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EXHIBIT BUILDING HEPPNER MAY 17



One Night Only-Don't Miss The Chance

J. T. KIRK WRITES INTERESTINGLY OF HIS TRIP TO ALSEA VALLEY

(Continued from Page One)

the train and got back to The Dalles at noon. There I met up with my old-time friend Emerson Keithley, a Morrow county boy. He is located six miles east of The Dalles on a farm. At seven o'clock we embarked for Portland on a steamer. At nine we bought a berth and retired for the night. I awoke at five the next morning-looked out of the window and saw a lighthouse. I thought we had been shipwrecked and carried out to sea, but in a few minutes I discovered we were coming up the mouth of the Willamette. In about an hour we were in sight of the railroad bridge across the river and in the harbor we saw the old battleship Oregon. She looked good to me. Then we came up to Jefferson street dock unloaded there at seven o'clock and pulled up to the Columbia stables on Front street—found accommodations there for our horses. After breakfast I turned Cliff loose to take care of himself and I boarded a jitney for Gresham. In about forty minutes ride I spied a beautiful residence on a hill surrounded by shrubbery and flowers and a estate on top of the front porch. I had the jitney driver stop as this was where my old friend, George H. Curran lived. Bert Stone of Heppner gave me a description of this place. I walked to the door and rang the bell. Mr. Curran greeted me with a smile and said: "Aren't you lost?" I told him no, but that my wife and son were. He invited me in and we visited for about two hours. I finally remarked that I would have to go and wait for my jitney when he offered to take me over to Johnnie Bush's where he also told me I would find my wife and son. A few minutes Mr. Curran said to me "Do you see that house—that is where Charley Johnson, of Lexington, lives. He bought a tract of land in east Gresham." We sailed along the sectionline road for about three miles east and we spied two two-gallon milk cans at the mouth of a lane and Mr. Curran said, "Whoo, Lizzie." He said this was the place. I asked him in and he said no, not this time. I will have to go back and split some wood. He turned his tin Lizzie Franklin around and away he flew. You could not see Lizzie for the dust (something new for

wagon and hooked up one horse and went on our way. We were about six miles out when we pulled up on a ridge. I was in the lead and as I started down, I applied my brakes, but Cliff was in meditation about a little dame he had spied back at Monmouth and forgot to apply the brakes. I heard a couple of reports and thought the Germans were after us. Just as I looked back I saw the dashboard and Cliff's heels go over the back of the spring seat. I then stopped my team and ran back to him and asked if he was badly hurt. "Oh, God, he has broken my leg," Cliff replied. I climbed up in the wagon and found that he had about fifty cents worth of hide ruffled up on his shin. I went down in my pocket and took out a book of court plaster and patched him up and we went on our way again. Believe me he did not forget to apply his brakes again. He would catch himself grabbing the brake-staff going up hill. We pulled into Corvallis about five o'clock that evening. We spent two nights and one day there talking in the college town. Cliff got acquainted with a French dame and took in a dance the second night and had a fine time. We pulled out the next morning for our destination. On the way as far as Philomath Cliff kept looking back to see if he could see the little dame. We passed through Philomath and there took the left hand road for Alsea. There we crossed Merrier river and about four miles further up we crossed Rock creek. One mile off the road up that creek is where Grandma Griffith was murdered by Humphrey brothers about eight years ago for her money. They threw her in the creek but finally confessed and paid the penalty on the gallows at the state capital. About four miles we came into the timber belt and ascended the Coast range of mountains and four miles further we passed over the divide tributary to the Alsea river. About three miles down the mountain we crossed Trout creek which empties into the middle fork of Alsea. Two miles on down we crossed the south fork of the Alsea and there came into the head of the beautiful Alsea valley. Four miles down the river we came into Alsea city that is situated on the north bank of the river, one-quarter of a mile above the junction of the south fork and the main river.

Alsea has a postoffice, two general stores, two churches, Methodist and Baptist and pastor for each, black-

smith shop, past time, ice cream and confectionery, dance hall, I. O. O. F. hall, two hotels, barber shop and a garage, two school houses and playground of several acres, one feed barn and a creamery. We spent the night here and next morning hiked up to Honeygrove valley to see if the "69" ranch was still there. We found it O. K. with about 15 ac-

res of wild hay about a foot high. Everything looked good to me. We went on up to Mr. Fender's a couple of hundred yards above and found him and family well and happy; visited there a couple of hours and then made our way back to Alsea and remained all night. Am going going to a big sale today, one mile east of town. Mr. Crawford is closing out his herd of Jerseys. He is going to Alberta to make his home. I am going out to Corvallis to meet my wife and son tomorrow. I will cut this short as I am going to attend this sale at 10 o'clock this forenoon. Regards to all my Heppner friends.

JOHN T. KIRK, SR.,
Alsea, Oregon



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