

Karn, Hazel EMMETT -

Dear Mrs. Hysmith

April 2, 1968

Typed February 16, 2023

Gerry Hysmith

% The News Advertiser

Tillamook, Oregon

Dear Mrs. Hysmith:

Your columns concerning Dolph have interested me deeply not only because they are delightful stories but because my family history is somewhat involved in that place.

In the summer of 1923 my family which included among others my father, Elmer Emmett, my Uncle Frank Emmett, and their mother, Celestine FRANKLIN Emmett, was making our first trip by automobile from Salem to Pacific City. My father, who favored any kind of mineral water, stopped at a spring "Sulphur Spring" at Dolph. Apparently the name Dolph meant nothing to any of our party for as he stood looking about while enjoying a cup of this tasty spring water, he suddenly exclaimed, "Do you know where we are?" No one did, and he continued, "We are at Uncle Ep's old place! This is his spring."

He scrutinized the surrounding hills, and then pointing north announced with conviction, "The road used to come down that hill right there." Though the place was greatly changed since Uncle Ep lived there Grandma Emmett and Uncle Frank decided that Elmer was right, and all began reminiscing at a great rate.

The years since that summer day of '23 have brought more changes. The hills have been logged. The sulphur spring which was on the north bank of Louie Creek just east of the bridge at Dolph has been lost under the debris of a sawmill. Of course now the old landmark building is also gone.

But to recall the days that were! When my father was a small boy, he was born in 1868, his uncle Eplar "Ep" Emmett decided to build a toll road to the coast. He first explored the Salmon River, but he decided that the Little Nestucca was the better route. He established his family at Dolph and built his road from there to Pacific City. (*Hm . . . I'm wondering if the author means that Ep built the road to Woods as Pacific City didn't have its*

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beginning until about 1894. And if the author's father was a small boy when the road was built and was born in 1868 then the road must have been started before Pacific City existed. From other historical accounts goods were brought to Woods over the toll roads. db) Then being an enterprising fellow, he not only managed his toll road but carried the mail on horseback probably from Sheridan to Pacific City.

One summer Elmer, still a small boy, was not feeling well, so his mother decided to take him to the coast for a few weeks. She got word to her brother-in-law, Ep Emmett and then saddled up the pony, and taking the ailing boy on behind her set out from their farm home at Bethel, about 10 miles west of Salem.

They spent the first night at Sheridan where Uncle Ep met them with an extra horse for Elmer. Elmer felt very proud and important riding alone, but as the miles came and went the old military saddle began to gall him unmercifully. Again and again he would ask his uncle how much further to his place only to be assured each time that it was just around the next bend. Many miles and many hours later he was a very tired and sore little boy who finally dismounted at Dolph that night.

In an effort to improve business on his road Uncle Ep promoted a celebration at Pacific City one summer. Among the attractions promised on the widely dispersed posters was "Hourly steamboat trips around Haystack Rock." This completely captivated Elmer's fancy, and he set up a ceaseless clamor to go until Uncle Ep confided that there would be no steamboat. It was just for advertising, although I have no way of knowing, and neither did Elmer since he did not get to go. I assume the last statement is the truth of the matter.

The Eplar Emmett marriage broke up eventually, and Mrs. Emmett with her children moved to Sheridan where she operated a millinery shop for a time. Where Uncle Ep went from Dolph I cannot say.

These events occurred in the 1870s. All those from whom I learned these meager bits of the history of Dolph have died long ago. Hopefully some

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other old timer may possess information concerning Eplar Emmett and his toll road down the Little Nestucca.

Hazel EMMETT Karn
Rockaway, Oregon