikine. Except for the Anglican reverend, he's the loneliest man in town, and the only person for whom becoming elderly is an ordeal. He has a sarcastic mouth, used to getting things done, and piercing blue eyes, bushy white eyebrows, a purple nose, which he rubs, and an energetic voice, and he sits here reading an old *Maclean's* magazine for the seventeenth time. He says he bought a ranch on Shakes Creek for his kids; built an oil house for fuel and a mouse-proofed grub house, both on the river, with the ranch house set back, which the bears have ripped through several times now. But nobody took the idea up; it's all gone to scrub and jackpine. He wears clean engineer's clothes, a railroad man's cap, and little springs wrapped around his arms to hold up his sleeves. His stove and floor are polished to shine. He tells me about the spring cleaning he held—had a native girl in and supervised.

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