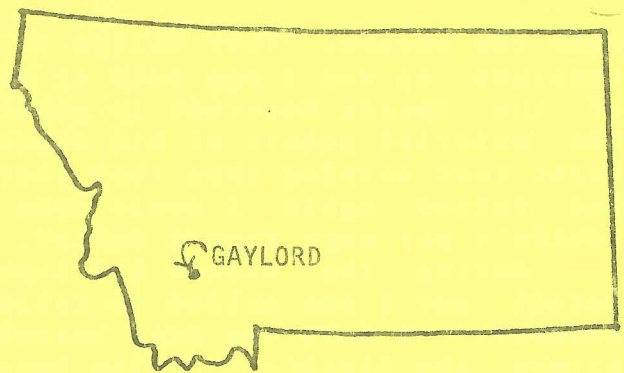


GHOST TOWN PROFILE



GAYLORD, MONTANA.....

Southeast of Whitehall, along the Jefferson River and in the foothills of the Tobacco Root Mountains, lay the ruins of Gaylord, Montana...a town that owed its brief existence to a gold mine that shouldn't have been found. In 1895, three Butte men, S.R. Fair, Edward Clark and Edwin Clark, grubstaked G.W. Preuitt. Preuitt staked a few claims in a gulch southeast of Whitehall, but they proved to be so poor, that the three partners debated about spending more money on the prospects. Before making a decision, Edwin Clark, an assayer, went to the area to inspect the claims and discovered some liver-colored rocks lying on the ground. He took a piece back with him and upon testing, discovered that it ran \$200 in gold to the ton. Thinking it to be a mistake, Clark returned to the area and collected a sack full of samples. These samples assayed even higher in value, so Clark and Preuitt returned to the area for a third time and established a claim...known as the Mayflower.

Fair and the Clark brothers secretly collected the rich surface rock and sent it to Helena for processing. However, when one car load of ore netted them \$10,000, a man was sent out to investigate the source of the ore...and the secret was out. A stampede of miners came to the area and began searching the surrounding gulches and foothills, but without success.

By the time the three partners had shipped out over \$100,000 from the claim, they were offered \$350,000 for the property by Dave Bricker, a mine operator from Butte. The offer was accepted, but fell through when Bricker was unable to raise the money. Senator W.A. Clark sent his brother Joseph to investigate the mine and being satisfied with the report, offered the owners \$250,000 for it...which was accepted.

Some claim that Clark shipped out over \$100,000 worth of ore within a month of the purchase, while others claim he made \$1,500,000. Some oldtimers insisted he made at least \$3,000,000 from the mine. Whatever the figure, everyone agreed that it was a bonanza, but a strange one, because it was the only strike of its magnitude in the area. The geology of the area is limestone-country rock, and it was not common to find gold in it. The Mayflower ore was confined to a vertical chimney and the surrounding rock was barren.

The Mayflower mine extended over 1,000 feet below the surface, and produced heavily from 1896 to 1905, with ore running as high as \$40,000 in gold to the ton. To treat the ore, Clark built the Parrot smelter a couple miles below the mine, on the river. The company town that grew up around the smelter was named after Jared Everett Gaylord, manager and superintendent of the mine, but it was more commonly called Parrot. The 1,000 ton smelter, when completed, cost several million dollars and got its water supply from the Jefferson River.

When Clark built the smelter at Gaylord to handle the ore from the Mayflower mine, he expected it to become the "Anaconda" of the state. However, about the time the smelter was finished, the Amalgamated Copper Company was formed. The big company absorbed the majority of the Parrot Mining Company stock and the Mayflower ore was then shipped to Anaconda, where the big smelter of the Anaconda Company was located. The smelter at Gaylord(Parrot) was never operated. After a few years of idleness, the machinery was sold as junk.

After 1911, mining in the area declined and what little remained of Gaylord was

with the remark, "Your dollar is no good in the case;" whereupon he went straight up and I was told in very forceful language one man's opinion of the Forest Reserves in general and Forest Rangers in particular. The material points of his discourse were that free use permits had at first cost nothing then they cost four bits, then a dollar, now if they had raised again I could take my free use permit and go to h---, he wouldn't pay more than a dollar.

During the winter the Supervisor was called to Washington on a detail and I was called to Kalispell in charge of the Forest during his absence. I made the trip horseback with a pack outfit, straight north across the Blackfoot Indian Reservation to the Great Northern Railroad in the vicinity of the present town of Browning. Seven days were required to make the trip. About dark the third day, after my horse had travelled most of the day without guidance, I wound up at the shack of Iron Pipe. After three days treatment by Iron Pipe's blind squaw I had recovered sufficiently from a severe case of snowblindness to permit me to proceed on my journey.

On my return from Kalispell I came by train and stage to Augusta and borrowed a horse to take me to Hannan Gulch. Arriving at Sun River I found it overflowing its banks and, not knowing my horse, I was afraid to swim it. About a mile below was a cable a couple of hundred feet long, extended across the river, which carried a cage sufficiently large to carry a man. The cage, however, was, as usual, on the opposite side of the stream and the rope by which it was pulled back was gone. Having often heard of "cooning" a cable, I determine to try it. Presents for my wife and kiddies were tied about my person in various positions and at many angles, and I started out with thoughts of emulating Blondin crossing Niagara. All went well until I reached the middle of the cable and began the ascent of the last half of the journey. That cable, which at first looked almost level, for some mysterious reason had fastened itself up in the sky and hung straight down. More than once I seriously debated letting all holds go and swimming out, but to do that the kiddies' miniature sets of garden tools, wheelbarrows, etc., and the wife's presents would have to be sacrificed, and that would never do. Finally arriving close to shore, I dropped off into water above my knees, vowing never to attempt that kind of a stunt again.