

West Point, California 95255
March 11, 1968

answered
4/17/68

Miss Terry Hysmith,
Tillamook, Oregon.

Dear Miss or Mrs. Hysmith,

I read with interest two of your "Along the Way" columns, which were sent me by my daughter, Mrs. Douglas Machen of Tillamook.

I moved to Pleasant Valley with my parents in 1898 when I was six years old. Mrs. Alvin Beem, mentioned in your column of February 29, is my sister, and Alma Anderson is my niece.

I was particularly interested in your writing about the old Dolph Hotel. I well remember old Dolph up there on that ten mile hill. Anyway, it seemed that long and longer!

In 1907 my mother took me to Dolph to catch the stage to Sheridan on my way to Philomath College. We drove our lazy little buggy horse from Pleasant Valley to Beaver the night before, in order to make the stage at Dolph by one o'clock the next day. We left Beaver early and just barely made the stage after nearly seven hours of plodding through the deep mud. Our buggy horse was wearing a new breast-strap harness and she did not like it. Consequently she backed on all the hills.

I had bought a new outfit to wear away to school. I was on my way to school so why

II

Shouldn't I wear my new hat and long coat? I had to plod in the mud and lead the unwilling horse or she would not pull the buggy. Besides mud underfoot there was rain overhead. The veil on my new hat turned to paste and stuck together. My coat, which I had spent all my earnings to buy, became plastered with mud.

When we finally reached Dolph, I bade my mother Goodbye and boarded the stage. In the seat ahead a man had a bottle of "cheer" which he partook of regularly. He "treated" the driver so liberally and often that the driver became reckless and nearly drove the horses to death over the hills and through the heavy mud. The man with the bottle often "met again" with what he had just drunk, so continued to have room for more.

It was nine o'clock when we reached the little Sheridan Hotel, the trip from Dolph to Sheridan having taken us eight solid hours.

The next morning I had to make two trips from hotel to railroad station to carry baggage, so I almost missed the train. In my excitement I dropped my purse on the train steps. The conductor retrieved it, but let me stew a little while looking for my ticket.

In those days there was no "sour grass road" It was go up over the hill or stay in Tillamook. The Wilson River road was even worse.

Carol Phillips Spring
West Point, California.