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CANADA

TODAY / D'AUJOURD'HUI



BC

[A CANADIAN TIME MACHINE]

British Columbia has been part of the Canadian federation for one hundred years this year, and celebrations of its beauty abound. But there really is no need to eulogize the grandeur of BC: the name conjures up images enough. Nor is there any need to protest, in BC, that Canada is a modern nation—not just a vast and wild wilderness. Let Ontario do that. British Columbia, by its sheer force, is still a vast wilderness. And because it is, it is becoming less so.

Where people generally go, it is perhaps as developed as the western U.S. Where natural resource exploiters go, further back in the interior, you can see their tracks—especially from the air. Bulldozed seismic lines crisscross the wilderness, and lumber has been taken visibly from the forests. Still, you can go for hundreds of miles across stupendous tracts without crossing man's footprints.

BC is more than twice the size of Texas (though smaller than Quebec) and so formidable that in many areas moving over the ground is possible only in the frozen months and in other places only by water in the summer. It is so spectacular that the population, technology, and capital have not yet combined to make it submit.

Within BC there is some difference in attitudes about the land. The coast is the Canadian California. With its idyllic climate and nearness to almost everything recreational, it is a haven for prairie people who have seen enough prairie winters. Unless you are a desert rat, it is geographically perhaps the most pleasant place in

the world, British Columbians say with probable justification. The people, as a native puts it, are "very west coast, somewhat alien to eastern Canadians. The politics, for easterners and some British Columbians, are incomprehensible." Vancouver is a city unlike most in North America. It is a *city*, a great port. You can walk from downtown to the beach or a marina. Thirty minutes by boat in one direction and you are in extraordinary, beautifully islanded waters. Thirty minutes in another by car and you're well into the mountains. Politically the population is mixed ("polarized" the native says): retirees and hippies; labor unions on the coast and main street businessmen in the interior, with a strong popular distrust, in the interior, of things "city slicker."

Though one can't easily generalize, it might be said that despite the building boom in Vancouver, the population on the coast is becoming jealous of guarding the land more quickly than the population in the interior. There, the western frontier, can-do, make-the-most-of-these-limitless-resources spirit is strong. For the past twenty years the province's Social Credit governments have leaned rather more heavily towards economic expansion, and indeed the economy and income have boomed. Prince George, in the center of BC, may be the fastest growing city in Canada, nurtured on the province's natural resources. Lately, environmental concerns have gained strength, however. It is becoming, for example, much more difficult to build power dams than it was when the beautiful Columbia River was

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.

As I have before with other people, I try to get Creyke to name a favorite valley in this gigantic ocean of heaped-up land almost too enormous to comprehend—some splendid retreat. But he doesn't respond. His conception seems to be very different. His own assigned territory is twice as large as Delaware, limited though he feels it to be. He didn't huddle somewhere in a lovely valley; he traveled through; he went everywhere. There was a range of mountains for hunting caribou and another for hunting sheep—maybe still 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 that 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.

Nowadays everybody has shot their dog team, so if a boy wants to go out in the winter for moose, he borrows Ah Clem's son's dog and Dan McPhee's dog, Mike William's dog and John Creyke's dog, and combines them. Sheep are the glamor game because they live high and because they're high-strung. For some reason, goats don't look up, so that unless you kick a stone down on them, you can stalk them successfully by getting above. But moose are the beef of the north because you can eat the meat day in, day out. Sheep, even caribou, after four or five meals you lose the taste for.

Since I roused him out of bed and since he has given me enough of his time, he goes indoors to wake his wife and get the breakfast fire going. He stands erect as a captain of industry, and although he can't read or write, he's the cosmopolite of the town.



THE HUDSON'S BAY CLERK is a frail functionary. For most of his life he has switched about among isolated posts such as Telegraph Creek, and has grown as pallid as a cave creature. Moveless, friendless, he does without either sun or company. And the one schoolmaster I've met appears to have been completely bleached out by the long winter. He played some chess with the Catholic priest but read very little. He's a zestless young man, but does like the kids. He says they have good imaginations, if little or no curiosity to learn; he hammers the stuff into them. Says the parents get drunk constantly, as though they only existed for that, and the kids sometimes are neglected for days. It's interesting that the only antlers in town belong to him. It's so virginal here that game is still meat to everyone else, not a trophy.

They're a grim bunch, some of these institutional whites—the trudging pastor, the scolding nurse with her bobbed black hair, like a neurotic nanny, and the ashen clerk. The permanent people like the McPhees are wood sprites by contrast, or else witty, mischievous oracles, like Mr. Wriglesworth. They *are* wood sprites. Nothing goes on, and yet the village is carbonated; it tingles. Blithe old codgers walk down the steps from the terraces, like Rumpelstiltskin. For an old trapper to have any neighbors at all is a luxury. The resilience, the self-sufficiency, overflows.



A. J. MARION isn't particularly like that. He was a versatile hobo, a cabinetmaker and carpenter, and he left Ontario for Detroit, then Rochester, then Jamestown, Virginia, where he helped build an exposition that Teddy Roosevelt opened. A pal and he flipped to see whether they'd go to New York or St. Louis. St. Louis won. Later they proceeded to Seattle, where they were sitting around the union hall one time when the business agent came in and said jobs were going begging in Juneau. "Where's Juneau?" Of course they went, though, and sitting around the bunkhouse in Juneau, they heard about the Stikine. They bought eight dogs, two sleds and a ton of grub, and came up on the ice in 1913 (already he was past thirty). From Telegraph Creek they went on for 150 miles into the Cassiar Mountains. The creek which they staked was barren, but they worked so hard that World War I had been on for almost a year before they heard about it.

Marion has a horrendous reputation in town; he bites people's heads off. His house is a level below Dan McPhee's, and although his door is wide open the whole summer, he's left to his own devices by the others. I was told that the early afternoon was the time to chance him, when he would have warmed to the day but not yet heated up. I found a hard-boiled, amusing, quick-memorial man who reminds me of a circus straw boss I once knew. He opens up to a silent listener. We got out the photograph albums of mustached friends and plump, self-effacing half-breed women. Because he was a money-man too, he talks about the rich scions who arrived on the riverboat to get drunk and hunt, the Mellons, the Schlitzes. A Smithsonian collector who was a crack shot with a .22 searched for bushrats. One squeak of his lips in the right location and out popped a horde.

Marion is the "hard" variety of bush professional, like my Hazelton friend Jack Lee was. *continued on page eight*

Selling intoxicating drink and cigarettes, like many other aspects of Canadian life, varies greatly—you might even say quaintly—from

province to province, as people across the country try to figure out what place it should have in their lives.

Both broadcast and print ads are regulated, more or less. There is no national regulation of cigarette advertising, but measures have been introduced in the House of Commons, and it is expected that cigarette ads will be curtailed or banned in the foreseeable future. Meanwhile, CBC, the government network, has banned all cigarette ads. CTV, the commercial network, allows them, but some affiliate stations don't.

For the selling of beer and wine, the Broadcast Code of the Canadian Radio-Television Commission sets down guidelines which the provinces may use as they like. The guidelines recently were changed somewhat. Until last month they permitted showing the container, but not the beverage. Now the code allows beer or wine to be poured into a glass, but forbids the actor drinking it, or indicating that he might by raising it to his lips.

On radio, sound effects are allowed.

No broadcast liquor advertising is allowed.

Advertising Downs

The provinces follow the code according to their own lights. Newfoundland, Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba have followed the CRTC

guidelines and are making the changes. Manitoba adds that no family scenes with minors can be shown, and that beer and wine commercials can't be broadcast between 7 A.M. and 10 P.M. Nova Scotia is keeping its old policy—more or less like the new CRTC proposal. In print ads, Nova Scotia says no more than five bottles can be shown. One bottle can take up only twenty-five per cent of the ad space. Five bottles can take up fifty per cent. Ads can't show an image of one bottle and one glass. On radio, the sound of pouring is OK, but conversation about drinking is not.

Little Prince Edward Island on the Atlantic coast has an outlook more like the giant provinces in the west. Neither Prince Edward, Saskatchewan, nor Alberta allow any beer or wine advertising on radio or tv. British Columbia does, but effective September 1 it will outlaw beer, wine, liquor and cigarette advertising in *all* media, though it will not ban ads originating out of the province, such as in a national Canadian magazine. All along the border, of course, U.S. stations can be tuned in.



The Government of Canada let the Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act expire on April 30, 1971, and said it would propose that a committee of Parliament study legislation "to deal with emergencies that may arise from time to time . . . by reason of lawlessness or violence in Canadian society that would endanger the existence of government or the maintenance of peace and public order."

Speaking to the House of Commons on April 29, Minister of Justice John Turner said that charges pending under the Public Order Act will remain valid. While membership in the Front de Libération du Québec is no longer a criminal offense, Mr. Turner said, "I believe it can be properly said that . . . it will be an illegal organization in the sense that any group of individuals who conspire to commit criminal acts can properly be described as an illegal organization."

There were 497 people arrested under the Public Order Act and the War Measures Act. Of the sixty charged, twenty-four were still in jail as of April 30. Five have been convicted and thirty-six

The Public Order Act Expires New Legislation May Be Proposed

released on bail.

Five well known Quebecers were arrested under the War Measures Act and accused of seditious conspiracy advocating the overthrow of the Canadian and Quebec governments between January 1, 1968, and November 16, 1970. These charges were quashed in February by Justice Roger O'Quinn of the Court of Queen's Bench, but subsequently were reinstated against three of the five (Charles Gagnon, a former teacher, Jacques Larue-Langlois, a former television producer, and Pierre Vallières, an author who has already been sentenced to fourteen months for several contempt citations in his trial.) These three and the two others, labor leader Michel Chartrand and lawyer Robert Lemieux, are still charged with advocating the policies of the FLQ.

In response to a question on the floor of the House April 29, Prime Minister Trudeau said that the Premier of Quebec, Mr. Bourassa, had asked "that we should enact specific legislation to make the FLQ and like organizations illegal."

Volunteerism in Canada

[Some Sunday morning Monday morning quarterbacking from the heads of it]

In the early and mid-sixties "volunteerism" bloomed on both sides of the border. Young members of the middle class were suddenly aware of poverty—at home and abroad—and certain they should do something about it.

In the United States, government sponsored volunteer groups began—the Peace Corps abroad and VISTA at home. In Canada CUSO—Canadian University Service Overseas—started, first informally, and then as a permanent organization. The Company of Young Canadians, the domestic program, followed in 1966 when the first volunteer, Peter Dall Broadhead, went west to a British Columbia fishing village.

A lot of water has roared down Niagara since.

CUSO and CYC have had very different histories, the first serene, the second hectic.

The overseas service, which has remained a private corporation though it receives government funds, has flourished. It now has volunteers in forty countries and there have been very few, if any, disputes with their hosts.

The Company of Young Canadians, contrary-wise, got off to a troubled start. Its first volunteers were very young (in their teens), very verbal, and very much emotionally involved in the problems of the poor. In 1969 the CYC became a hot political potato—some volunteers in Quebec were directly and openly involved with militant Quebec separatists. It seemed unlikely that the Company would survive what is now called "the flare-up."

It has, though with difficulties. Last year when the membership slumped below one hundred the CYC was overhauled, with more overseeing by the rest of the government built in. All members of the CYC Council, its governing body, are now appointed by the Cabinet.

The Executive Director, who had simply been hired by the company, is now picked by the Secretary of State (a minister charged with internal, not external affairs). The first man so picked last November was Peter Broadhead, the original CYC volunteer, now 29.

Meanwhile CUSO has gone its way, with twelve hundred volunteers presently abroad. David Catmur, the Director of Overseas Opera-

tions, has been serving as its acting Executive Director.

Interviewed in late April, Messers Broadhead and Catmur talked about where their organizations have been and where they hope to go:

[MR BROADHEAD OF THE CYC]

Is the Company of Young Canadians in good shape?

Things are moving a bit now. For about a year after the flare-up in Quebec, there was a stagnation in policy making and the frustration in the field was pretty high. The volunteers were still working, but they were down to about eighty when I came on in November.

What's the level now?

We're up to 142 now and doubling this month; we'll be around 250.

How has the administration changed?

It's much tighter now, and it's allowing us to build very rapidly. We are looking back at some of our hectic experiences to see how we can become a bit more innovative.

What caused the flare-up in Quebec?

We started in 1966, and between then and 1969 things were not going smoothly. We had, relatively, a lot of money and we attracted a lot of people on that basis. And, a little like the Peace Corps, everybody expected everything of us; and, of course, we couldn't produce anything for a while. We found we were attracting a very verbal volunteer, very inexperienced. The staff people got on a "yes yes, you're right" basis with the volunteers since they felt it was a participatory sort of deal, and they felt they couldn't say no—which was nonsense but in the meantime we got crucified. The volunteers got into a heavy, heavy theory-ideology kind of thing, and when the blowup came in Quebec our people were right in it.

Are the volunteers now less aggressive?

I think now our people are just as aggressive, but there's a shift of their aggressiveness into the work they do, not into expressing their ideology. We're finding this shift everywhere, not just in Quebec.

Back in the early sixties there was a kind of mystical feeling for volunteerism. Has this changed?

I think it's gone right out the window — volunteerism in the Kennedy concept, the concept of the middle class outsider coming in. We are shifting off now to where we are hiring people to work in their own area. It is not the middle class kid from the city who goes out to the people in the country or even to another city. It really is the guy on the spot doing something in his own area. I really feel this is the big thing for us here. I think it changes the whole nature of volunteerism. It also changes the Company — what is required of it. There is no mechanism that can train people — where people come in with zero competency but lots of potential — to train them up to the point where they can run their own show. This kind of unorthodox ladder for advancement is very important.

What is the age level of your volunteers now?

About twenty-two or twenty-three on an average. We had a very heavy concentration of younger people, younger than that. But as we're getting farther into the communities, getting community people, we've had to put on an age ceiling of thirty. One thing is training. We want to get people who have a fair amount of time left to get into things. Also we were beginning to take people off welfare rolls. We found being a volunteer gave them a fair amount of status, and coming off after two years they mostly reverted back to their own situation after having had their expectations raised. We simply weren't big enough to set up the mechanism to handle this transition. We sort of opted out. We simply can't hack that problem right now.

Has the role of the volunteer shifted, whether he is from the community or not?

Volunteers doing development work should not be in the front line. Their role is to help the people in the communities get up and stand on their own feet. Every time the volunteers stand up and talk for them they are being highly paternalistic. We are helping people organize their own direct services. We'll put a lawyer in but not to do direct law work — rather to find other resources, including other lawyers, in the community.

How much are volunteers paid?

We give them a flat \$270 a month. It's \$370 for a volunteer with a dependent — a child, not a wife.

What are the prospects for the Company of Young Canadians?

We're pretty much on trial, and we'll make or break it this year. The government has had enough trouble with us. We have to show that we have some serious competency, or they'll say to hell with us at the end of this budget.

[MR. CATMUR, OF CUSO]

When did CUSO begin and what is it all about?

It started in 1961, before the Peace Corps. We're basically different from the Peace Corps because (1) the governments we serve overseas pay the salaries of our people, and (2) we are a private non-profit corporation.

Are the CUSO volunteers actual employees of the host governments?

They are. Our volunteers are absolutely forbidden from participating in any political activity whatsoever. They have a job to do and they are the employees of the host government, and if the government doesn't like what they're doing they'll fire them. The volunteers serve two years and they can extend as long as they like. We have a fairly high rate of extension.

What are your volunteers like: How old, what sex and what do they do?

The average age now is about twenty-four. We still have some generalists, but we find it is increasingly hard to place them so we are going more and more toward specialists. Our largest group is in secondary education; the second largest professional health workers (doctors, nurses, technicians, and radiologists); followed by technical specialists; and finally agriculturists, foresters, fishery specialists and so forth. We have more requests than we could ever possibly fill, and we have gotten more applications this year than ever before. We have about sixty-five per cent men, but we have a lot of nurses — our health program is probably eighty-five per cent women.

Are all of the volunteers young and single?

No. We have thirty or forty married couples. We try always to place both husband and wife in working jobs. Only very rarely will we send a non-working spouse over. We have always had a smattering of older, retired people and they often prove to be our most valuable volunteers. We just lost one volunteer, an excellent man, in Thailand. He was killed — electrocuted — working on an incubator. He was a poultry husbandry specialist.

You now have twelve hundred volunteers — are you expanding?

We have tended not to get as big as the Peace Corps. One reason is that we don't like to have an enormous presence in any one country. We prefer to maintain a low profile, one of direct service to the needs of the country. Sometimes we have two people on a project, sometimes ten or fifteen in or around a capital city, but we tend to get away from these concentrations.

This article is by Thomas Kelly, a writer who served two years as Director of National Affairs for VISTA. The questions have been shortened in this text.

Read One Today

Recently CANADA TODAY/D'AUJOURD'HUI asked some of its readers what other Canadian publications they read. Many said none, but asked for names. Here are a handful (by no means an all inclusive list) of some of the more or less general interest periodicals in Canada. The ones with the asterisk were discussed in the February issue Mass Media article.

Actualité. Nouvelles et manchettes. Monthly. \$2.50 a year. 2120 Sherbrooke East, Montreal 133, Quebec.

Almanach du Peuple. Un almanach. Published yearly. \$1.50. Librairie Beauchemin Ltée, 450 Beaumont Avenue, Montreal 303, Quebec.

Artscanada. Canadian contributions to the world art scene and a continuing definition of the Canadian approach to modern art. 6 issues a year. \$10.00. 129 Adelaide West, Toronto 1, Ontario.

Canadian Business. Current events and trends. Monthly. \$9.00 a year. 1080 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal 128, Quebec.

Canadian Dimension.* Left political analysis. 8 issues a year. \$5.00. Box 1413, Winnipeg 1, Manitoba.

Canadian Forum. Contemporary authors and poets, social and political criticism. Monthly. \$5.00 a year. Esplanade Street East, Toronto 1, Ontario.

Chatelaine. Standard women's features. Also in French. Monthly. \$3.50 a year. 481 University Avenue, Toronto 101, Ontario.

Ecrits du Canada Français. Publication littéraire trimestrielle sur l'actualité et les arts. \$12.00 a year. 380 Ovest, rue Craig, Montreal 128, Canada.

The 4th Estate.* Nova Scotia News. Weekly. \$6.75 a year. 1823 Hollis Street, Halifax, N.S.

Executive. Business. Monthly. \$12.00 a year. 1450 Don Mills Road, Don Mills, Ontario.

Georgia Straight. Weekly coverage from the hip community. \$9.00 a year. 56 A Powell, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Last Post.* Radical investigative journalism. 8 issues. \$4.00 a year. P.O. Box 98, Station G, Montreal 130, Quebec.

Macleans, and *Le Magazine Maclean*. General magazine, one of the most popular. Monthly. English edition \$3.00 a year. 481 University Avenue, Toronto 202, Ontario. French edition \$3.50 a year. 2055 Peel Street, Montreal 110, Quebec.

Mysterious East.* Covers New Brunswick. Monthly. \$5.50 a year. Rubber Duck Press, P.O. Box 1172, Frederickton, New Brunswick.

Relations. Un journal jésuit. \$6.00 a year. 1396 Ovest, rue Sainte-Catherine, Montreal, Quebec.

Saturday Night. A general magazine. Monthly. \$4.00 a year. 55 York street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sept Jours. Revue hebdomadaire d'informations. \$5.00 a year. Suite 300, 170 Dorchester Blvd., Montreal 129, Quebec.

Take One. For filmmakers and buffs. Bi-monthly. \$3.00 a year. P.O. Box 1778, Station B, Montreal 110, Quebec.

Tawow. Exposes and promotes native Indian talent. Published by the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. Quarterly. \$4.00 a year. From Information Canada, Ottawa, Ontario.

This Magazine is About Schools. On Education. CANADA TODAY/D'AUJOURD'HUI will do an article on it in a future issue. Quarterly. \$4.00 a year. Suite 301, 56 Esplanade Street East, Toronto 215, Ontario.

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continued from page three

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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