

Joe Allen

Connie  
Spencer

.when they would come in from Lootsie lake a couple times a year  
with the pack horses you know. Mike Tooley this one:

The snow is disappearing and the grass is green again  
We talk of staying at home now but the talk is all in vain  
We talk of clearing the popular land and planting timothy hay  
But the lonesome trail is calling and it knows we must obey

Go and get the kitchen blocks, the saddles and the ropes  
Bid farewell to the lonesome ranch, bid farewell to your hopes  
Saddle up the horses just at break of day  
And hit the road for Hazelton and the good old Hudson Bay

It's a long way to Hazelton, two hundred miles or so  
It ain't all together the wonder lust for the grub is growing low  
We hear the voices calling that are never known to fail  
It's the lure of the silent northland, the solemn song of the trail

That lead to the lonesome reaches and beside the canyons grim  
Then the Skeena and the Bulkley, where the horses used to swim  
They abreast the raging 'current where the waters rush and roar  
The weak ones, they'd go under and the strong ones make the shore

We get up at the dawn of the morning and take a look around  
There ain't a horse in sight now, we cannot hear a sound  
We wade through the vegetation that's covered with dew and frost  
We've a long search before us, for the horses they are lost

We're cold and perished and hungry that words can never tell  
When far away in the distance we hear the sound of the bell  
We hear the distant tingle and we think they're close at hand  
But oh how sound did travel in that lonesome wonderful land

Far away in the distance to the mountains covered with snow  
And they gleam in the morning sunshine like the tent of the fire  
rainbow

Around us the flowers are blooming on the virgin turf and sod  
And we stand in awe and worship the wonderful work of God

Such is the ytcha Bunket, before the white man come  
With his prayers and his prostitution, his religion and his rum  
They brought us the schools and the churches the preist and the  
parsons as well  
But along with the schools and the churches came the painted  
Jeseble

The product of civilization that scorned the native Clutc~  
They with their painted faces and a maddening craze for hootch  
Oh for another country another one just the same  
As that great and grand, and wonderful land before the railroad  
came

That great and grand and wonderful land where morning, night and  
noon  
All that broke the stillness was the weird laugh of the loon  
And now she is raped of her virgin .....

At last to get back to the cabin where peace and solitude reign  
But oh the stillness is broken by the whistle of the train  
We hear the shrieking whistle as it echoes far and near  
And falls on the ears of the sour dough with a taunting, mocking  
jeer

For the train of magic splendor with its rumble, rush and roar  
Shatters the somberous silence that is gone for ever more

Now I may have missed a little there.

**That's all right, that's very nice.**

1 At the junction of two rivers and below a mountain high  
Is a little Indian village and the land of first sockeye  
You can roam around the country and view the scenery grand  
But the totems on the hillside are the best that's made by man  
  
Often the still of the evening when the sun is sinking down  
You can see the tinted treetops from many miles around  
And as darkness soon creeps over and the world is all at rest  
You can hear the waters humming with their lonesome tune of the west  
  
But this town is not all beauty though it has sometimes been said  
It's similar to the good book where few parts were ever read  
For many men have died there not by fortune or by fame  
It may have been because they cheated in a quick stud poker game  
  
You've read about the Mounties in this part of the land  
With his saddle horses, six gun though he seldom got his man  
Now this life is slowly changing and in the years to be  
People will soon be forgotten people like yourself and me

**What was her name?**

Florence Allen.

You husky beast of the northland, you help man to struggle and win  
The gold he longed and sought for in a land that is yet to begin  
Your courage, strength and your nature makes you the greatest of the hound~  
You helped in those early discoveries far up on those northern grounds  
  
You toiled and struggled and hungered though your pride could not be lost  
When hunger and weariness gripped you, you tramped on no matter what cost  
And the cold crispy nights of the northland you slept neath the sheltering pine  
In a bed of white fur you sought comfort while around you the coyotes whine

Joe Allen continued ~

The coldness that often overtook you, few men could ever endure  
And the comfort of your trail and trampling are unlimited for many and sure  
But as others, for you there's a calling when you're lured away in the night  
Out in the snow covered open neath the glorious northern lights

But your name will never be forgotten in those northern struggles of yore  
You opened a new horizon and your-name shall be stamped on its door

"Sing", "Sing" is the name of the dog. That was "Primsome" by Bill Polten. He sold out to a town site company, people, Ross+Howard of Prince Rupert and they had a surveillance of town sites and the fall of '11, Frank Morter started a little store, little log store in Houston. There was practically nothing doing there at the time due to the fact that the Highway road was way up above Houston, it didn't go through Houston at the time so that there wasn't much business for a while until the railroad came in and the railroad got in there in '13. The little log hotel went up .. . Since then it's been going.

**What has made it grow? What is it a centre for?**  
:

Well lumbering has been good there you see and ranching has picked up considerably. In the early days it was frosty but not nearly so frosty today.

**Not nearly so frosty?**  
..

Not nearly so frosty today as it was fifty years ago.

**What took you to Houston in the first place? Why did you go there?**

I don't know, that's a hard question to answer. I threw some saddle horses, threw some saddles on some saddle horses down there east Kootnies and I come up this country. Up through the Windamear and a ship to Ashcroft and from Ashcroft in by pack horse. It was a new country

starting, should be a good place to go to 'but when the steal connected in '14 the war broke out, that dumped everything. Then the next, shortly after that the depression and next war but I figure the country is just starting now. There's possibilities and I farmed at Houston there for a number of years and in the winter months I would freight for the railroad company. In '12 the train got this far from Rupert and it was held here due to some tunnels out here in the Bulkley canyon and that , meant that alot of freight had to be moved by horse to the camps at the mine right through to Burns Lake and some went through to Fraser lake by horse and I would freight in the winter months.

**farming in the summer.**

Yea, I didn't keep any stock only the horses to work. Nothing to hold me on the farm in the winter months and then there are people who followed the same game, there was good money in freighting in those days.