


GILMORE



LACK OF A GOOD TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM DELAYED SERIOUS LEAD AND SILVER MINING AT GILMORE FROM 1880 UNTIL 1910

Construction of a branch railroad from Montana to serve this mining area resulted in production of \$11,520,852 before a power plant explosion halted production here in 1929. Old Gilmore and Pittsburg Railway grades visible north of here and remnants of Gilmore -- where current residents still preserve its heritage - remain from that bygone mining era.

A HISTORY OF GILMORE

Past and Recent

by Dick and Bob Moll

The Collaborators on the Project
A HISTORY OF GILMORE



Dick Moll
Writer

Bob Moll
Illustrator

**The "History of Gilmore" is dedicated to the
preservation of Gilmore as a historical landmark**

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This project has been and continues to be a source of great joy for Dick and Bob. Much of the joy has come about through the efforts and cooperation of so many friends, and Dick and Bob are most grateful. Melva Kauer helped so much in gathering information on early Gilmore and its inhabitants. Alice Moll took and organized photographs which inspired many of the drawings, and she patiently spent hour after hour making much needed copies on her copy machine. Without the help and encouragement of both Melva and Alice, this project would have ended soon after it started. Debbie Pemberton was very encouraging; she furnished photographs of the Power House and added much to the story of Shorty's Last Party. We are indebted to Marion Benedict Amonson for the historical facts about *Benedict's Meat Market*. Frank Kreider and his friend, Mr. Boivin provided excellent photographs of some of the dilapidated buildings in Gilmore. Chris Price's keen eye and critique helped immensely with the drawing of the famous Brill Car and some of the other drawings. Ronald and Janet Moll contributed the description of their 1991 visit to Gilmore.

Thanks to Beva Clark for the photographs used in drawing the Ralph Nichols Home in Gilmore. This house was moved some twelve miles and is now Beva's home on The Clark Ranch near Leadore.

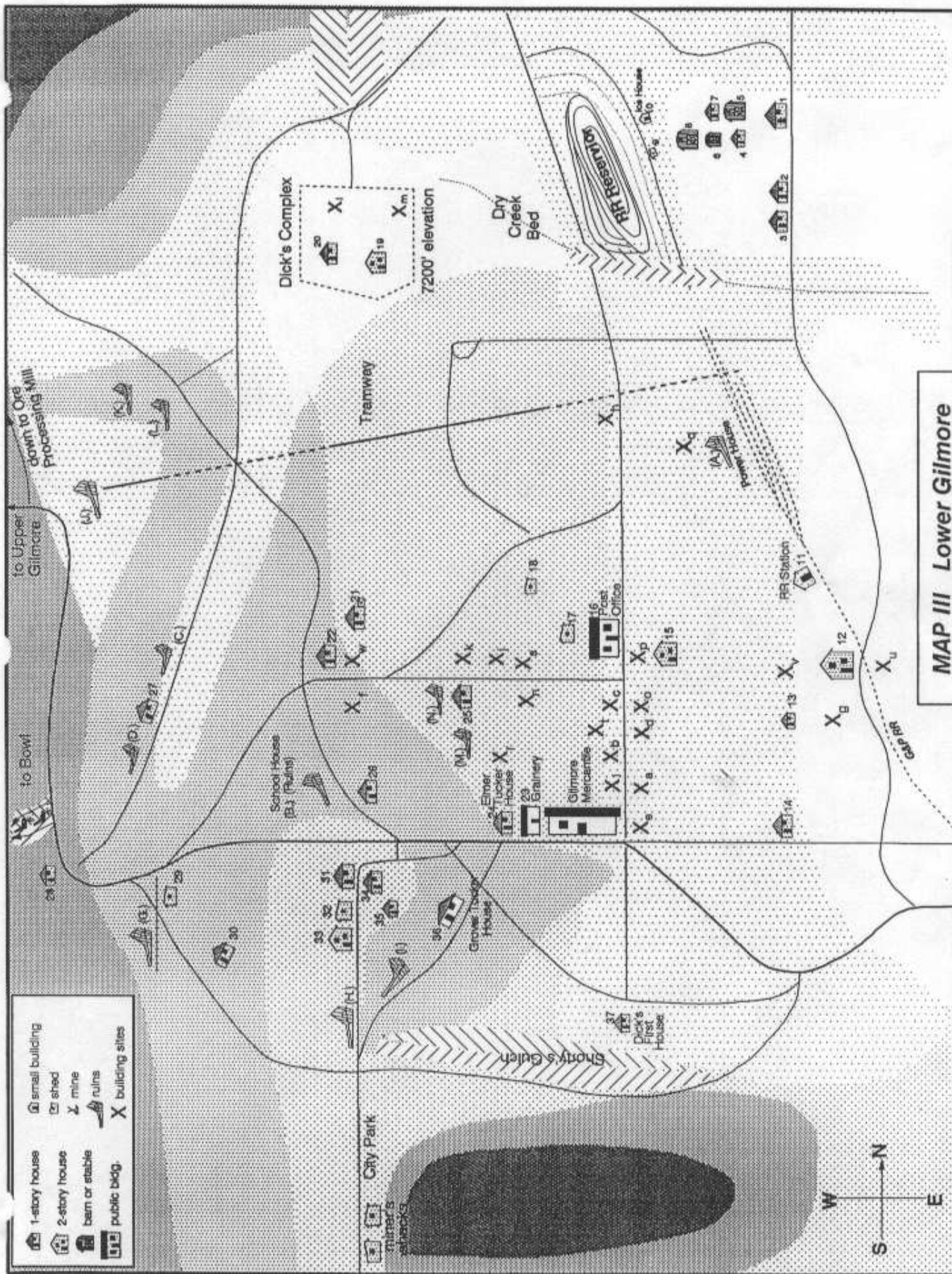
Our thanks go to Audrey Heese for permitting us to use articles and information from her book *The Benedicts on the Lemhi*, and especially for the facts regarding the death of John Benedict and the story and photograph of the B and W Meat Market in Gilmore.

Special thanks to Fay Ellis Whittaker for the interesting and informative tour she took us on to both the Gilmore Townsite and the Community on the Hill. We also thank her for sharing her memories and her photographs of Gilmore as a former resident. We greatly appreciate her help and support in our attempt to record a factual *History of Gilmore*.

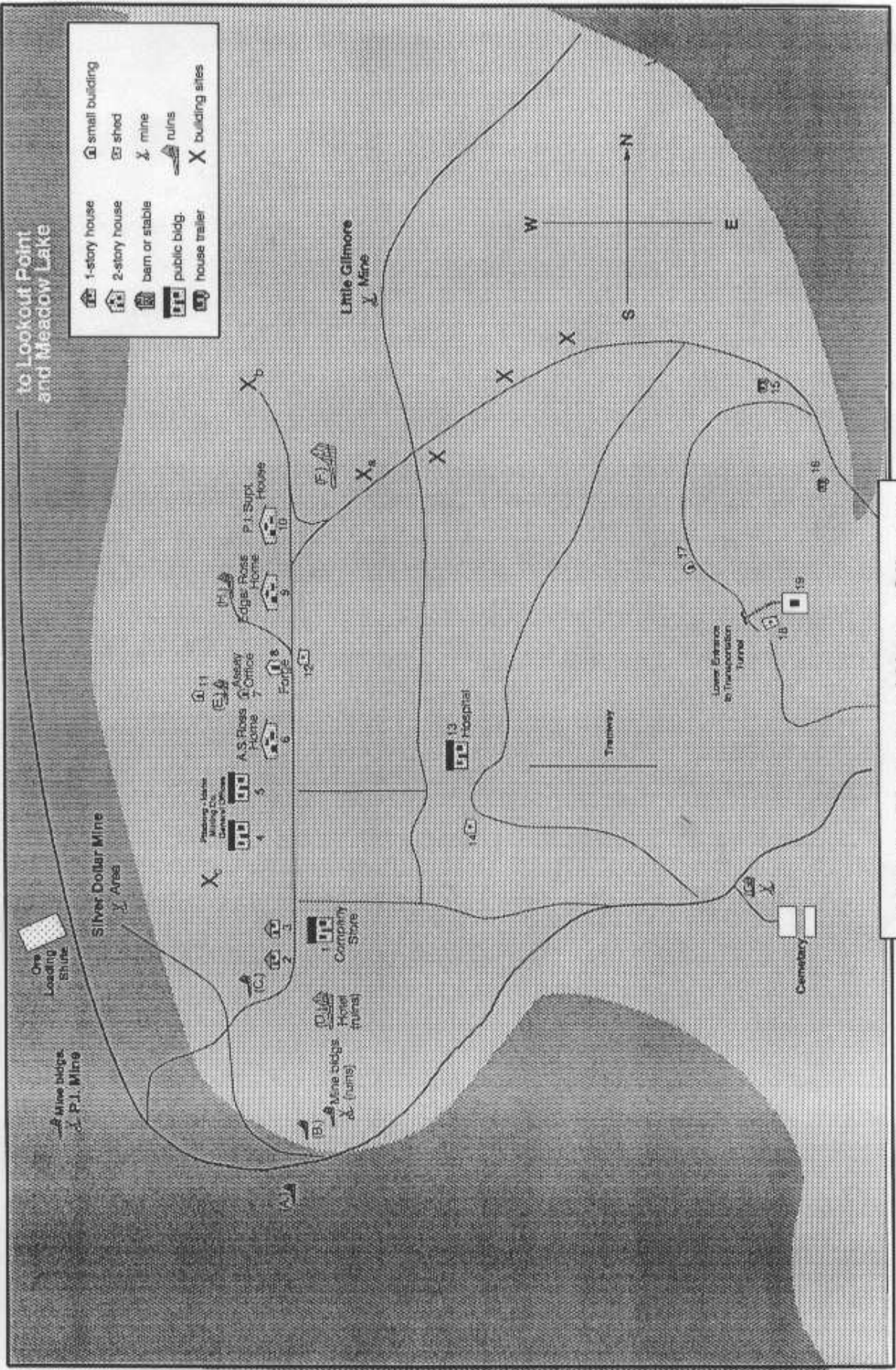
We are deeply indebted to Clem Zook. Clem described the ingenious system that was designed and constructed to move ore from the mines to the railhead. His descriptions of the Transportation Tunnel, the Tin Tunnel, The Bins, and the details of the Tramway and its operation have been invaluable. He identified many of the structures around the mines as well as several in the Gilmore Township. Clem also provided a first hand account of the Chub and Ellen Stout disaster, and the humorous story of Milo Zook's new Buick.

We wish to thank Mr. Bill Cottom for letting us make photocopies of his Gilmore pictures.

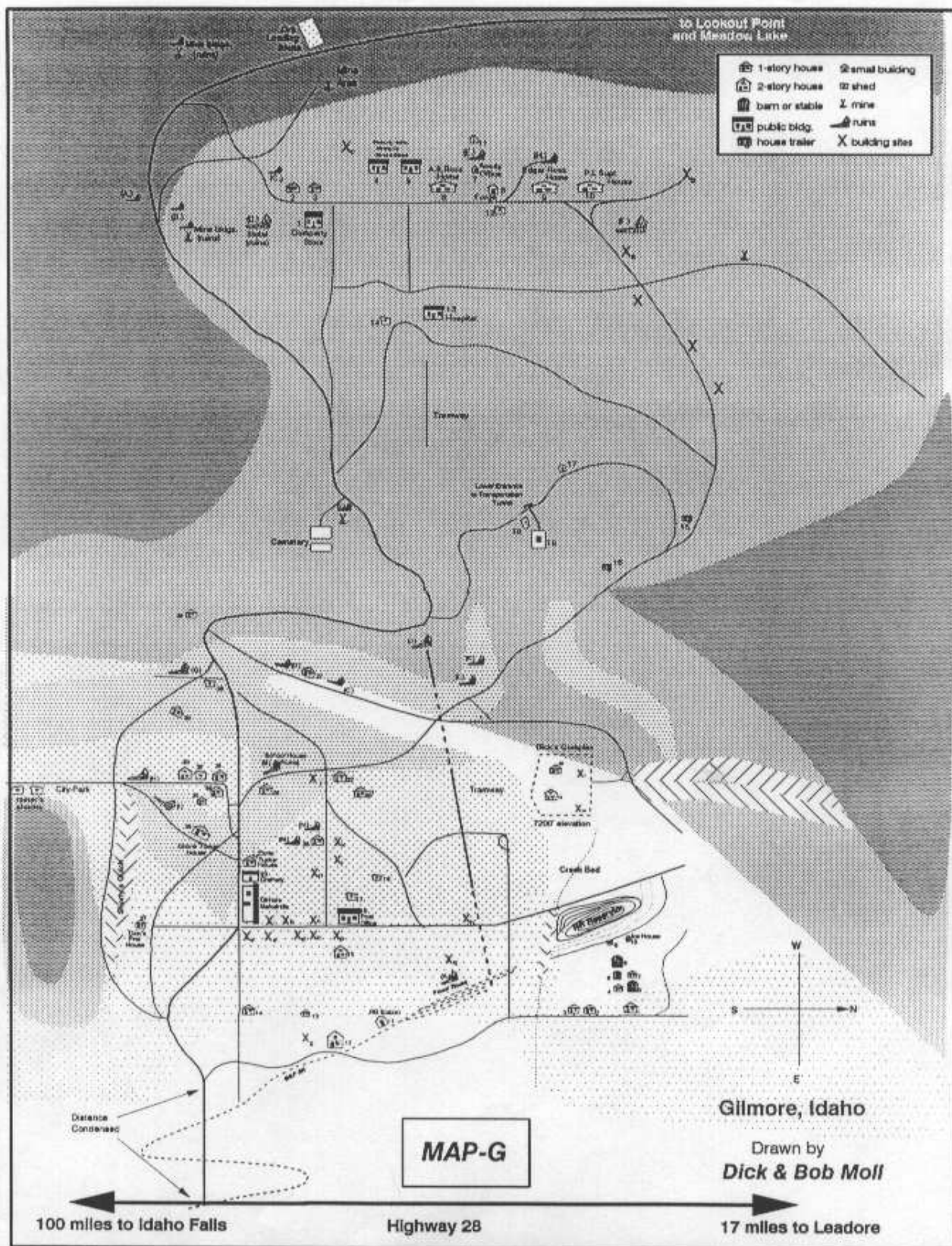
We wish to thank Lila Cochran of the Pollock family for letting us make photocopies of their Gilmore pictures.



MAP III Lower Gilmore
by Dick and Bob Moll



MAP IV Diagram of Upper Gilmore



Key to Symbols for Buildings and Ruins of GILMORE, IDAHO

Diagram of Lower Gilmore

No. Standing Buildings

- 1 Log House
- 2 Log House
- 3 Log House
- 4 Log House
- 5 Garage
- 6 Stable
- 7 Log House
- 8 Barn
- 9 Chicken Coup
- 10 Ice House
- 11 RR Station
- 12 Pemberton House (Old Gilmore Garage, 2-story)
- 13 Log House
- 14 House
- 15 Benedict's House
- 16 Stucco House/Post Office (last Pierce House)
- 17 Large Shed
- 18 Miner's Shack
- 19 Dick's Home
 (Hutching's 2-story Log House)
- 20 Log House (cat house)
- 21 House
- 22 Log Building (Clem Zook's workshop)
- 23 Grainery
- 24 Elmer Tucker House
- 25 Pierce's Little Red House
- 26 House
- 27 House
- 28 Log House
- 29 Shed
- 30 Log House
- 31 Log House
- 32 Large Shed
- 33 Chub Stout (2-story) Log House
- 34 Log House
- 35 Small Log House
- 36 Grover Tucker House
- 37 House (Dick's former home)
 Gilmore Mercantile (General Store)

Ruins

- (A.) Power House
- (B.) School
- (C.) Fayle's Saloon
- (D.) Large Barn
 or Stable
- (E.) House
- (F.) Log House
- (G.) House
- (H.) House
- (I.) House
- (J.) Ore Loading
- (K.) House
- (L.) House
- (M.) House
- (N.) Pierce's Market

X - Building Sites

- (no longer existent)
- a Jagers Hotel
- b Movie House
- c Hotel Gilmore
- d Sadie Wedgewood Complex
 Hotel & Saloon
- e Benedict's
 Butcher Shop
- f Church
- g Livery Stable
- h Madam Nettie's
- i Lemhi Valley Bank
- j Perrin & Prùitt's Hotel
- k Small Boarding House
- l Hutchings Original House
- m Small Cabin
- n Milberger's Saloon & Pool Hall
 Drug Store & Soda Fountain
- o Elliotts Boarding House
- p Gem Saloon; "The Blazing Rag"
- q Machine Shop
- r Pierce Complex (2nd Pierce Home)
- s Boarding House
- t Candy Store
- u Rooney/Fischer House
- v Blacksmith Shop
- w Milo Zook House

Key to Symbols for Buildings and Ruins of GILMORE, IDAHO

Diagram of Upper Gilmore

No. Standing Buildings

- 1 Company Store
- 2 Log Cabin
- 3 Log Cabin
- 4 Pittsburg-Idaho Mining Co. General Office
- 5 Pittsburg-Idaho Mining Co. General Office
- 6 A.S. Ross Home
- 7 Assay Office
- 8 Forge
- 9 Edgar Ross Home
- 10 P.I. Superintendent's Home
- 11 Small Utility Building
- 12 Shed
- 13 Hospital
- 14 Shed
- 15 Large House Trailer
- 16 Large House Trailer
- 17 Storage Building
- 18 Metal Workshop
- 19 Ore Processing Mill

Ruins

- (A.) Mine Building
- (B.) Mine Building
- (C.) House
- (D.) Hotel
- (E.) Fischer House
- (F.) Dot Nichols House
- (G.) Mine Building
- (H.) E. Ross Barn & Stable

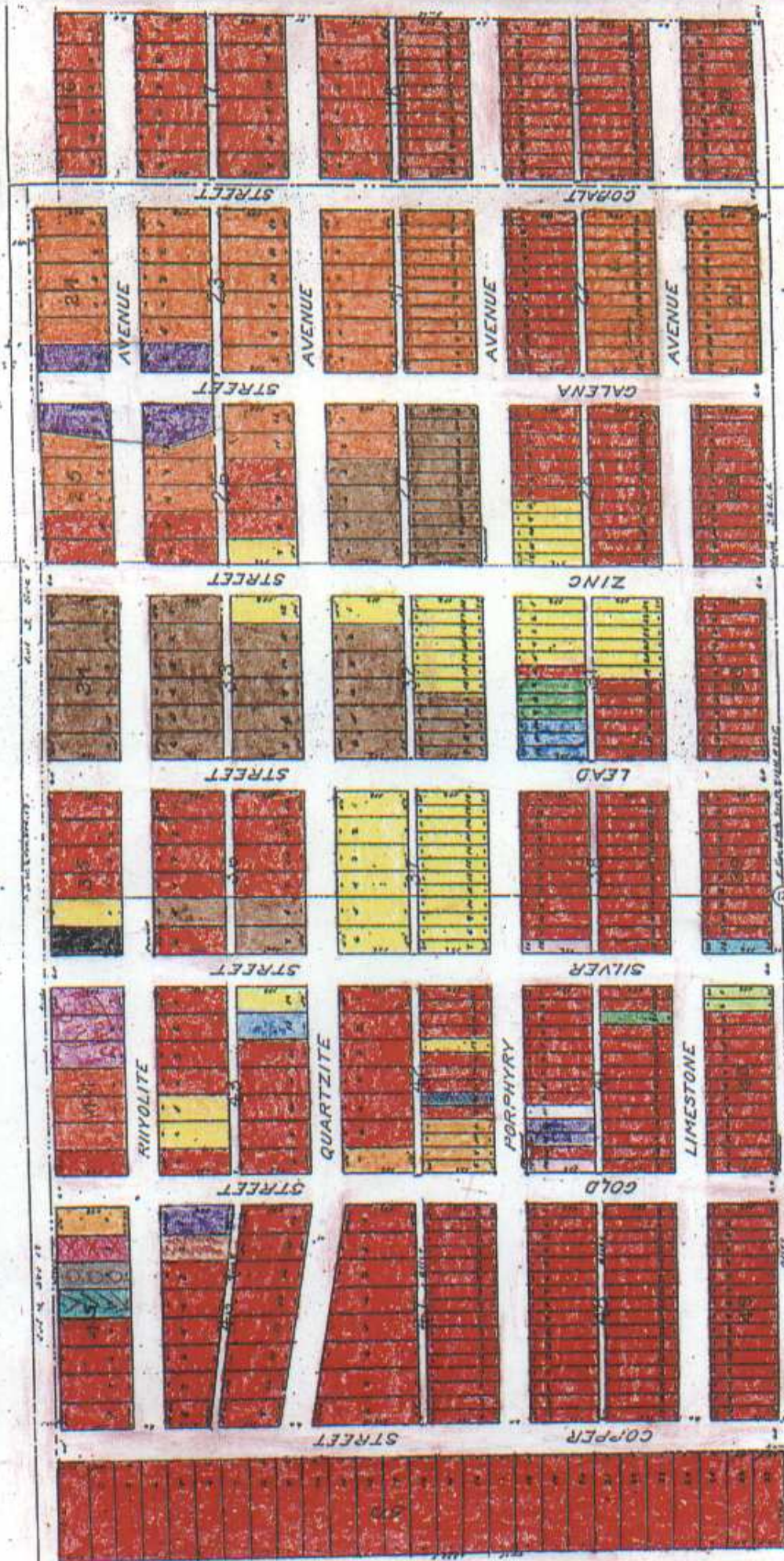
X - Building Sites

- (no longer existent)
- a Dot Nichols Barn
 - b Ralph Nichols Home*
 - c ? Mine Building

* House moved to Lloyd Clark Ranch

PLAT OF
GILMORE TOWNSITE.

The color coded lots represent the different Gilmore property owners.

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GILMORE HISTORY

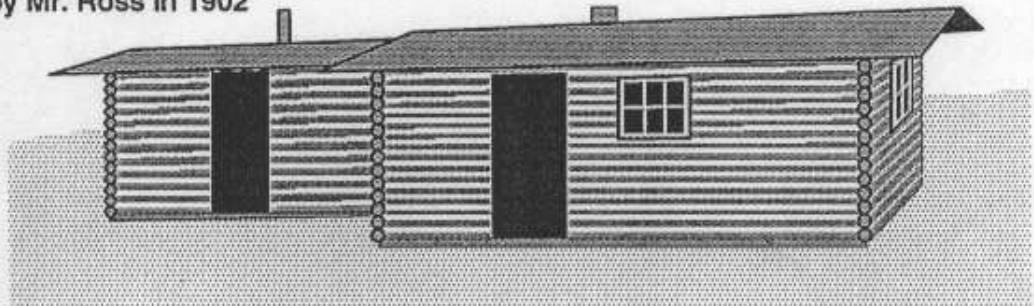
Chapter I. Early Gilmore

Horse Shoe Gulch/Upper Gilmore: During the decade of the 1880's, prospecting in these parts was very active. Veteran prospector Joe Bush made a good strike in Horse Show Gulch, and went on to establish very successful claims that he operated until 1902. At that time Edgar G. Ross, acting on the advice of the highly respected mining engineer C.T. Mixer, purchased all of the Horse Shoe Gulch claims for a reported \$3500.00.

Edgar G. Ross, a Pennsylvania businessman, was in Idaho primarily for his health. While he was there he became very much interested in making western investments, particularly in the mining industry. When he learned that tests had indicated that the ore from Horse Shoe Gulch was of a very high quality, he eagerly bought up these claims just as soon as he learned that they were for sale.

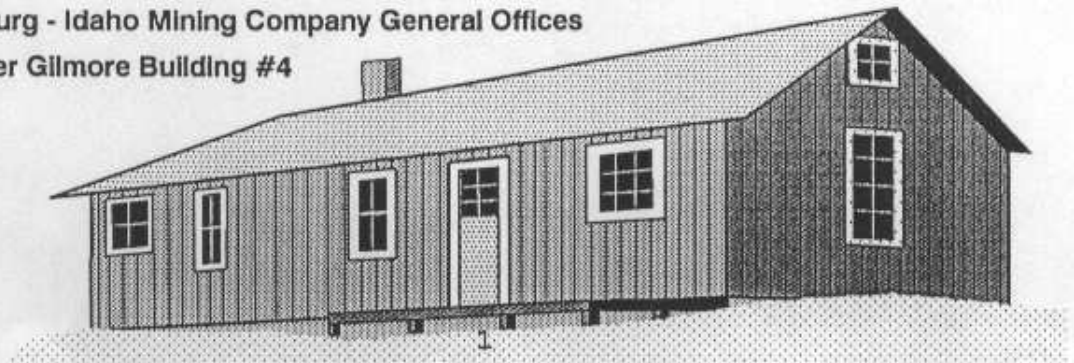
Edgar Ross's mining ventures proved to be very successful, and a small town sprang up in the vicinity of the mining claims. At that time the name of this new community was changed from Horse Shoe Gulch to Gilmore. When charter papers were submitted, they named the town "Gilmer" after the owner of the Gilmer Stage Line. However, the name on the charter when it came back was "Gilmore", not "Gilmer". This name change was challenged, but the challenge was denied so the new town became officially known and accepted as "*Gilmore*". Of course this would have been Upper Gilmore as we know it today.

**First Building In Gilmore
built by Mr. Ross in 1902**

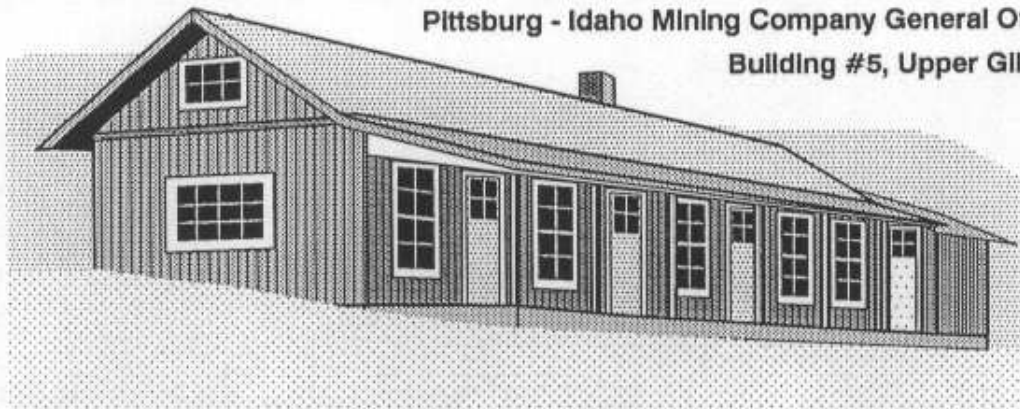


Upper Gilmore flourished and was the center of area mining activity until completion of the *Gilmore and Pittsburg* Railroad in 1910. During the years prior to 1910, Upper Gilmore was the location of the Pittsburg-Idaho Mining Company General Offices. The town also included an Assay Office, a Forge, the Company Store, a fairly large hotel, a school and a hospital. In addition, there was company provided housing and small private homes.

**Pittsburg - Idaho Mining Company General Offices
Upper Gilmore Building #4**

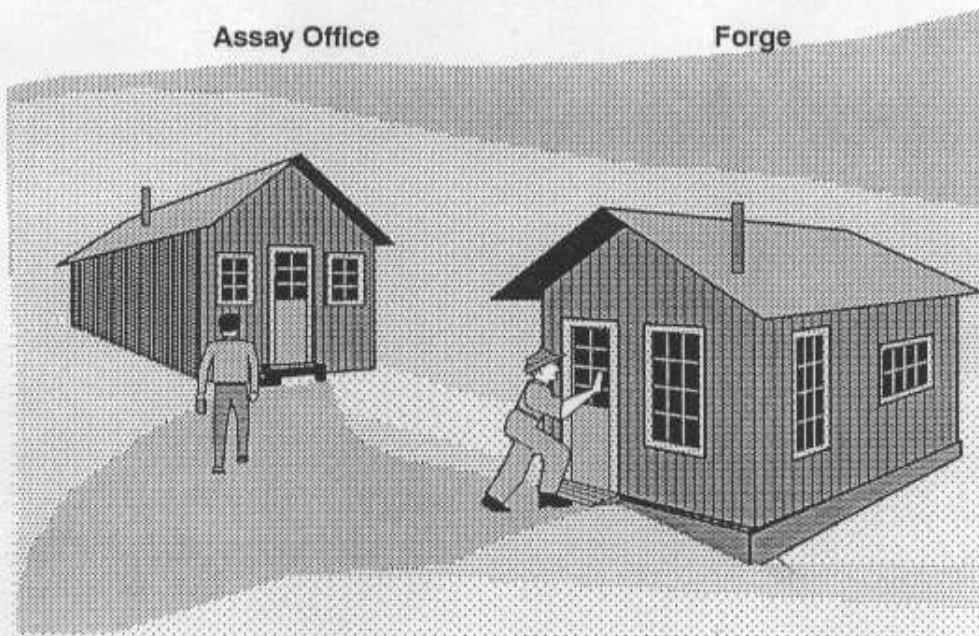


Pittsburg - Idaho Mining Company General Offices
Building #5, Upper Gilmore

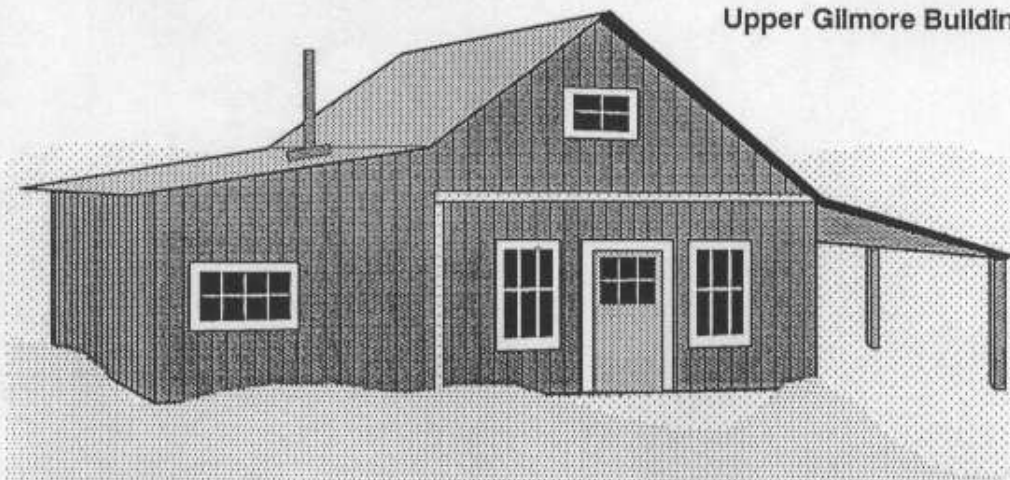


Assay Office

Forge



Company Store, owned and operated by The Pittsburg - Idaho Mining Company
Upper Gilmore Building No. 1

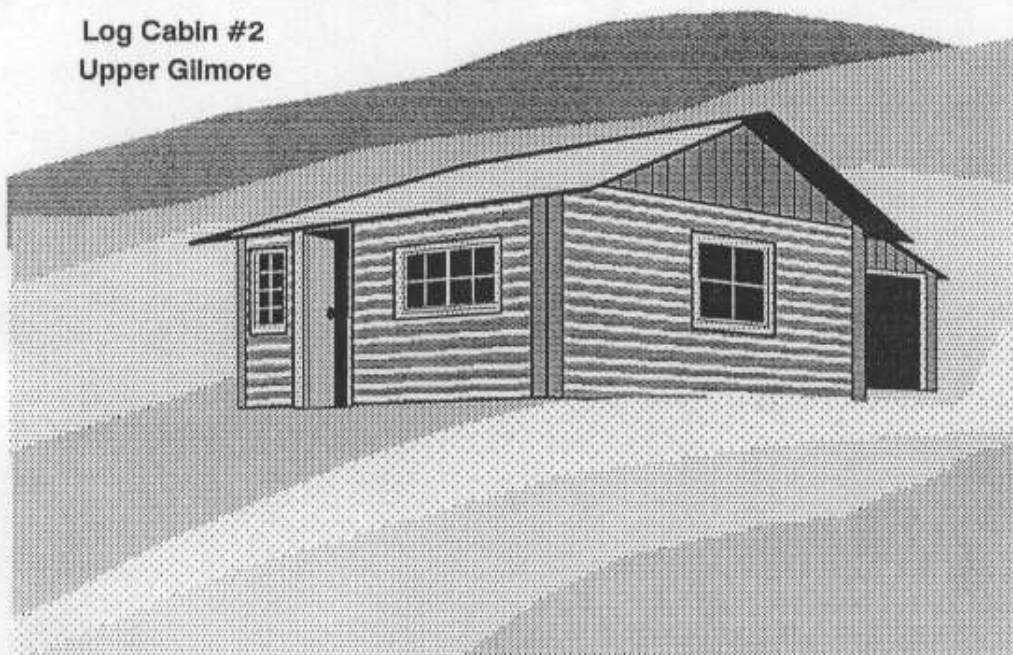


Emerson Gleason family in the early 1920's. Although damaged considerably by the harsh winter weather, the hospital building can still be found there today.

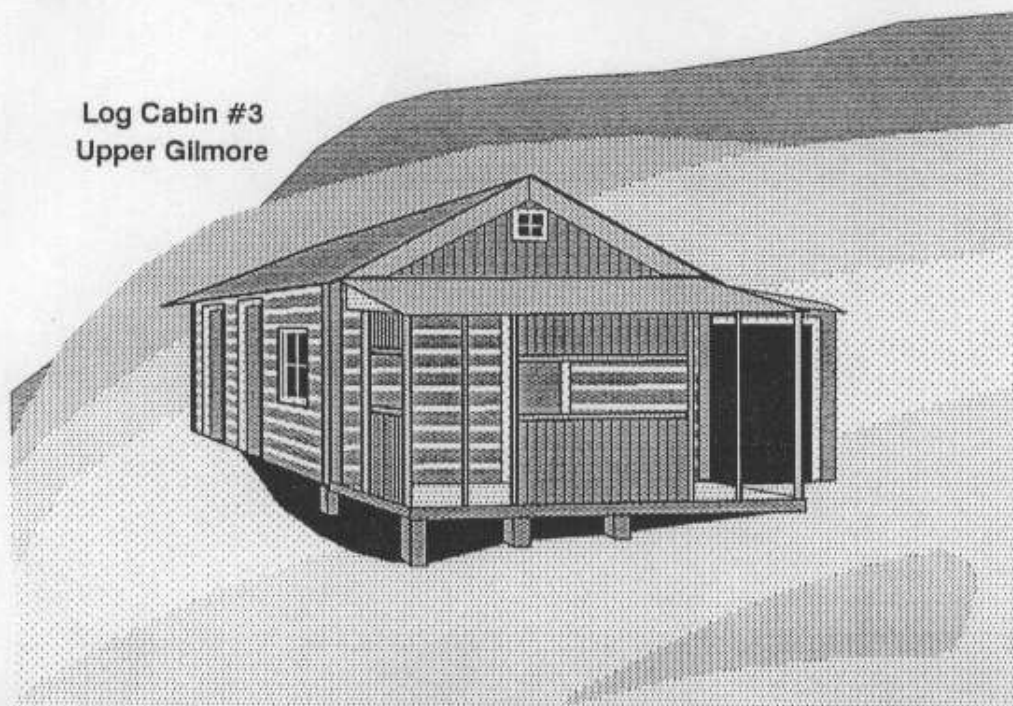
A large sawmill, located up in the Meadow Lake Gulch, had been operating since around the turn of the century. It prospered by furnishing lumber to the mining camps, and contributed to the rapid growth of the new town of Gilmore.

Of course, the building boom included small private homes as shown below.

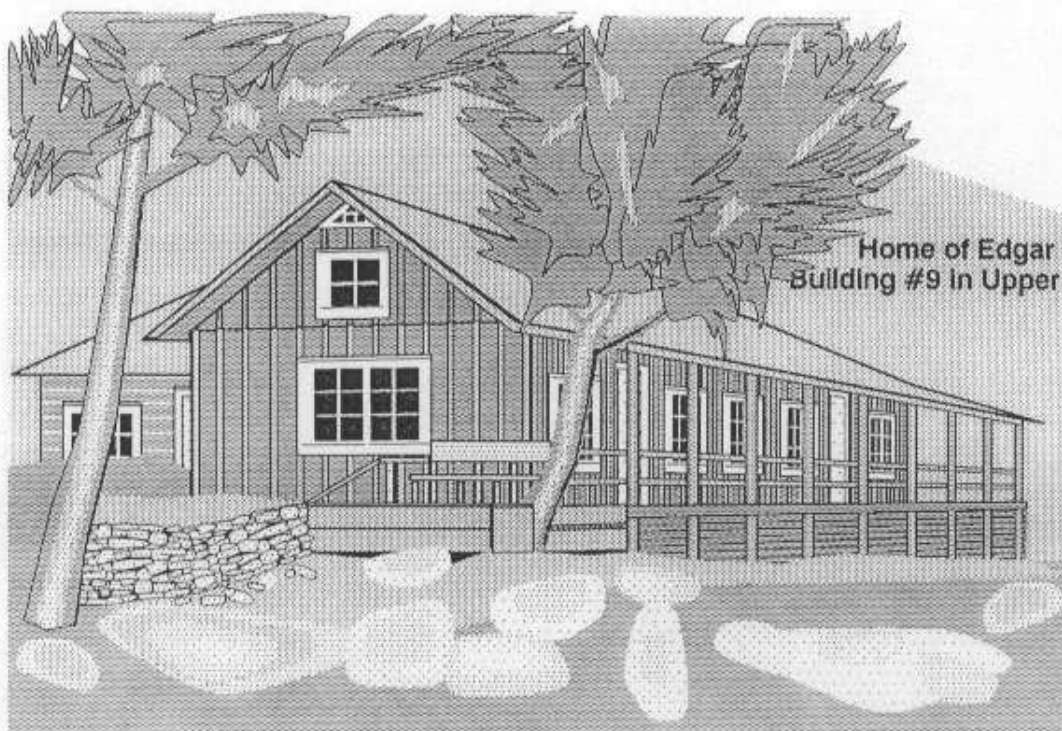
Log Cabin #2
Upper Gilmore



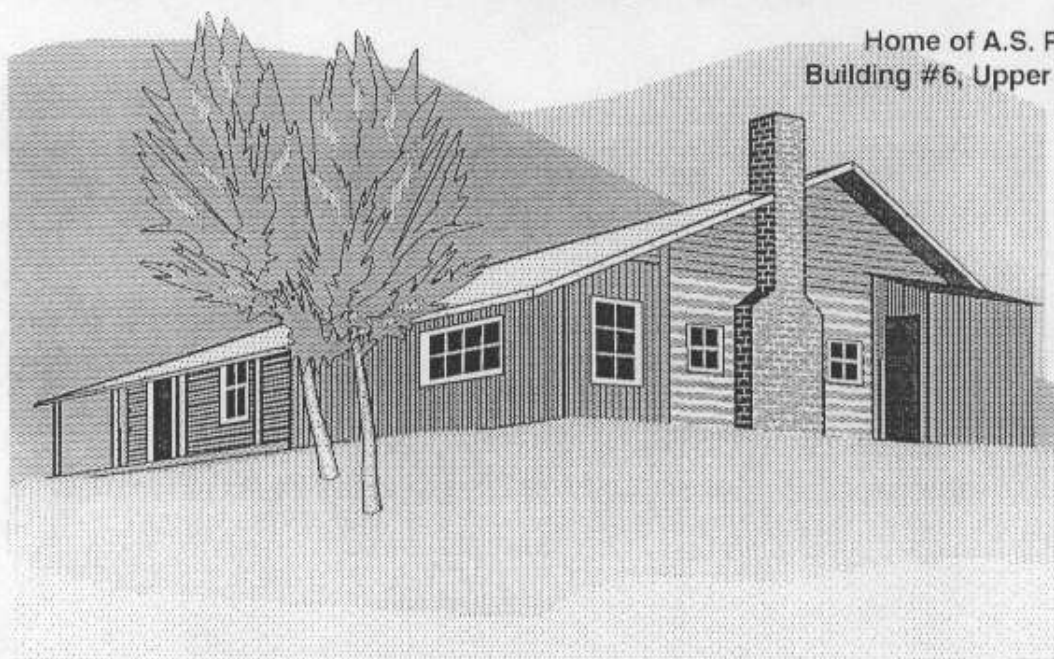
Log Cabin #3
Upper Gilmore



In addition to the company offices, the service and commercial buildings, and the small private homes - some of the mining executives built grand homes among the pines in Upper Gilmore.



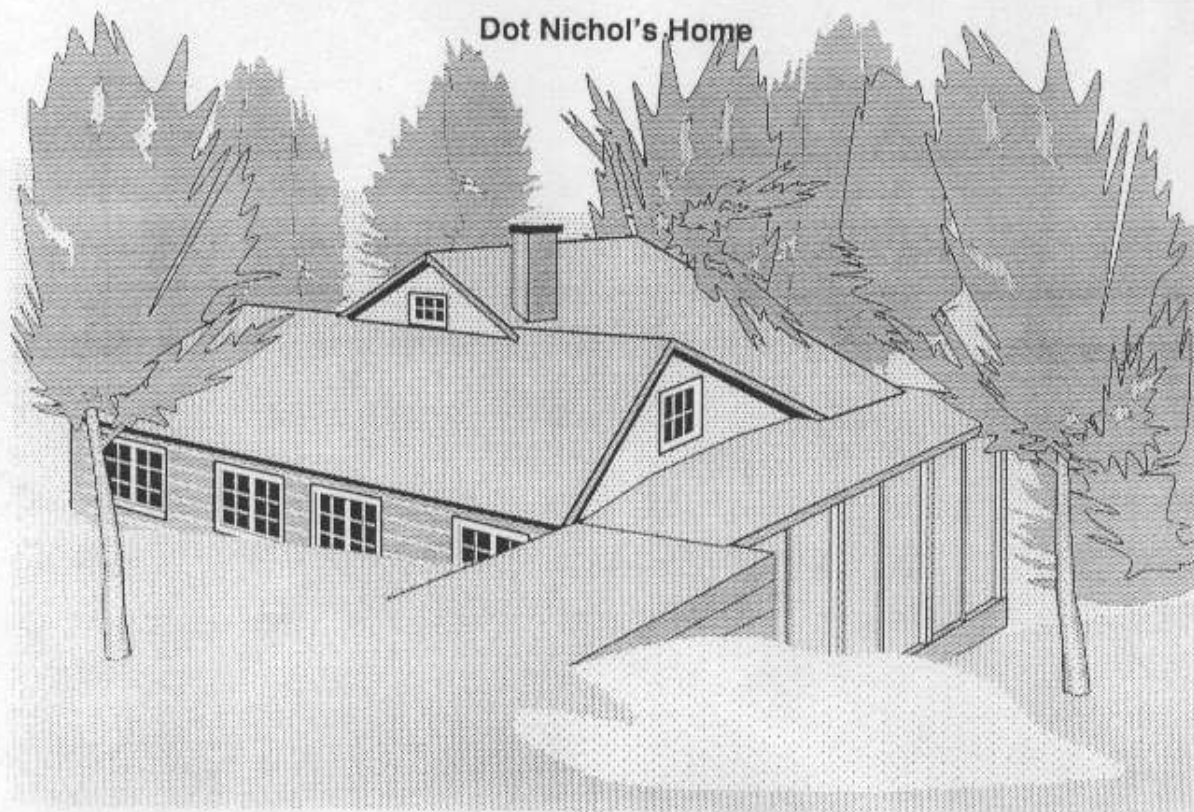
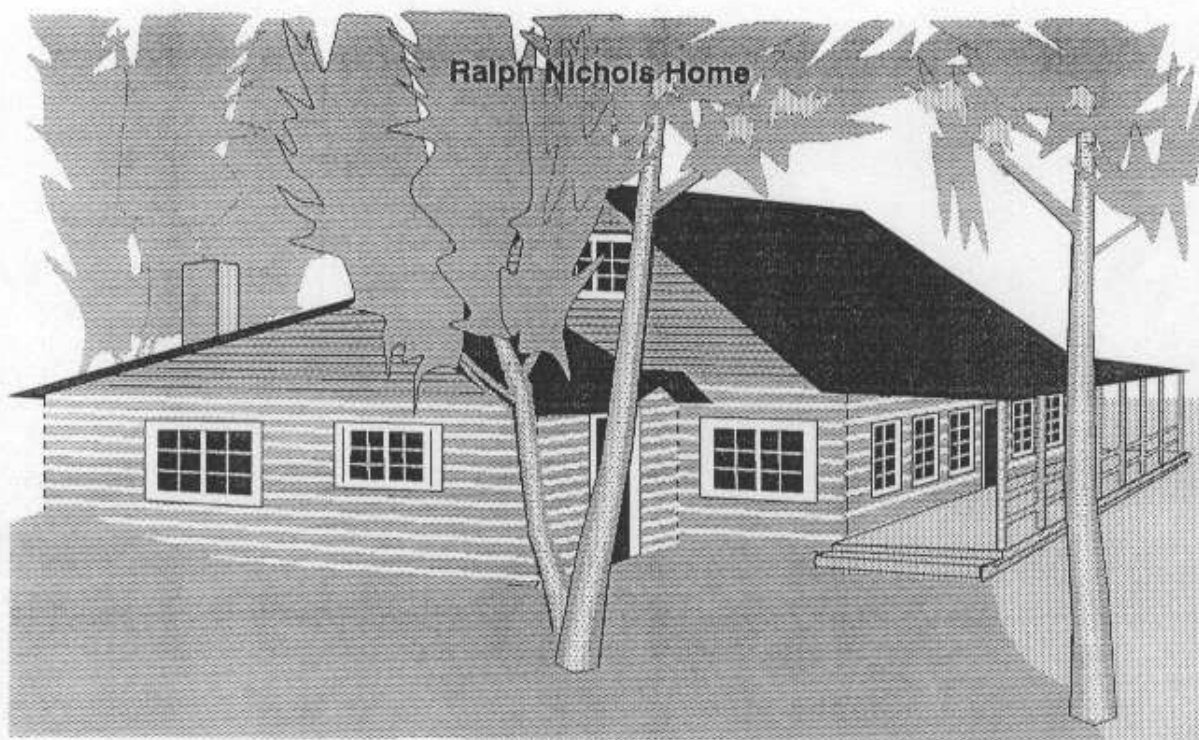
Home of Edgar Ross
Building #9 In Upper Gilmore



Home of A.S. Ross
Building #6, Upper Gilmore

In addition to the Pittsburg - Idaho Mining Company, other mining companies were also established in Gilmore. Perhaps the most successful of them was the "Latest Out" Mine. Mr. Ralph A. Nichols, an eminent mining engineer from Birch Creek Country, acquired but one claim in the Gilmore Mining District - the lucrative "Latest Out" claim which he reportedly purchased for the modest sum of \$300.00

and a barrel of whiskey. The luxurious home of Ralph Nichols, and that of his son, Dot, are depicted below.

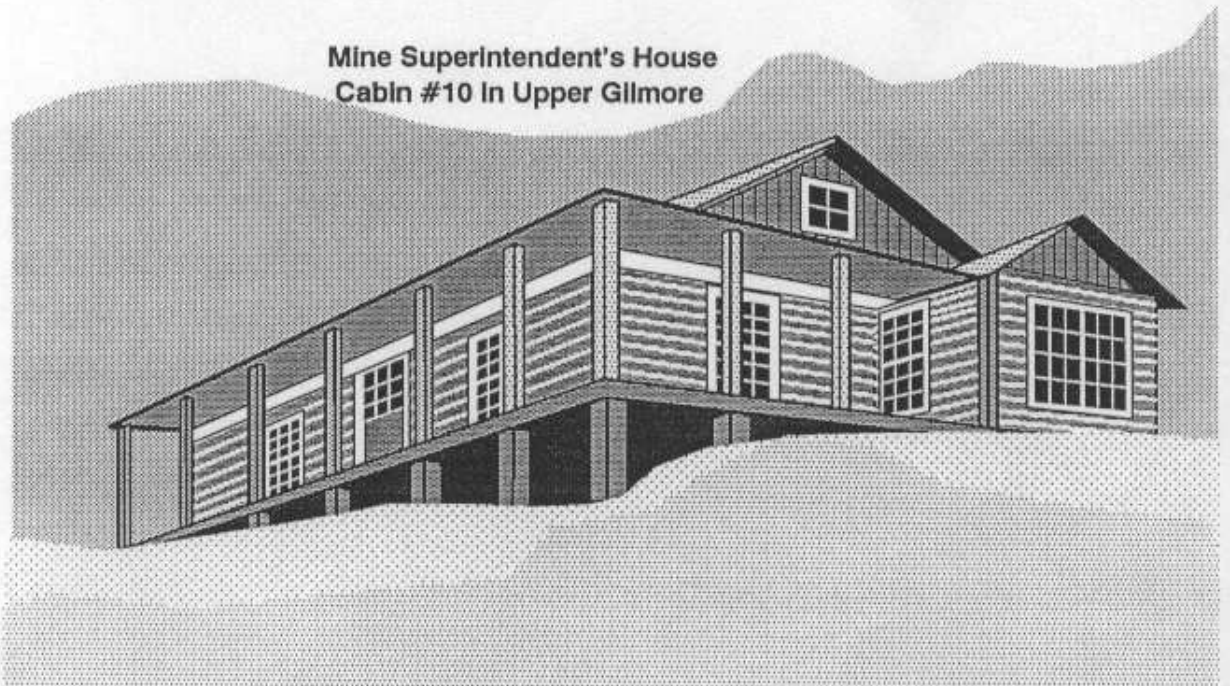


During the 18 years of ownership before his death, Mr. Nichols produced over 90,000 tons of high grade silver-lead ore valued at some \$3,000,000.00 from his "latest Out" mine. That surely represents a pretty good return on his investment.

It is also interesting to note that the "Latest Out" Mining Camp in Gilmore holds the record for shipping to the smelter the highest grade of silver-lead ore of any mining camp in the United States.

As a result of his success, Mr. Nichols built several large houses in Upper Gilmore, including a grand house for his mine superintendent which is depicted below. That house had features not often found in a mining camp, such as a sky light in the kitchen, a huge double fireplace with a food warming cove on the side facing the dining room, and a wrap around veranda with a spectacular view of the valley below.

Mine Superintendent's House
Cabin #10 In Upper Gilmore



A well run Post Office was essential for the growth of Gilmore. Indeed, the residents of Gilmore were most fortunate in having such an honest and dedicated Postmaster. James Harrison Campbell, an active and successful prospector for several years, became Gilmore's second Postmaster in 1903. Postmaster Campbell was well respected by the townsfolk, and many stories are told of his exemplary honesty and character. For example, one time an expensive vase arrived through the mail in broken condition, and even though he had not in any way contributed to the damage, Mr. Campbell felt obliged to reimburse the postal patron from his own funds. This was not an isolated incident as Mr. Campbell was a very sincere and dedicated young man.

By the year 1906, the town of Gilmore was a well established community on the hill (Upper Gilmore). The first child born in Gilmore (in 1908) was the son of Thomas and Elvira Denny. In honor of this event the child was named *Gilmore* after the town. Gilmore Denny spent many years in and around Gilmore, and lived in Lemhi County throughout his life. He passed away in Salmon, Idaho in 1995.

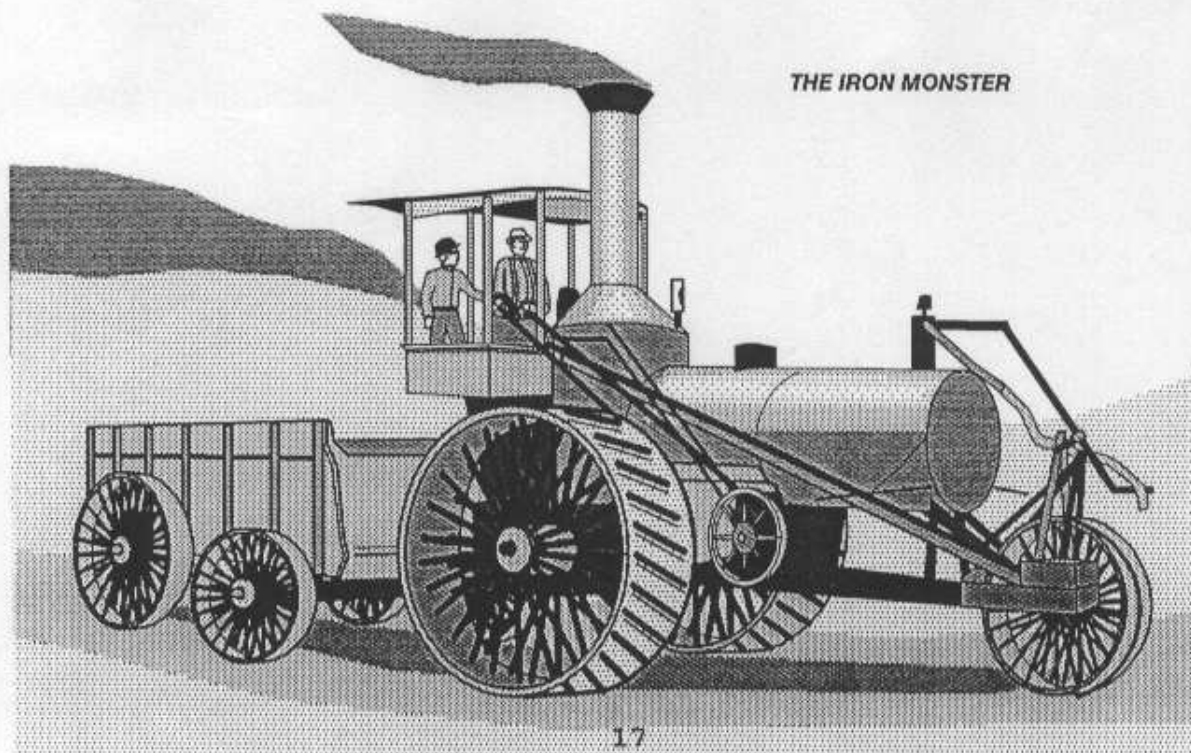
The community on the hill flourished until 1910 when A.S. Ross (one of the renowned Ross brothers) laid out the present townsite. This coincided with the beginning of rail service by the Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad.

As the railroad was nearing completion, A.S. Ross, also from Pennsylvania, joined his brother Edgar and became involved in planning and developing the new Gilmore Townsite that would be served by the Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad. When the G&P began operations in the Fall of 1910, many commercial, service and business facilities were relocated from Upper Gilmore to the new Gilmore Townsite. The residential center of Upper Gilmore to a large extent also moved down the mountain to the new town. During this time, some buildings of Upper Gilmore were actually moved down the mountain and relocated in what is known as Lower Gilmore. Others remained in Upper Gilmore but were turned into facilities specifically to serve the miners. A few buildings were simply left empty - essentially abandoned to their fate.

The Iron Monsters: During the summer of 1903, ore shipments were begun from the mines at Gilmore to the nearest railhead, Dubois, Idaho, some 85 miles across the desert. Those early shipments were all made by horse drawn wagon.

During those years there were as many as twelve different freight outfits at a time hauling ore out of Gilmore. They operated with teams of 16 horses driven by a jerk-line, hauling loads that averaged one ton per horse. In good weather, the freighters made as many as four trips a month from the mines, with as many as forty teams on the road at any one time. They were generously credited with making an average of twenty miles a day, and regardless of the weather they camped out in the open at night.

Freighting the ore by horse drawn wagon was very inefficient and since the freighters were paid eleven dollars a ton for their efforts, it was also very expensive.



In order to reduce the almost prohibitive cost of shipping ore by horse and wagon, backers of the mining venture set up a shipping company; *The Dubois and Salmon Transportation Company*. They purchased a huge 110 horsepower coal fired steam tractor that ran on land (not on rails). Almost immediately that huge tractor was dubbed *The Iron Monster*.

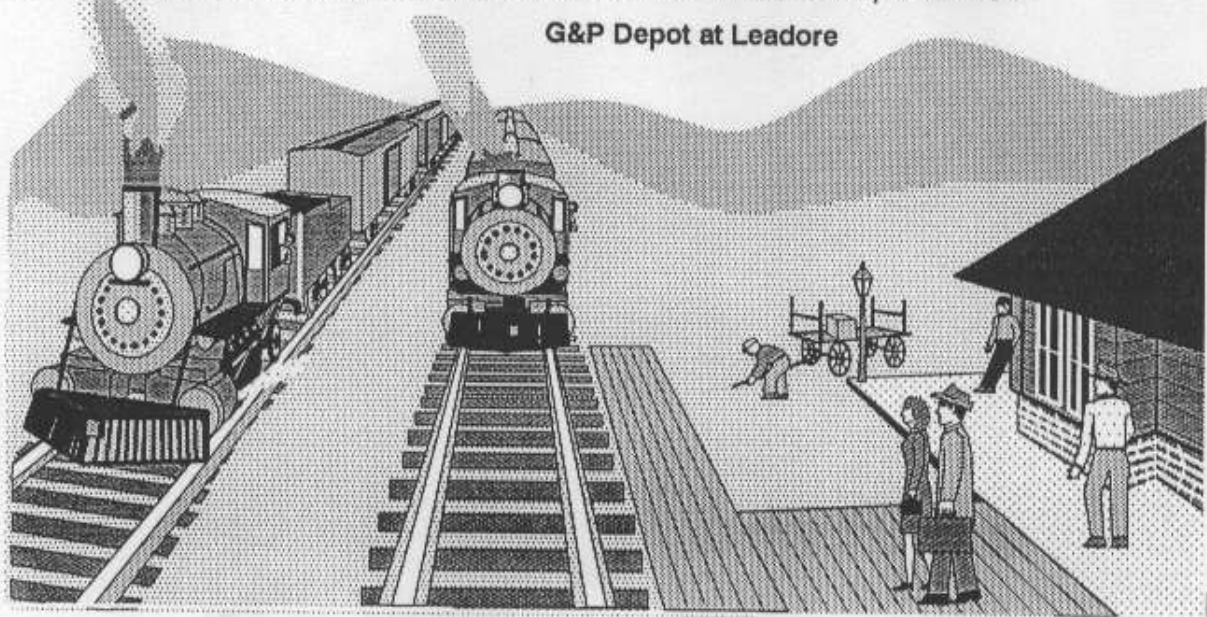
They formed a "train" by hooking together eight ore wagons, each with a capacity of 20 tons. This "train" was then pulled across the desert by the Iron Monster. The train was kept moving day and night by using a large acetylene lamp to light the way in the darkness. The trip from the mines in Gilmore to the railhead in Dubois took four days. A sheep camp was hooked onto the end of the train to accommodate off duty crews.

Winter operation proved to be impossible, so the train operated only during the Spring, Summer, and Fall months. In the years from 1907 to 1910 there were actually two such Iron Monsters. With two trains operating, they had one train going while the other was coming back and the trains would pass each other en route. Even so, the long hard haul across the desert brought constant problems and breakdowns, not only with the Iron Monsters, but also with the ore wagons themselves. Ranchers located along the route of the ore trains especially disliked the iron Monsters and complained constantly that their shrill whistles caused panic among the livestock and horses which often led to stampedes.

Slow inefficient operation along with continual problems encountered with the ore wagons and both Iron Monsters led directly to the decision to build a railroad in order to move the ore more efficiently.

The Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad: In 1910 the Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad was completed and service began between Gilmore and Armstead, Montana. This provided access to the Oregon Short Line (a subsidiary of Union Pacific) for ore shipment to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The Idaho Junction point for the G&P was at Leadore, the town that was established specifically to serve the railroad. At Leadore Junction the railroad branched South to Gilmore and North to Salmon.

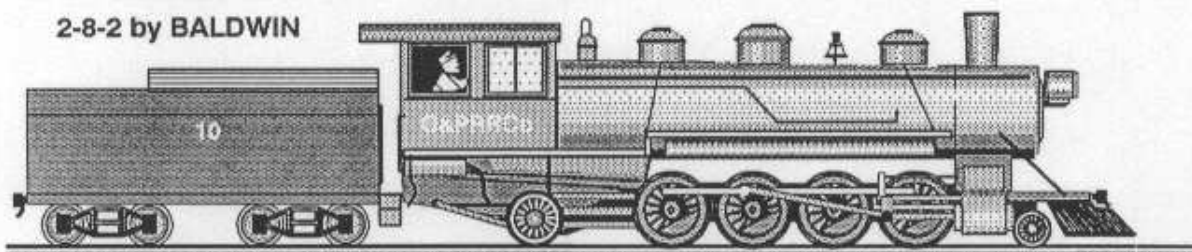
Leadore became the principal terminal in Idaho, and extensive railroad yards were constructed which included locomotive sheds and maintenance shops, rail car repair shops, and housing for train crews and other railroad personnel.



Several types of Baldwin Locomotives were owned and operated by the G&P. Among them were two low-wheeled 2-8-2 locomotives, numbers 10 and 11. Both were purchased from The Missouri River and Northwestern Railroad when they were almost new, and they quickly became the principal power for the G&P Railroad. The G&P also acquired a ten wheeler (4-6-0) and a 2-8-0 that had been built initially for The Western New York and Pennsylvania.

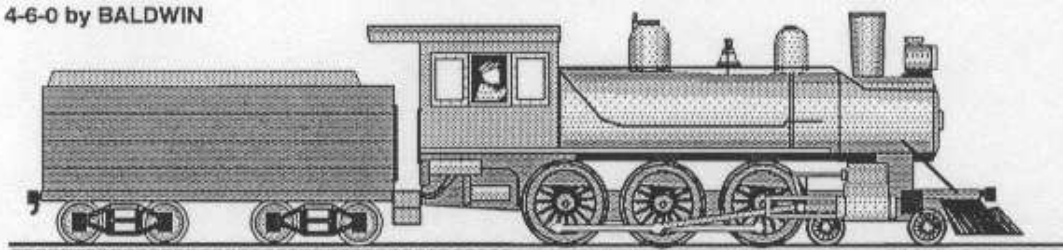
G & P Locomotive No. 10

2-8-2 by BALDWIN



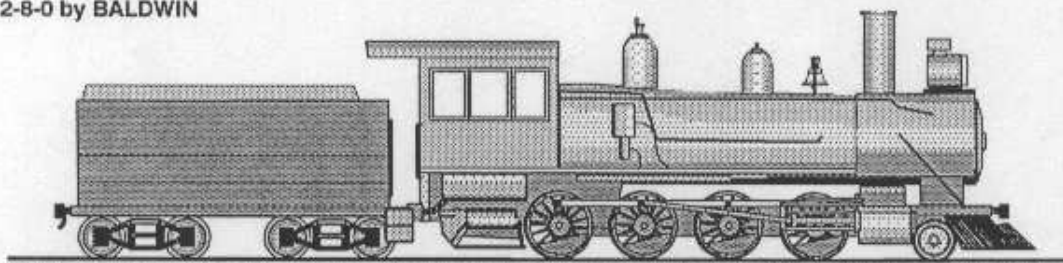
G&P No. 14

4-6-0 by BALDWIN



G&P No. 13

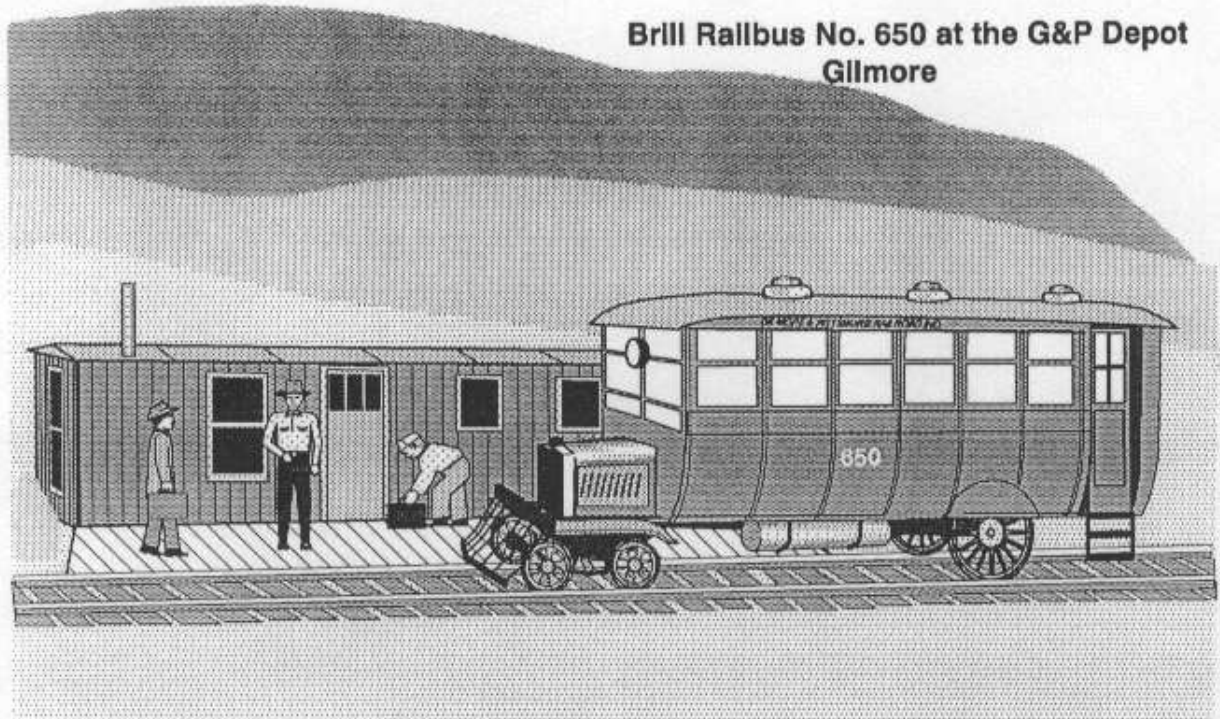
2-8-0 by BALDWIN



The Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad was originally intended to be a branch line that would eventually connect with the Northern Pacific at Dillon, Montana some 20 miles North of Armstead.

Construction of the G&P across the mountains was quite an engineering feat. Even with many switchbacks, the grades were very steep. Maintaining schedules across the mountains proved to be difficult, not only during the Winter months, but also during the Spring thaw when track washouts were often encountered.

Peak years were during the decade from 1910-1920. However, toward the end of that decade the G&P was already in serious financial difficulty. As an economy measure, a gasoline powered Brill Railcar was put into regular service on the Gilmore run to accommodate passengers and light freight. Steam trains were used sporadically to handle large volumes of freight.



The Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad operated for some thirty years, but turned a profit in only two or three of those years. So when the proposed link-up with the Northern Pacific failed to materialize, the bankrupt Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad finally ceased operations in the Spring of 1940.

Nevertheless, it was the development of the railroad that set the stage for the development of the town named "Gilmore".

What's in a name? Originally, the name proposed for the new town was "Gilmer", and it became Gilmore only because of a bureaucratic error. The town was to have been named after Jack T. Gilmer, who was the major partner of the Gilmer-Salisbury Stage Line. They started as a small regional stage line and built a good reputation. As their reputation grew so did their business. Soon they were serving a large part of the Idaho Territory with stage stations strung from Utah to the Montana mining camps. The line was well run and they served the public well.

From its well-run operation in Idaho, the Gilmer-Salisbury Stage Line grew rapidly into a highly successful company. Their degree of success enabled them to purchase the Wells-Fargo Firm which already owned The Overland Stage and Express Company. From this point they went on to become an important contributor to the growth of the American West. Surely, the impressive contribution of the Gilmer-Salisbury Stage line made Jack T. Gilmer worthy of having this new town named after him.

The Gilmore Townsite: When the Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad was completed and began service in 1910, Gilmore grew rapidly as the mines flourished. The most prosperous years spanned the decade from 1910 to 1920 when Gilmore boasted a population of nearly 1000 hardy souls.

The town was subdivided into lots and a system of streets was laid out. As shown on the following page, East - West streets were designated as *avenues* and were named after rocks such as Porphyry, Quartzite, Rhyolite, etc.. *Streets* ran North - South and were named after metals such as Gold, Silver, etc. or minerals such as Galena (an important ore of lead and silver).

The drawing on the following page shows the layout of a large part of the Gilmore Townsite and includes most of the business district. The Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad tracks are to the right and out of the picture. There were important businesses near the railroad which are not shown such as the garage, livery stable, and blacksmith shop.

As one can see, the extensive array of businesses and services made Gilmore largely self sufficient. Services included the school, a church, a hospital, and a post office. Electricity was generated in the power plant located near the railroad tracks.

The Gilmore Mercantile provided a wide range of quality merchandise for miners as well as families. There was also a meat market, a grocery store, a candy store, a bank, a dance hall which also served as a theater, a blacksmith shop, a livery stable, and the Gilmore garage which housed the Model-T dealership. There were at least three good-sized hotels in operation throughout the period of prosperity. Four hotels are shown in the drawing, but Hotel Gilmore was destroyed by fire after being in operation for a relatively short time. As one would expect in any flourishing mining town, there were several boarding houses, a number of saloons and pool halls, and of course, at least one fine bordello.

The tramway shown in the distance was a distinctive Gilmore landmark for many years. The tramway was essentially a short, narrow gauge railway that transported ore from the mines to the railhead of the G & P Railroad. The operation of the tramway is described in detail in Chapter II *The Mines of Gilmore*.

The Gilmore Mercantile is still a prominent Gilmore landmark today. It was established by the Ross brothers to provide supplies to the rapidly expanding town. As their various ventures became more demanding, they needed capable and reliable people to manage the mercantile business.

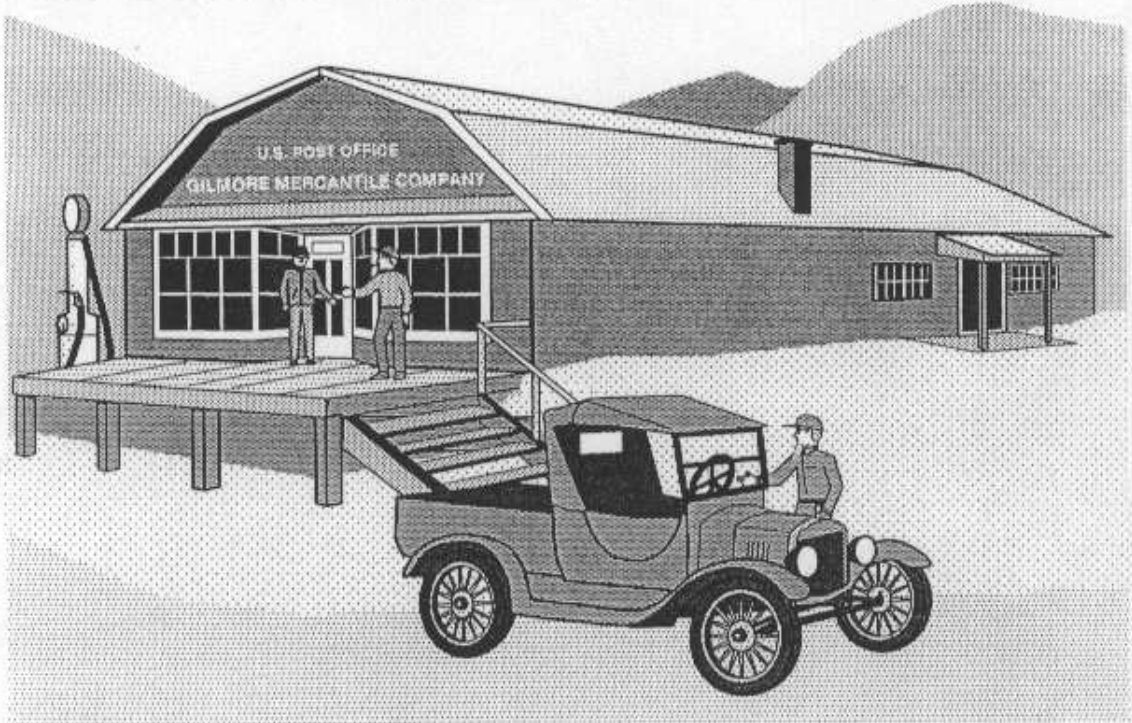
Grover Tucker had just arrived from the East in 1911, and was staying at Hotel Gilmore. While he was out exploring the town the next morning, the hotel caught fire. Grover lost everything except the clothes he was wearing. Undaunted, Grover stayed on, and along with his brother Elmer, took over and greatly improved the Gilmore Mercantile Business.

The Gilmore Townsite
Lower Gilmore circa 1910-1920

Windy Peak

24

The Gilmore Mercantile, with Grover and Elmer Tucker as proprietors, became a major trading center in the area. They bought goods by the carload and carried a wide variety of top quality merchandise at reasonable prices. This led to over \$100,000 in sales annually as Gilmore prospered. It is interesting that Grover and Elmer were nephews of Edgar and A.S. Ross. The Tuckers' Mercantile Business operated successfully even long after mining operations had originally ceased.

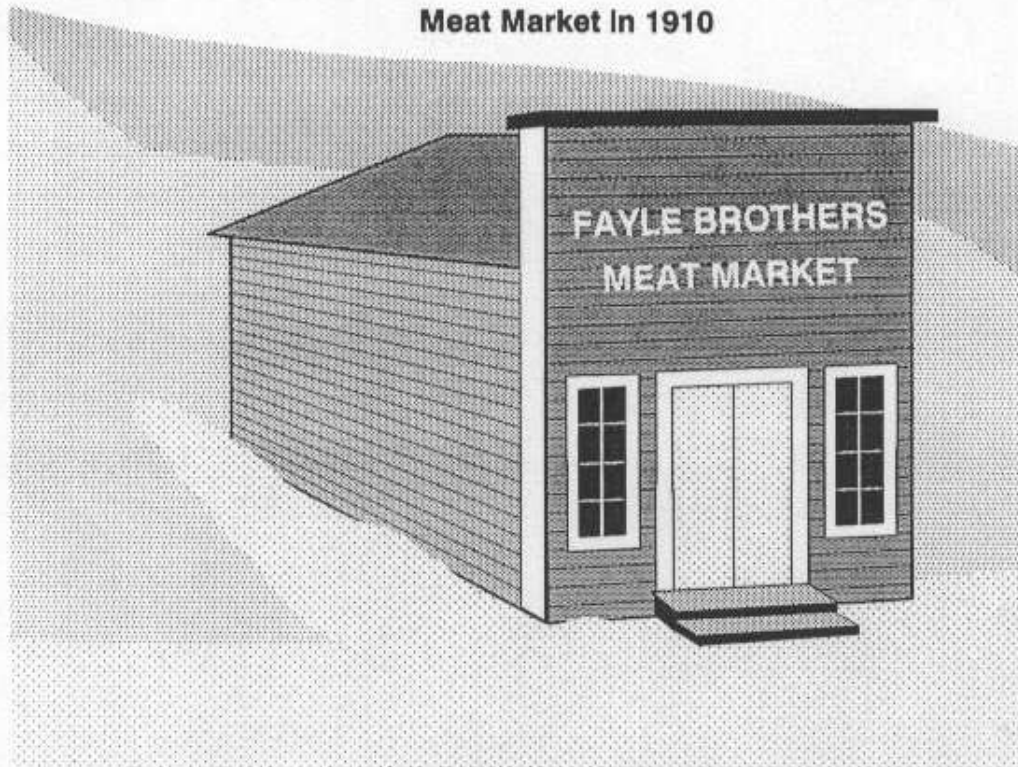


The Jagers Hotel, known originally as The Pioneer Hotel, was the stage stop in Gilmore until service was discontinued in 1910 with the coming of the railroad.



The Fayle Brothers, prominent cattlemen from Medicine Lodge, Idaho, were the first to supply beef to the fast growing Gilmore mining camp. At first, they did business in Upper Gilmore, then later on in the Gilmore Townsite. They opened a meat market near the corner of Porphyry Avenue and Silver Street as soon as the railroad began service in the Fall of 1910.

Meat Market In 1910



Sometime after the establishment of the Gilmore Townsite, John Benedict and Lee Wentworth opened the B & W Meat Market. It was located next door to The Jagers Hotel and cross the street from The Gilmore Mercantile in the heart of the Gilmore Business District.

At the same time John's oldest brother Ernest Richard (E.R.) Benedict owned and operated a large ranch north of Leadore. He also grazed a herd of cattle at what is now the Ellsworth Cow Camp just north of Gilmore. It was from that herd that E.R. Benedict furnished much of the beef for the meat market in Gilmore.

In May of 1912, John Benedict was buying cattle over the hill in Montana when he developed a severe pain in his side. There was nothing else for him to do but to ride out on horse back the way he had come in. He finally reached Leadore where he got a room in a hotel. He sent for E.R., and remained there for two or three days. Then a mail-order nurse accompanied him on the train to Salmon where he took a room in a private home. He was in a good deal of pain, but then his appendix ruptured and the pain let up. However, all the doctor could think of to do for him was to elevate one end of his bed.

The doctor knew that John would not live long, and sent for E.R., who immediately went to Salmon. They called in a lawyer and John made out his will - leaving everything to his young son, Cecil. E.R. was named administrator.

Shortly before he died, John told E.R. that Villa (his former wife) would be there

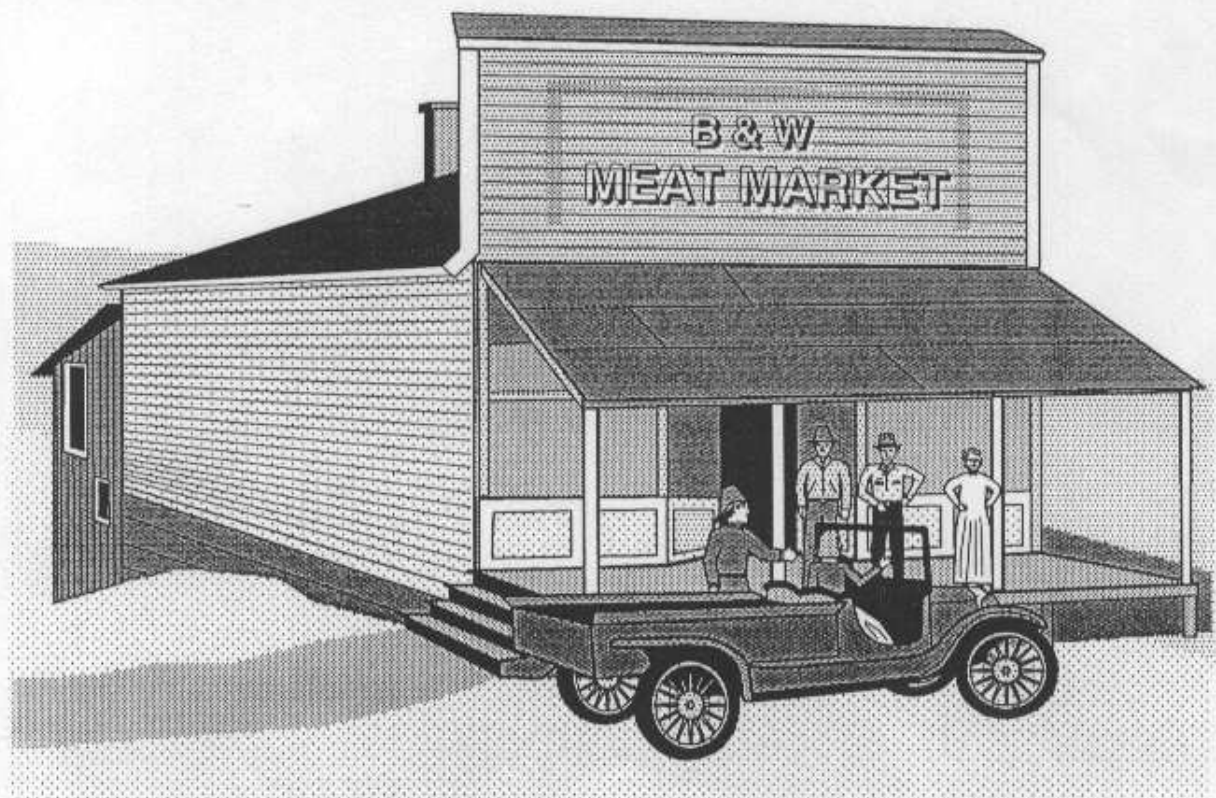
soon. They had been divorced for a good many years, but were attempting a reconciliation. John had first seen his son when Cecil was five years old. It is uncertain, but John may have seen him later on one other occasion.

John was only forty-five years old at the time of his death on May 12, 1912. Villa was on her way west, perhaps as close as Armstead, Montana, when she got word of John's death. She arrived shortly before the funeral and asked that they open the casket, but the undertaker refused to do so. So, Villa stayed only a few days, and then returned to Illinois.

Lee Wentworth, John's partner, had been running the meat market and John had been the buyer. Since running the meat market was definitely a two man operation, E.R.'s oldest son Tom, who was just sixteen, moved to Gilmore and started working in the meat market.

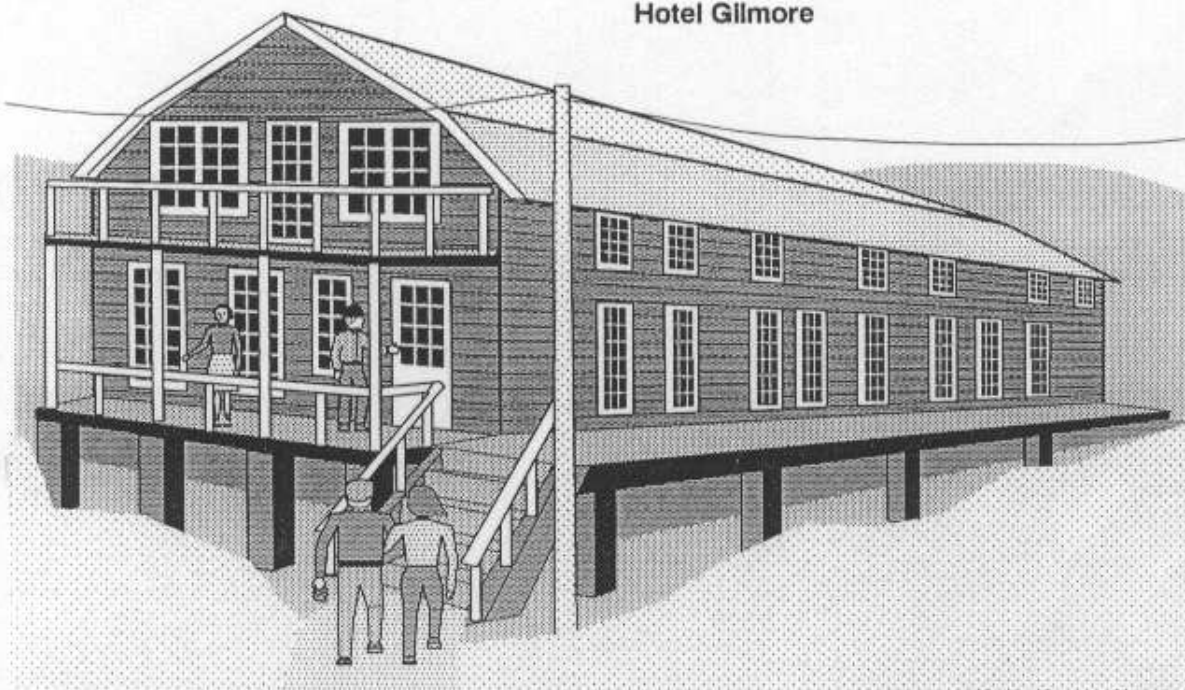
Sometime after John's death, Tom took over operation of the Benedict Meat Market in Gilmore. That happened in 1915 when Tom was at the ripe old age of nineteen. It is believed that John Benedict and Lee Wentworth had originally bought the meat market business from the Fayle Brothers. Tom finally sold it to George Pierce in 1924.

Note:
Mr. & Mrs. Clem Zook Knew Mr. Pierce as "Warren" Pierce, Not George.

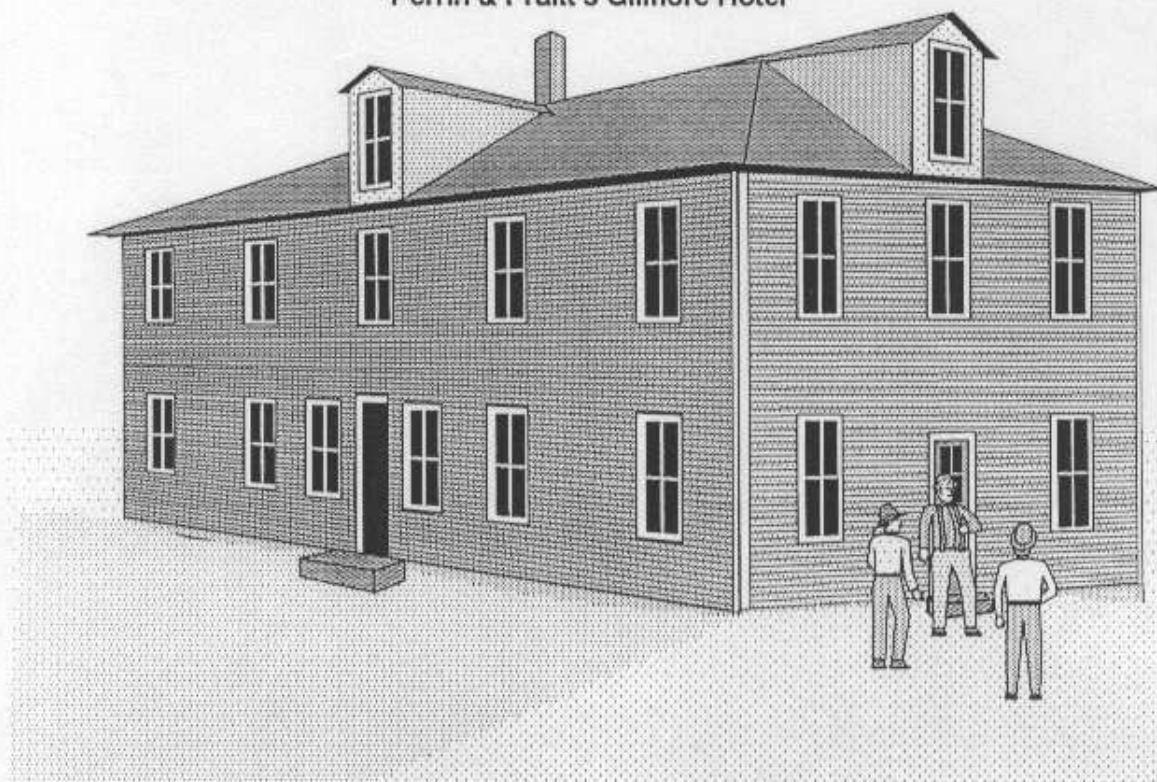


Two other hotels in early Gilmore were The Hotel Gilmore and Perrin & Pruitt's Gilmore Hotel. All of the hotels were destroyed by fire, although the Jagger's Hotel survived until it was destroyed by arson around 1980.

Hotel Gilmore



Perrin & Pruitt's Gilmore Hotel



Sadie Wedgewood's father was Commandant at Fort Douglas, and while Sadie was staying at the fort she decided to visit her sister in Gilmore. Her sister was Mrs. Anderson, who operated Anderson's Saloon and Dance Hall.

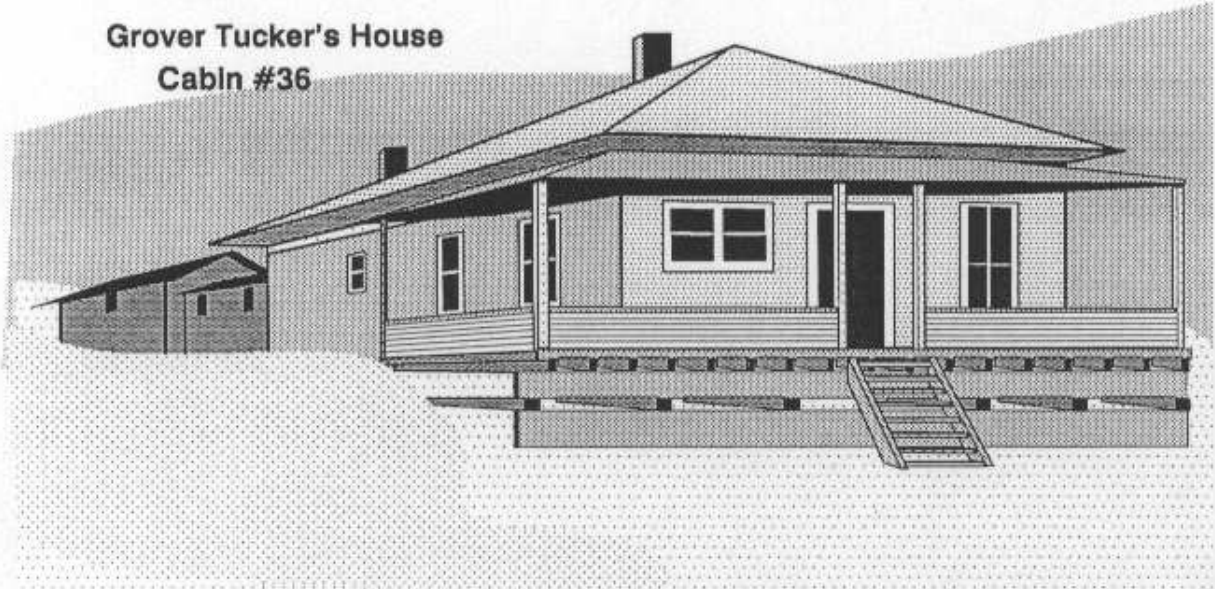
Sadie was upstairs in her room when Grover Tucker came into Anderson's and sat down in the lobby. Grover got his first glimpse of Sadie as she was coming down the stairs. It was love at first sight, and by the time she reached the bottom step, Grover was madly in love with her.

Sadie stayed on in Gilmore and established Sadie Wedgewood's Hotel and Saloon, almost across the street from Anderson's.

Future drawing of Sadie Wedgewood's Complex

Grover's infatuation with Sadie continued, and she became his mistress. Not only did Grover dote on her, but he built her a grand house on the hill. When she complained about having to go outside to the outhouse, he made her an enclosed passageway and even put a small stove in the outhouse to keep it warm in winter. The passageway and outhouse can be seen behind the house in the drawing on the next page.

**Grover Tucker's House
Cabin #36**



As for Sadie, she was an astute business woman and her hotel and saloon business was very successful. It is reported that when Madam Nettie, who operated Gilmore's finest bordello, retired into high society, Sadie took over her thriving business as well.

Grover and Elmer Tucker were brothers, and when they came West to Gilmore and took over the operation of the Gilmore Mercantile business they were already bitter enemies.

Back in Pennsylvania, it seems that Elmer was in love and engaged to be married when Grover conspired to break up the courtship and put an end to Elmer's wedding plans. Elmer was livid, and at one point even threatened to kill Grover.

Grover and Elmer were nephews of the Ross brothers - Edgar and A.S. - and both were involved in some of the Ross business ventures in Pennsylvania. They were well liked by their uncles, who apparently offered to set them up in the mercantile business with the idea that moving West and working together in this new venture would lessen the tension and bitterness that existed between them.

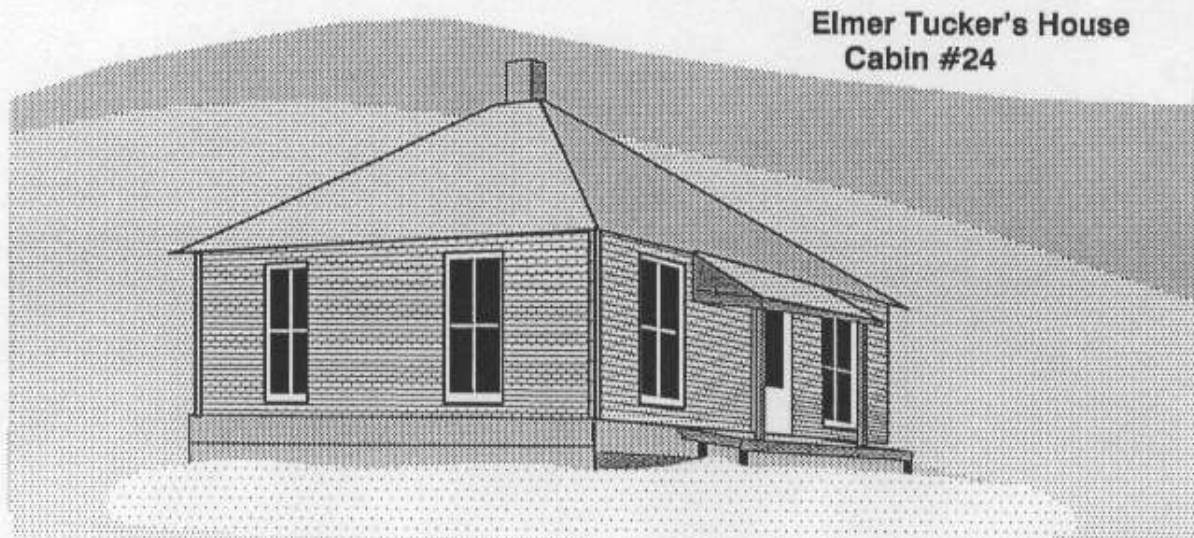
Both Grover and Elmer took up the challenge, and worked hard to make the Gilmore Mercantile a successful business. However, they did not let their common business interest interfere with their personal feud. Grover and Elmer operated the Gilmore Mercantile for over forty years, and yet as far as anyone knows not one

word was ever uttered between them.

Whenever they were both in the store at the same time, Grover tended the dry goods side while Elmer looked after the hardware and grocery side. If a customer came in to buy something, let's say on Elmer's side, and during the transaction happened to ask if they had wool boot socks in stock, Elmer would tell him to go see "that guy over there". Even if he knew they had the wool socks in stock, he would not say so, nor would he refer to his brother by name. It was that way with both of them. If at times it became absolutely necessary to communicate, it was by means of brief, formal, tersely worded notes.

When Grover took up with Sadie Wedgewood, some said that Elmer was also in love with Sadie and was very jealous. However, those who knew Elmer best said that he had no interest in Sadie and it made no difference to him what Grover did. Since he did not speak to Grover anyway, he simply steered clear of both of them as much as possible.

Elmer built a modest but comfortable house just up the street from the store, and for the most part lived his life as though Grover did not exist.

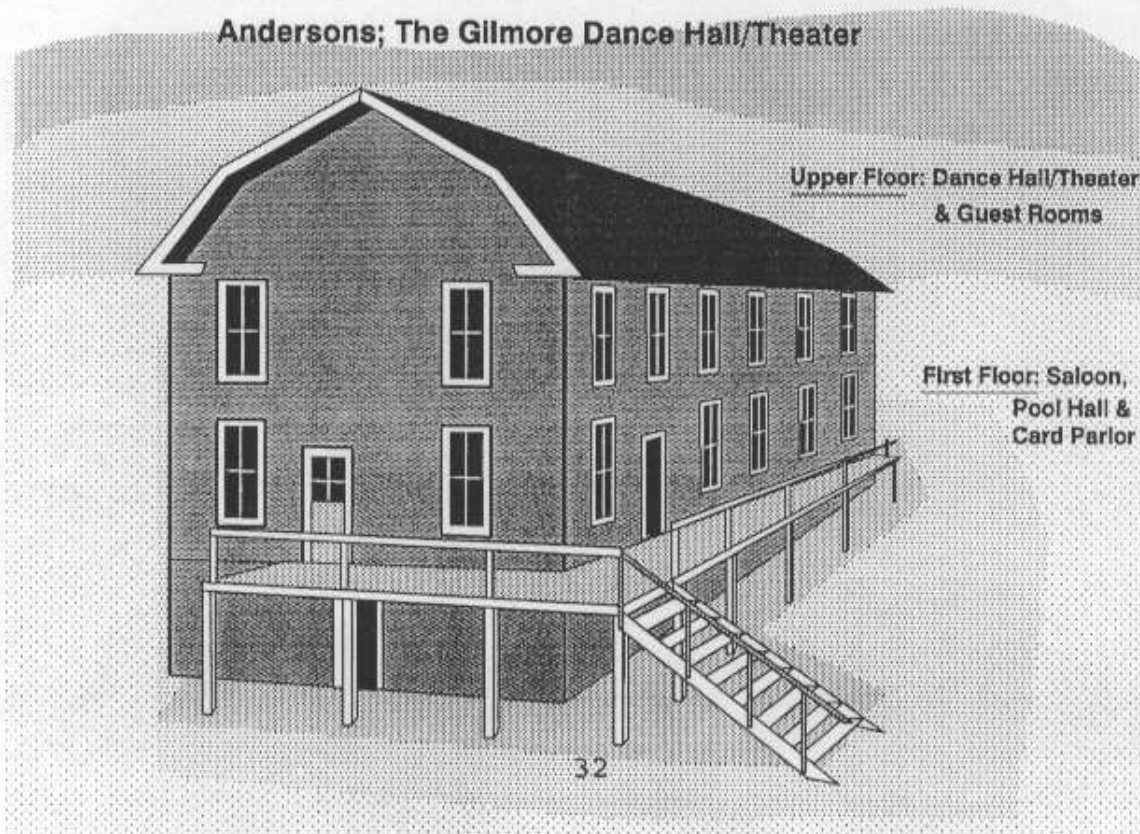


The Lemhi Valley Bank in Gilmore was founded by Edgar Ross and was located across Porphyry Avenue from The Jagers Hotel and next door to the Gilmore Mercantile. The cashier, Bernard Allhands, lived upstairs over the bank with his wife and daughter. The side door seen toward the rear of the building provided access to the Gilmore Real Estate Company owned by Edgar Ross.

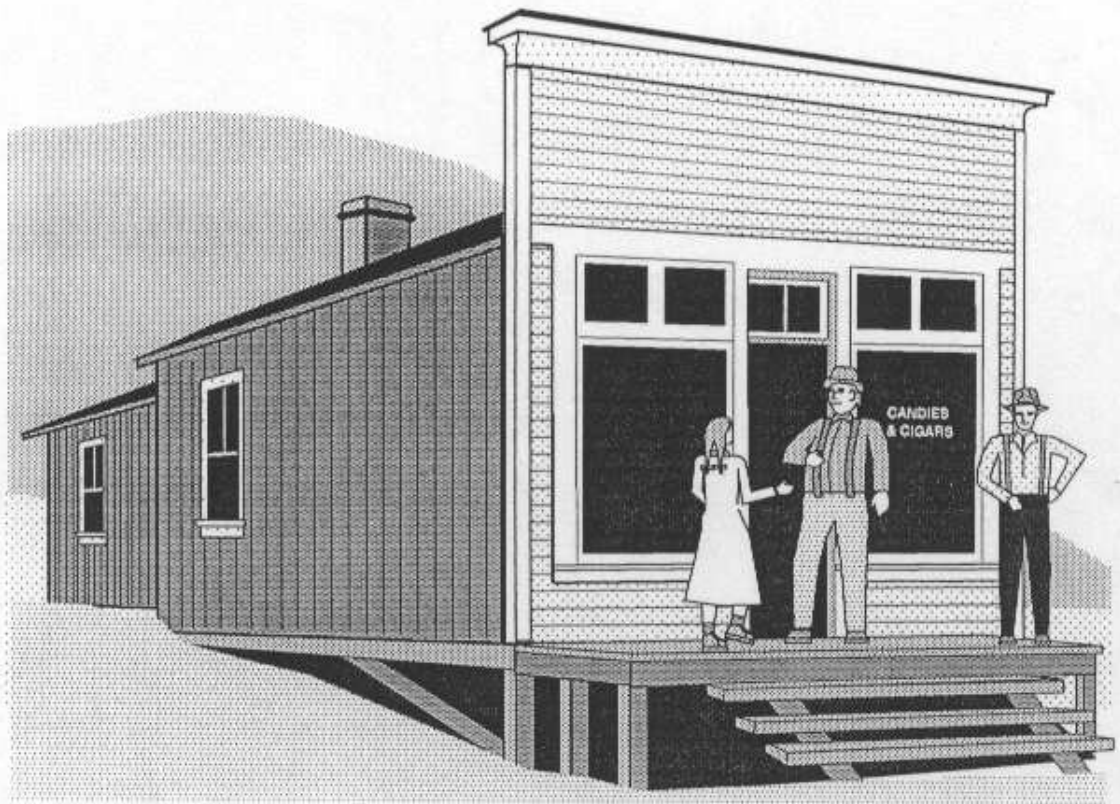


The Dance Hall/Theater was located next to the bank on Porphyry Avenue.

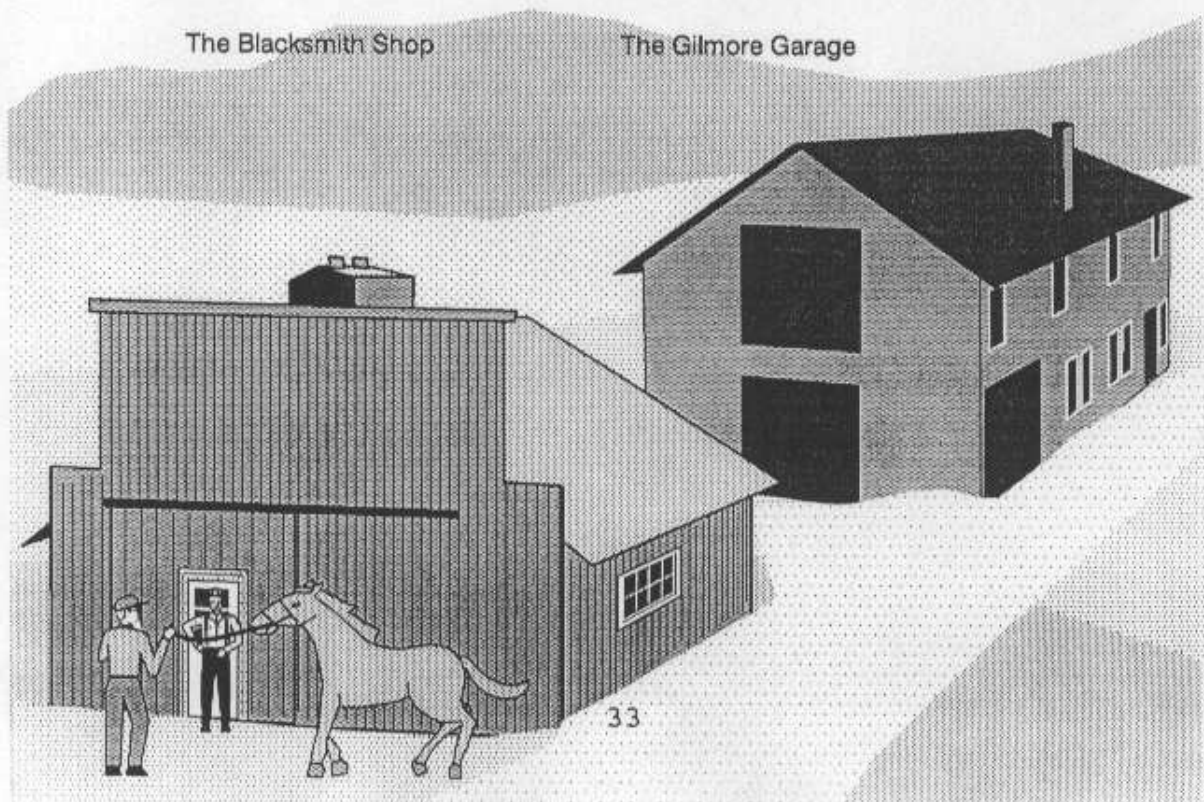
Andersons; The Gilmore Dance Hall/Theater



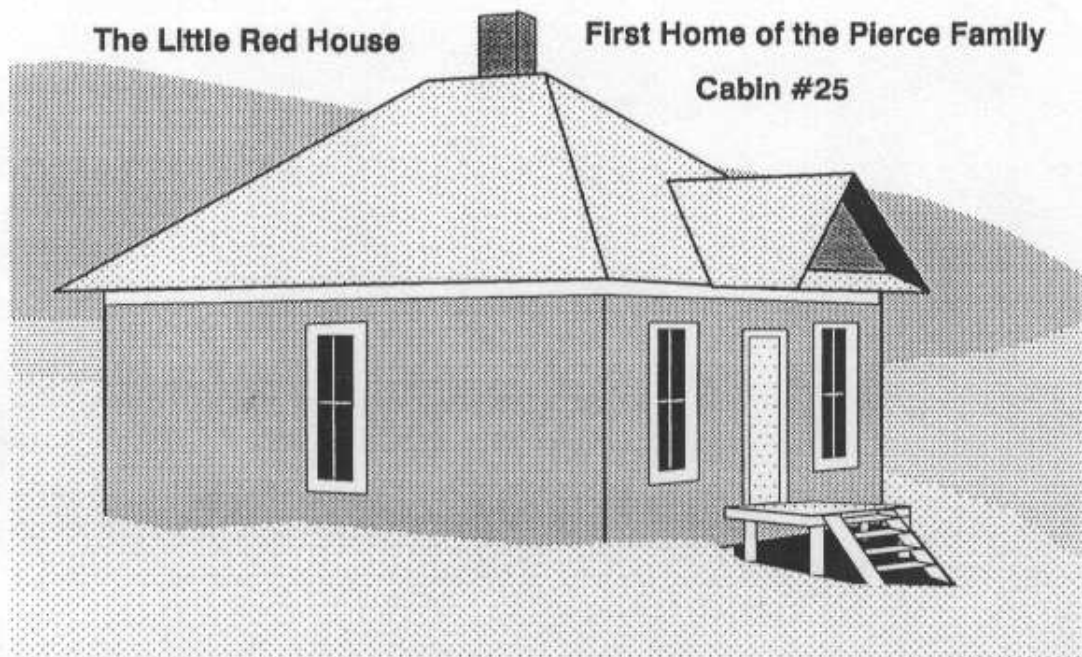
The candy store was operated by the Pollock family and was located between the Dance Hall/Theater and Hotel Gilmore some distance back from the west side of Porphyry Avenue.



The Blacksmith Shop was located on the north side of Silver Street east of Porphyry Avenue and west of the Gilmore Garage.



The Pierce Family originally lived in the little red house (#25 on Map III), and George and Mary operated a Grocery Store in the building on Silver Street directly behind their house.



In 1924, the Pierces added to their business by purchasing the meat market business from Tom Benedict. Since the Pierces had run the grocery for a number of years, George had become known as "The Gilmore Grocer".

In 1926, Postmistress Mary/Molly Pierce moved the Post Office from the Gilmore Mercantile into the Grocery Store behind their house.

With the addition of the meat market and then the Post Office plus a growing family, the Pierces were becoming overcrowded in their present situation. They had also acquired some nearby lots, so they decided to build a new and larger building better suited for their needs.

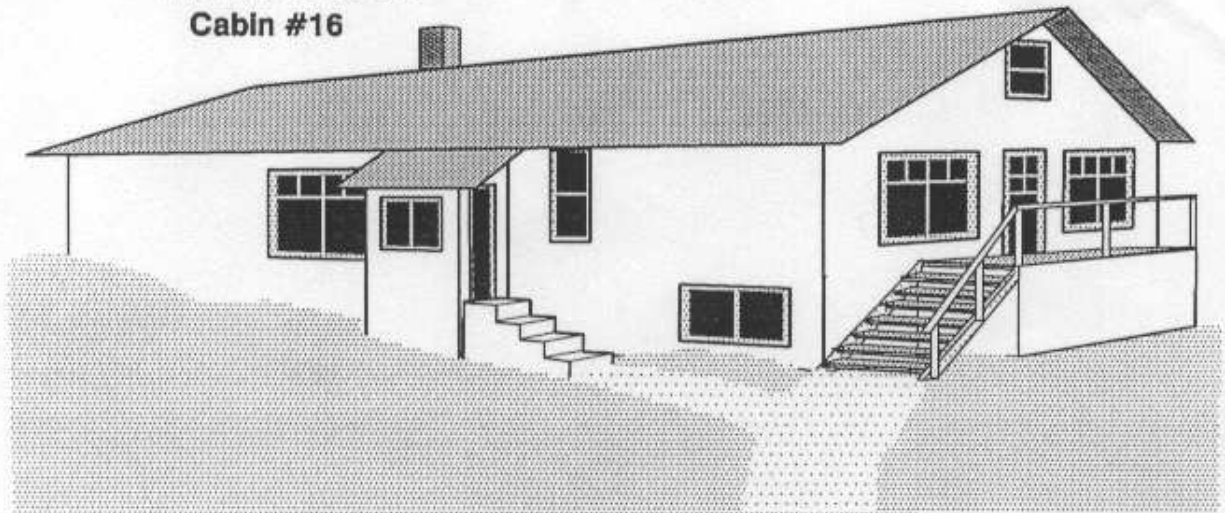
Part way down and on the opposite side of Quartzite Avenue, they built a very large two story frame structure. The ground floor housed their living quarters, the grocery store, the meat market, and the Post Office. The upper floor housed a full sized basketball court along with seating for spectators. Gilmore was an avid basketball town and supported two local teams. One team was made up of boys from families of local businesses and professions. The other team was made up of boys from miners' families. In addition to playing each other, they also played teams from Leadore and Salmon that came in by train. When the two local teams played each other, which team won was less important than who won the fight that took place after the game.

As the years went by, Mr. Pierce acquired considerable Gilmore property, including the site of the old Fayle Brothers Meat Market, which was no longer in existence.

Finally they had saved enough money, and in the late 1930's George and Mary built the large stucco house on the site that had been occupied by the meat market. It was the last house built in Gilmore, and one of the finest. With indoor

plumbing, central heating, and parquet floors, it soon became known as "The Gilmore Showplace". Mary Pierce continued to operate the Post Office out of her new home until it was closed in 1957. It is reported that the Pierce family left Gilmore soon after the Post Office was closed.

**The Pierce House
Cabin #16**



One of the most tragic events to occur in Gilmore was the untimely death of young Eddie Pierce, the son of George and Mary Pierce. The incident occurred the day after Christmas, December 26, 1927, and is described here by Jay Gleason, a long time Gilmore resident.

Eddie was just 13 years old. His 13th birthday was celebrated only a few days earlier, on December 20. He had received a new pair of skis for Christmas and naturally he was anxious to try them out as soon as he could. So, on the day after Christmas he and his friend Allen Gleason headed out with the new skis.

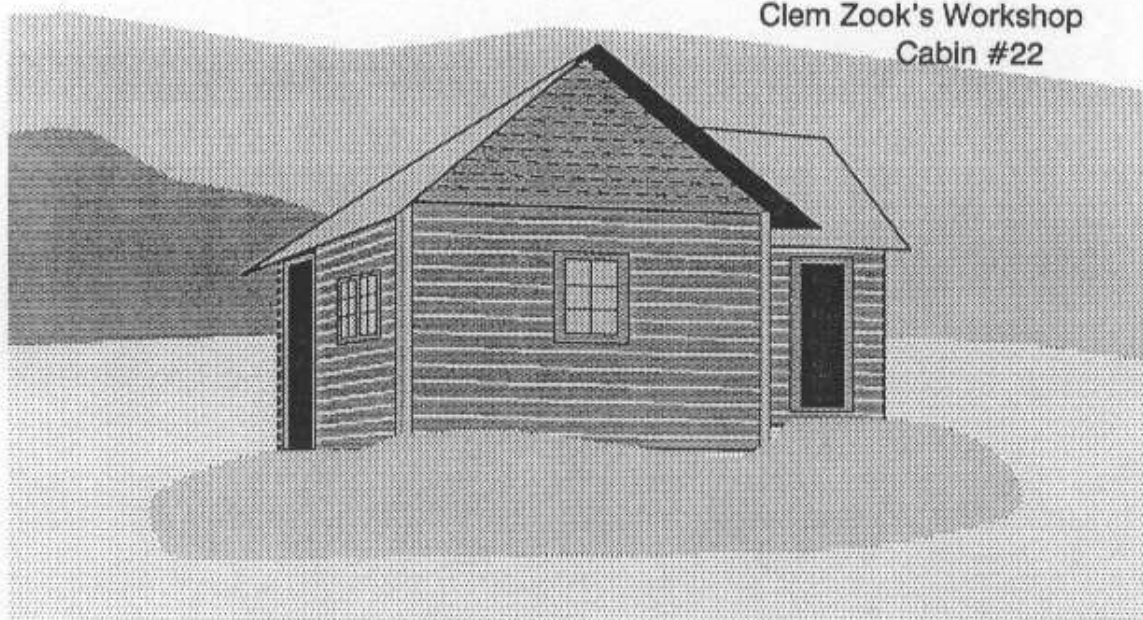
Eddie skied down the hill from the Gleason house, parallel to the hospital road. He only went about 150 yards when one of his skis caught on an old site marker. It caused him to trip and he fell hard onto a sharp tree stump that was hidden beneath the snow. Eddie tried to get up, but he couldn't. His friend Allen realized that Eddie was hurt, and asked if he should run and get Larry Pretch who was at the Gleason's house. Eddie's last words were weak; "Oh God yes!".

Eddie was unconscious when Allen and Larry returned, so Larry laid him on a sleigh and pulled him up to the Gleason's house. All attempts to revive him failed, and the Doctor was summoned. It was later in the day by the time Dr. Bubbles from Leadore came up on a bobsled. He pronounced Eddie dead. Eddie was taken home to the Pierce House, where he remained until time for the funeral. At that time he was removed to the Movie House for the funeral service. After the service he was buried in the Gilmore Cemetery.

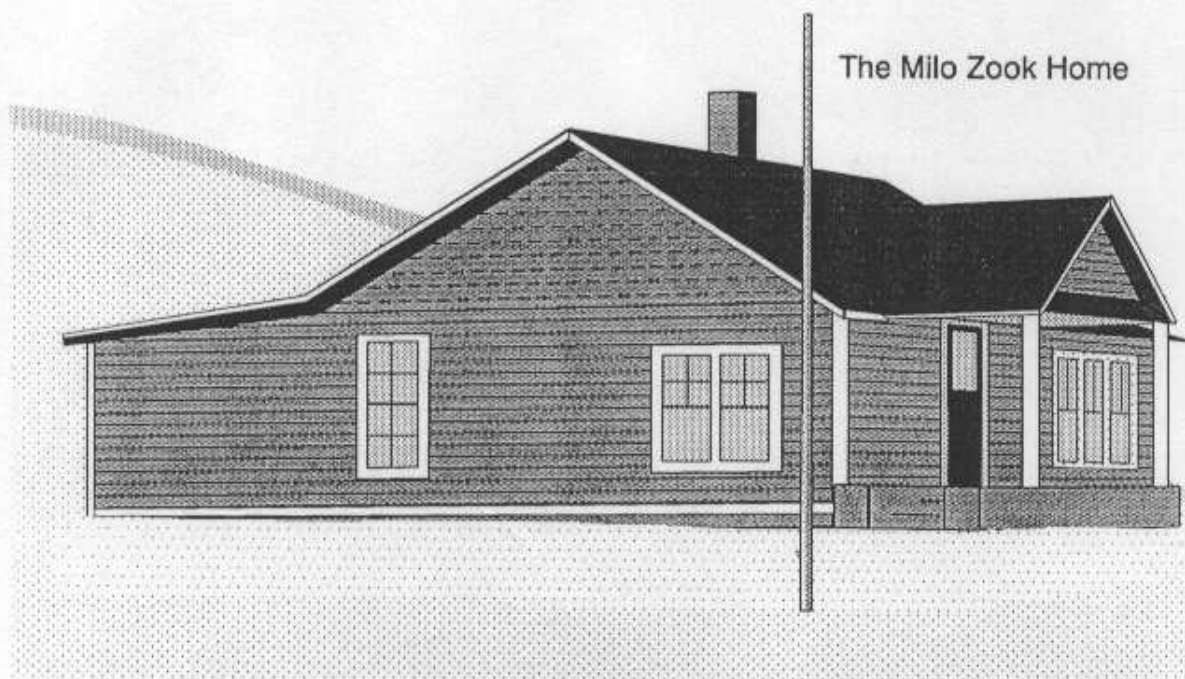
Eddie was very well liked by everyone, and there were mighty few Gilmore folks who could talk about the tragedy with dry eyes.

Clem Zook's Workshop was located on Silver Street just West of Milo Zook's Home. Milo Zook's Home was located on the corner of Silver Street and Rhyolite Avenue, just opposite St. Catherines Church.

Clem Zook's Workshop
Cabin #22



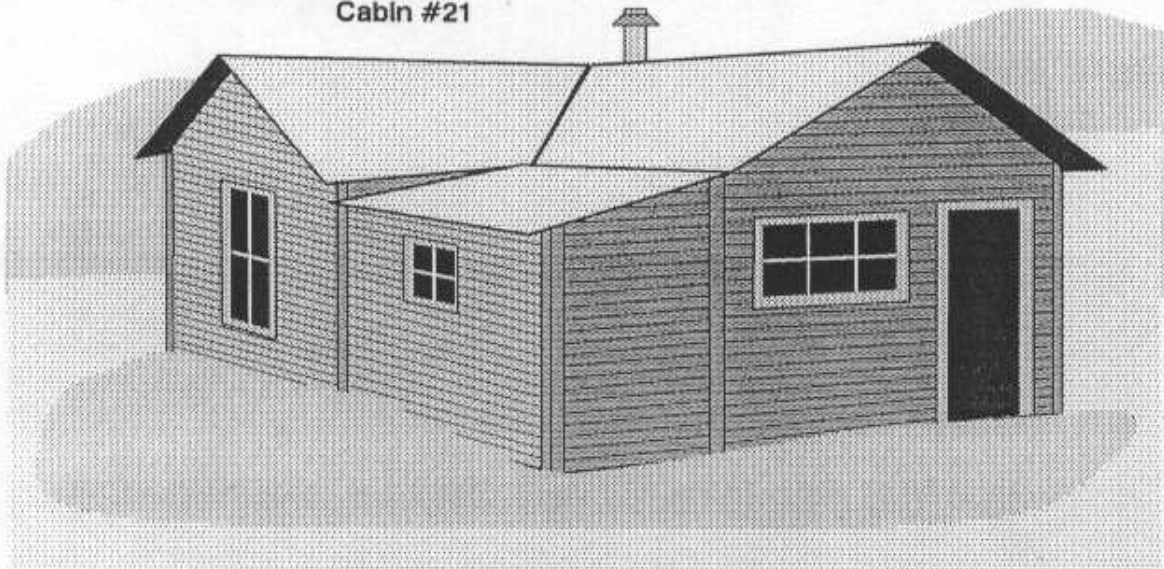
The Milo Zook Home



The house shown below (#21 on Map III) was next door to Milo Zook's home on Rhyolite Avenue. It was the first house in a row of five identical company houses. Cabin #21 is the only house in the row that is still standing.

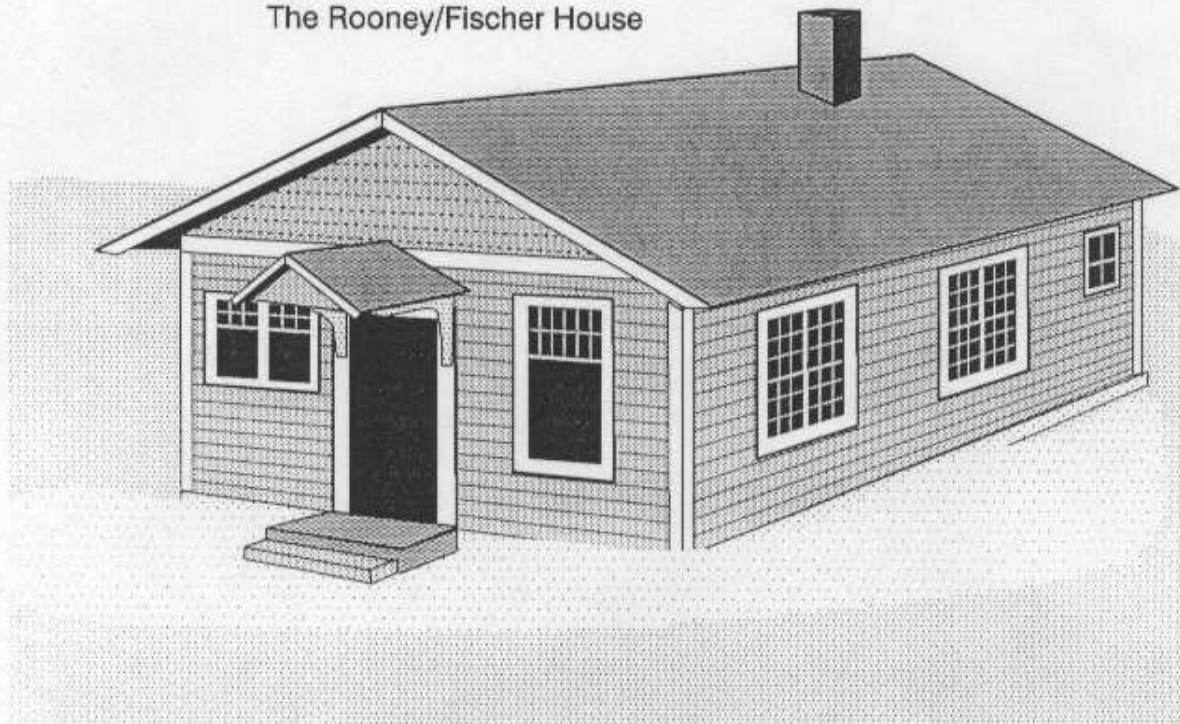
Company Row House, Lower Gilmore

Cabin #21



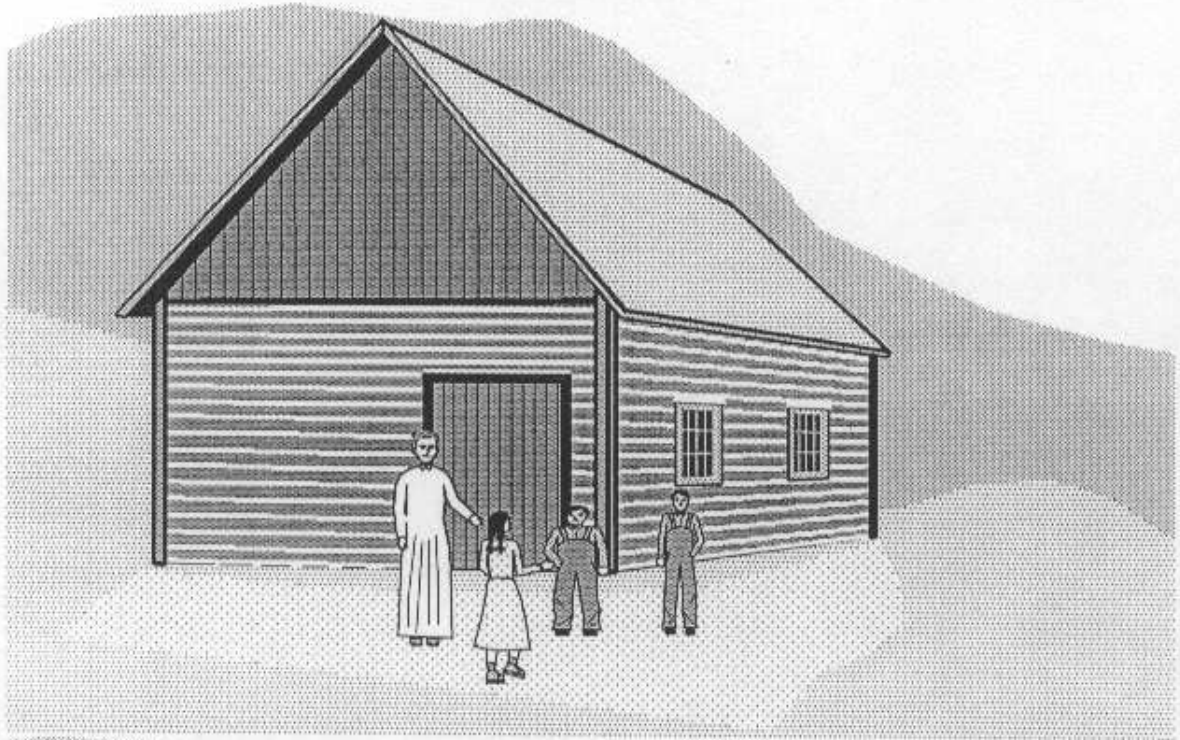
The Rooney/Fischer Home was located East of the Railroad Tracks and almost opposite The Gilmore Garage. Dan Rooney was foreman of the Latest Out Mine. He and his wife, Mary, had a large family and were very well-known in Gilmore. Nora Fischer, a popular Gilmore school teacher, lived in the house after the Rooney family left.

The Rooney/Fischer House

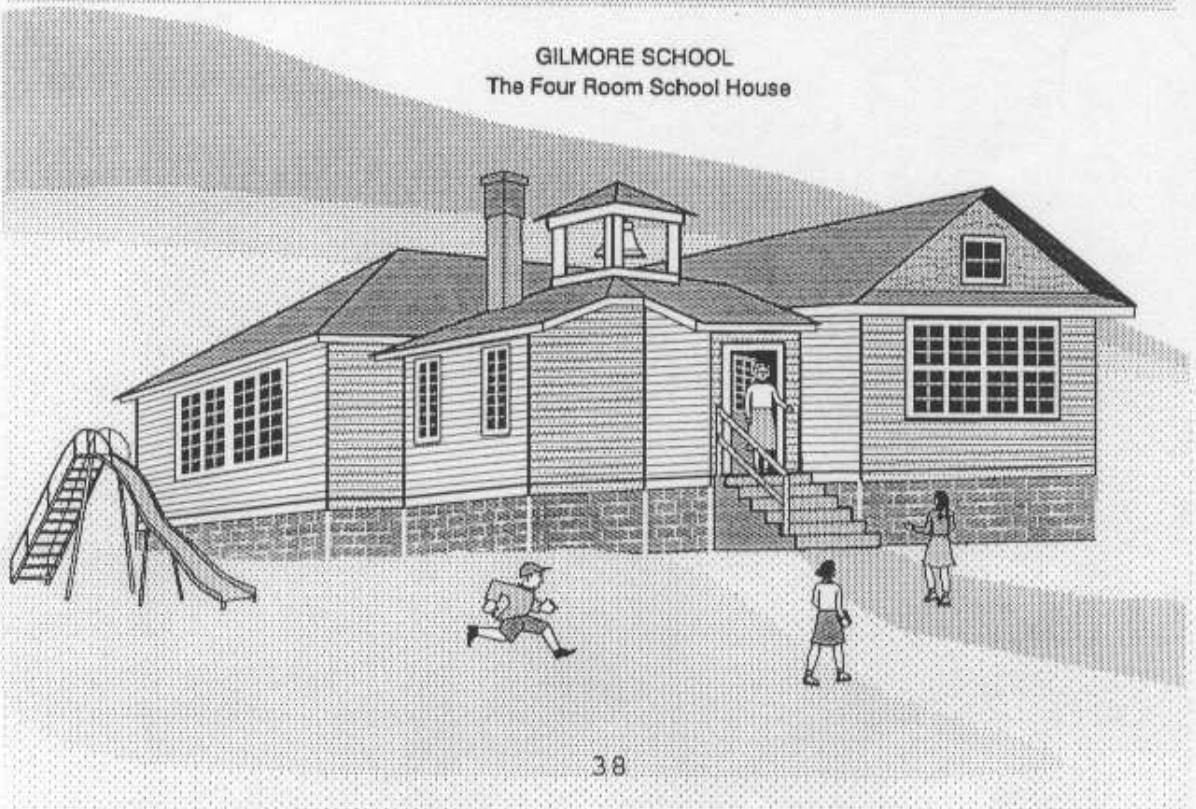


After the railroad began operation in 1910, the log school house was moved from Upper Gilmore down to the Gilmore Townsite. It served as the Gilmore School until 1912 when it was replaced by a four room frame building located just to the South of Saint Catherines Church on Rhyolite Avenue. Larger and more versatile, this school house served Gilmore well until it burned in 1937. After the fire, the county

Log Schoolhouse



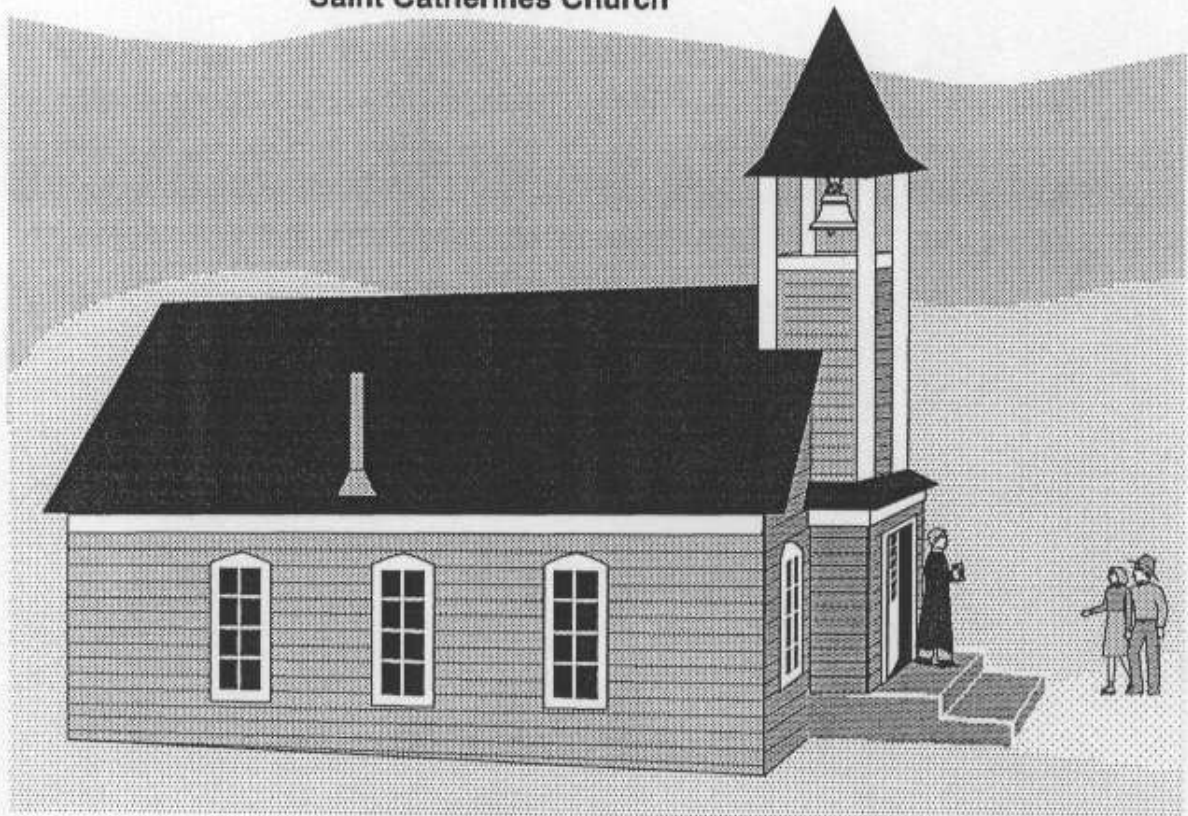
GILMORE SCHOOL
The Four Room School House



decided not to maintain another school in Gilmore. However, two mining companies got together and built a cinder block structure with a classroom upstairs and a basement storage room that doubled as a recreation area during recess in inclement weather. The cinder block school operated in Gilmore until the Leadore Schools consolidated. During the prosperous years when Gilmore was most heavily populated, as many as 100 pupils attended school in Gilmore annually.

Saint Catherines Church was built by Edgar and A.S. Ross to accommodate their Catholic wives. However, in addition to Catholics, Gilmore was home to a good many Methodists, including the two Ross brothers. The Catholic Diocese was pleased to have the church donated, and as a way of expressing their appreciation they offered the Methodists use of the church for their Sunday Services.

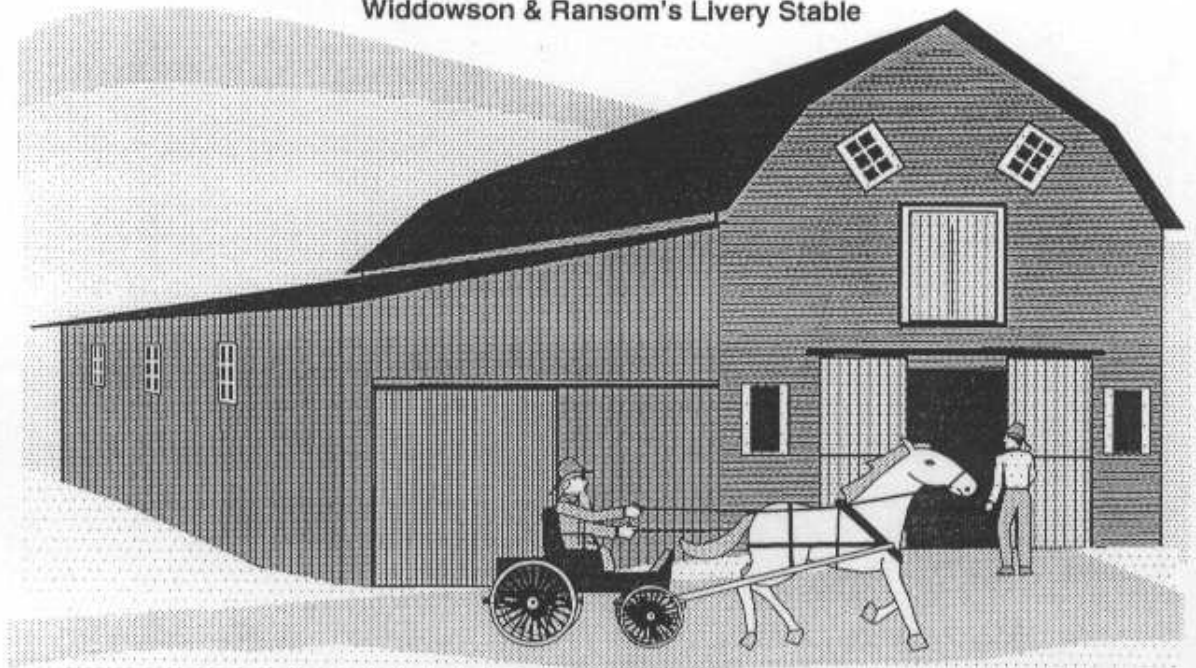
Saint Catherines Church



During the decade of prosperity, Gilmore was serviced by a four ward Hospital with complete surgical and dental facilities and a medical staff that included three doctors. The Hospital was built in Upper Gilmore where it remained throughout its years of service to the community. It can still be seen there today.

All through Gilmore's early years, The Widdowson & Ransom's Livery Stable maintained a thriving business. Located just across Silver Street from the Gilmore Garage, the building is no longer in existence.

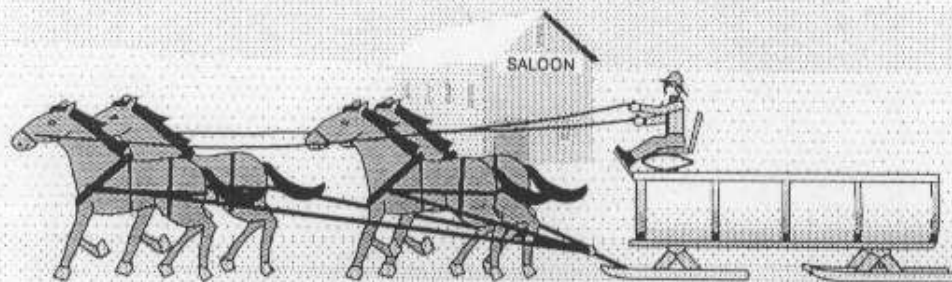
Widdowson & Ransom's Livery Stable



Water was a precious commodity in Gilmore throughout its history. During the early days in Upper Gilmore water was provided to the mines by a flume from Meadow lake, and excess water was allowed to flow directly through a narrow stream for use by town residents.

When the Gilmore Townsite was established, water was piped down the mountain from Meadow lake during the summer months. In winter, water was hauled in from springs on Texas Creek. In either case, the water was delivered to Gilmore households by a water wagon at the going rate of 25 cents for five gallons. Some families kept a water barrel in a corner of the kitchen, and were able to augment their supply by adding fresh snow whenever possible.

**Gilmore Water Wagon
circa 1914**



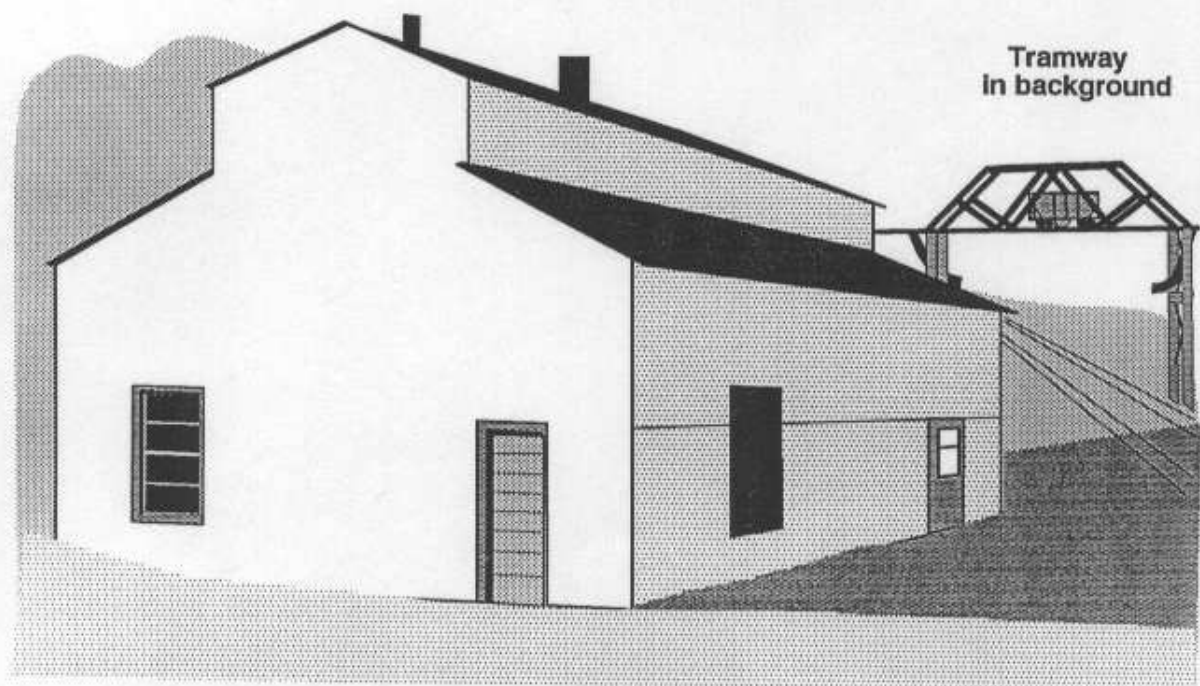
Later on a five inch wire-wound wooden water line originated at Meadow Lake, ran down a mine shaft and then out through a mine tunnel. From there water was supplied to Gilmore through a crude system of wooden water pipes, the remains of which can still be found today.

Finally, a large reservoir was built at the end of the field east of the Hutchings place (now Dick Moll's complex) and at the north end of Gilmore. Here Gilmore residents cut blocks of ice during the winter months. The blocks of ice were hauled to several ice houses and stored for summer use.

A popular pastime during the good times was gambling with cards, and the game of *Faro* was all the rage at the time. A popular saloon called *The Blazing Rag* was frequented by both miners and businessmen. Still another prominent saloon in town was *The Bucket of Blood*. In addition to a booming saloon business, Gilmore also had its famous madam, Madam Nettie, who ran a flourishing business just North of the main business district.

The great depression was devastating to the mining operations in Gilmore, and most operations ground to a halt. In addition, an overheated diesel engine caused a fire that led to a boiler explosion in the power plant. With mining operations at a virtual standstill, the power plant was never rebuilt.

POWER PLANT
GILMORE, IDAHO



After the 1929 market collapse, there were a number of miners in Gilmore whose families had to be provided for. So, Edgar Ross instructed the Gilmore Mercantile Company (operated by Grover and Elmer Tucker) to provide food to everyone in

camp whether they had funds or not. He also allowed them to continue living in their homes - rent free. To their credit, the Rosses were determined to stand by their many loyal employees during this time of need.

Unfortunately, mining operations at Gilmore never recovered from the effects of the depression, and many of the miners - especially those living in the Liberty Gulch Area known as Ragtown - eventually lost their jobs permanently. Without funds, and without adequate transportation, most of them simply left behind what they couldn't carry on their backs and walked away. Quite a few of those who stayed on in Ragtown ultimately built crude wooden shacks. Ragtown became Shacktown, and the ruins of some of those shacks can still be seen today.

The Gilmore Mercantile and the Jagers Hotel hung on to the bitter end, but eventually they too were forced to close down for lack of business. Those two buildings were considered Gilmore landmarks for many years. The Gilmore Mercantile building can still be seen. Jagers Hotel was destroyed by fire around 1980.

A few die-hards continued to live in Gilmore until the late 1960's, but eventually the last of them was forced to leave for health reasons. For all intents and purposes, Gilmore ceased to exist. Then, in 1976, Dick Moll came along.

The Gilmore Cemetery: No History of Gilmore would be complete without some mention of its cemetery. It has been said that at one time the Gilmore Cemetery was so popular that people were simply dying to get in - a grave situation indeed.

Now, to get serious, the Gilmore Cemetery is located on the hill about a mile from the Gilmore Townsite. Suppose you are visiting the cemetery for the first time. As you leave your car and start walking down the path that leads to the cemetery, the first thing you notice is the ruins of an old mine building just off the path and down slightly to the left. Upon investigation, you find at the far end of the ruins a deep vertical mine shaft. A crude barricade is all that separates you from an opening in the ground that is perhaps 8 feet across and 10 feet long. As you lean over the barricade for a good look - oops, be careful - you find yourself looking down a shaft that must be at least 100 feet deep. If you take time to study the shaft you will notice, about halfway down, what appears to be an opening to a tunnel leading off in an easterly direction. Then again at the bottom of the shaft is another tunnel that leads off towards the East. The protection offered by the barricade is completely inadequate, so please be careful. The cemetery does not need your business.

Once again back on the path and a little farther along, you round a bend. Just ahead and down a short slope lies the Gilmore Cemetery. According to the best information we have, some fifty Gilmore-ites lie at rest here. In so many ways, this is considered to be a unique and unusual cemetery. As you tour through it, see what you think!

The first graves you come to as you enter the cemetery are just off the main path. They are well marked and easily recognizable. However, if you take the side path that leads to the interior of the cemetery, the situation changes dramatically. Almost immediately you become engulfed in a wild, unrestrained growth of Mountain Mahogany so dense that you must struggle to stay on the path. Though it is difficult to see much of anything, here and there you encounter the remains of a once ornate grave enclosure, or a weathered slab or wood sticking out of the brush or a crude wooden cross. Each one marks the location of a grave. Many of the graves are without a marker of any kind, and many more are so overgrown with

brush that they are impossible to find. A few of the graves have legible markers, and a few more even have headstones. Most of these are in a separate section at the lower end of the cemetery.

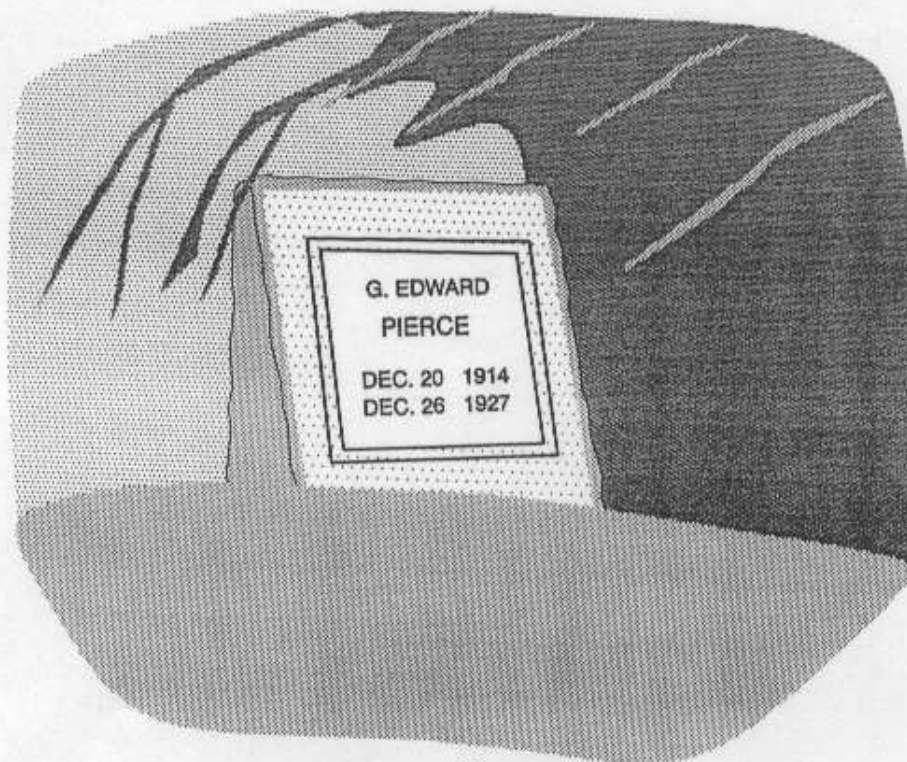
As you continue to stroll through the brambles, you begin to realize that the Gilmore Cemetery is actually a pretty good reflection of the town itself. Instead of being calm and serene as most cemeteries are, this one is more rough and rugged, just as the town of Gilmore itself was a rough and rugged place to live (or die).

Surprisingly enough, as you wander through, you become aware that not all of the graves look forlorn and forgotten. Here and there, even in some of the more inaccessible areas, you are attracted to a grave where flowers or other decorations have been placed at some recent time.

As a recent example, in the Spring of 1994, a hand crafted wreath of willow branches shaped like a heart and covered with white satin with ruffled edges held together by delicate lacing and a large fancy bow attached to the front was carefully placed along with a bouquet of fresh flowers on the grave of the Pollock Baby Boy. That wreath was just beautiful - a real work of art - and it showed that someone really cared.

You are now past the badly overgrown area, and have entered the lower end of the cemetery. As you can see, the graves in this section are well marked. In fact, most of them have headstones. Members of the Henderson family, the only family group in the cemetery, are buried in this section. This section also contains the most recent grave, that of eleven year old Gary Bennett Zitting, 1939-1950.

As you leave the lower section, the trail angles back to the main path where you will find one more grave with a headstone - that of G. Edward Pierce (young Eddie Pierce) who was tragically killed in a skiing accident shortly after his 13th birthday. After passing this grave, you have returned to the entrance and at this point your visit to the Gilmore Cemetery is complete.



Now that you have visited the Gilmore Cemetery, you may be interested to learn that several of the folks buried here have been included in the stories and articles that make up our Gilmore History. Among those appearing in other parts of this booklet are:

Toney (Tony) Henderson
G. Edward (Eddie) Pierce
Milderger (Milberger) Gambler
Shorty McLane
Boy Cunningham
Bert Rainey

"Drunken Mischief"
"Tragedy in Gilmore"
"Gesundheit"
"Shorty McLanes Last Party"
"The Bad Luck of the Irish"
"The Bad Luck of the Irish"

Last but not least, Dick Moll, currently Gilmore's only full-time resident, has advised close friends and relatives that it is his desire to be buried in the Gilmore Cemetery. Since he is busily making plans for the future - his living future - Dick emphasizes that there is no need to hurry about complying with his desire. However, when that time comes he feels strongly, as Gilmore's only resident in recent times and with his deep and compassionate feelings for the old town, that it is both fitting and appropriate that the rough and rugged Gilmore Cemetery be his final resting place. He has even picked the spot, right next to the grave of young Eddie Pierce.

Incidentally, Dick has vowed that he will "forever haunt" anyone who tries to bury him somewhere else.

Stories of Life in Gilmore: Gilmore was full of rugged individualists whose contributions to life and excitement in Gilmore should never be forgotten. For example, there was this unusually tall couple. Both husband and wife were at least six feet tall, and the wife was a barber. The husband's occupation isn't recorded. Anyway, whenever they quarreled, he would get up from the table, open the window, gather up the table cloth with everything on it, and throw the whole lot out the window.

Pool Halls Through the Eyes of a Youngster: Young Dick Benedict (Tom Benedict's son) said some of his earliest memories of Gilmore are of pool halls. He was just a young kid, but he loved pool halls. For one thing, they would always buy him candy. If there was any way that he could escape and get into a pool hall, he would. He remembers going down the street with his old auntie, jerking loose from her, and making a run for a pool hall. In those days, women couldn't go into a pool hall, so she would stand around outside and wait for someone to come along who would go in and get him. Oh those pool halls were wonderful, especially to a youngster! There were spittoons, brass rails and poker tables. He still remembers the way they smelled - with dead cigars and stale beer.

Young Dick Benedict also went to Sunday School, and there he could count on Roy Cope to give him a beer chip. Beer chips were actually tokens worth a nickel. So on Sunday, Roy would give him the beer chip to buy a candy bar and a dime to put in the collection plate. Well, he figured out that the dime would buy more candy than the beer chip, so he spent the dime on candy and put the beer chip in the collection plate. The Sunday School teacher asked him, "Who gave you that, Richard?" He said "Woy Tope", so the teacher got after Roy and gave him a really bad time.

The Cat Climbed the Curtains: T. R. Benedict told the following story when he was an old man. He was visiting Mrs. Perkins. Old Jim Perkins used to be the

depot agent in Gilmore. The Perkins' granddaughter or niece was visiting. T.R. went in and sat down in a chair. The girl had a cat. While he was visiting with Mrs. Perkins, the cat climbed up on his lap. When he sat down he noticed a jar of musterol (something like a mustard plaster to put on your chest - and it was hotter than hell! It would blister you). Anyway, he was sitting there talking and petting the cat. He worked the top off the jar of musterol, got some on his finger, gave the cat a shot under his tail and set him down on the floor. The cat was all right for a minute or two, and then he sat down on his hind end and dragged himself across the rug with his front feet. When he got to the window he climbed the curtain, tried to run across the ceiling and fell back to the floor. The girl came running over and grabbed him. "Oh, what is wrong with my kitty?", she exclaimed. The cat got loose and climbed up the curtains again. After all those years he was still laughing so hard that he could hardly talk. "I've gotten so old that I can hardly remember my name", he said, "but I'll never forget that cat as long as I live."

The Drunken Miner: Among the many stories associated with Gilmore, this was one of the first that Dick heard.

It was a pitch dark night. Johnny, a young miner, had made the rounds of the Gilmore bars. Now, roaring drunk, he was trying to find his way home in the dark. Somehow, Johnny got off the path, and before he could find it again, he had the misfortune to fall down a vertical mine shaft.

Somehow as he was falling, Johnny was lucky enough to grab hold of a cross beam that abruptly stopped his fall. It was pitch black and he could see absolutely nothing. Johnny hollered and yelled for help. Alas, no one answered and no one came to help him.

Johnny was sober enough to realize that to let go meant almost certain death. But, after hanging there for a while, he began to tire. Eventually, in spite of himself, he began to lose his grip on that cross member. He knew he was doomed.

The cross member finally slipped from his grip, and Johnny plunged down to his fate. He was falling, falling, and falling - about three feet to the bottom of that pitch black mine shaft!

Drunken Mischief: One night Tony Henderson got roaring drunk and hid in the sagebrush along Main Street in Gilmore. As people passed by on their way to tend to business, Tony had great fun shooting at their feet. When Tony's mother heard about what was going on, she and Tony's sister Hazel went out to get him. They found him, brought him home, and wrapped him up in a bed sheet. He objected, but he was far too drunk to put up much of a fight. After he was bound securely, they proceeded to beat the daylights out of him. When they were finished, he was cold sober and somewhat repentant. Well, the idea caught on, and the sheriff lost a lot of business. Each could more effectively punish his own!

Shorty McLane's Last Party: Someone was stealing firewood, and several local residents decided to put a stop to it. They secretly concocted a scheme of planting sticks of dynamite inside selected pieces of firewood. Ironically, Shorty McLane was one of those who were wholeheartedly behind this plan.

Well, one night the boys of Gilmore decided to have a party at Shorty McLane's house. Only bachelors were invited. They played poker and drank until the liquor was gone. When they ran out of liquor, all except Shorty decided they would go

into town to get more to drink. Shorty stayed behind to clean up, and while they were gone, he went out to the back shed for more firewood. Shortly before they returned, Shorty put a fresh log or two into the stove. The result was a tremendous explosion, and Shorty along with his cabin were blown to bits. It is said that they never found all of Shorty, just bits and pieces here and there.

You might surmise that the mystery of the firewood thief was solved; that Shorty was the firewood thief. Indeed, that conclusion was reached by many folks in Gilmore. But remember that Shorty knew all about the dynamite plan. To accuse Shorty of thievery, one must assume that he was so drunk that he forgot that his stolen firewood might be booby-trapped. On the other hand, isn't it just as reasonable to assume that he had put dynamite into some of his own firewood in order to catch the thief? Then, in his drunken state, he picked up the wrong piece by mistake. Shorty may not have been the firewood thief after all!

What a joke: Tom Benedict owned and operated Benedict's Butcher Shop in Gilmore. One day some of the young fellows played a practical joke on him by placing the hind quarters of a horse - hoofs, tail and all - in his meat cooler. Tom was a good sport about it, and not only laughed over it but even told the story on himself many times.

A sad tale: Gilmore miner Charles Whittaker Miller was living at Mrs. Steele's Boarding House in Ragtown. It was there that he met Candace Cunningham, an employee of Mrs. Steele. After a brief courtship, they were married in Leadore in 1914.

They had been married only a short time when miner Charles learned that a powder magazine in the mine was on fire. He had left the mine just a short time before, and he knew that another man was still in the mine, so Charles went back into the mine to warn him about the fire. While trying to find him, Charles was overcome and suffocated by the fumes. In the meantime, the other miner had detected the fumes and had left the mine safely through another exit.

When Charles lost his life in that heroic effort, he was only 23 years old. He had been born in Monarch, Montana in 1891. Therefore, the heroic Charles was taken to Great Falls Montana for burial.

A small world: When Dick was living in Gilmore in 1976, he met an elderly lady by the name of Beth Steele. She was visiting Gilmore with her husband, Kent. Beth told Dick that her roots were in Gilmore, and explained that when she was just a baby her mother worked as a cook at the hotel (Jaggers Hotel). In order to keep Beth warm on cold winter days, her mother would wrap her in a blanket, place her in a large shoe box, and put the box in the oven of the hotel cookstove.

Well, Dick found out later that Beth's mother, Candace Jones, was originally Candace Cunningham. She was the same Candace Cunningham who had married Charles Whittaker Miller in 1914. Candace was widowed, of course, when Charles suffocated while trying to warn another miner of a fire in the powder magazine.

Beth was a product of that marriage, as Candace was pregnant with her at the time of Charles death. Candace did indeed work as a cook at the hotel, which leads directly back to the story Beth Miller Steele told Dick in front of the old Jaggers Hotel that day in 1976!

The bad-luck of the Irish: Bad luck seemed to stalk the Cunningham family when they lived in the Gilmore area.

A seventeen year old son died of double mastoid. Then Mrs. Cunningham became so ill that she could not walk for two years after they left Gilmore.

Bert Rainey, a cousin of the Cunningham's, was killed by an explosion. He was packing dynamite caps in sawdust in his kitchen for delivery to one of the mines when the caps exploded and killed him instantly. Rainey's baby was sitting in a high chair at the time, and somehow survived the explosion. However, by the time he was 21 years old a piece of metal from one of those exploding caps worked its way into an eye and cut the optic nerve. This caused the eye to hemorrhage so the eye had to be removed. Through the years, Mrs. Rainey, who had also been present when the explosion occurred, had to have many pieces of metal from those caps removed from her body.

Gesundheit: Gambling with cards was a major occupation in the booming Gilmore mining center. Despite all the fast action, however, there was surprisingly little crime.

Tavern owner Milberger had a brother who hid in an ice house and then dry gulched a man named Dave Corey on the main street. A short time later this same brother was shot by a Mr. Best in a card game. Milberger, who carried a small pistol and was noted for his quick draw, was about to sneeze in the midst of a poker hand. The story goes that Milberger was about to sneeze, he reached for his handkerchief, but the others at the table thought he was going for his gun. Mr. Best shot and Milberger slid beneath the table - dead. Mr. Best went free, however. It was discovered that the dead man held a losing hand, so it was concluded that Mr. Best shot him in self defense.

You Bet: The most popular card game of the time was "Faro". It was a game with a permanent dealer (called a banker) who dealt cards from a dealing box. Many elaborate combinations of bets were permitted and all bets were placed against the banker. It was a fair game for the players since the banker had no more than a 50-50 chance of winning. Despite its popularity at the time, it was not favored by gambling houses because the take was limited. Like so many of the mining camps where gambling flourished, the game of Faro gradually faded away and by 1940 had virtually disappeared.

The Gilmore School and the Gem Saloon: After the large frame school building burned in 1937, and during the building of the cinder block structure, Gilmore School classes were conducted in the Gem Saloon. The Gem Saloon was located in the business district on the northeast corner of Porphyry Avenue and Silver Street.

Apparently school classes were conducted there in the saloon satisfactorily, without any unusual incidents. Strangely, however, shortly after the new cinder block school was in operation, Elliot's Boarding House just across Silver Street from the saloon caught fire. Live embers landed on the roof of the Gem Saloon and it eventually caught fire and burned to the ground.

Milo Zook and his new Buick: The Widdowson home (House #13, Map III) was located kitty corner across Silver Street from the Gilmore Garage, and it had a long front porch. Some of the men used to sit on that porch in the evening and take target practice on the side of the old garage.

One day in the Fall of 1930, Clem Zook went to Idaho Falls with his father to buy a new car. The 1931 models had just come out, and Milo bought the best 1931 Buick that was made.

When they returned to Gilmore, Milo parked his new Buick in the Gilmore garage which they had rented. He was unaware of the evening target practice ritual.

Anyway, later on as he came down the hill from the "Latest Out Mine", Milo heard a lot of shooting. He said to Clem "I wonder who is doing all that shooting". Clem went down Silver Street to have a look, and soon came back and told his father what was going on. Well, Milo, a very powerful muscular man, went down and grabbed two of those guys doing the shooting, picked them up, banged their heads together and knocked them silly. He picked up the third guy, and after banging him up and down several times, told him "When I come out of that garage, if there is even one bullet hole in my new Buick you had better be a hundred miles from here.

The garage had a combination lock on it, and Milo was so mad that he forgot the combination. So Clem fooled around with it and finally got it unlocked.

Once inside they went over every inch of that car looking for bullet holes. Clem said that if you traced a line between the bullet holes in the side of that garage, you would have an almost perfect outline of the shape of the Buick. Miraculously enough, they could not find even one bullet hole in that car. As Clem said, those guys that had been doing all the shooting were very lucky - very lucky indeed.

Incidentally, the Gilmore Garage was first used as the Gilmore Dealership for the Model T Ford. That dealership was closed when the depression forced the closing of the mines.

Fatal Fall: Sadie Wedgewood's brother fell down the steep, narrow stairway at Anderson's Pool Hall. The fall broke his neck and he died on the spot.

Potatoes: Irvine's used to raise seed potatoes just across the road from Joe Dorsey's place at the North end of the Gilmore Townsite.

Community Garden: The old Hutchings place (now Dick Moll's complex) was originally known as the "Community Garden". Because of its good soil and close proximity to water, many Gilmoreites did have vegetable gardens there.

It is interesting to note that the climate in those days must have been different because they used to raise such crops as corn and tomatoes in Gilmore on a regular basis. Those plants cannot be grown there today. Now, late spring frosts are too frequent, frost comes too early in autumn, and the summers are too cool for corn or tomatoes, and perhaps even for potatoes.

Nichols Cabins: Log cabin #3 on Map IV in Upper Gilmore (shown in a drawing on page 4) was across the street from the Company Store. That cabin was built by Ralph Nichols, owner of the Latest Out Mine. Ralph and his family lived in that log cabin while their big log home was being built on the North end of town.

The Severed Leg: There were very few accidents on the Tramway (described in Chapter II), but one time a frayed steel cable snapped, thereby releasing a loaded ore car from any restraint which is normally the counterweight of the empty ore car being drawn up the Tramway. The loaded runaway ore car speeded down the slope, slammed into the empty car still sitting on the lower end of the Tramway, and severed the leg of the loading platform operator well above the knee.

A short time later, a workman on his way home came along and spotted the severed leg under the Tramway. The story goes that he slung it over his shoulder and went on downtown.

Grover Tucker was standing on the loading platform in front of his store, and when the workman came by the store with the bloody leg over his shoulder, Grover fainted dead away. When he came to, the guy was still standing there holding that bloody severed leg, so Grover promptly fainted away again.

The Allhands Story: During the time that Bernard Allhands was cashier at the Lemhi Valley Bank, first in Gilmore and later in Leadore, he was also leasing the Musser Ranch north of Gilmore. When the Leadore bank closed Mr. Allhands allowed his lease to expire and left the state for a time. Several years later Mr. Allhands returned to the Lemhi Valley and at that time acquired and operated a sheep ranch west of Leadore.

It is interesting to note that there is an irrigation ditch used to divert water out of Big Eight Mile Creek where Dick is Watermaster. That is still known today as The Allhands Ditch. The Bernard Allhands Ranch, water rights and irrigation ditch were sold to the Floyd Whittaker Family many years ago. That property now belongs to James Whittaker (Floyd's son), who ranges his cattle at Gilmore during the late summer of each year.

Early in the Spring of 1996 Dick had occasion to visit with Mr. James Whittaker, and he asked him specifically where the Allhands Ranch was located. James gladly took time to show Dick where it was, and explained that the old Allhand's Ranch House still stood until couple of years ago. It had to be torn down because it had become a safety hazard and it was beyond repair. When James took him to the place where the house had stood, Dick could remember seeing it many times as he made his rounds as Watermaster. It was quite a large house built of squared logs and prominently situated on the top of a small hill or knoll.

Dick's life in Lemhi Valley has been tied in with Gilmore and its former residents in ways even he hadn't suspected. Like so many other things, he had observed the Allhands Ranch House many times before, but he didn't comprehend the relationship with Gilmore until he started digging into details of Gilmore History in order to develop the record contained in this document.

HISTORY OF GILMORE

Chapter II. The Mines of Gilmore

General Information: A February 1907 issue of the Salmon Newspaper, *The Recorder Herald*, included this item of interest: Robert N. Bell, Idaho Mine Inspector, reported that the Gilmore Mine in Lemhi County's important Lead Belt near the head of Lemhi Valley, has continued to maintain its record as the most important mineral producer in the county throughout the year. This is a lead and silver deposit of unusual interest and of great future promise. It is currently developed to a depth of 375 feet.

A later and undated news article from *The Recorder Herald* stated: In the Gilmore District in Lemhi County, the Pittsburg - Idaho Mine made the most important yield in its history in its lowest levels - 650 feet deep. It is showing richer ores of both lead and silver than previously mined. The adjoining property known as The Latest Out Mine also developed rich ore resources at its 600 foot level, and made a production equal to 50 percent of its neighbor. The Gilmore Mining Company adjoining The Latest Out Mine on the South proved a new shipper of marked importance. The mine was developed during the year by the extension of the 450 foot level of The Latest Out Mine.

Both The Pittsburg - Idaho Mine and The Latest Out Mine were eventually developed to a depth of 900 feet. Water was encountered at the 400 foot level, so all shafts and tunnels extending below 400 feet had to be pumped continuously.

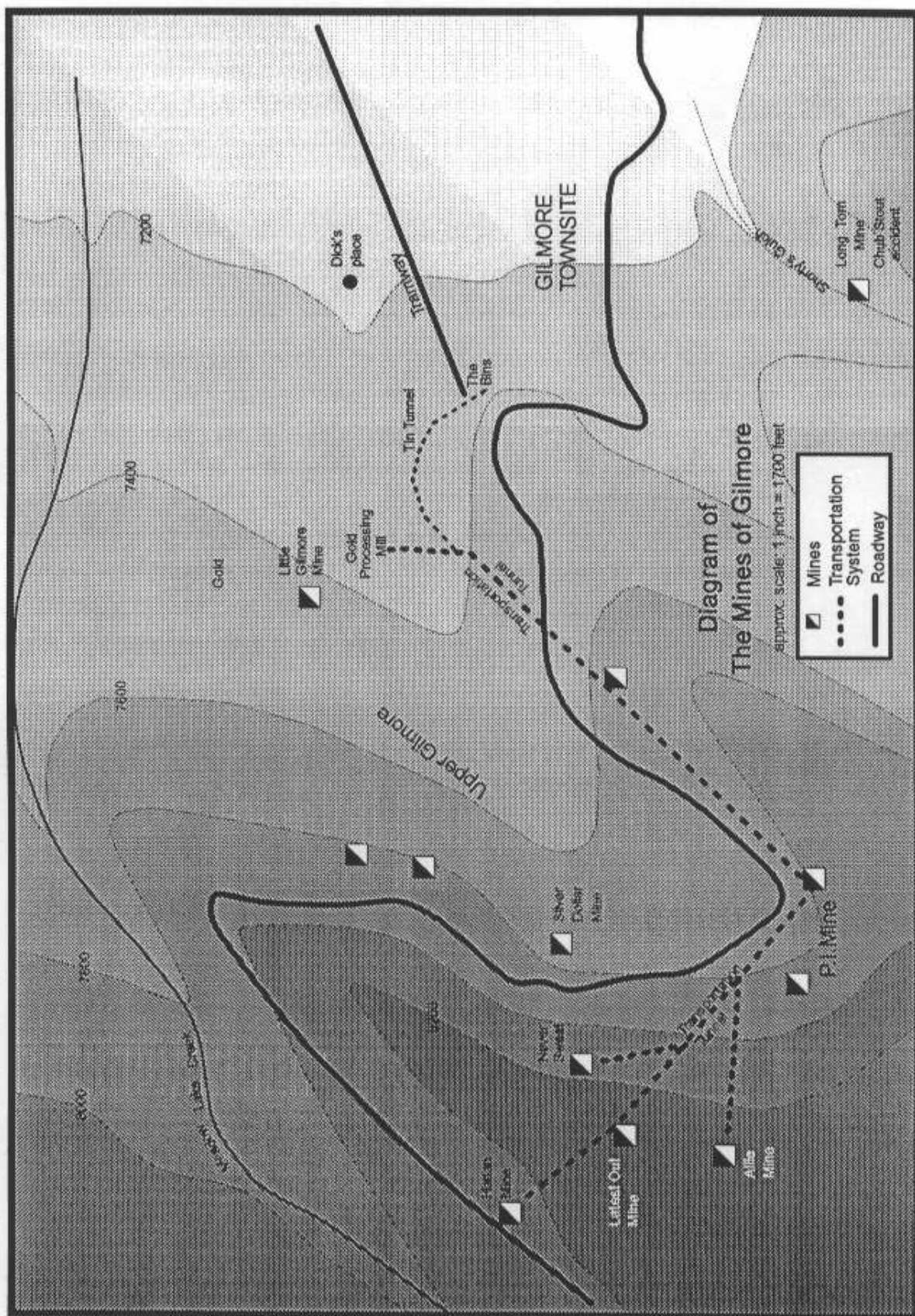
The Twelfth Annual Report of The Mining Industry of the State of Idaho for the year 1910 gave special attention to The Pittsburg-Idaho Mining Complex in Gilmore. The Pittsburg and Gilmore Railroad began service to Gilmore in September of that year, and since then the P.I. Mining Complex had produced 5,272,000 pounds of Lead, 111,200 ounces of Silver, and \$4,560,000 in Gold.

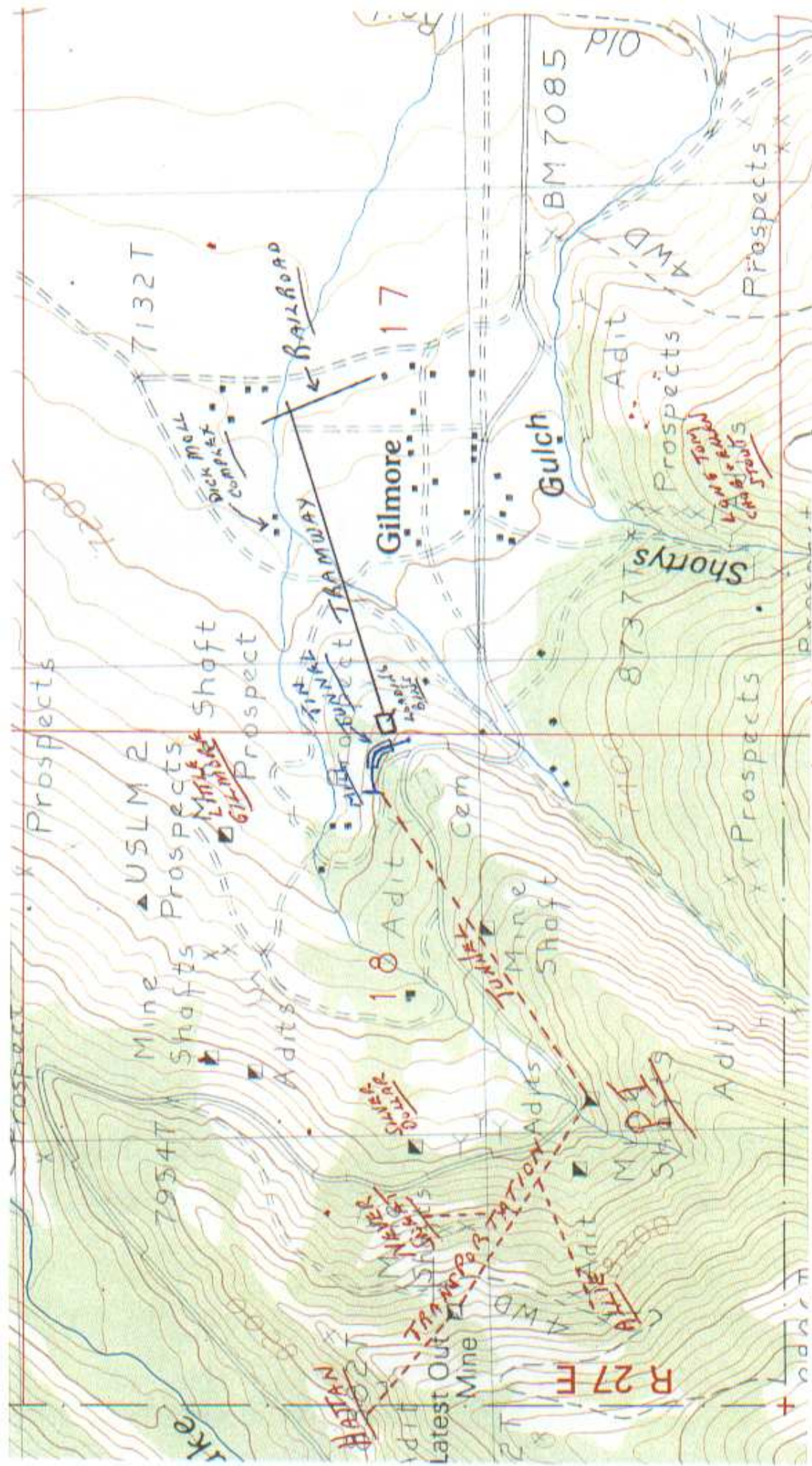
The diagram on the next page indicates the approximate location and elevation of most of the Gilmore Mines,



The Pittsburg-Idaho Mining Complex (The P.I. Mine): The P.I. Mine was established and developed by Edgar Ross, who was President of the Pittsburg-Idaho Mining Company with headquarters in Gilmore (Upper Gilmore).

The P.I. Mine was the largest and most productive of all the Gilmore mines, and during times of peak production it employed as many as 200 miners. In addition to the silver-lead ores, the P.I. Mine also produced considerable gold as well as the mineral known as Galena, which is said to have "sparkled like diamonds". Galena is composed primarily of lead sulfide (PbS), but it also contains silver compounds as impurities. Galena is an important source of both lead and silver.

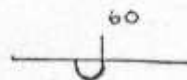
At the 400 foot level of the P.I. main shaft the transportation tunnel was established for the purpose of moving the raw crude ore to the reduction mill for processing. In addition, the water line that supplied water from Meadow Lake to the Gilmore Townsite was routed through that transportation tunnel.





(UNDERGROUND) - - - - - TRANSPORTATION TUNNEL } = THE BILMORA ORA
(SURFACE) -  - FIN TUNNEL } TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM
 -  - TRAMWAY

— Minor acc. taken in Red —



Strike and dip of overturned beds



Strike of vertical beds



Vein



Shaft



Adit (HORIZONTAL TUNNEL)



Caved adit (CAVED-IN HORIZONTAL TUNNEL)



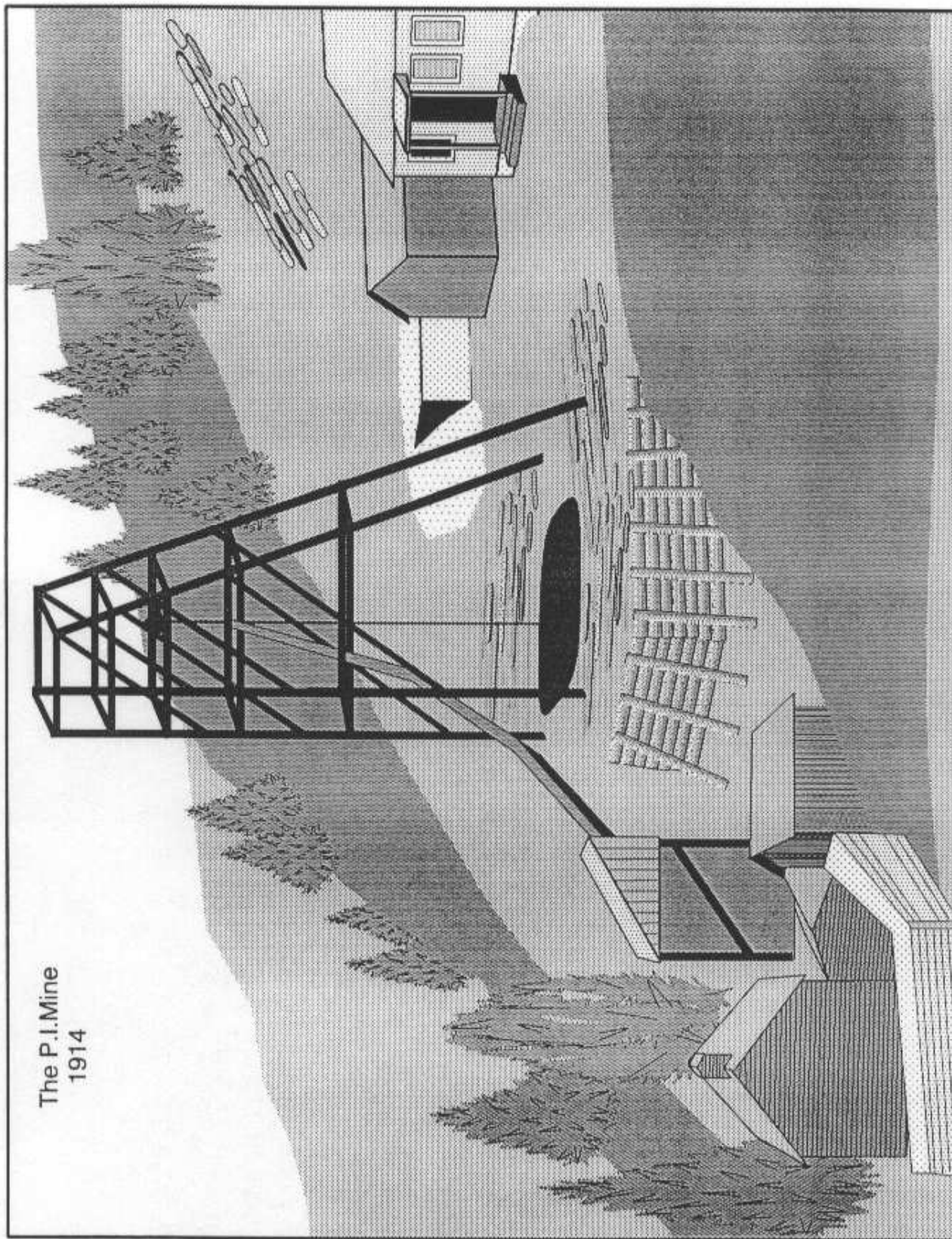
Mine or prospect

Figure 2, Geologic map of part of the Gilmore (Texas) mining district, Lemhi County, Idaho. Base from U.S. Geological Survey, Gilmore quadrangle, 1:62,500, 1958. Geology mapped 1968-69 by E. T. Ruppel, assisted by M. F. Gregorich and R. G. Tysdal.

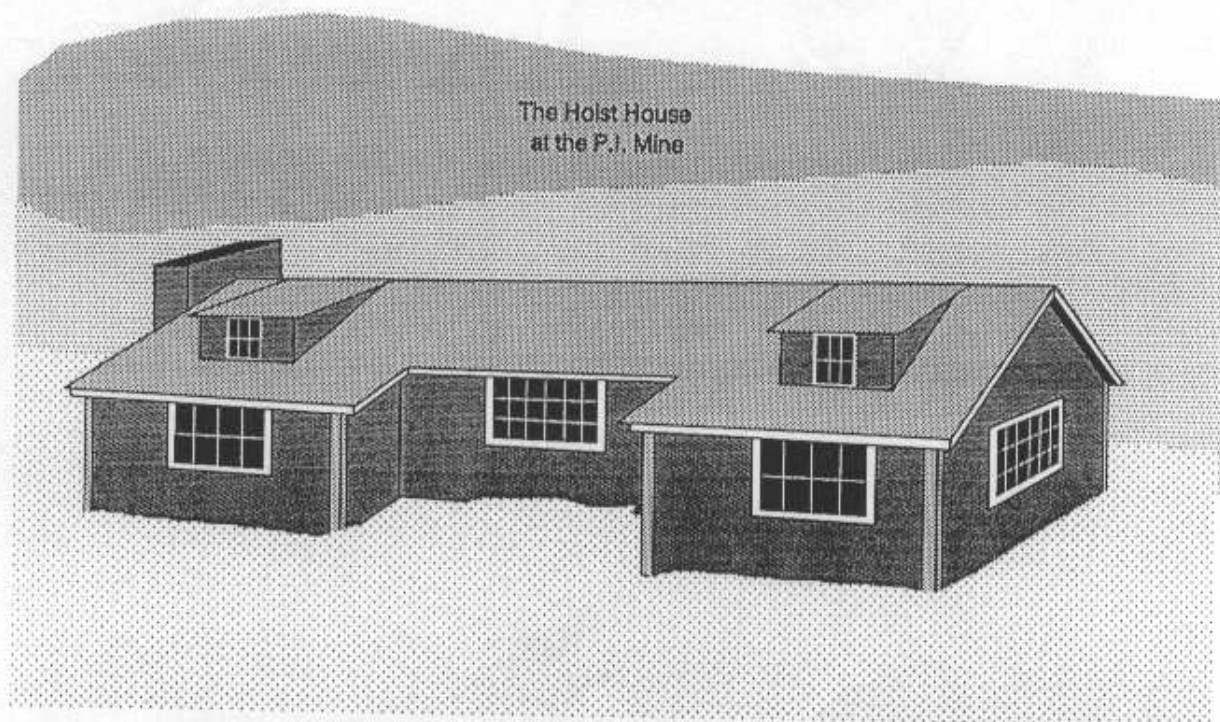
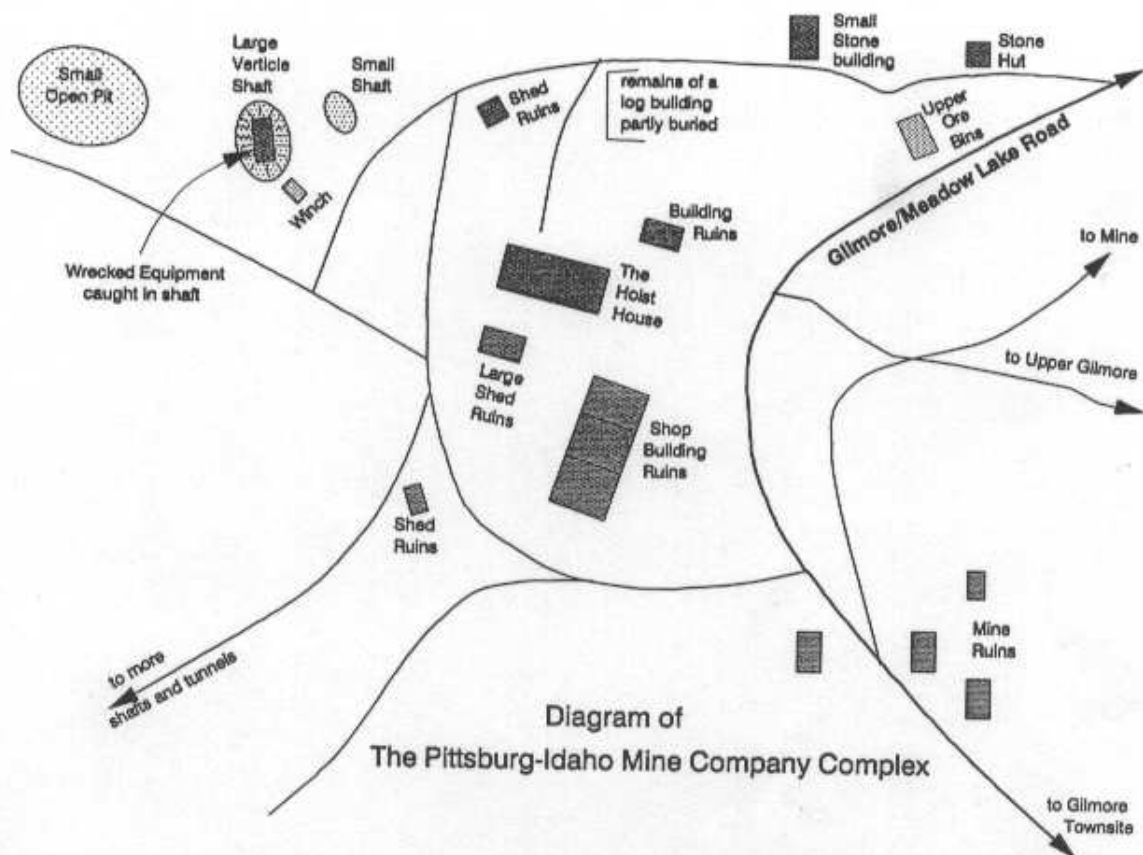
Scale

0 500 2000
feet
1:24,000

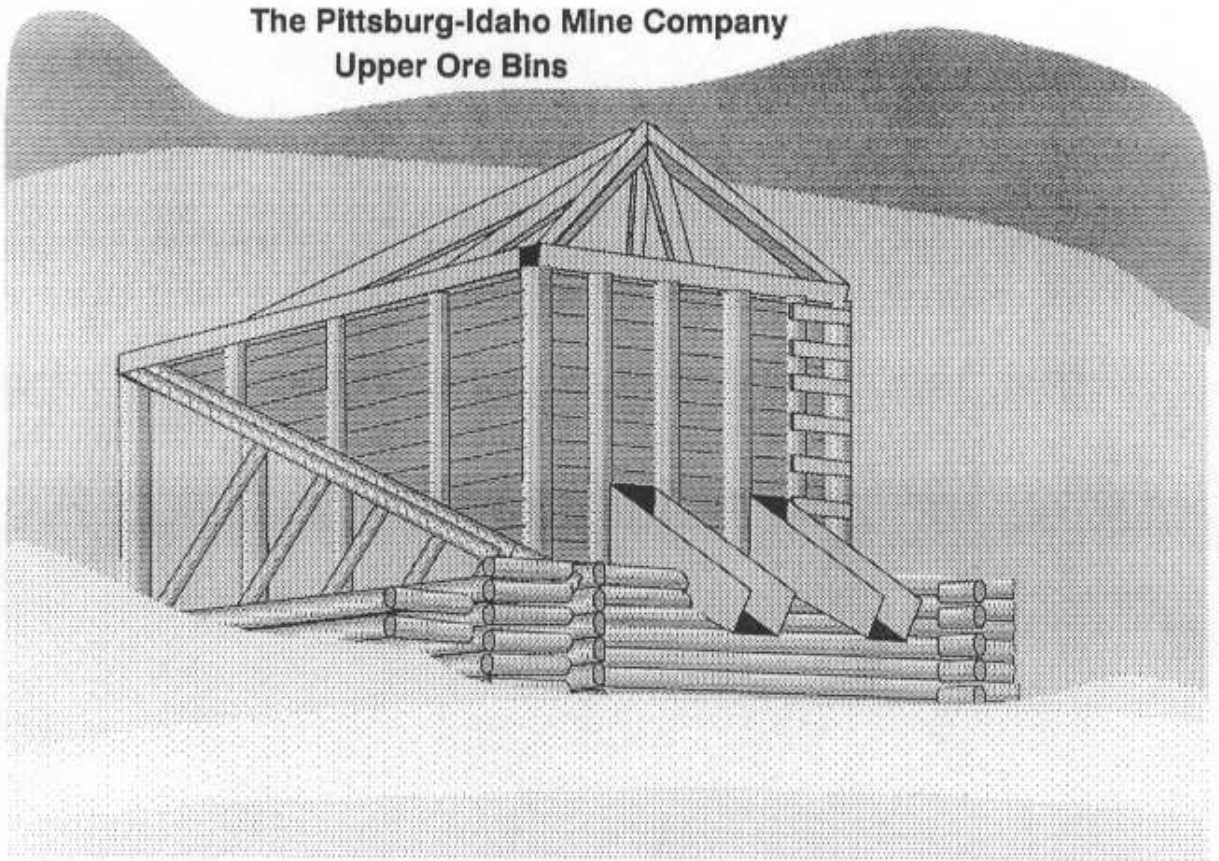
1 in = 2,000 ft



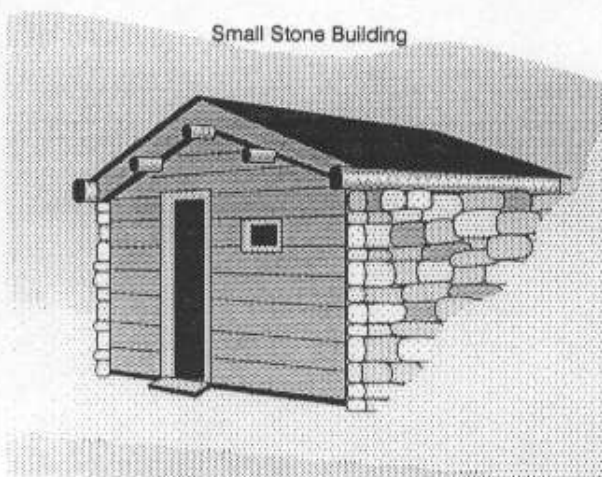
The P.I. Mine
1914



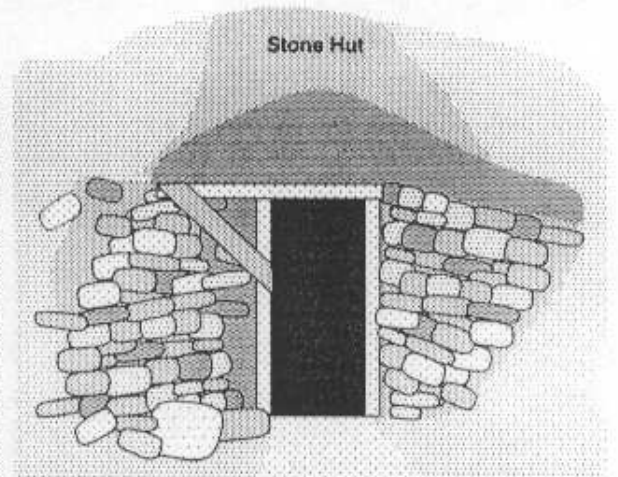
**The Pittsburg-Idaho Mine Company
Upper Ore Bins**



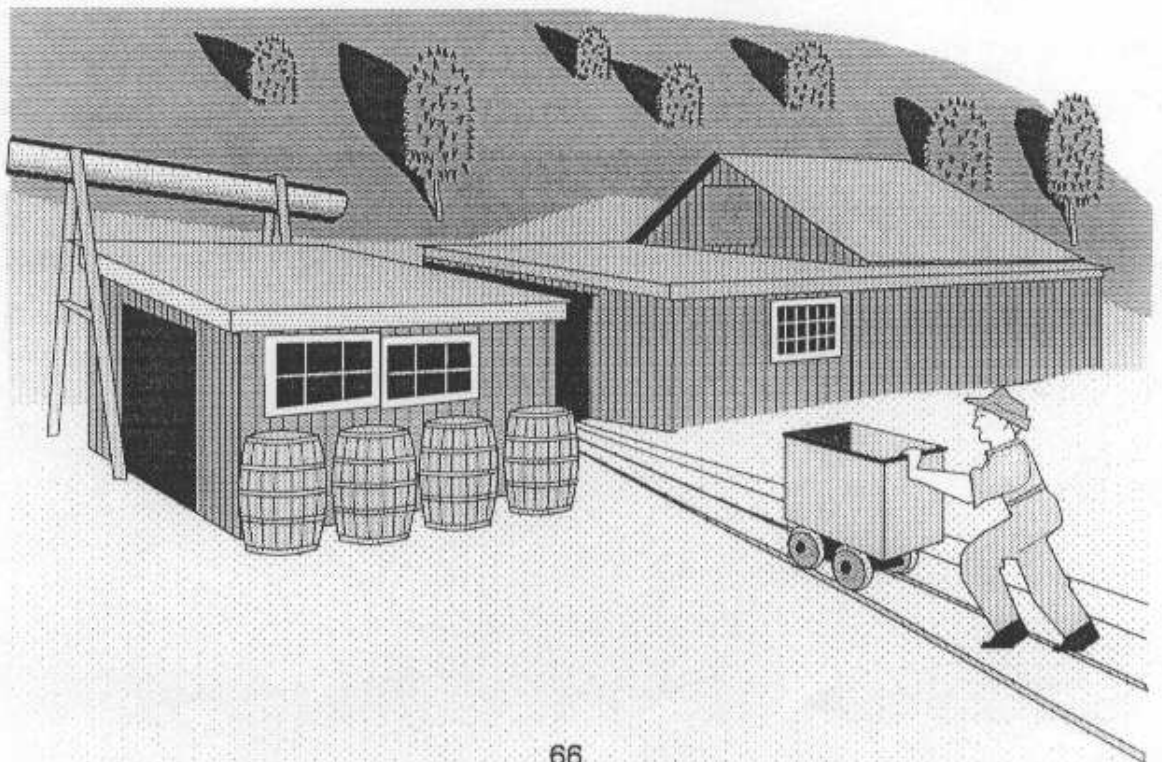
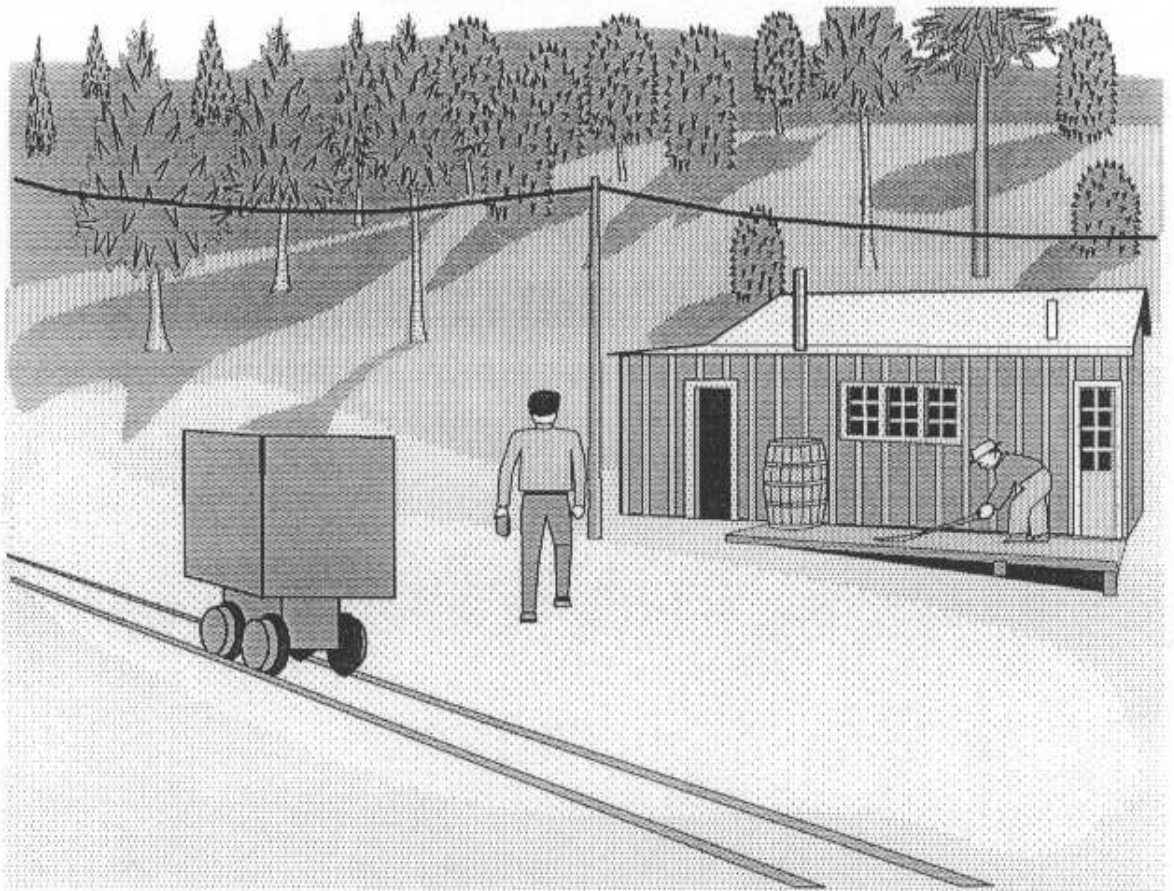
Small Stone Building



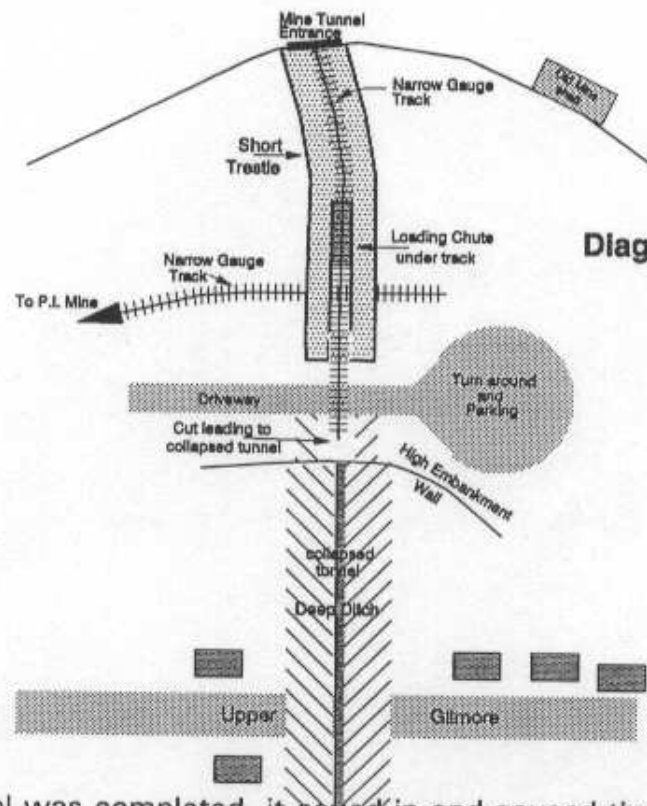
Stone Hut



Working Gilmore Mines In 1927



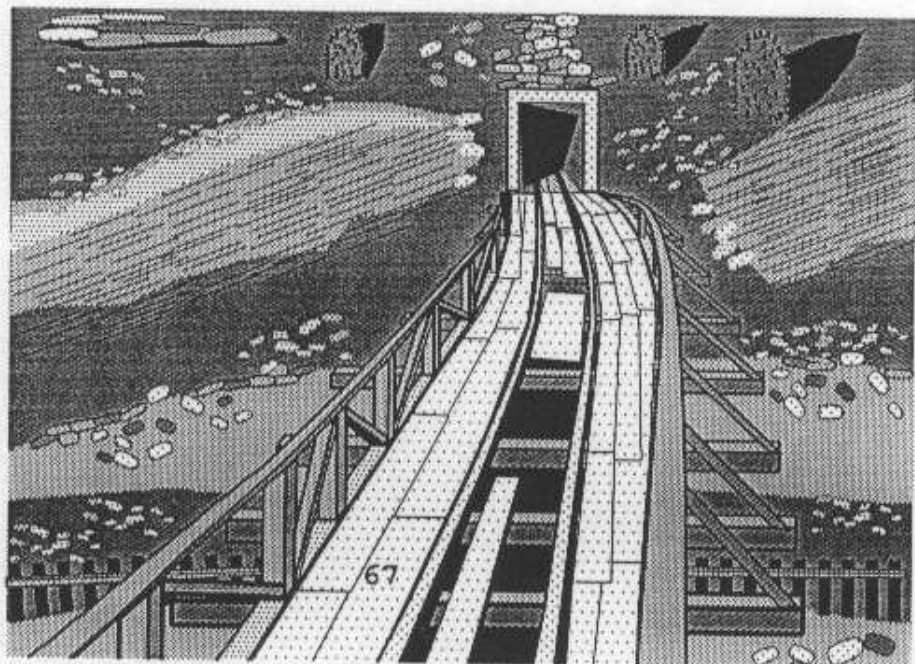
Grover Tucker's Silver Dollar Mine: Grover Tucker's Silver Dollar Mine was located just above and back of Upper Gilmore. A short trestle bridged a draw into the mine entrance. A narrow gauge track across the trestle was to run through a short cut and into a tunnel at the approximate spot where the high embankment wall is now.



**Diagram of Grover Tucker's
Silver Dollar Mine**

Before the tunnel was completed, it caved in and caused the deep ditch that currently divides the old Upper Gilmore community into two separate parts.

After the tunnel caved in a short loading shoot was installed under the trestle so they could dump ore into ore cars on another narrow gauge track below. The ore cars were hauled across that track to the P.I. Mine and subsequently sent through the transportation tunnel for eventual shipment on the G&P Railroad.



The Gilmore Transportation Tunnel: The transportation tunnel provided the first leg in the system that was devised to move ore from the mines to the railroad for shipment as efficiently and economically as possible.

The entire transportation system was built and operated by a Transportation Company established by the Ross brothers. All of the mining companies on the hill were invited to use the system, and fees were charged to cover the cost of operating the system based on the tonnage shipped.

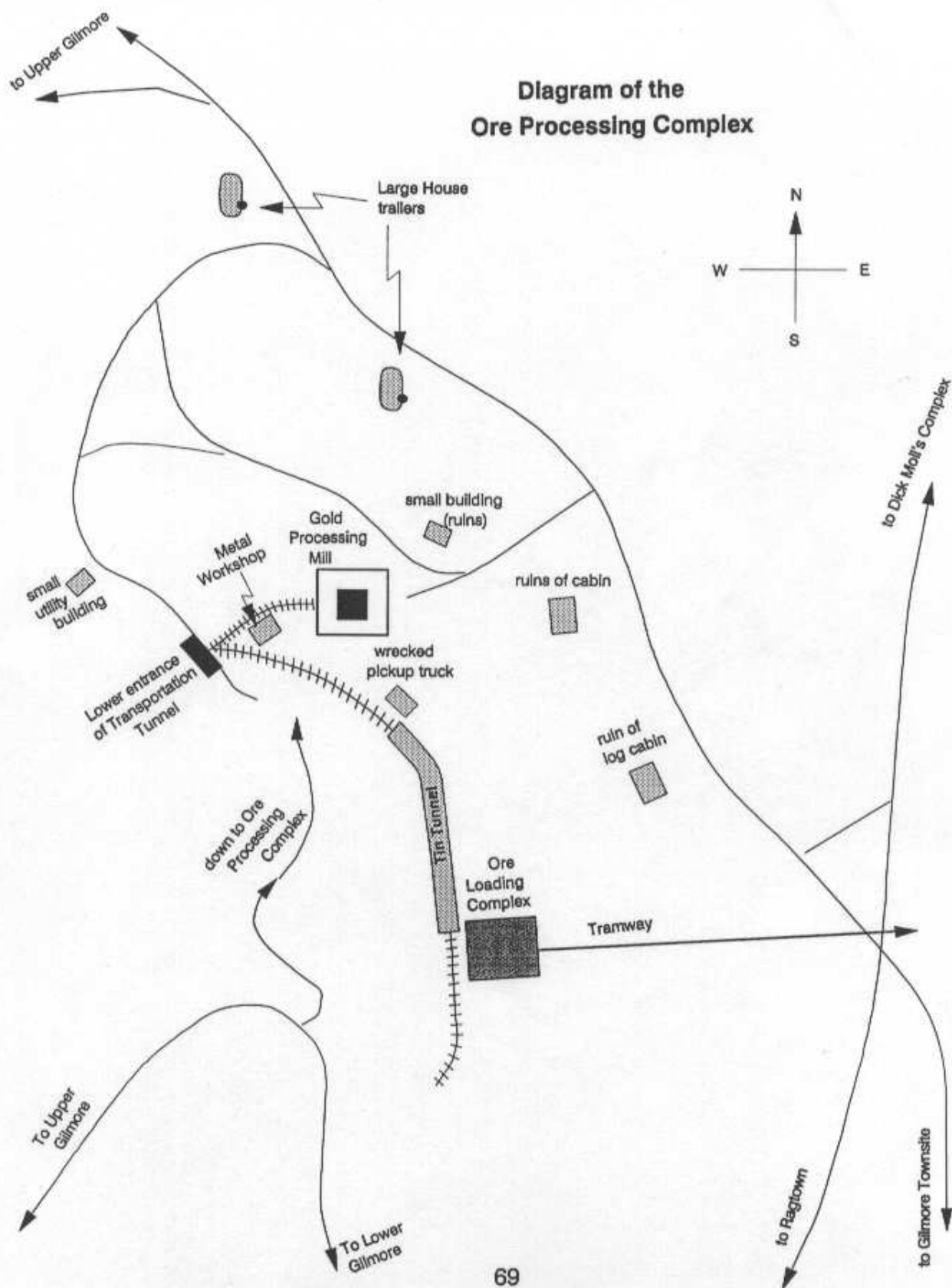
The upper reaches of the Transportation Tunnel served mines that were less than a mile from Meadow Lake. Especially in the upper areas, the tunnel was nothing more than a series of shafts, chutes, and conveyors feeding ore in from the various mines loosely tied together underground. It became a single, well-defined tunnel at about the level where the Allie, Latest Out, and Hattan mines were located. From there down it included the Never Sweat mine, a few smaller mines, and finally the vast P.I. Mine. The P.I. mine shaft fed into the tunnel at the 400 foot level, and was the last mine that fed into the tunnel.

From each of the lower and largest mines (Latest Out, Hattan, Allie, and P.I.), the loaded ore cars were formed into a train. Each train was composed of ore cars from the same mine. The train of ore cars was drawn down the tunnel by horses. In the lead car of each train was an operator who managed the horses and also tended to the brakes when and if necessary. Each train was equipped with carbide lamps to provide lighting.

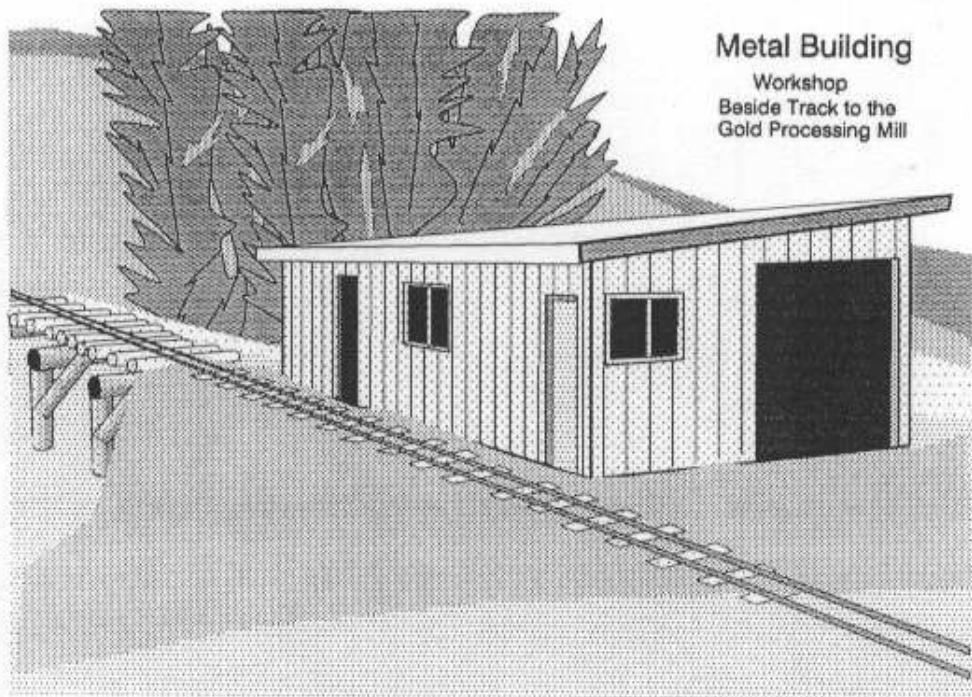
The mill at the ore processing complex, shown on the following pages, was used for processing gold only. When an ore train emerged from the lower tunnel entrance there was a switch in the track. Those ore cars containing gold were sent straight on which took them to the mill, whereas other ore cars were switched to the right where they made a sharp turn and continued on through the "Tin Tunnel" to the Ore Loading Complex (called "The Bins") at the head of the Tramway.

Empty ore cars were drawn back up through the tunnel to the lower mines. In the upper reaches of the tunnel the ore was fed in through shafts and chutes, and any ore cars used never left the level of that mine - and so they did not need to be returned.

Diagram of the Ore Processing Complex



The Gold Processing Mill: The Gold Processing Mill was located just opposite the lower entrance (exit) of the Transportation Tunnel, at the base of the hill leading to Upper Gilmore. The activities of this mill were confined to the milling of gold ore - only gold ore.

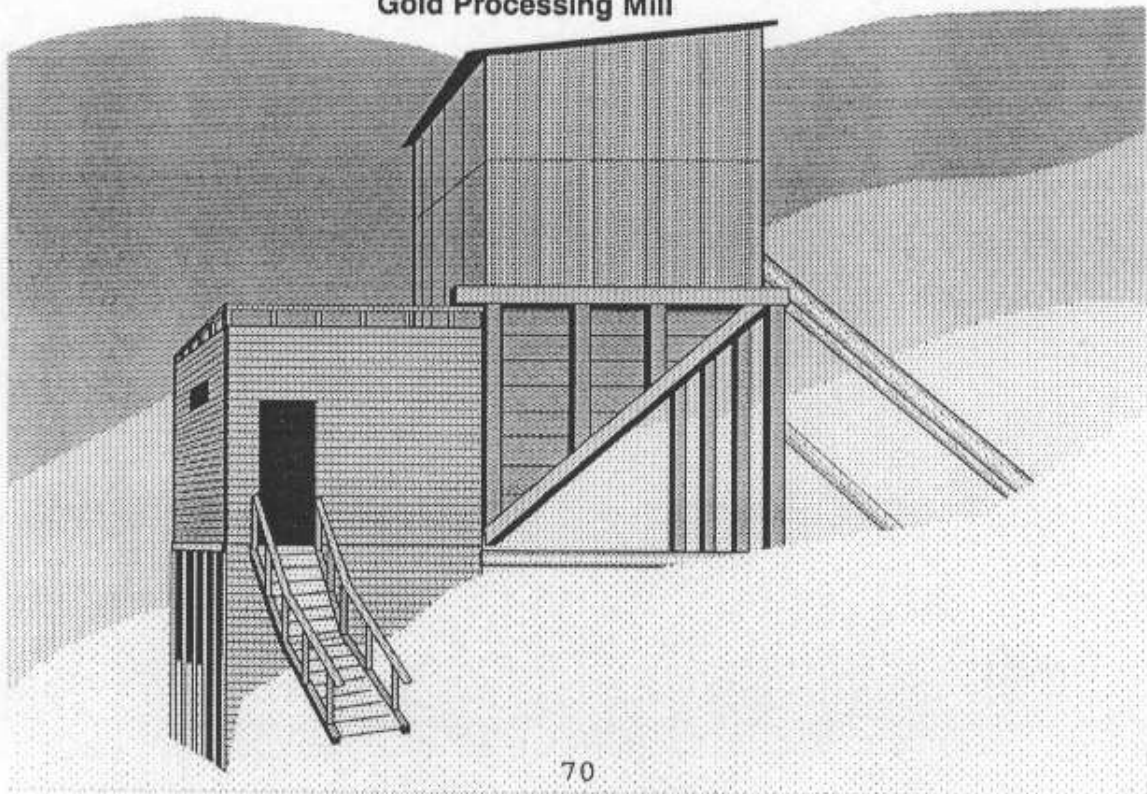


Metal Building

Workshop
Beside Track to the
Gold Processing Mill

The Gold Processing Mill was operated by a two man crew that lived in the two log cabins (now ruins K and L). The processed gold was transported - first by horse and wagon, and later by truck - directly to the railroad for shipment.

Gold Processing Mill



The Tin Tunnel: The Tin Tunnel covered a relatively short distance of about a third of a mile, and provided the middle leg of the transportation system.

After the ore train emerged from the Transportation Tunnel, it made a sharp turn to the right, crossed a small open area and entered into a shallow cut that was enclosed with tin (sides and roof) - thus the name "Tin Tunnel".

The train, still drawn by horses and using carbide lamps for lighting, entered the tunnel. After a short distance, it made about 60° turn to the right and then continued straight on to a spot above and in back of the Ore Loading Complex "The Bins" at the head of the tramway.

The ore cars were then run up on either side at the top of The Bins and dumped into the loading bins - ready for the next step - a trip down the Tramway to the railhead.

For many years school children living in Upper Gilmore used to walk through the "Tin Tunnel" on their way to and from school during inclement or stormy weather.

The Gilmore Tramway: The Gilmore Tramway provided the last leg of the system that transported ore from the mines to the railroad for shipment.

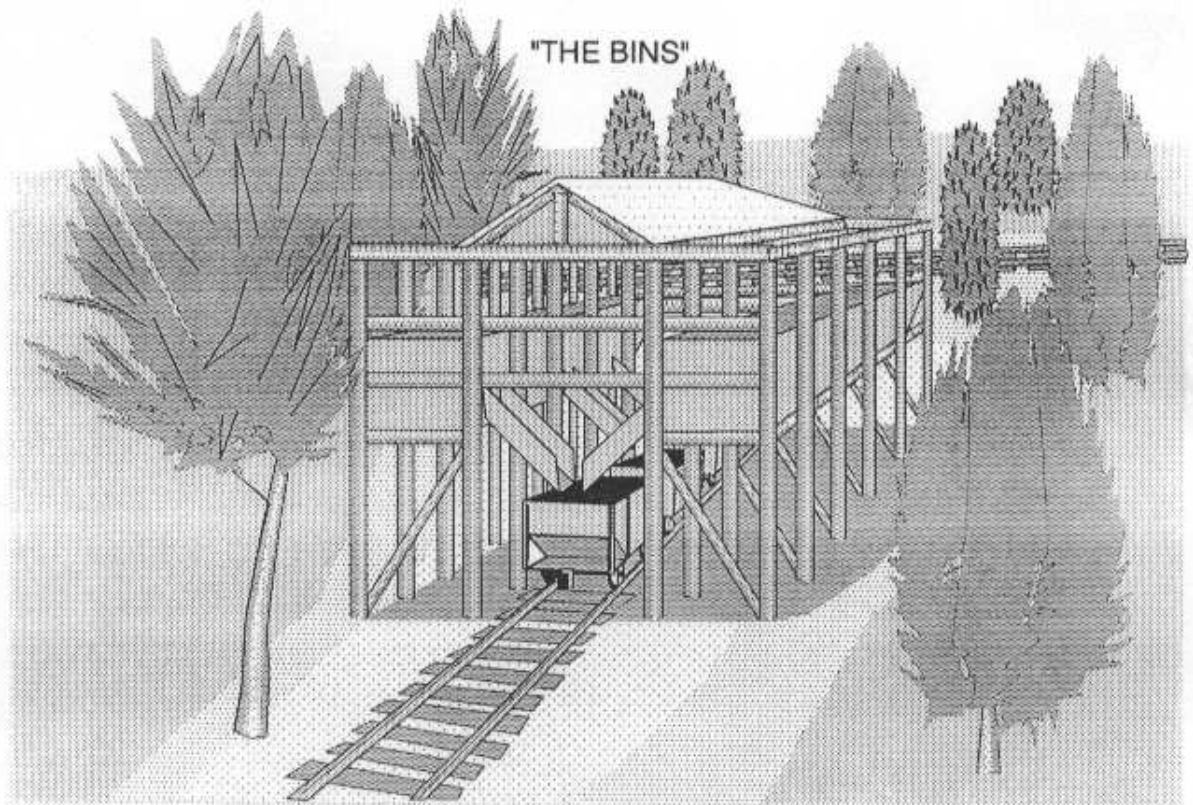
The tramway itself was about a mile long and was a gravity system using a narrow gauge three rail track and a short stretch of four rails for passing. The middle rail served as a common rail for cars moving up or down. About half way down, there was a 30 foot stretch of two separate tracks where cars moving in opposite directions could pass.

At the head of the Tramway was the Ore Loading Complex ("The Bins"). The Bins consisted of loading chutes through which ore flowed from storage bins into large, dump type ore cars. This complex had a total of ten chutes - five on each side.

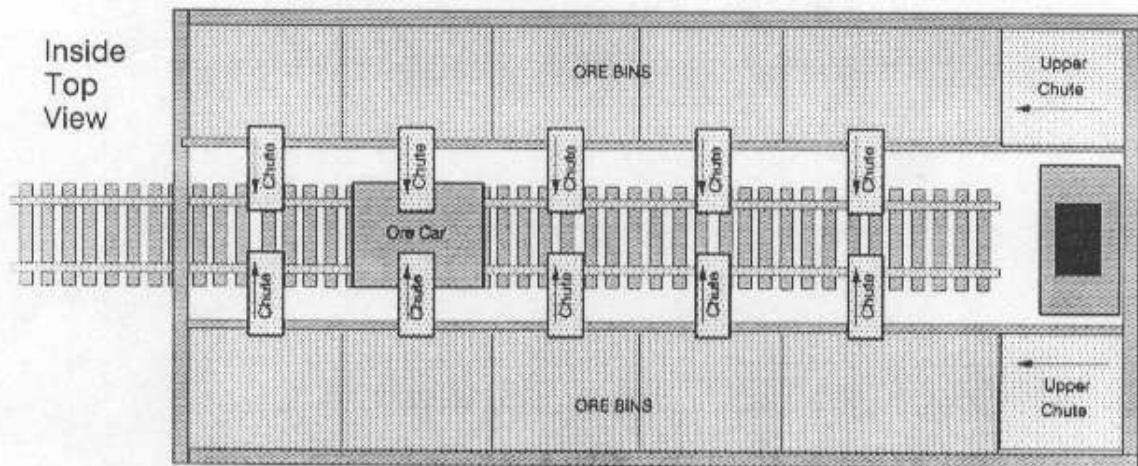
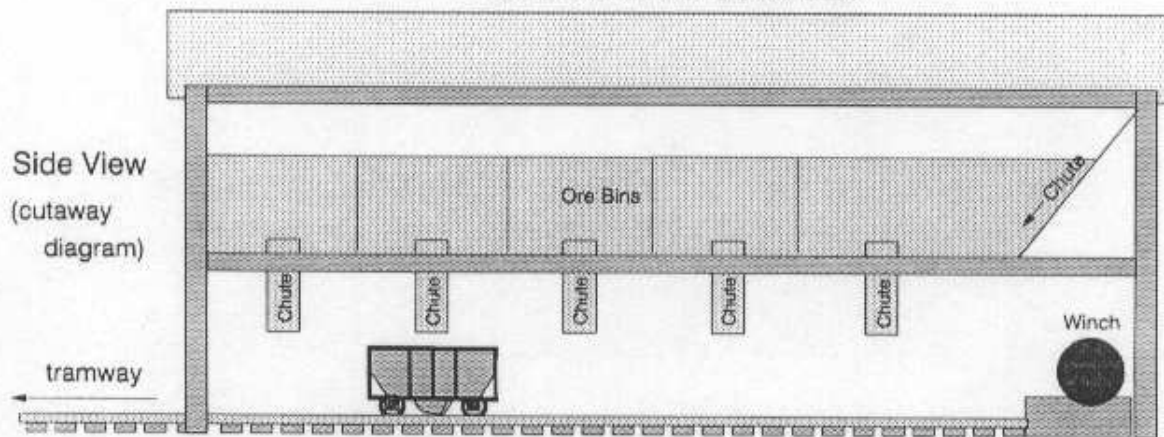
Standard ore cars used in most normal mining operations held about a ton of ore. The ore cars used on the Tramway were much larger with a capacity of about 4 tons each. These cars were higher, wider, and longer than the standard ore cars.

A team of two men actually operated the tram. The operator was situated at the head of the Tramway in such a way that its entire length was well within his field of vision. The second man was located at the other end of the tramway on the loading platform high above the railroad. These two men had to be situated so they could clearly see each other because they coordinated their activities by hand signals.

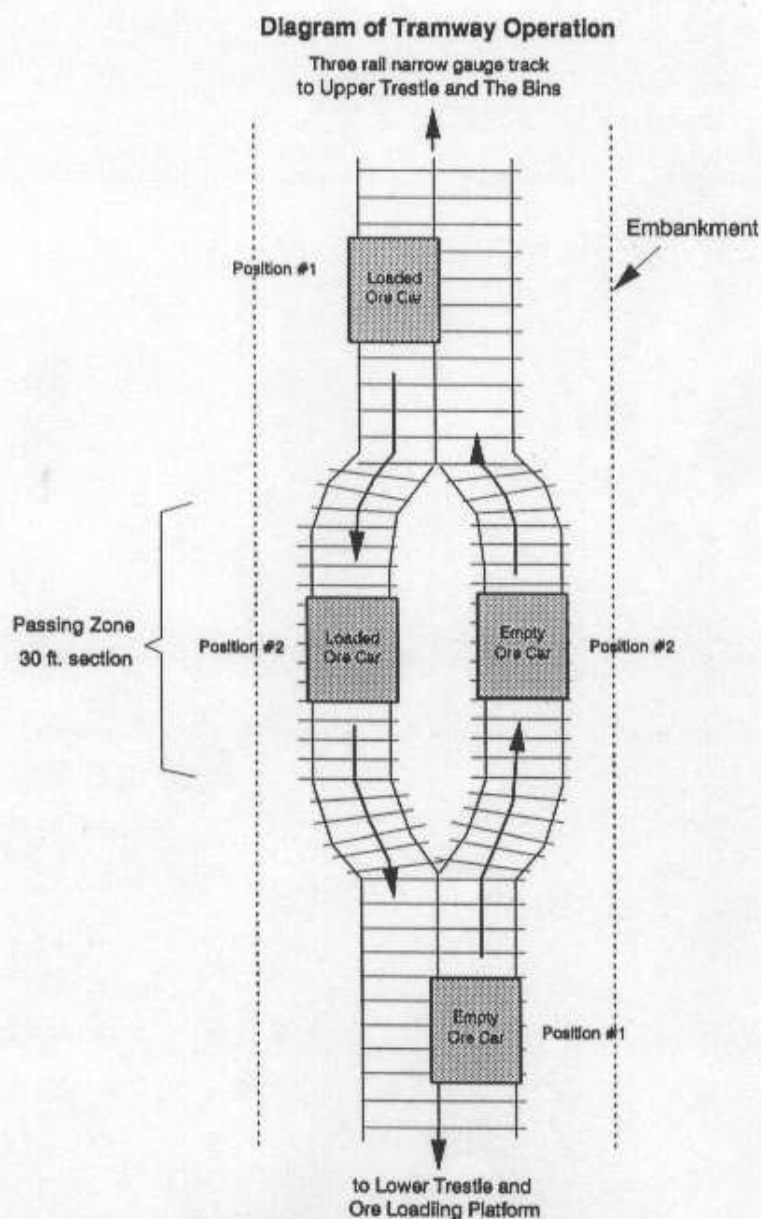
In order to understand the operation of the tram, imagine there is an empty ore car on the Loading Platform at the lower end of the tramway and a fully loaded ore car waiting in the Ore Loading Complex at the upper end. The system operates entirely by gravity and a continuous cable to which ore cars are attached.



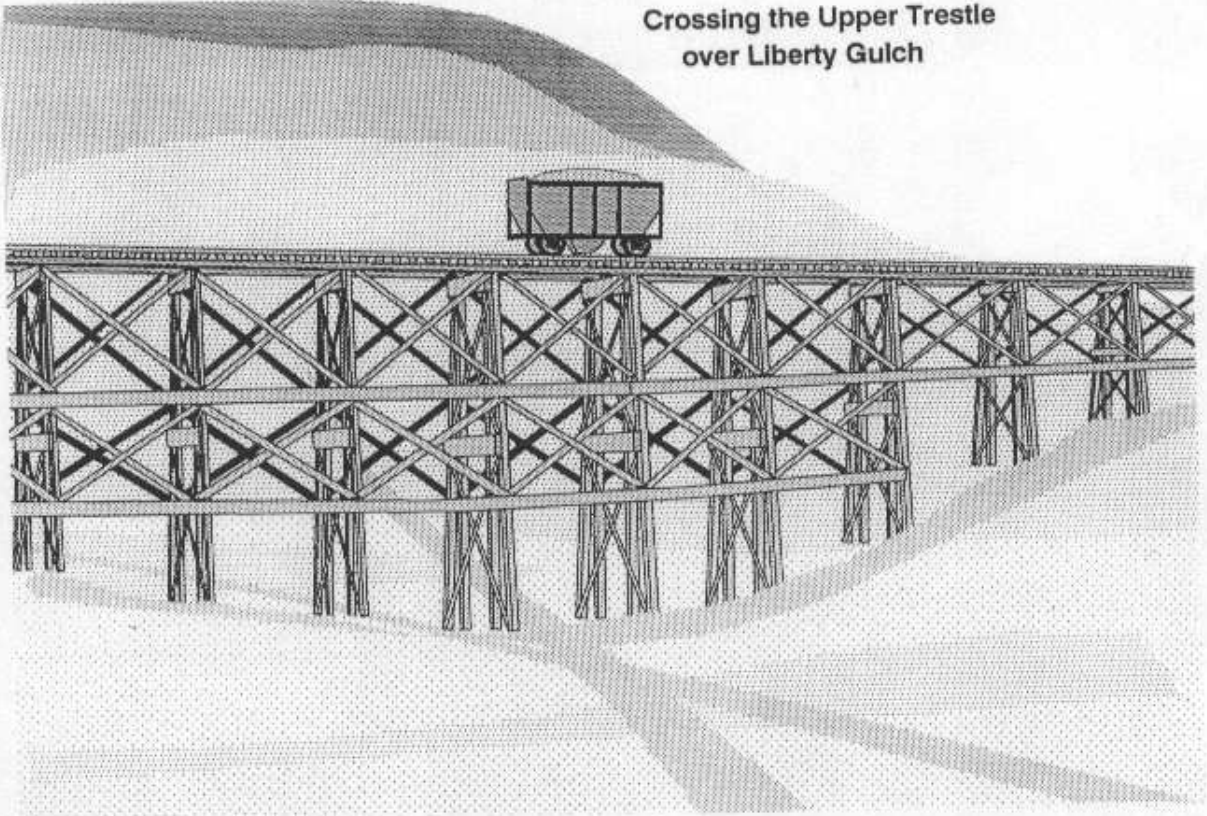
ORE LOADING COMPLEX



Tramway operator Jim Connors signals to the man at the lower end of the Tramway to release the brakes on the empty ore car. At the same time, Jim releases the brake on the loaded ore car at the upper end. The weight of the loaded ore car causes it to move down the slope of the tramway. Since the two cars are attached to each other via the continuous cable, as the loaded car descends downward, the empty ore car is pulled up tramway. Initially, the inside wheels of both cars are on the middle (or common) rail. The release of the cars is carefully timed so that they will pass each other on the short section of track with two separate pairs of rails. After the ore cars pass each other, they continue on until the empty car is drawn into "The Bins" for loading and the loaded car comes to a stop on the Loading Platform high above the railroad. The stop is controlled so the loaded car is properly positioned over the chute, and the ore can be dumped into the waiting freight car below.

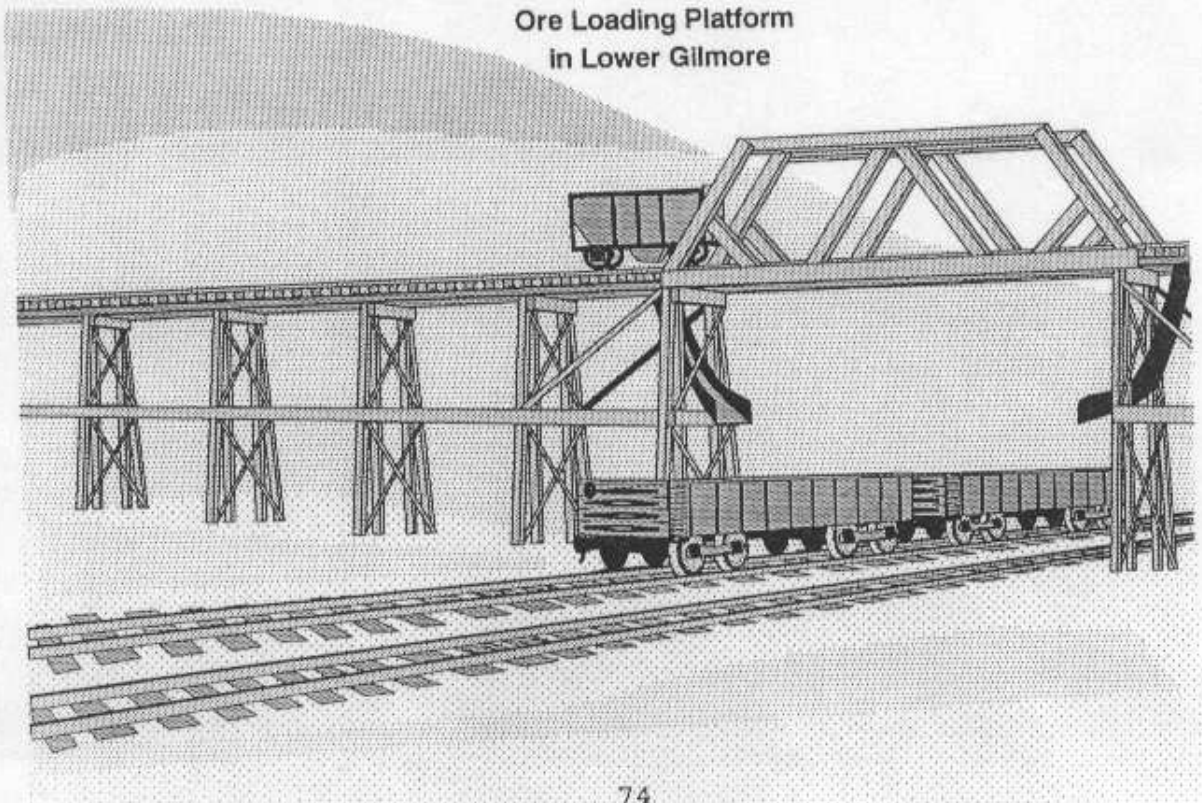


**Crossing the Upper Trestle
over Liberty Gulch**



When the tram reached the railhead, the ore was transferred by positioning each car properly on the platform and tripping the dump in the bottom of the ore car. The ore would fall down a chute and directly into a gondola railroad car below.

**Ore Loading Platform
in Lower Gilmore**



Once the ore is dumped from the car, the cycle can be repeated as soon as another loaded car is ready to leave "The Bins".

All of the mines used the Tramway. Rail shipments were made in 50 ton lots - all from one mine - and had to be scheduled in advance. In this way, mixture of ores from different mines was prevented and assured that the various mines got proper credit for their shipments.

The Tramway structures were exceptionally well designed and constructed, and were Gilmore landmarks for many years. The three rail gravity powered concept was the brainchild of Milo Zook, noted Gilmore mining engineer, who also designed the four-way switches that were essential to make the two track bypass possible.

Through the many years of continuous use, the Gilmore Tramway proved to be an effective, efficient, and economical part of the system that was capable of transporting large quantities of ore from the mines on the hill directly to the railroad for shipment to the smelter.

During the power plant explosion and fire in 1929, part of the lower trestle structure was destroyed. Since mining in Gilmore had virtually ceased because of the great depression, the trestle was not rebuilt. When Gilmore mining operations did not recover from the depression, the tramway was no longer needed and was finally abandoned. Remains of the Ore Loading Complex "The Bins" on the hill at the head of the Tramway as well as a section of the built up tramway bed that passed South of the old Hutchings place (Dick Moll's Complex) are still visible reminders of Gilmore's heyday.

The Great Gilmore Ore Transportation Adventure: My name is P.I. Pete, and I am an ore car filled with desire. I am loaded, if you pardon the expression, with about a ton of high grade silver ore. I am at the 400 foot level in the main shaft of the P.I. Mine in the loading area of the Transportation Tunnel.

Several of my ore car friends have joined me here, and we have formed a train of ore cars ready to make the trip to the railroad where our ore will be shipped to a smelter. Since I have been given the honor of being the lead car of the train, the operator will ride with me so he can control the horses and the brakes, if needed.

Our ore train is complete, so our operator releases the brake and we are on our way. The dark tunnel is quite spooky, but the way is dimly lighted by carbide lamps. The ride is smooth and quiet with only the sound of the horses hooves echoing against the tunnel walls. The journey is very pleasant indeed.

The tunnel is becoming lighter as we approach the lower entrance, and suddenly we break out into bright sunlight as we leave the tunnel. We then make a sharp right turn, head through an open area and enter another, different kind of tunnel. Oh! This is exciting!!

This is the tin tunnel, and we have gone only a little ways when we make a turn to the right. Again it is kind of spooky as our only light comes from the carbide lamps. The clomp of the horses hooves and the clatter of ore car wheels are amplified by the tin all around us. The sounds we make reverberates along the tin sides and roof.

We emerge from the tin tunnel just back of and even with the top of "The Bins",

make a 90° turn to the left to cross a small bridge-like structure and wind up over the right side of "The Bins". Someone trips a lever and I drop my load of ore into the ore bins.

Hello, my name is "Peter The Great", and I am resting in "The Bins" at the head of the Tramway. I have been loaded with about 4 tons of silver/lead ore which includes that brought by P.I. Pete and his friends from the P.I. Mine.

Jungle Jim, the Tramway operator, gives a signal and releases the brake, and our trip has begun. We are self-propelled by gravity, and trundle on down the tramway at what seems like a breath taking speed. At about the halfway point, we make a little swerve to the right, pass a similar but empty ore car going in the opposite direction, and then swerve left back on course again. Whee!! This is fun!!

We are now crossing the Lower Trestle and approaching the Loading Platform. As we pull onto the platform, another man applies our brake. Before we even have time to savor our incredible journey, someone pulls a lever, the doors in the bottom drop open, and the ore from P.I. Pete and his friends are sent down a chute into a waiting railroad car. Our great adventure together is over.

Reprocessing of the Silver/Lead Waste Dumps: Through the years, the high grade silver/lead ore was shipped as is - directly from the mine to the railroad for shipment. No crushing, reduction, separation or other refinement was performed. Everything that was not high grade was considered waste and was piled in huge dumps.

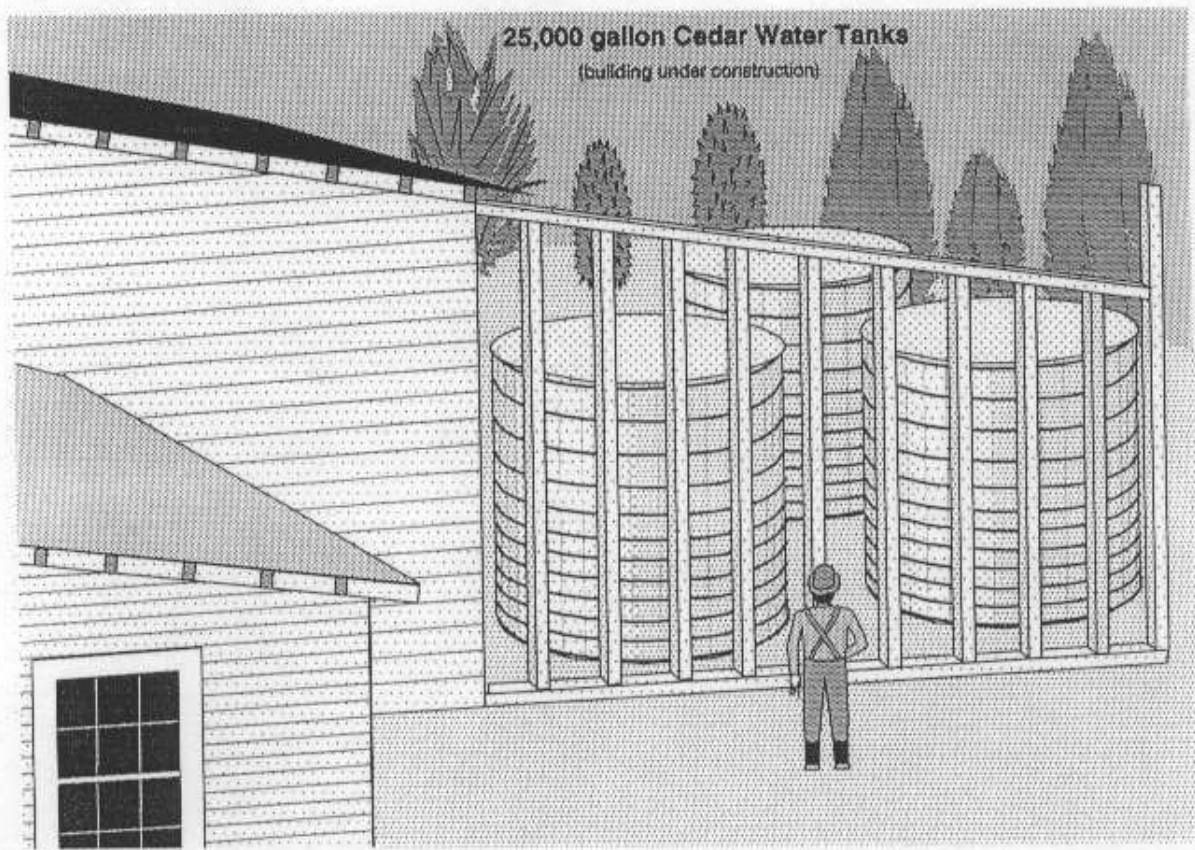
In the early 1950's, a large portable mill was hauled in by several semi-trucks and set up in the flat open area adjacent to the exit of the old Transportation Tunnel near the old Gold Mill.

By that time, the log cabins K and L were badly deteriorated and considered unusable. Two large mobile homes were brought in and set up near the milling site to house the operating crew. Those mobile homes were left when the reprocessing operation was shut down, and can still be seen there today.

Before closing down the operation, all of the ore in the waste dumps in the Gilmore (Texas) Mining District had been reprocessed.

This proved to be a very worthwhile operation as many tons of good marketable ore were recovered.

The Cedar Water Tanks: In 1927, an ambitious project was undertaken to improve the supply of water to Gilmore. The drawing below shows three 25,000 gallon cedar water tanks together with the building being constructed to house them. That building which when completed would completely enclose the tanks was designed to be as dust free and air tight as possible. It would also be heavily insulated against both heat and cold.



The tanks shown in the drawing were built at the P.I. Mine. They were conveniently placed right next to the main mine shaft. Water would pass through pipes which ran down the shaft and were tied into the main water line that ran down the transportation tunnel to the Ore Processing Complex.

A cedar tank similar to those shown was also built just above the Latest Out Mine, and a smaller cedar tank was placed just back of the Edgar Ross Home in Upper Gilmore.

In addition, there were two large cedar water tanks in The Gilmore Townsite. One was on the West side of Porphyry Avenue near Madam Nettie's place, and the other one was back of St. Catherines Church.

The cedar tanks were an integral part of the unique and successful Gilmore water system. That water system was another clear example of engineering ingenuity that is typical of so many features of Gilmore. Some of the wooden water pipes used in throughout the system can still be found today. The Gilmore water system served the community as well as the mines very well indeed throughout its years of operation.

GILMORE HISTORY

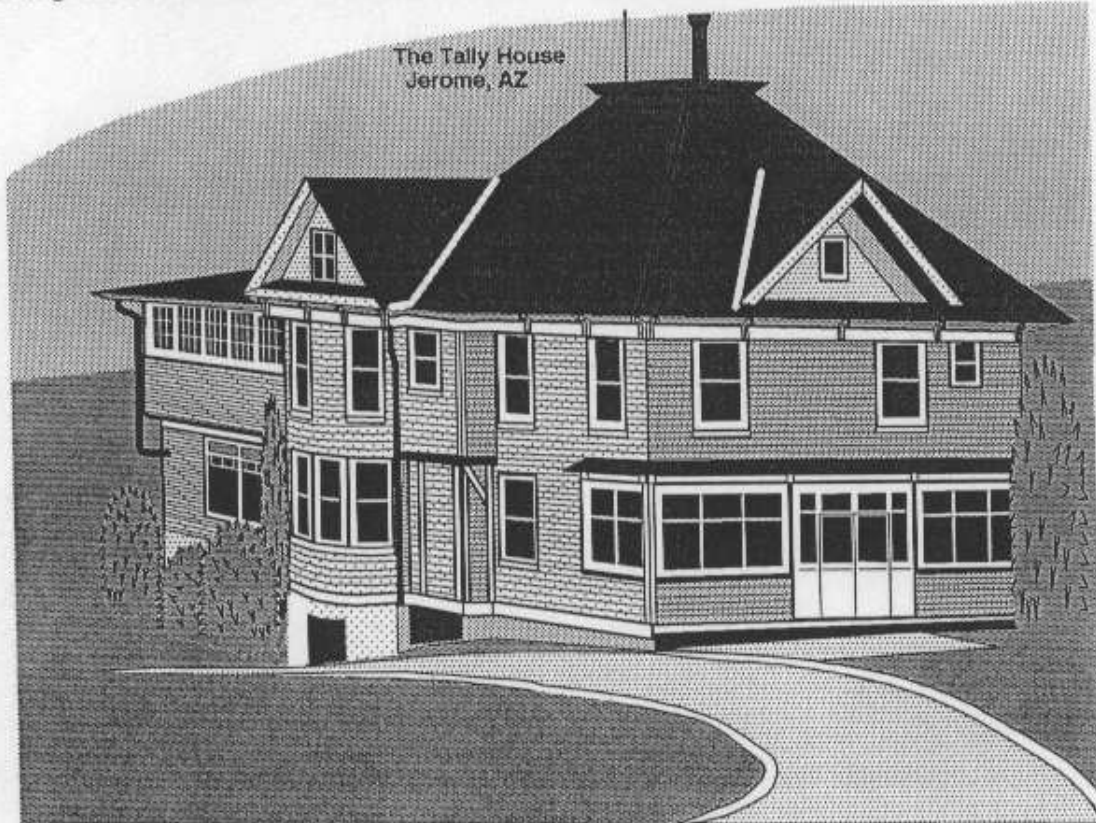
Chapter III. Stories of the Past

Dick Moll moves to Gilmore: When Dick first heard of Gilmore, he was living in Jerome, AZ. By July 1972 Dick had become thoroughly frustrated and disgusted with life in the big city and with working for a big company. So he had packed up and moved to Jerome. Jerome was an old copper mining town with a long and colorful history. Dick spent more than three years as a full time resident of Jerome. During those three years he worked there as the Town Clerk.

While serving as the Town Clerk of Jerome, Dick became both interested and active in the restoration of some of the old buildings there. He devoted a large part of his energy and efforts to an attempt to restore Company Hill. Company Hill was where most of the mine executives had lived. Built on the steep slope of famous Cleopatra Hill, it was an area of large, ornate Victorian homes interconnected with nostalgic wooden (often overhanging) walkways and winding steep stairways. Working with Dick on the restoration project was (among others) a young fellow named Leon Nelson from Rigby, Idaho. Leon was not only a nice guy, but an excellent wood worker as well. He and Dick soon became good friends.

Dick lived in the Tally House for 15 months from the summer of 1974 until the Fall of 1975. The Tally House was named for the former resident, Robert Tally, who had been the General Manager for the United Verde Mining Company in Jerome.

It is a huge house. The main floor includes an entry hall, a large living room, a formal dining room, a winter kitchen, a summer kitchen, several pantries and a bathroom. On the second floor across the front was a very large guest room that included a bath and a dressing room. Upstairs and along the side shown in the drawing was the master bedroom suite. This included a spacious bedroom, a



private bath, and a good sized sitting room in the back where the cluster of windows can be seen. It was said that Mrs. Tally often had her meals served in that sitting room when Mr. Tally was away. The second floor also included two more bedrooms and another bathroom. In addition, there were two bedrooms and a bathroom on the third floor.

While Dick and his companions were working on the house, Robert Tally's youngest son, Paul Tally, paid them a visit. He was a most interesting fellow, and he was very helpful with invaluable information on the house itself as well as what life was like there. The Tally family really lived in style. Their servants included a maid, a butler, a cook and a chauffeur. The servants had their own separate quarters in a small house just up and to the back of the main house. The Tallys always dressed formally for the evening meal. Paul said that he was always chauffeured to and from school each day, which he disliked intensely because it kept him from being accepted by other children. He said his father was a brilliant man who was highly respected by everyone in the mining industry. With the miners themselves he was strict but fair. Paul was seventeen years old when his father died and he and his mother left Jerome. Paul is happily married and operates a large cattle ranch in Colorado.

The restoration work was interesting and exciting, but with lots of help from the downtown business community Jerome was fast becoming a tourist trap. In 1973 there were 750,000 tourists, and in 1974 there were well over a million. That's an awful lot of people! It got to the point where there was no privacy at all! People (tourists) would walk right into Dick's home, and when confronted they inevitably would say "Oh, we didn't know anybody lived here". That kind of stuff got old in a hurry!

Anyway, Dick's friend, Leon Nelson, from the restoration project went back to Idaho to attend a family reunion. While in Idaho, Leon made a visit to Gilmore. He hadn't been to Gilmore before, but he was very much impressed with what he saw. When he returned to Jerome, he talked a lot about Gilmore, and told Dick many times that he thought that was where they ought to be.

Jerome was blessed with many fine artists and craftsmen; mostly young people in their early to mid twenties. It seemed as though everyone there either made or crafted something - some of the most unusual and finest craft products Dick had seen anywhere. At that time Dick and a group of his friends went to the town fathers with the idea of promoting Jerome as an arts and crafts center instead of a ghost town. They all felt that it would be to the town's advantage to get rid of the ghost town image. They argued that the very fine arts and crafts that these folks could produce would bring a different class of visitors to the town. There would probably be fewer tourists (at least they hoped so), but the folks that did come would be more likely to buy the goods and services available in Jerome.

Well, the town fathers wanted more tourists not fewer, and it was the ghost town image that was attracting the tourists. Of course, most of the town fathers were downtown businessmen. On weekends in particular, Jerome was jam-packed with tourists, and yet on Monday morning the business people were always complaining about how little all those hordes of tourists actually spent. Of course, the visitors that came to Jerome came to see a ghost town. They were much more interested in roaming around through old abandoned buildings than spending money on trinkets in the downtown souvenir shops.

About this time a couple of new businesses opened which were operated by high

powered easterners. They easily convinced the town fathers and other business leaders that the thing to do was advertise. They proposed to put the Ghost Town of Jerome on the map. Well, they certainly succeeded; tourist traffic increased significantly. By the summer of 1975, life in Jerome had become intolerable for Dick and some of his friends.

Dick's friend, Leon, was the first to leave. Leon, especially, hated large crowds of nosy, ill-mannered, destructive people. So, he went back to Idaho and set up shop in the very rural community of Bone, Idaho.

Meanwhile, during that summer some other friends (a young couple) from Jerome vacationed in the Great Northwest. On that trip they visited the place, "Gilmore", that Leon had been so impressed with. They spent most of a day exploring Lower Gilmore, Upper Gilmore, and Meadow Lake. They took many pictures and were very impressed with the place. When they returned to Jerome, they described Gilmore to Dick and showed him the pictures they had taken. They urged him to go there and see it for himself.

By the fall of 1975, Dick had enough of Jerome. So he sold his house, quit his job as town clerk, and headed for Idaho. He really wanted to see this place called "Gilmore". The descriptions by Leon and the vacationing couple really intrigued him. One thing is puzzling when you think about it - Dick was not just on a sight-seeing venture, he was actually moving to a place he had never seen! Somehow, they had convinced him that he would really like Gilmore! But it was already October - pretty late in the year for such a venture in that part of the country.

When Dick got to Idaho, he was invited to stay with Leon in Bone, and did so for a while. But there was something about that area that didn't really appeal to him. Leon, on the other hand, was very happy and contented there and wasn't interested in finding another place. While Dick was staying with Leon, he made a couple of trips to Gilmore. Well, he fell in love with the place right away. That was all he could think about, so he decided the time had come to do something about it.

Dick finally found a place to stay in Leadore. He wanted to be located as close to Gilmore as possible, and Leadore is only 17 miles away. He figured, quite correctly, that local folks would be able to help him obtain the information he needed. He needed to know who owned the property in Gilmore, who he could contact about buying or renting some of the buildings, and how could he find and talk with former residents. One way or another, Dick wanted to find a place to stay in Gilmore itself, and to move in as soon as possible. It took him all winter, but he did achieve his goal, and was ready to move to Gilmore at the first sign of Spring in 1976.

There had been talk by a few of the craftsmen back in Jerome that maybe what they had proposed in Jerome could be accomplished in Gilmore. They discussed the possibility of restoring Gilmore as a craft center - a place where talented people could live and work their crafts. The finished craft products could be sold in the renovated General Store. It seemed like a very good idea, and it might have worked - but property in Gilmore proved to be difficult to obtain. What was available was very high priced. Besides, the buildings were in quite bad shape and needed a lot of work. Those factors coupled with the fact that most of them didn't have much money was enough to discourage them, so those plans, thoughts and ideas simply did not develop.

None of that discouraged Dick, however. He was enamored with Gilmore, and

determined to live here. So, today, Dick is proud to be Gilmore's leading citizen.

Dick's First Night in Gilmore. Dick had waited impatiently in Leadore all winter long for this moment. Finally, the time had come to go out to Gilmore and start repairs on his cabin. Just the day before he had received written permission from the Hanna Mining Co. to repair and occupy the cabin he had chosen to live in (Cabin #37). He had carefully considered two factors in making this choice. (1) This particular cabin had the best unobstructed view of the road leading into Gilmore, and (2) The cabin was small and solid, which would make it reasonably easy and inexpensive to repair.

So, on a morning in mid-April, 1976, Dick had made a trip to Salmon for building materials and tools. On his way back he stopped in Leadore to get a few groceries, his sleeping bag, and some extra clothes. Then he was off to Gilmore!

He arrived at his cabin in Gilmore about noon, ready and eager to get to work. The first chore was to remove all the old roofing, which consisted mostly of several layers of old roofing seams. By early evening he had the old roofing off. It had been a warm day, but by now was clouding over rather rapidly and it looked as if it would rain very soon. With only sheeting board for a roof, the cabin would not stay dry for very long. He had to find somewhere else to spend the night if it rained very much.

The rain settled in, and it began to rain quite hard. The old Gilmore Mercantile Building looked like the best place to spend the night. So, he moved his things and prepared to settle down for the night - *and what a night it was!*

First, he found a solid old barrel to put his groceries in and a piece of tin to fit tightly over the top. He placed his groceries in the barrel and then weighted the top down with a couple of heavy rocks.

Satisfied that his groceries were safe for the night, he swept the dirt and debris from a section of the floor, rolled out his sleeping bag and crawled in. It was almost completely dark and raining hard, and then just as he settled in, SUDDENLY all hell seemed to break loose.

As soon as it got dark that place came alive - *really alive!* Little (he hoped) creatures suddenly seemed to be everywhere - rustling through the leaves and debris, pattering across the swept areas of the floor, and even scurrying back and forth across his sleeping bag. The commotion was unbelievable! There must have been thousands of those little creatures. Then, in the midst of this wild scene, he discovered that the roof above was leaking, right onto his sleeping bag.

As much as he hated to, he had to climb out among all those little creatures in order to move his sleeping bag. As he did so, he could feel the little rascals as they flitted across his bare feet, and he was sure he could feel some of them climbing up his pant legs. What a unique sensation *that* was!

He finally found a dry spot and dove back into his sleeping bag. What a night - *what an awful night!* Before it was all over he had moved his sleeping bag five times. Several times his little companions even scampered back and forth across his face - a truly indescribable sensation that didn't have a particularly calming effect. Needless to say, Dick did not have a restful night.

Sometime during that "longest night", it turned cold and started to snow. Then

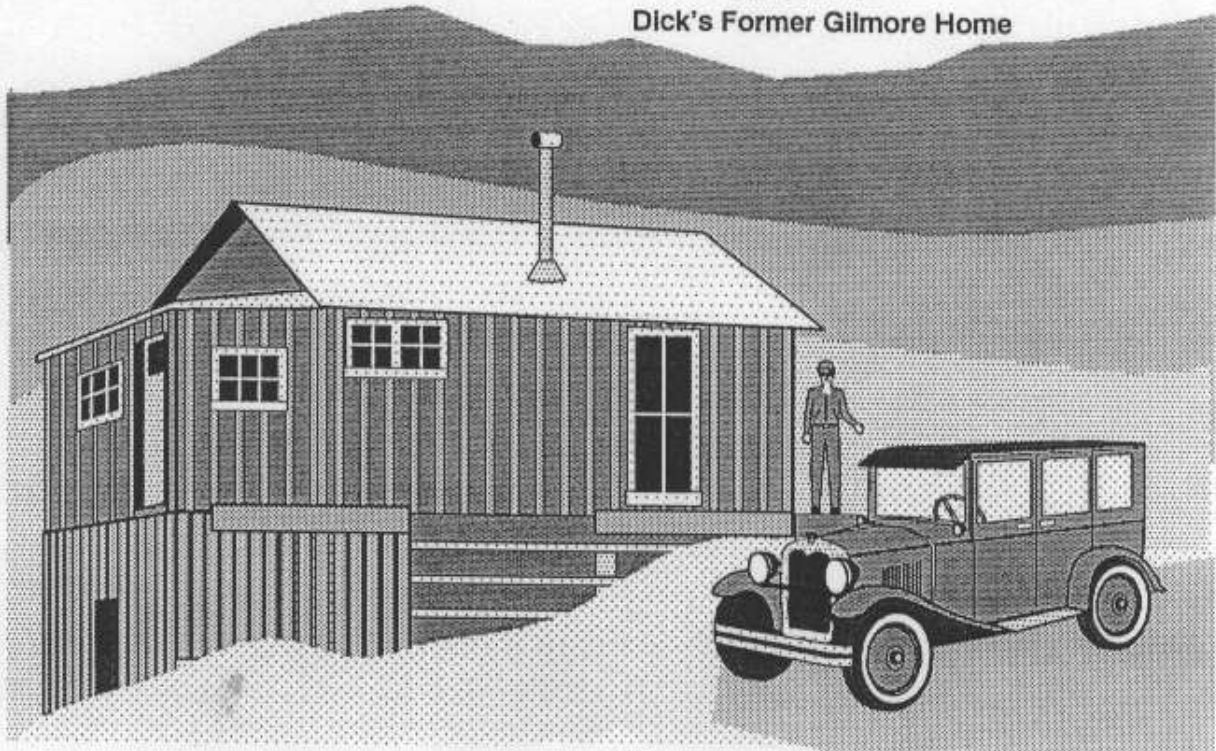
just as it started to turn light, the little creatures magically disappeared just as suddenly as they had come. His sleeping bag was covered with a couple of inches of snow - and outside it was still snowing hard with about 4 or 5 inches already on the ground.

Dick had gotten almost no sleep and, on top of that, he was cold and wet - just plain miserable! It was obvious to him that he wouldn't be able to work on his cabin. As the snow continued even harder, and began to really pile up, he reluctantly decided to go back to Leadore and wait out the storm. However, before leaving, he thought that he would have some breakfast. When he uncovered the barrel, he discovered that those little creatures that had pestered him all night had gotten into his stash and completely ruined his groceries. The lid was still secure on top of the barrel, and although it seemed impossible, those creatures had somehow managed to get into it. The kind of creatures they were and how they got into the groceries is just as baffling a mystery today as it was those many years ago.

As it turned out, it was fortunate that he did go back to Leadore that morning. If he had delayed any longer, he would have been stranded in Gilmore. He would have had a wet sleeping bag and wet clothes. There was no food, no place to build a fire, and no place to stay dry let alone sleep.

It snowed for two days straight, and when it finally stopped there was almost two feet of wet, heavy snow. That snow didn't last very long, but it was the following week before he could get back to his cabin in Gilmore. This time, he was much better prepared and he went back there to stay! By the end of that week, he had the new roof on, glass in the windows, and operable front and back doors. The following week he moved his furniture in and became Gilmore's only human resident.

Cabin #37
Dick's Former Gilmore Home



The Summer of '76 -- 1976 that is: The summer of '76 was a memorable time for Dick in many ways. For one thing, he did not work that summer. Instead, he devoted his time trying to put together some sort of plan that would save Gilmore from further destruction. Of course, such a plan would also ensure Dick of a better and more rewarding future. In many ways it was a carefree summer, but it was also interesting, exciting and eventful.

During the summer of '76, he met a number of folks in Gilmore who eventually became good friends of his. Among those he met that summer were the Hutchings family, Melva Kauer, James Whittaker and his family, and Chub and Ellen Stout. All of those folks had a direct bearing on Dick's success and happiness in the Leadore/Gilmore area.

One day while he was working on his cabin to make it more livable, a young fellow drove up in a battered pickup. He introduced himself as Terry Christie, caretaker of the Silver Moon Mine located in the next canyon about 1 ½ miles South of Gilmore. In many ways, Terry was a strange sort of fellow, but since he was Dick's only neighbor, they did get together quite often. They went all over together, exploring the back country in that pickup that had been provided by the owners of the mine. They had some pretty good times, racing antelope in Terry's truck, hiking, camping out, and exploring some of the mines. Between outings with Terry, Dick continued working on his cabin.

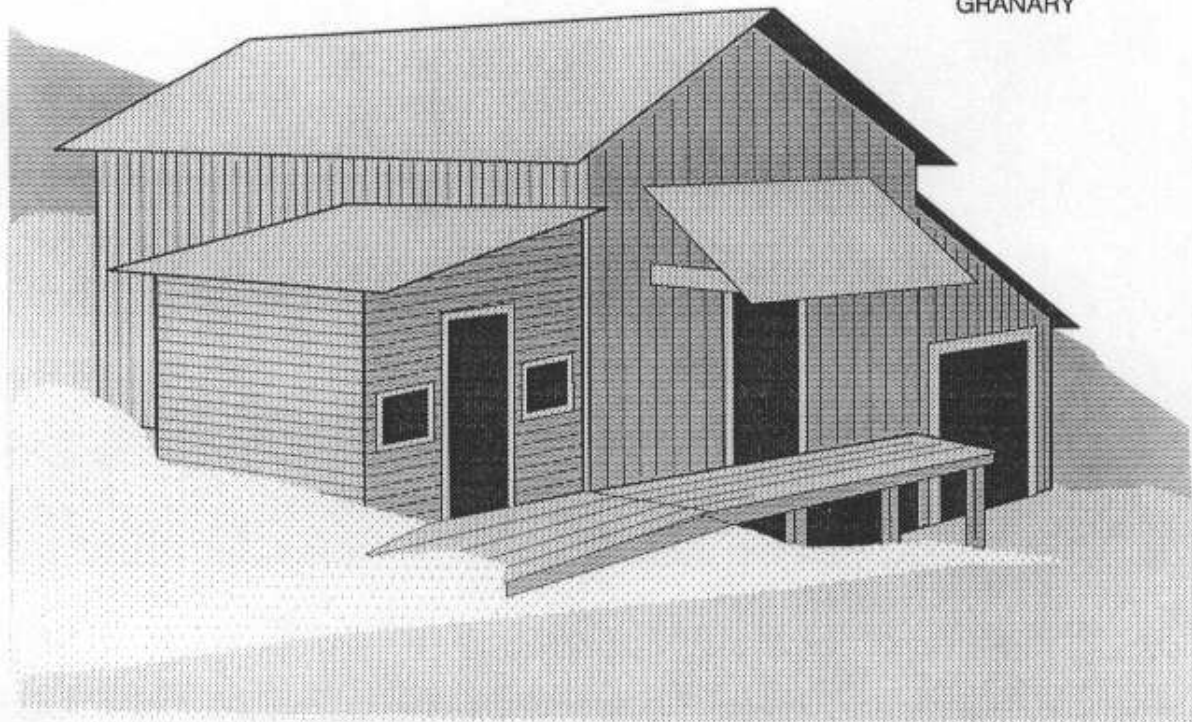
Soon after Terry's first visit but still in early summer, a young couple and their daughter came into Gilmore in a school bus they had converted into a crude motor home. They were Dwayne and Elaine Hicks and daughter Emily from Washington State. After camping in Gilmore for a week or so, Dwayne and family decided that they wanted to stay and live in Gilmore. They looked around for a suitable house, and finally decided they liked house #1 the best. That whole cluster of buildings belongs to James Whittaker. So, they went to see him and worked out an arrangement that would allow them to repair and live in that cabin.

Dwayne had absolutely no carpenter-type skills, and proved to be extremely inept at anything he tried to do. Somehow, they finally managed to get a new roof on the main part of the building. Then one day they went over to Dillon, Montana for supplies and building materials, and never came back. At first Dick and Terry thought something might have happened to them, but a week or so later Dick got a letter from them saying they had decided that Gilmore wasn't right for them. Anyway, that incident accounts for the red roof on the main part of cabin #1.

In addition to making improvements to his cabin that summer, Dick was anxious to explore Gilmore and the surrounding area. Dick had his first adventure he refers to as "Hiking the Ridge" (see next story) that summer, but that was only one of many similar expeditions. He and his neighbor, Terry, did quite a bit of hiking that summer, and quite thoroughly explored the area. One day when they were up at Meadow lake, they went off on a hike to the North and Northeast of the lake. In a small, heavily timbered draw they stumbled upon another lake. It is very small, much smaller than Meadow lake, but it is beautiful. Dick has talked with a few old timers who knew the other lake was there, but it is not generally known because it is so well hidden and hard to find.

On many weekday mornings, Dick would take his ancient one-ton flat bed truck around town and pick up scrap wood and lumber that was scattered about on the ground. He made it a rule to never remove anything from a building that was still standing; only from buildings that were already totally destroyed. He stashed the

GRANARY



reusable lumber in one end of the granary building and scrap wood (fire wood) in the other end.

Many of the improvements consisted of replacing siding that had been removed by thieves and vandals. His stash of reusable lumber came in very handy, and he rarely had to go out and buy lumber. By the end of October, his cabin was as weather resistant as he could make it. In addition, his pile of scrap wood provided more than enough firewood to get him through the winter.

Several serious incidents occurred in Gilmore during the summer of '76 that had the potential of being major tragedies. One such incident occurred on a Sunday afternoon, when a guy drove in with his wife and daughter. After looking around some, this guy started target shooting at some of the junk cars that had been abandoned in Gilmore.

Since it was Sunday, there were quite a few tourists wandering around town. Dick became very concerned that if this guy continued shooting, someone was going to get hurt. So, Dick went over and explained his concern to the guy and asked him to please stop shooting in town. Well, that guy kept his pistol pointed at an old car hood while he looked at Dick with a strange smirk on his face. Finally he said "Okay", but at the same time turned his pistol so that it pointed at his little girl. At that moment everything seemed to stop. Dick held his breath as time went on and on, and all the while this guy kept his pistol pointed at the little girl. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, he lowered his pistol and whispered again "Okay". Both his wife and his little girl were extremely pale; obviously they were badly frightened. Then, all of a sudden the guy broke the silence by saying in a loud and commanding voice: "Both of you get in the truck, we're getting the hell out of

here." They nervously walked with him to the truck, got in and left. Dick mopped his brow and heaved a big sigh of relief.

On another occasion, a couple of college boys on vacation decided to camp out in one of the old boarding houses in Upper Gilmore. Apparently their first night was peaceful and uneventful, but in the early morning of their second night they came pounding on Dick's door in a panic. They were hysterical, and it was a while before they were settled down enough to talk coherently.

They explained that they had been awakened by a big commotion to find a huge bear rifling through their packs just a few feet away. They were scantily clad as they had fled in great haste and ran all the way down to Dick's cabin. Dick got them some blankets, and tried to calm them down. He had rarely seen anyone as scared as these fellows were, and it was sometime before they stopped shaking. Later on, after much persuasion, Dick got them to go up there with him to retrieve what was left of their gear.

That afternoon, one of the boy's mother came to pick them up. She is a writer of some sort, and owns a house in Leadore. She usually spends a week or two there during the summer. This lady is very eccentric, and most folks in Leadore consider her to be weird. Dick sees her now and then riding around on her 1940 style bicycle, but he has not seen either of the boys since the incident with the bear.

Indeed, there are bears in and around Gilmore, and Dick has seen them on several occasions. Usually, if Dick minds his business, the bears will mind their business and not cause any trouble. Those he has actually seen are black bears, and they are generally not vicious. Dick strongly suspects that the boys were careless, and food they left laying around was what attracted the bear.

Another incident occurred in late summer of that year, just about the time that antelope hunting season was getting under way. A core driller was drilling for ore samples down on the flat between Gilmore and Highway 28. One Sunday he brought his children with him so they could look around the ghost town. It was late morning and the kids, a boy about 11 and his sister a couple of years younger, were walking up the old road towards Gilmore. At the same time, a guy in a pickup came along on the new road toward the town. He stopped, got out of his truck, took out his rifle and drew a bead on those kids. There were tense moments as he held that rifle pointed at the kids for what seemed to be a very long time. He did not shoot!! Finally he lowered the rifle, got back into his truck and continued on into Gilmore. The kids were completely unaware of the incident. Once in town, they started exploring the first buildings that they came to.

While Dick did not want to scare the children or spoil their fun, at the same time he didn't trust that guy in the pickup. He was afraid the guy might try the same trick again, so Dick decided to discretely shadow the kids. They never noticed him even though he stayed close by. He wanted to be close enough to them that he could help if trouble arose. Well, nothing happened, and the kids had a great time exploring that old town. When they started back down towards the driller, Dick continued to follow them until he was sure that the driller had seen them and would watch after them. Dick went back to his home, and it wasn't long before the guy in the pickup reappeared and headed out towards the highway.

Until that time, Dick had not been certain that the driller had seen the guy pointing a rifle at his children. Indeed he had, and he was waiting for the guy as he drove out in his truck. Obviously the driller was mad clear through, and he really let the

guy have it. At first it was just loud angry words, but finally he opened the truck door, pulled the guy out, and flattened him with a couple of punches. Then he picked the guy up and flattened him again. Finally, he left the guy lay there and went back to his drill rig. Later the guy struggled to his feet, staggered back to his truck, and drove off. As he passed the drill rig, Dick could hear the driller shout: "and don't EVER come back."

Later that day, the driller and his children came up and paid Dick a visit. He was still boiling mad over what had happened, and Dick could certainly understand that. He introduced himself and his Kids and then thanked Dick for watching over them. Indeed, he was very grateful, and said so several times. Dick wondered how come he knew that he could put so much trust in Dick to watch over the kids. Well, the driller (John Toliver) said he was a close friend of Chub and Ellen Stout. When they learned that he would be drilling in Gilmore, they told him about Dick. They told John that Dick was a very nice guy and that he should look Dick up and get acquainted. John had a lot faith in Chub and Ellen's judgment, so he felt sure that he could trust Dick with the safety of his children. From that day on, John, the kids Billy and Mary Ann, and Dick have been the best of friends.

The summer of '76 is remembered throughout the region as the time when the Teton Dam failed and 8 billion gallons of water surged through the valley below. It caused tremendous damage and destroyed most of the City of Rexburg, almost 20 miles away. Rexburg was rebuilt and is now known as the host city of the widely recognized Idaho International Folk Dance Festival. The collapse of that dam caused concern throughout the region for a long time afterward.

Finally the driller finished and left. Terry quit as caretaker of the Silver Moon, and the Whittakers drove their cattle home. Meadow Lake closed for the season, and tourists mostly stopped coming. The summer of '76 had come to an end, and Dick settled down and waited for the long winter to begin.

Dick did not accomplish his goal; i.e., of making a plan to save Gilmore from continued abuse. Nevertheless, he had to admit that the summer had been interesting and at times exciting! He will never forget the summer of '76 in Gilmore.

Hiking The Ridge: There was a fair sized grassy area high up on the side of the mountain behind Dick's cabin. It had a park-like appearance, and from the time that he first moved to Gilmore, that grassy area had intrigued him. So, finally one day he decided to hike up there and satisfy his curiosity.

It was a hot, sunny day in July 1976. He started out about 9:00 in the morning. He began his climb right back of his cabin, and since he was a fairly good climber it only took about 45 minutes to reach the area he was seeking. Of course, close up it looked much different than it did from a distance. He guessed that the elevation was 9500 to 10,000 feet. There was quite a large grassy area with an overgrown wagon trail winding through it. Dick followed the trail into the trees and came upon an abandoned mine shaft. Just beyond that he found the ruins of a small log cabin and a shed. He also found the ruins of a wagon next to the shed. This led Dick to suspect that the shed was used as a stable.

The surrounding terrain was very rugged, and it seemed that accessibility would have been difficult at best. For this reason, he was tempted to follow the wagon trail just to see where it came from and how it got there. But then he realized that

he was not too far from the ridge, and that excited him. Well, what should he do. So, he flipped a coin to decide which way to go, and the ridge won out. Now it should be made clear, when he started out that morning he had no thought of climbing on up and hiking along the ridge.

When he left the grassy park area to resume his climb, the terrain quickly became very steep. It was so steep that Dick found it difficult to maintain good footing. Once he had passed the steep part he had it made. From there the climb was much more gradual. Of course, by then he was well above the tree line, and the only vegetation was a very coarse wiry grass and a few species of wildflowers, including some dandelions.

The ridge itself resembled a narrow plateau pocked with numerous hollows and rocky outcroppings. The footing was quite good for the most part, and the view was spectacular. He could see for miles up and down the Lemhi Valley. Leadore was clearly visible, and if it wasn't for the mountains, he was sure he could have seen Salmon over 70 miles away.

When Dick had left Gilmore it was already quite hot, but up on the ridge it was actually cold - almost bitterly cold. Fortunately he had taken along a jacket and he needed it as shelter against the cold wind. The wind up there was something else - very strong and relentless. The wind was so strong that he had to lean into it just to stay upright.

Since he hadn't brought his camera, he couldn't take pictures. That was unfortunate because the views from there were something to behold. To the Southwest, West, and Northwest he could see seemingly endless successions of barren rocky ridges, peaks, and deep dark canyons. In the hollows and shaded areas were sizable patches of snow - seed for next years crop of snow perhaps.

He followed the ridge around until he was behind Gilmore. At that point another ridge went off to the West at a right angle. This was the ridge behind Meadow Lake, and it ended at the conical peak that looms above the lake. The view of Meadow Lake and the surrounding area was breathtaking. Sort of like being on another planet.

Back on the main ridge, he continued around until, off to the right, he saw a large area of shale. The shale sloped down a long way in the direction of Gilmore. On the spur of the moment he decided to go down that shale slope, and that turned out to be a big mistake.

The shale was thick and unstable. Walking was difficult at first, but later on became torturous. The slope was long and at first very wide. Eventually it narrowed rapidly and led directly into a steep, treacherous, narrow canyon. Once down in that canyon, there was no going back. It had been a very difficult climb down into that canyon and it would have been physically impossible to go back up.

Dick finally worked his way down to a narrow ledge, and it appeared impossible to continue on. What to do? It was impossible to go back up, but it also appeared to be impossible to continue down. Well, he sat on the lip of that ledge and made an intensive study of the canyon. The first 25-30 feet would be the worst. After that, it appeared to Dick that the going would be much easier. After studying and restudying those first 25-30 feet, he thought he saw a way to go. It would be both difficult and dangerous, but he could see no alternative. The only route he could see was right along the very lip of the canyon. To the left was the canyon

wall; to the right was a vertical drop off to the rock studded floor of the canyon 50-60 feet below.

The longer he waited and looked, the more worried he became. So, since there was no choice, he decided to get it over with. The footing was very bad and any slip would send him off the edge into eternity. He inched his way along making sure of his footing with every step. Once, in a particularly narrow spot, his foot did slip and he thought he was a goner. Somehow he managed to keep from falling and by some miracle regained his footing. It took the better part of an hour to go those few feet, but he finally made it and heaved a big sigh of relief. He was shaking from the strain of trying to keep his balance, but it was over and he was still intact.

From there on down, his footing became better and better. He finally came to the road that enters the canyon at the big turn. That's the turn just before the main road starts to climb the mountain.

Well, he had made it and he was grateful to be OK. It had been an interesting experience. Strangely enough, it had taken him longer to come down from the ridge than it had to go up. It was 1:30 PM when he got back to Gilmore. It was hot and he was hungry.

In 1988, Dick repeated his 1976 climb to the ridge. Even though he was twelve years older, he was pleased that he made the climb so easily. This time, he spent more time on the ridge. He had taken his camera along and spent much of the time taking pictures. Just as it had been the first time, it was cold and windy, very windy.

On this trip he avoided the shale slope and made his way to a descent farther along the ridge. The way down was much better than the last time, but it was still long, steep, and with very poor footing. For a time he wondered if he'd ever get to the bottom, but alas, there it was. He came out in the same canyon as in 1976, but well below the area that was so treacherous.

As before, it had been a good experience and he was very glad that he went. As before, it was very hot when he got back to Gilmore, and guess what? He was hungry again!

Christmas in Gilmore: Christmas 1976 was Dick's first and most memorable Christmas in Gilmore.

On Christmas Eve when he stopped at the Leadore Post Office, he found that he had received several Christmas packages from friends and relatives. After leaving the Post Office, he went shopping for all the items necessary for his special Christmas Eve and Christmas Day dinners.

Shortly after he got back home to Gilmore, a young couple stopped in for a visit. They had camped in Gilmore during the summer, and they and Dick had become quite well acquainted. They were on their way to spend Christmas with family in Kalispel, Montana. They had stopped in to wish Dick a Merry Christmas, and to leave with him a big bag of Christmas goodies including cookies, candy, and Fresh oranges. Dick considered their gesture as most thoughtful, and he really did appreciate it.

After they left, he went out to get his Christmas tree. It took a while to find what he was looking for - a nicely shaped, full branched tree about 3 feet tall. That would be just about right for his cabin. He set it up in the kitchen on an old side board that he had rescued from a building that was about to cave in. It proved to be the perfect spot for it.

Since he had only a few ornaments, he improvised with mini popcorn balls, pine cones, candy canes, dried berries, fruit and nuts. Then he added a spool of red ribbon and a spool of green ribbon. He spent a lot of time decorating that tree, and when he was finally finished, he thought it looked absolutely beautiful. He was very proud of it.

Later that afternoon, some friends from Leadore came by to wish him a Merry Christmas. They were on their way to spend Christmas with relatives, and took time to stop by to see Dick. They also left him with a lot of Christmas goodies - homemade cookies, candy, caramel popcorn balls, a dozen dinner rolls and an apple pie. In addition, they gave him about a dozen picture puzzles to keep him occupied on stormy days. They made a big fuss over his Christmas tree, and said it was one of the prettiest trees they had seen. With their visit, there was no doubt that his day was just getting better and better.

By the time they left, it was time for Dick to start preparing his Christmas Eve Dinner. It took awhile to cook dinner on that little wood cook stove. It was well into the evening before he could sit down and eat, but it was indeed an excellent dinner.

After dinner, and after everything was cleaned up and put away, it was time to settle down and listen to Dicken's "A Christmas Carol" on the radio. That is a classic Christmas story, of course, and he really enjoyed it. Then he listened to a special Christmas Concert by the Utah Symphony Orchestra, and finally there was a special Christmas program by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Both programs were very good and very appropriate for his first Christmas in Gilmore.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir program was over at midnight, so he had a midnight snack of some of his special goodies. After his snack he opened his gifts, and found some very nice things. There was a warm sweater, gloves, socks, a wool shirt, and some things for his house. His mother had even put in some things for his cat, so he let her in and gave her a catnip mouse to play with. She had a great time playing with it. By the time she got tired of it, it was high time to be getting to bed. Usually Dick put her out at night, but this was Christmas so he let her stay in and sleep on the cushion in his big rocker.

He had a great night's sleep, and when he arose it was snowing - sort of a lazy wet snow. It was really very pretty. He had a Christmas breakfast of orange juice, pancakes with butter and syrup, pork sausage and milk.

After breakfast he took a leisurely stroll around town on his snowshoes. The air was calm, and with a gentle, wet snow falling, it was an idyllic Christmas Morning. Even the vacant, derelict buildings of Gilmore seemed to take on a magical quality.

As he returned from his stroll around noon and approached his cabin, he noticed a car coming into town. It stopped in front of the mercantile building and a man got out. He spotted Dick, waved, and started walking toward him. When he got closer, Dick could see that he was a young man, perhaps in his early twenties.

As this fellow came up, he asked Dick if he lived there. Dick replied that he did. The fellow seemed to be fascinated that Dick was living there in an otherwise abandoned town. He had an accent, but he spoke good English. He said his name was Karl, that he was from West Germany and was visiting the United States. He asked if Dick would show him some of the town. Dick was happy to do so, and they went off to look through some of the buildings.

In answer to his questions, Dick told him a little about the town and how he happened to be living there. He seemed to be very interested and fascinated with Dick's story. As they talked, Dick got the impression that the fellow was lonesome and at loose ends on this Christmas Day.

He asked if he could see Dick's cabin, so they walked over and Dick invited him inside. Karl tried to hide his emotions, but he definitely choked up when he saw Dick's Christmas tree. On the spur of the moment, Dick did something he wouldn't normally do with strangers; Dick invited him to stay and have Christmas dinner.

In reply, Karl said, "You see right through me - that I am lonesome. Thank you for asking me, and I will share your Christmas dinner on one condition. I have a bottle of excellent, vintage French wine in my car - I will share your Christmas dinner if you will share my wine."

Of course, he did stay for dinner. Both the dinner and the wine were excellent and they really had a good time together. Karl was an exceptional young man, and Dick thoroughly enjoyed his company. They visited well into the night, and Dick suspected that he really didn't want to leave. At any rate, Dick finally asked him if he would like to stay the night. Karl thanked Dick over and over for sharing Christmas Day with him. However, he finally said that he must go. He had a room waiting for him at the Stagecoach Inn in Salmon.

After Karl left, Dick realized what a special Christmas day it had been. It was a day that he would always remember. Dick never saw or heard from Karl again, but he is convinced that it was destiny that brought them together that Christmas Day in 1976, in Gilmore, Idaho.

The Chimney Fire: Because of the cramped space inside the small cabin (Cabin #37), Dick was sleeping in his sleeping bag on the kitchen floor. This was a cold January morning in 1977, and he had been up replenishing the fire a short time earlier. In the meantime, he had jumped back into his sleeping bag to rest while the cabin was warming up.

It seems as though he had dozed off when he was awakened by a rather loud roaring sound. It took him several minutes to fully awaken, and then he realized that the roaring sound was coming from inside the chimney. Even though the stove pipe fit quite snugly into the chimney, when he took a good look at it he could actually see flames inside the chimney. There was no doubt - he was having a dreaded and scary chimney fire!

Since he had never experienced a chimney fire before, he had no knowledge of what to do or how to react. The cabin was getting very warm, and the chimney was too hot to touch. He closed the drafts on both the heater and the cook stove, hoping that might help.

When he went outside it was really scary. Flames three or four feet high were shooting out of the top of the chimney. There was much burning debris also blowing out of the top of the chimney.

Back inside the cabin it was getting so hot that he feared that it might combust. So, he opened both doors and all the windows that he could get open.

Even though it would be difficult, he thought that maybe he ought to try to take some of the furniture out into the yard. On the other hand, it was snowing quite hard and that in itself could ruin the very furniture that he was trying to save. Regardless, the way that fire was roaring, there seemed little chance of saving much - no matter what he did or how fast he did it. So he did what was probably the smart thing - nothing!

Even though it was cold and snowing, he noticed that the snow was rapidly melting on the roof. The fact that it was also melting on the ground around the cabin didn't calm his nerves either. It seemed that the fire just went on and on without let up. The cabin continued to get hotter and hotter inside. He fully expected to see the cabin on fire at any moment.

Finally, after what seemed to him to be an hour, the flames shooting out of the chimney were not as high, and there seemed to be less debris blowing out. A little later on he noticed that the roaring in the chimney had lessened somewhat, and very gradually the fire did begin to die down. There was still flame inside the chimney. It took a long time to burn itself out and there was nothing he could do but wait until it did.

Gradually, Dick began to breathe easier. Maybe the cabin wouldn't burn down after all. There was no doubt in his mind; the cabin came very, very close to catching on fire.

It took several more hours for the inside of the cabin to cool down sufficiently to justify restarting the heater. After what he had just been through, restarting the heater was a particularly tense moment. Everything was OK, but he kept a close watch on both fires for quite a while after that.

However, there was no need to worry. That fire couldn't flare up again because all the fuel inside the chimney had been completely burned out. There was nothing left to burn.

One thing Dick will tell you - having a chimney fire was very scary. All the while it was burning he felt helpless to do anything about it. If he never has another one, that will be fine with him. Everyone he has talked to about it agrees that, indeed, he was very lucky.

Dick Moll meets the Mormon Missionaries. It was late summer of 1976, and Dick was sitting on a window sill of the Gilmore Mercantile building watching some teenagers as they explored the old Jagers Hotel across the street. Two young fellows in suits walked by and started a conversation with the guys in the hotel. They hadn't seen Dick, but one of the guys in the hotel pointed in his direction and said, "That's the guy you want to talk to."

With that, the fellows in suits came over and introduced themselves as Morton Missionaries. They explained that they had been doing missionary work with some folks up at Meadow Lake. They asked Dick if he lived in Gilmore? He replied that he did and pointed to his cabin. They asked if he would be interested in learning more about the Mormon Church. They offered Dick a copy of the *Book of Mormon* if he would promise to read it. Since Dick was already somewhat intrigued by the Mormons, he was indeed interested in learning more. So he accepted the *Book of Mormon* and promised to read it later on, after the tourist season was over when he would have more time to devote to it.

As winter came on, Dick had time to spare so he did start to read *The Book of Mormon* that those fellows had given him. He was only part way through it when early one winter morning two different fellows came knocking on his door. They introduced themselves as Mormon Missionaries. When Dick asked them what had happened to the other two fellows, they explained that Gilmore was situated on the dividing line between Missionary Districts. These two had been assigned to visit him, and they would continue to do so as long as they were welcome.

One of the missionaries was Elder Flook, and Dick liked him right away. He was very friendly and easy going, and he made a big fuss over Dick's cat. The other fellow was much quieter, perhaps even a bit shy. His name was Elder Anderson.

While it was true that their primary concern was to teach him about the Mormon Church and its beliefs, they were also interested in learning about Gilmore. They were intrigued by the fact that Dick was the only resident in Gilmore.

Each time they came they had a discussion about the Mormon Church and its Doctrines. When those discussions were completed, the subject turned to Gilmore. Dick, of course, loved to talk about Gilmore. Perhaps it was a case of the right thing at the right time. As they continued the discussions about the Church, Dick became more and more interested in what they had to tell him. These missionaries really impressed Dick. They were clean-cut, friendly, knowledgeable, and easy to talk to. They were not at all pushy, and when they left they always asked if it would be all right if they visited with him again in the future.

One time they came when he had company. As soon as they realized the situation, they said they were sorry for intruding and asked if they could return at another time. Of course that was fine with Dick, and their politeness reinforced Dick's impression that they were, indeed, fine young men.

On another occasion they expressed concern about his isolation and asked him if he needed anything. Dick thought a minute, and said if they really wanted to do something to help him they could bring him some old newspapers that he needed to start fires. Sure enough, the next time they came they had two big bundles of papers - enough to last him for the rest of the winter.

Unfortunately, shortly after they brought him those papers, Dick had his confrontation with the guys in the red Ford pickup (see next story). He had been shot at, and had moved out of Gilmore.

When he left Gilmore, he moved back to Leadore for a while and lived in the old G&P box car next to the motel. The box car had been converted into living quarters that would serve his need until he could find something more permanent.

His missionary friends tracked him down, and expressed concern over what had

happened to him in Gilmore. At any rate, they completed the missionary discussions while Dick was living there in the box car. When the discussions were completed, Dick made the decision to be baptized and thus become a member of the Mormon Church. As time has gone on, he has realized more and more that he had made the right decision. He has never regretted it.

The Mormon Church has been good to him, and good for him. He firmly believes that by living up to the teachings and doctrines of the church, he has become a better person. For the first time in his life, he attends church services regularly.

To put this into proper perspective, it was while he was living in that old G&P box car that Melva Kauer and her mother came to visit him. It was their visit, and their concern about Dick's plans that ultimately led to his living and working for them on their ranch. (Refer to *Dick Moll's Return to Gilmore* in Chapter IV: Stories of Recent Times).

The incident of the red Ford pickup. In the Spring of 1977 (about mid-march), Dick Moll was living in cabin #37 on the map. There was quite a lot of snow on the ground, including 8"-10" of fresh snow that had fallen overnight.

It was Sunday afternoon, and a red Ford pickup came into Gilmore and parked in the driveway just beyond Grover Tucker's place (#36). Shortly after they arrived, they started shooting, and since Dick could not see them from his cabin, he walked over to see what they were doing. He found that there were three of them having a great time shooting bricks off the chimney of Elmer Tucker's house (#24). (Grover and Elmer were brothers.) When he got close enough, Dick explained to those guys that all the buildings in Gilmore are privately owned. He said that he was the caretaker, and he'd appreciate it if they would stop shooting at the buildings.

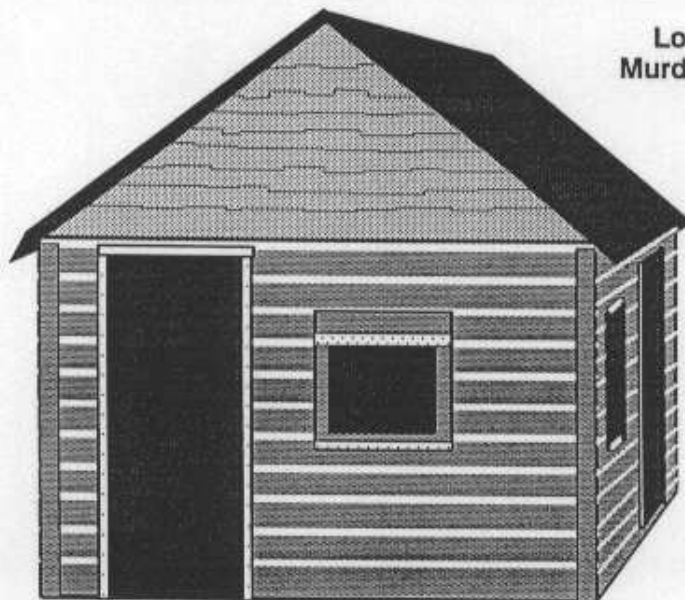
Dick was concerned that they seemed to be acting very weird, possibly drunk and/or on drugs. After a long pause, two of them finally said "Okay" and started to head for their truck. They told the third guy to "come on" as they went. The third guy started to turn away, then suddenly turned back and started shooting at Dick! At the time he was about 30-35 feet away from Dick, and slightly downhill - at least 5ft. lower. It was fortunate that, as bullets started singing passed his head, Dick reacted by falling into the snow. He heard the guy say "I must have hit him!". Then he started arguing with the others about whether to come over and take a look, with the idea of finishing Dick off if there was any sign that he was still alive.

There was no one else around that day, but they didn't know that. The other guys were scared - at least they sounded as if they were scared. After considerable argument, they finally persuaded their companion to leave well enough alone and to get the heck out of there. So, they got back into their truck and drove away.

As for Dick, it is safe to say that he was pretty scared and very uncomfortable lying there in the cold, wet snow. It was frightening as he listened to them argue about what to do. If they had come over to look after him, he was certain that he would be a dead man. So, while they were arguing, Dick made up his mind that if he lived through this predicament, he would leave Gilmore - move out as soon as possible. He was really scared. He could picture somebody finding him in the Spring when the snow had melted, shot full of holes.

The very next day, Dick packed up and left Gilmore. But this story leads directly to the next one.

The incident of the murdered man. Later on, sometime in late June of that same year (1977), a bottle hunter (tourist) stumbled upon the partly decomposed body of a man just outside a small log cabin at the edge of the timber (#30 on the map). He reported the body to the Sheriff's Department in Salmon. When the Sheriff's Department investigated, they found that the body had originally been buried in a shallow grave in the root cellar of the small log cabin. Apparently a bear had found the body and dragged it out of the cabin and had partly eaten it. They also found what appeared to be several bullet holes in the body. When the body was examined, it was established that, indeed, the man had been shot. He had been dead for approximately three months. That put the time of his death as middle or late March, which is very close to the time when Dick had left Gilmore.



Log Cabin (#30)
Murdered Man Found

The apparent murder and burial of this man in Gilmore was BIG NEWS thereabouts, and for a while everybody was talking about and theorizing about what had happened. Several commented to Dick that maybe he was lucky to have moved out of Gilmore when he did. As time went on, there seemed (to the public) to be no more investigation. Most local folks were saying that the case was quietly being dropped, and that the murderer would never be found. Nothing more was heard about the case (officially) until the following Spring (1978). Then the sheriff's office finally announced that the body had been identified through dental work and an inscription on a watch that had been found on the body. The man turned out to be a Mr. Christensen from Idaho Falls. The word was that he was well known and respected in the Idaho falls area. A couple of people in Leadore knew him and had gone to school with him. Of course, they were shocked to learn that he was the murdered man in Gilmore.

Further investigation lead to the arrest of his two children and a friend of theirs.

They were all charged with murder. The story of this murder is a gruesome one, recorded here as told to Dick by his friend who is also a sheriff's deputy. The story was told to Dick only because of his involvement with Gilmore.

Mr. Christensen's children (a boy and a girl) along with their friend had gotten into trouble with the law over the use and sale of illegal drugs. When they got into trouble, they tried to get their father to use his influence to get them off, or at least reduce the charges against them. Well, Mr. Christensen was very much against drugs, and since the evidence against his children was overwhelming, he refused to help them. So, they were tried, convicted, and served time in a State Juvenile Facility. As soon as they were released from custody, the kids went after their father. At the time, he was separated from his wife and living alone in a rural area near Idaho Falls.

They laid in wait for him one night and shot him as he was getting out of his car. However, the shot didn't kill him and somehow he managed to crawl into his house. The kids were still there, of course, and enjoyed watching him suffer. He didn't die even though they refused to give him medical care or food, so eventually they became impatient and even angry, so they shot him again. He still refused to die. Even though he was in terrible shape, he stubbornly hung onto life. Finally the three culprits decided that they had waited long enough, so they hauled him out to the driveway and ran over him several times with his own car. Apparently satisfied that he was finally dead, they stuffed his body into the trunk of his car and drove to Gilmore. There, they buried him in a shallow grave in the root cellar of the log cabin (#30).

During the trial, it was established that Christensen's murder and subsequent burial in Gilmore took place in late March of 1977, within a few days of the time Dick moved out of Gilmore. It is very likely that Dick is alive today because he moved out when he did.

Whenever people would come into Gilmore, Dick had made it a policy to go and see what they were up to. If he had been there when those three brought Christensen's body to bury it, it is virtually certain that Dick would have looked in to see what they were doing. Imagine what would have happened! They would have made the grave a little wider, and Dick would have ended up next to their father - that is what would have happened! Those three had already killed one man; they surely would not have hesitated to kill another, especially in view of the incriminating scene Dick would have witnessed.

So, strange as it seems, the guy who shot at Dick that Sunday afternoon in Gilmore did him a great favor. If he hadn't, if he had quietly gotten back in his red truck and left politely, Dick would not have moved out. He would have still been in Gilmore a few days later, and would have encountered a truly deadly situation.

Incidentally, the three were all convicted of murder and were sent to prison.

The Story of Chub and Ellen Stout: Chub and Ellen Stout were old timers in the Gilmore area. They spent many years in and around Gilmore and were very much involved in the mining activities there. Chub and Ellen were the last people to live in Pierce's big gray stucco house, and acted as caretakers for the town until the late 1960's.

Chub and Ellen are both dead now, but Dick came to know them quite well as they all had something in common, a genuine love for Gilmore.

Both Chub and Ellen were seriously injured in a cave-in at their mine. Chub had been working the mine and hit an area of rich ore. He was so pleased that he went to get Ellen and took her into the mine to show her his new find.

The tunnel entrance was directly under a large tree. As Chub and Ellen reached the tunnel entrance on their way out, a strong gust of wind suddenly toppled the tree which resulted in a cave-in right on top of the two of them.

Somehow their daughter became aware of the accident and went up and found them. Unable to do anything for them, she went to Roger Pierce for help. Roger went into Leadore and stopped at Clem Zook's shop. When Clem heard about the situation, he rounded up several guys and headed for Gilmore.

When they arrived on the scene, they were able to work under Chub and get him out. But when they reached Ellen, she was pinned under the tree and appeared to be paralyzed. Clem asked the others to find a large plank and work it in to him. They were able to this, and Clem uncovered Ellen as much as he could from the debris. Then he carefully worked the plank in under Ellen and tied her on. With Clem's help and guidance, they carefully inched Ellen out from under the tree and rocks and finally out the mine entrance. Clem followed her out immediately, and had just barely cleared the tunnel entrance when the whole thing collapsed and fell in. Luckily, Clem was not injured, but he insists that he lost one of his nine lives that day.

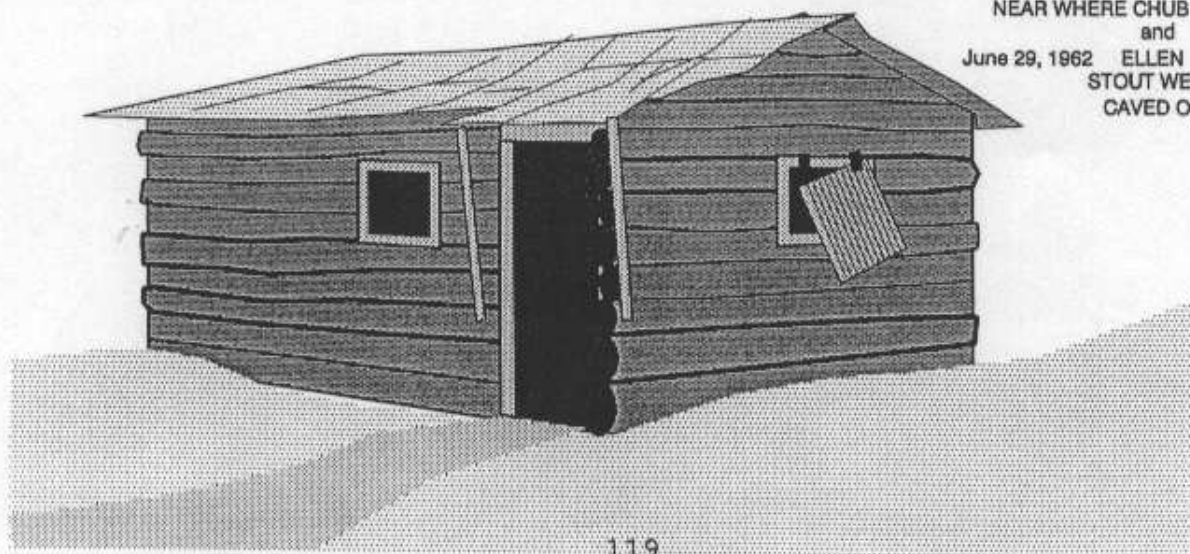
Chub was not so seriously injured and he recovered completely, but with Ellen it was a different story. Her injuries were so severe that she was confined to a wheel chair for a long time. Specialists advised her repeatedly that she would never walk again, but Ellen had a strong will and she was determined to walk. Eventually, she did walk again, but always with a limp and always with the help of a cane. Ellen was one tough old lady.

In later years Chub was watermaster of one of the Leadore Water Districts. Since Dick was also watermaster of a Leadore Water District, and it was one more thing they had in common. Dick and the Stouts were, indeed, good friends right up to the death of first, Ellen and then, Chub.

MINER'S SHACK

Inscription inside:

"LONG TOM MINE
NEAR WHERE CHUB
and
June 29, 1962 ELLEN
STOUT WERE
CAVED ON"



GILMORE HISTORY

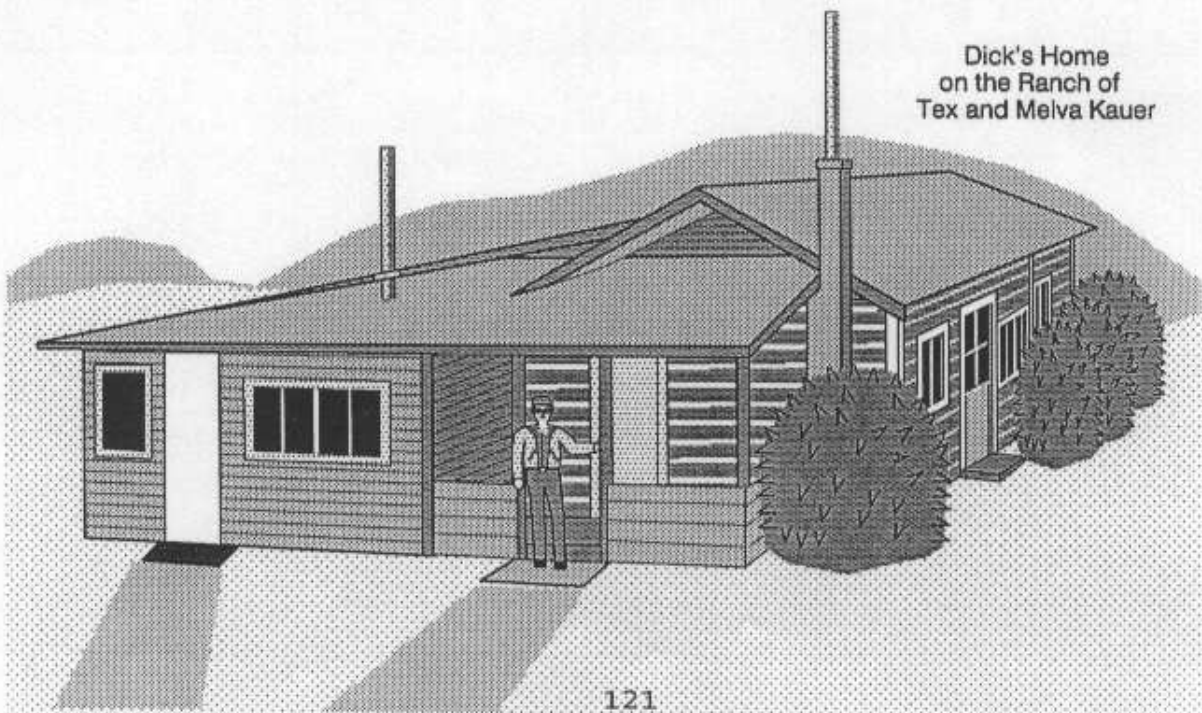
Chapter IV. Stories of Recent Times:

Dick Moll's Return to Gilmore: During Dick's first stay in Gilmore, he met his good friend Melva Kauer and her mother, Mrs. Lenna M^cFarland. He became quite well acquainted with them as they visited Gilmore on numerous occasions during the summer and fall of 1976. They always brought things from their garden, and were concerned over Dick's welfare. They truly impressed Dick as being very kind and thoughtful people.

After he had moved out of Gilmore and back into Leadore, Melva and her mother came to see him. Among other things, they were interested in his plans and where he planned to live. Dick told them that he had no specific plans; he wasn't sure what he was going to do. They said that they hoped he would stay in the area. If so, he would need a place to stay and they just happened to have several small cabins located in different areas of their far flung ranch. If he thought that he might be interested, they would be happy to take him around and show them to him. So, they set a day and time for Dick to see these cabins.

Until that time, every time Dick had seen Melva she was with her mother. Dick had come to the conclusion that she was an old maid. Well, when they all went to see those cabins, Dick was introduced to Tex, Melva's husband who went with them. So much for Dick's old maid theory!

Anyway, they spent an entire afternoon viewing several cabins. There was one that really appealed to Dick even though it needed many repairs. So, Dick asked them if they would consider renting or leasing it to him, and for how much rent. They made it very plain that they had no intention of renting or leasing it to Dick, but they did make him an offer. Dick could live in that cabin rent free for as long as he desired in return for repairing, maintaining and protecting it. They also requested that he generally look out for their interests in the area. How could Dick refuse? So, they wrote it up as an arrangement between them, and had all the signatures witnessed and notarized.



Most of that summer was spent making major repairs and improvements to the cabin. Dick moved in during May 1977 and lived there until July 1989, just over twelve years. During the time he lived there, he did irrigate the extensive hay fields next to the cabin every summer.

In 1977 when he started to live in that cabin, he had no hay fever or other allergies. Later, however, he developed hay fever that gradually became more severe as years went by. For several years, after the haying was done and the hay was hauled down to the main ranch, Dick's hay fever symptoms would gradually disappear - completely. Then one year, the symptoms did not disappear after the hay was hauled away. From that time on, Dick has had allergy problems year round.

Although it hadn't occurred to Dick when he moved into the cabin in 1977, he was probably living in the worst possible place for hay fever. The cabin was surrounded by huge fields of hay. Although he didn't realize the source of the problem at first, he definitely did by the summer of 1988.

In 1988, Dick had an opportunity to go to his high school class reunion (class of '48) in June. In addition, the first cousin reunion was scheduled for October of that year. To go to these events, Dick had to find someone to do his watermaster jobs for him while he was gone.

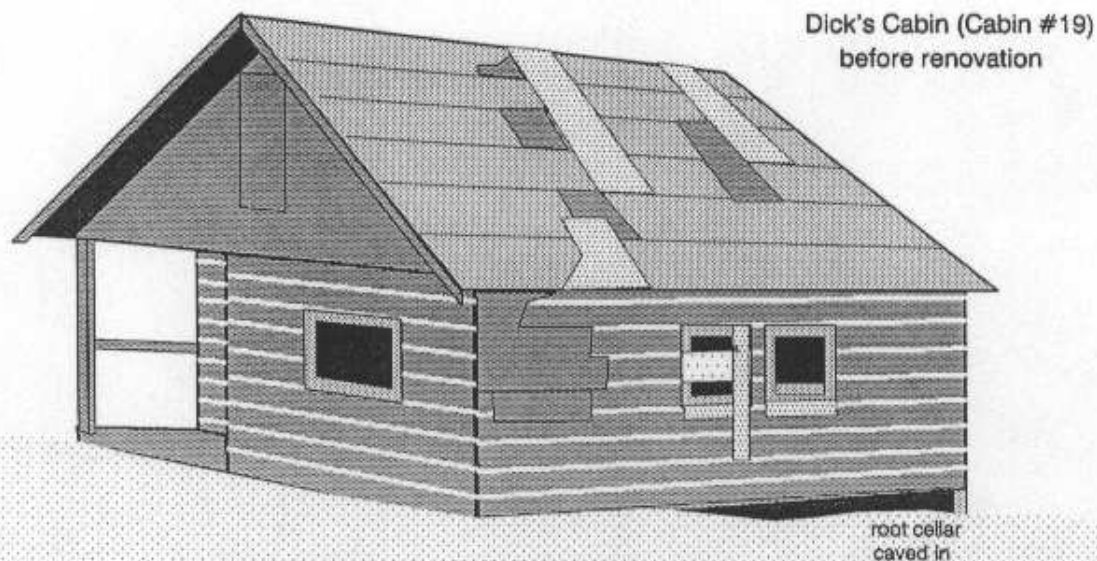
It wasn't easy, but he finally found a young fellow by the name of Bryant Beyeler who was ready willing and able to do those jobs for him. Then one Sunday afternoon in May Dick decided to go out to Gilmore to take some pictures. On the spur of the moment, he asked his young watermaster substitute if he would like to go along. He surprised Dick by saying, "Yes, he would like to go out to Gilmore."

So, out they went, and roamed all over Lower Gilmore. They took many pictures and went through most of the buildings. It had been many years since either of them had been to Gilmore, so they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Even though Dick had a great time, it wasn't until a few days later that he fully realized what had happened. He was hooked on Gilmore all over again.

After he returned from the class reunion, he started going out to Gilmore almost every day. He simply could not stay away, so spent most afternoons and evenings in Gilmore. Then he began to realize that he felt much better in Gilmore; he was away from the hay and the pollen. Sometime during that summer he realized that he was going to move back to Gilmore to live.

In order for that to happen, he would need a cabin to live in. Of course, there was the cabin he had inhabited before, but he had found another cabin that really appealed to him. He decided to talk to the folks who owned that cabin about the possibility of his living there. The buildings and four lots are jointly owned by Mrs. Eunice Hutchings, her daughter Norma and two sons, Marvin and Melvin. Dick knew Mrs. Hutchings and Norma quite well, so one evening he paid them a visit. They talked about his infatuation with Gilmore and their cabin. He finally came right out and asked them if they would sell the property to him. They replied that the property had been in their family for all these years and they did not want to sell. At that point, Dick surprised himself and asked if they would rent or lease it to him. At first they acted as if he were crazy, but then they realized that he was serious about it. They consulted with Marvin and Melvin, and finally came to an agreement very similar to the one he had with Tex and Melva. He would repair, maintain and protect the place in return for the right to live there for as long as he wished. So far, the agreement has worked out very well. They are happy with it

and so is Dick. At the same time, that wonderful old cabin has been given a new lease on life. Dick is very proud of that.



By the time arrangements were completed for him to use the cabin, it was time for him to go to the cousin reunion. Of course, he had a great time at that reunion with his cousins. When he returned, he went to get his watermaster gear from Bryant. His mother asked; "What's this I hear about you moving back to Gilmore?" When he told her that she had heard right, he could see that Bryant was more than a little interested. Bryant followed Dick out to his truck; he wanted to know if Dick was going to live in the same cabin that he lived in before. Bryant became excited when Dick told him that he had made arrangements to live in the cabin owned by the Hutchings family. That cabin was his favorite too. He pointed out that Dick would need help to repair it, and he and his brother Curtis would gladly come out and give him a hand.

It was already late October, so not much was going to get done before winter - but they did have one project in mind. The root cellar wall had caved in. This was a log wall extension on the South dining room wall (where the buffet is now). Over the years the logs below ground had gradually rotted until finally the weight of the dirt pushed the wall in. A large amount of dirt had gone in with it leaving quite a large exposed area. Dick's plan was to remove the rotted logs and the filled in dirt, and then rebuild the wall before winter set in.

The boys, Bryant & Curtis Beyeler and Chris Amonson, were willing enough so they got started. According to plan, they first removed the old rotted logs, and then proceeded to remove the filled in dirt. Much dirt had accumulated in the root cellar. They had just finished removing most of the dirt when winter set in for good and they had to stop.

Next spring as soon as he could drive in to the cabin, Dick went back to work on his project. Over the winter he had decided to enlarge the root cellar and put in interior walls, thereby making it an enclosed room. This was now a much bigger project and would take a lot more work. It meant removing much more dirt, building interior walls, and finally rebuilding the outside wall. With considerable help from the boys as well as some other friends, they finally completed Dick's root

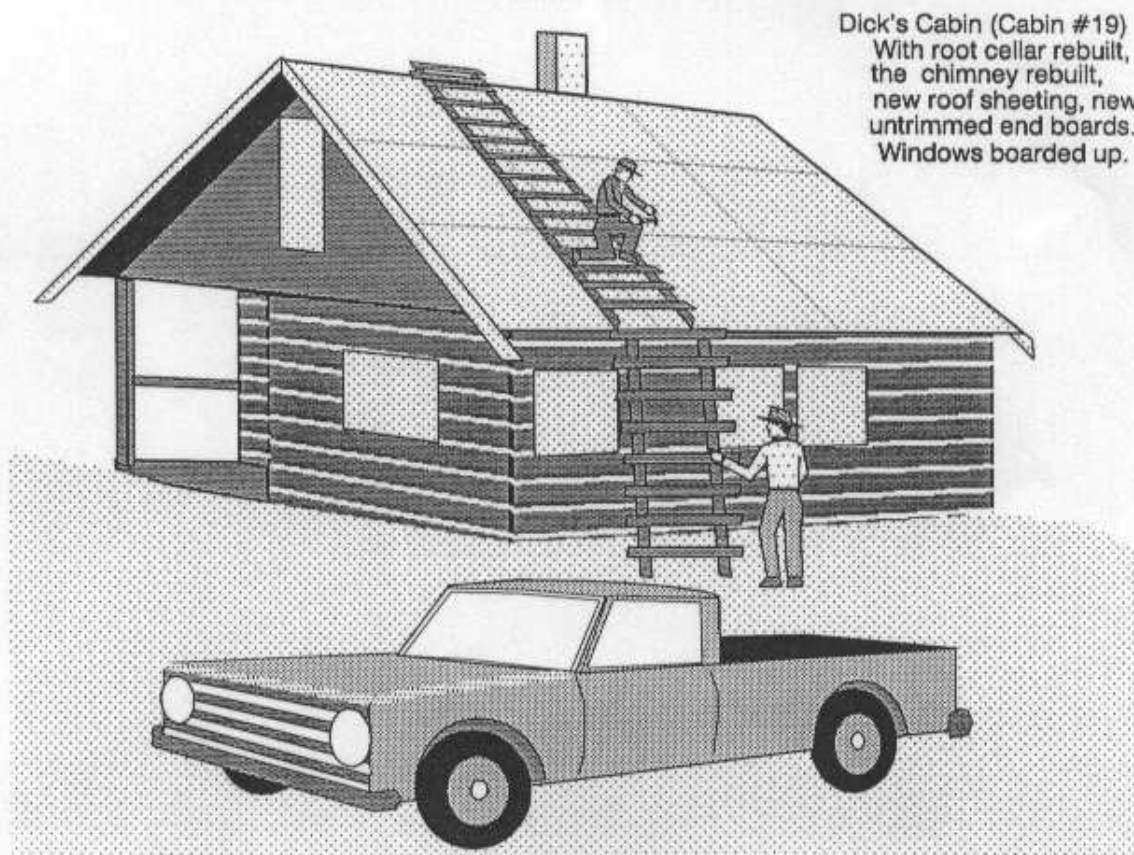
cellar project. Dick was pleased; it was very well done!

The next project was the roof. All the old roofing had to be removed; a new layer of sheeting had to be added, and finally, new roofing material. In addition, the chimney had to be rebuilt from the roof line up. As soon as the roof was redone, Dick had planned to move in enough furniture, etc., so that he could take up residence. However, the weather was very bad and the roofing job he thought would be completed by mid-May was not completed until mid-July. In spite of everything, he did manage to take up residence on July 3. It was very crude - Dick called it "camping in". Most nights he slept out on the back porch under the stars, and he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Dick spent that Summer and early Fall in a cabin that had no windows. The window openings were all boarded up. There was only one door. It had been salvaged from the Leadore dump and was only a makeshift door. Entering that cabin during daylight was like entering "The Twilight Zone". There was virtually no furniture, just a couple of folding lawn chairs, a small battered table, and a small wood cook stove. Since Dick intended to spend the coming winter in Gilmore, and in that cabin, a lot of work would have to be done in a hurry.

It was about September 1, and one night it really turned cold for the first time. That evening, Dick just couldn't keep that place warm. In fact, it kept on getting colder until Dick finally had to go to bed just to get warm.

That night was a warning of what was to come. So, starting with the very next day a lot did happen in a hurry. Within a month, all the downstairs windows (complete with glass) were in place. Oh, it was a makeshift job all right, but at least they were functional. The interior sides of all outside walls were lined with



heavy plastic sheeting and sealed with a layer of roofing felt. The makeshift door was replaced with a real one complete with a working lock. They did the best they could to make the place weather tight, but on cold, stormy, windy days and nights Dick was forever finding new places where cold air was filtering in.

Before winter settled in, they brought out enough furniture so that Dick could be reasonably comfortable. That included two good wood heaters, which along with his small cook stove, would provide heat and cooking. Even with all their work, gallon jugs filled with water would freeze solid within 10 feet of the heater. Anyway, that winter was a challenge, but Dick met it head on. He is still there which is proof that he won!

Ron and Janet Moll's 1991 visit to Gilmore. Ron and Janet flew from Bangor, Maine to Idaho Falls on a Tuesday in mid-July to spend a week's vacation in Gilmore with Dick. They had been there briefly once before (in 1977). Dick was now back in Gilmore and living in a larger, better cabin.

They arrived at the Idaho Falls Airport in early afternoon. The plan was for them to rent a car and meet Dick at the turn-off into Gilmore. Dick's Toyota pickup truck gets pretty crowded with three people, and a rental car would be especially handy for the touring around Idaho that they had planned to do.

The drive from Idaho Falls takes about two hours and Dick had promised to meet them at 5 PM. So, as soon as they had secured a car, Ron and Janet headed North along Highway 28 toward Gilmore. As they drove through the Lemhi Valley, they marveled at the spectacular scenery with the Bitterroot Mountains to the East and the Lemhi Range to the West. They arrived at the turn-off into Gilmore an hour early and, of course, Dick wasn't there yet. They decided to continue on to Leadore on the chance that they would find Dick in town. It didn't take long to determine that Dick was not in Leadore, so they headed back South. As they approached Gilmore they could see that Dick was now waiting for them at the turn-off in his yellow pickup.

Dick led the way into Gilmore along a gravel road, and then turned off onto a deeply rutted dirt road to his cabin. As they passed by buildings in various states of decay, they tried to envision what the town might have been like when it was thriving. They discovered that Dick's home was fenced in to keep cattle out! Dick opened the gate and they drove into his yard. The cabin Dick called home was a log house that appeared to be in fair condition. They noticed another log cabin inside the fence that was in poorer condition than Dick's cabin. Since it was inhabited by 8 cats, Dick whimsically refers to that one as his "Cat House". There were also remains of two other houses. The site was once an intersection of two roads, with a house on each of the four corners.

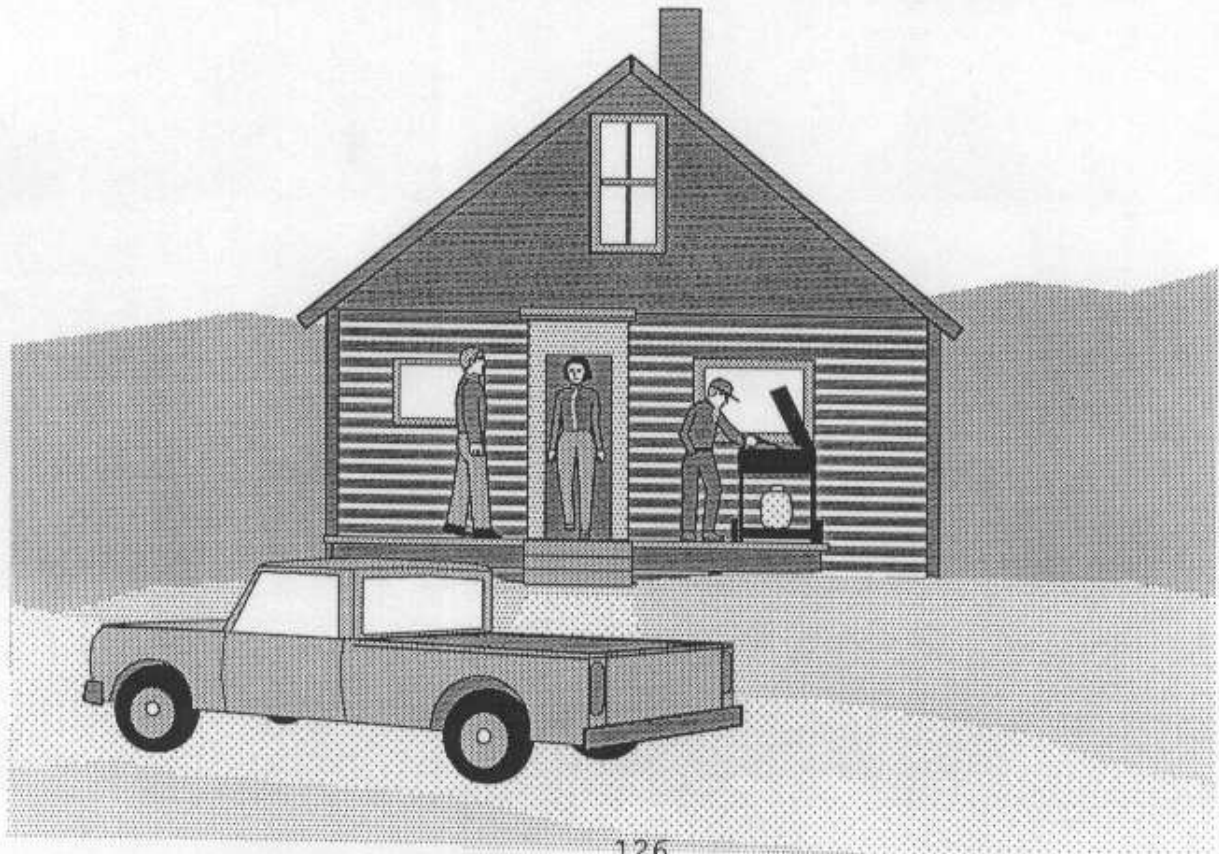
The view in all directions from Dick's home is breathtakingly beautiful, and they paused briefly to take it in. Upon entering Dick's house from the back porch, they found that the downstairs consisted of a kitchen/dining area, a living room which at one time opened onto the front porch, and a bedroom off the living room. These rooms had partially new sheet rock, but otherwise were unfinished at this point. There was a small pantry off the kitchen area with provisions and an icebox. The stairway to the second floor off the dining area led to a single large room, partially insulated. Ron commented that there was enough space on the second floor for two nice sized bedrooms. The bedroom was very nicely furnished in Victorian style even though the best of Dick's furniture was in storage while he was renovating the cabin.

On the back porch there is a big outdoor gas grill, and a trap door entrance to the root cellar beneath the dining area.

At that time the cabin was heated by two wood stoves. The one in the kitchen was a huge cast iron cook stove where Dick prepares his meals. There was no electricity or running water. Dick brought drinking water as well as ice for the icebox from Leadore. Several oil lamps provided adequate light after dark. He did have a gasoline powered generator for electric power when needed.

After getting settled in, they all headed for the EE Cafe in Leadore for an excellent dinner. Their first evening was spent in conversation around his dining room table in Gilmore, under the warm glow of the oil lamps. They hadn't seen each other for some time, so there were a lot of things to talk about - including setting a schedule for the week's activities.

Activities for the week included accompanying Dick very early one morning as he tended to his watermaster duties on his two creeks. Then they visited the charcoal kiln South of Gilmore where charcoal was produced for the ore smelting process. On another morning they flew to the Flying B Ranch for breakfast. That ranch is located in the Frank Church Wilderness Area, in a deep canyon along the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, and is not accessible by road. Later that same day they traveled into Montana to visit a famous Nez Perce Indian battlefield and Virginia City which is a restored old western town. They met many of Dick's friends in and around Leadore, saw the airplane he had been building, and his cycle car. Of course, they also went for a ride in Dick's famous 1930 Packard (see drawing Page 153). On Sunday morning they were chauffeured to church in that Packard, where Ron had the honor of singing for the church service. Then, on that Sunday afternoon they were treated to a wonderful western barbecue of steak, corn-on-the-cob and baked potato prepared on the grill on Dick's back porch.



The real highlight of the trip, however, was learning about the history of Gilmore from Dick. They learned Gilmore had been a mining town (silver and lead). They were exhilarated by the atmosphere at such high elevations. It is 7200 feet at Dick's home with mountain peaks around them of 12,000 feet. Meadow Lake at 9500 feet was something that they had to see to believe.

Considerable time was devoted to exploring the buildings in Lower Gilmore. These included the Gilmore Mercantile (see page 4), the granary, the Pierce House (see page 5), and the livery stable which is now the Pemberton House. Dick told many interesting stories, like the one about the Tucker Brothers who operated the Gilmore mercantile, and about the church that was moved from the town and is believed to be still standing somewhere in Southern Idaho. They examined the ruins of the power plant, and the Gilmore Railroad Station. The latter was actually a combine railroad car made over into a railroad station.

The railroad had a special appeal to Ron. Although the rails had been removed by 1940, the track beds were clearly evident and in many places the ties were still there - in pretty good condition.

By the end of the week, Ron and Janet were wishing they could move there themselves. One house in particular appealed to them; viz., Grover Tucker's House (see page 22). It is a large clapboard house sitting on a hill overlooking the Gilmore Mercantile with a nice view of the entire valley. Ron noted the porch across the entire front, the large living/dining area, the two bedrooms and the large kitchen. It also features an enclosed walkway leading to the outhouse and woodshed.

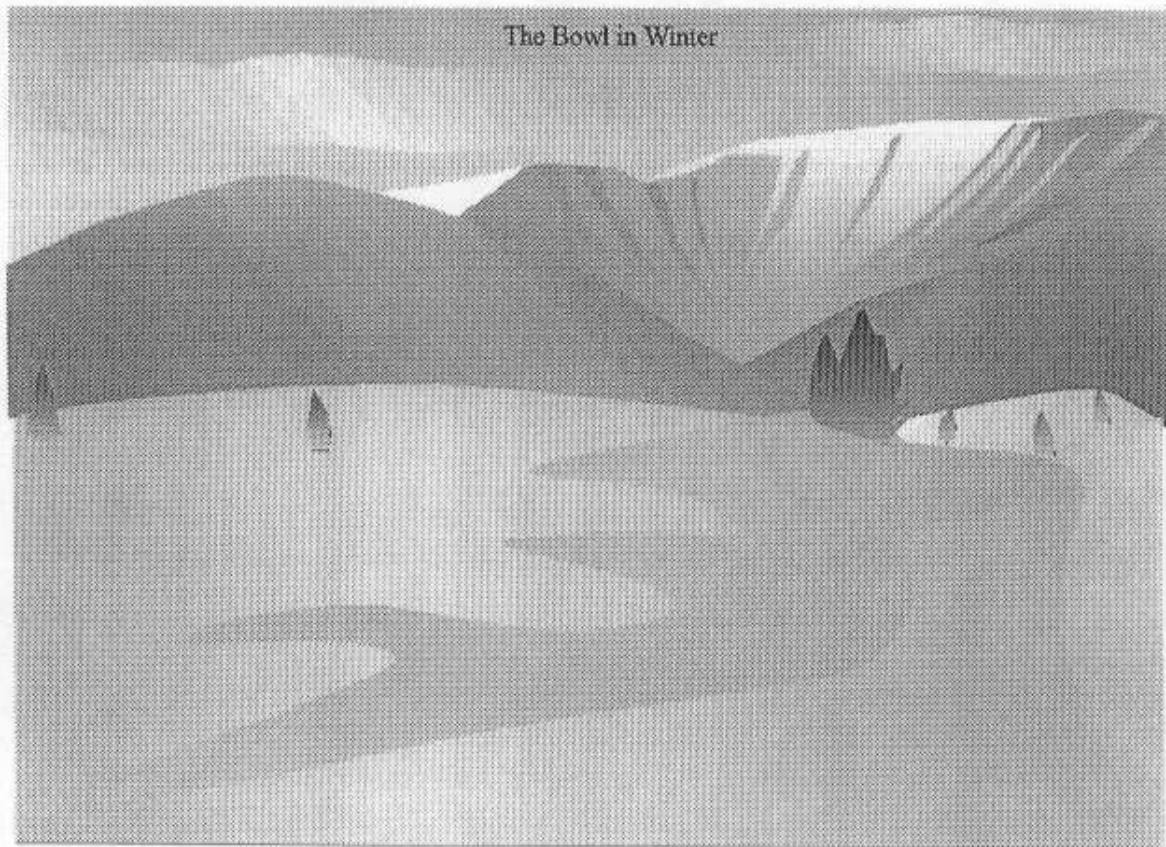
They found the sites of two of the hotels, and the dance hall. Stone and cement steps were still in evidence at the location of the school. The remnants of the school were located near the site where the church had been.

In their exploration of Upper Gilmore, they found that the buildings were generally in better condition than those in Lower Gilmore, probably because they are less accessible. They explored the mine superintendent's house, the boarding houses, and the company store (shown in drawings on pages 45-47).

There were several mine shafts and tunnels, and one of the tunnels still has tracks for ore carts that were used to transport ore out of the mine and down to the loading station of the tramway. The tramway loader was well enough preserved so that it was possible to envision how it worked. Near the tramway loader they found the hospital, and that really attracted Janet's attention. The hospital was in quite good condition so they were able to explore inside. The wainscoting interior was impressive and a bit surprising. One room stood out because it was completely painted in white. They suspected that was the operating room.

On their way down they stopped at the cemetery that Dick wants to be his final resting place.

Ron and Janet really hated to leave. Both recognized the potential for historic preservation that Dick had seen when he first found Gilmore. They were also taken by the breathtaking beauty of the surroundings; and the peaceful, quiet solitude. They still talk of moving there someday.



The Joys of Winter in Gilmore

The Siberian Express: It was on December 19, 1991, that Gilmore and vicinity were hit with what was called "The Siberian Express".

On the morning of December 19, the temperature in Dick's cabin was 40° when he first checked. That's not too bad for a cold winter morning. As usual, Dick put fresh wood in both heaters and allowed the fires to build up. Normally the cabin would warm right up, but this morning was different. Even though both heaters were really putting out the heat, the cabin didn't seem to be warming up at all. A quick check of the inside thermometer indicated 36°; the cabin had *lost* 4°! Something was wrong!

Well, Dick cranked up those wood heaters until he had them going full blast. Then he got the cook stove roaring hot too! The cabin seemed unusually drafty and uncomfortable. Dick found it hard to keep himself warm even with a winter jacket on and standing as close to fire as could get. As impossible as it seemed, the next time he checked the temperature, it had dropped to 30° *inside* the cabin! It was below freezing in there. No fooling, the situation was becoming really serious.

Outside the wind was screaming. It was snowing hard and the temperature was 5° below zero - and dropping. A trip outside under those conditions was risky, so Dick went out only when it was absolutely necessary - like feeding the cats, get-

ting firewood, or using the outhouse. A trip to the outhouse became a dreaded necessity that was not soon forgotten. It was *bitter cold* outside!

Back inside, Dick spent the entire day and night with the temperature about 30°. No matter what he did, the place would not warm up. As the day wore on, he took more drastic measures. First, he closed off the upstairs completely. Then he closed off the bedroom. Finally he moved what he could into the kitchen/dining area and closed off everything else. He was now living in one room.

That 24 hour period was quite miserable. It was too cold to sit down, and even hot cooked food would get cold before he could eat it. Everything liquid, such as milk, orange juice, water, etc., froze solid even though he had them sitting right next to the heater.

Since things were that bad and uncomfortable, why didn't he just leave and go into Leadore? Well, he couldn't because he was already snowed in!

The next day things improved a little. He was able to warm the cabin up to 42°. But to do that he had to keep working at it, trying to seal up places where wind and cold air were coming in.

Gradually as the days went by, and Dick kept working at it, the cabin did get somewhat more comfortable. He finally got the inside temperature up to the mid 50's, and by staying close to the fire he was reasonably comfortable.

The days for the most part were very dark and stormy, and it was bitter, bitter cold. Daytime temperatures were averaging around 10° below zero, while at night they were averaging between 40° and 45° below zero.

Even Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were spent huddled around the fire trying to keep himself warm. The room had gotten so crowded that there was no space for his Christmas Tree, so he had to do without that, too. His Christmas Dinner consisted of a bowl of hot vegetable beef soup and a toasted Spam sandwich. Oh, he had plenty of food, but nothing very fancy. Fortunately, the batteries in his radio held up; so at least he was able to stay in touch with the outside world.

"The Siberian Express" lasted about two weeks. Dick began to feel like a hero just for surviving. The outside temperature got as low as 55° below zero and stayed like that for most of a day and a half. During that entire two week period, the temperature never got as high as zero. It snowed hard most of the time. And the wind - well, the wind was the real crusher! It blew constantly at 35 to 45 mph with gusts of over 55 mph. The wind chill factor stayed well over 100° below zero for the entire two week period. No wonder Dick had trouble heating his cabin. One thing for sure, there is no such thing as a temperature too cold to snow!

All in all, it was quite an experience for Dick. The important thing is that he got through it OK. His will to survive was certainly very strong. When it was all over and his road was plowed out, his friends in Leadore were relieved and happy to see him alive and well. They all had really worried about him during that storm.

Nothing to Spare. It was Christmas time, and when Dick was in Leadore on Christmas Eve, he received an invitation to Christmas Dinner with the Beyeler family near Leadore. Dick was delighted and looked forward to it.

Christmas Day was pretty cold. The temperature was 8° below zero with a 35 MPH wind out of the north. Dick had left his truck parked down at the end of the road below his cabin, and when he went to get it, he found that it had a flat tire. Changing that tire under such conditions was not much fun, but he was determined to go. Finally he got the spare on and lowered the jack only to find that the spare was also flat - whoopee!! Needless to say, that put an abrupt end to his plans for the day. He had really been looking forward to going out. What a great disappointment. In spite of all his efforts, he would have to spend the day at home alone.

It was the 7th of January before anyone came out to see if he was OK. However, since he had prepared well for being snowed in occasionally, he was doing very well. When his friends went back to Leadore, they took one of Dick's flat tires with them. They promised to have it fixed and back to him as soon as possible.

The days dragged by as he waited impatiently for someone to bring his tire back. After about a week Dick wondered if someone had brought it back and put it in the back of his truck without coming by to tell him. So, he went down to his truck only to find what he had expected anyway - no tire! Several days later another friend came by to see if he had gotten his tire back OK. When Dick told him that he had seen no one, he couldn't believe it. The tire had been repaired and sent back to Dick with a tire salesman who was on his way to Idaho Falls. They all wondered where the guy was and what had happened to Dick's tire.

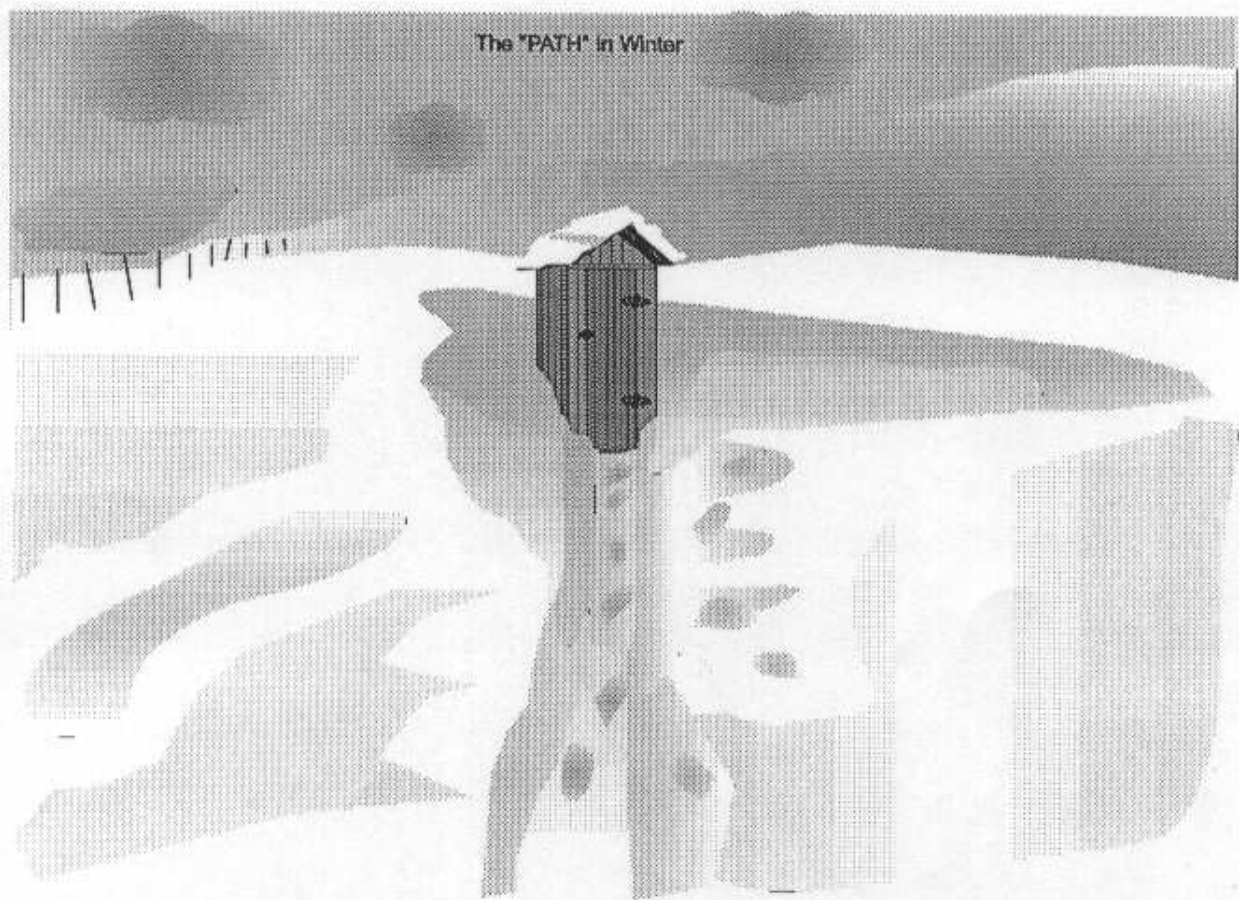
Shortly after that an insurance agent came in to see Dick. He came in the back way (which isn't used in winter because of snowdrifts), parked up on the little hill, and hiked over to Dick's cabin. While they were talking, the fellow mentioned seeing a wheel half buried in the snow by the side of the road. When he left, Dick walked over with him and sure enough, there was the infamous missing wheel with the repaired tire. It was a miracle that they found it because normally that road isn't used in the winter at all. In addition, there had been several recent snow storms and the wheel was almost covered by drifted snow. The insurance agent was nice enough to take Dick and the spare wheel around to where the truck was parked, and soon Dick had it on the truck and ready to go.

The next morning Dick drove into Leadore for the first time in almost a month. While he was there, he got the other flat tire fixed, picked up his mail, and replenished his food supply. Now he was ready for the next big surprise.

As near as they could figure out, the tire salesman had brought the tire, but somehow missed seeing Dick's truck. He figured that Dick would surely find it, so he just left the tire by the side of the road and drove on. There was a strong possibility that the tire would not have been found until the snow melted in the Spring - so Dick figures he was pretty lucky after all.

The Outhouse Dilemma. Once it started, the snow really piled up and relentless southerly winds worked overtime to drift the snow over the hill back of Dick's cabin.

Dick kept shoveling out the path to the outhouse until the snow got so he couldn't pile it any higher. That was when he made his ramp. It started in back of his cabin and sloped up to a height of about 3 feet about 6 feet from the outhouse. From there, Dick made steps in the snow down to ground level so that the door of the outhouse could be opened.



The ramp became so solid that Dick could jump up and down on it without so much as making a footprint. Of course, it continued to snow - and Dick had to keep shoveling off his ramp. Finally, once again, he reached the point where he couldn't pile the snow any higher. By that time, the snow had drifted around the back and sides of the outhouse so that, with the snow he had piled up in front of it - the outhouse was barely visible at all. Only the roof showed above the snow. The big question in Dick's mind was: What would he do if the snow kept on getting deeper?

Fortunately he never had to answer that question because the weather cooperated and the snow did not get any deeper. In fact, it gradually started melting away - after all, it was the first of April! His ramp stayed solid and intact until about the first of May, when it finally became too soft to walk on.

During winter months, it became standard procedure to take a broom and a shovel with him whenever he went out there. It also proved to be advisable to take toilet paper with him each time rather than leave it in the outhouse. He learned that if he left it out there, the wind tends to unroll it. Opening the outhouse door only to find it full of unrolled toilet paper does not add much to the enjoyment of those cherished visits.

Undercover Stuff. Normally during the winter months, Dick tries to make his trips to Leadore in the mornings. That leaves more time to cope with poor driving conditions, bad roads, and getting stuck in snow drifts.

On one particular day it was past noon when he decided to go. As he was getting over to his truck, he noticed that the wind was picking up and blowing the snow around some. His trip to Leadore was uneventful. He hurried to get his mail and some groceries so he could start back as soon as possible.

On the way back to Gilmore, he noticed that the wind was stronger and was moving the snow much more than before. The closer he got to Gilmore, the blowing snow became gradually worse. By the time he arrived at the Gilmore turn off, the wind was really whipping the snow around. As he approached the low spot in the road, he started getting into the newly drifted snow. Just ahead he could see some pretty big drifts - so he stepped on the gas and headed into it. The truck bounced, twisted, and churned until finally it hit a big drift that literally pushed it up and off the road to the right. The truck came to grinding halt at least two feet above the road level at an angle of about 45° with the road. The truck was stuck tight. Each time Dick gunned the engine, it would sink a little deeper into the snow. So, he had no choice but to leave it - the truck was hopelessly stuck and Dick just had to accept that.

For the next several days the wind blew and the snow came down constantly. There was no point in trying to do anything with the truck. Finally, one morning the sky cleared and wind died down, so Dick decided to put on his snowshoes and go down to take a look. As he was walking down the road, he could see a snowplow turn and head his way. Then he realized that a second snowplow was following the first one.

They stopped by Dick's truck and waited for him to get there. The first truck was a Lemhi County snowplow, and the other was a State of Idaho snowplow. They wanted to know if Dick needed help to get his truck out. Well, one good look at his truck was answer enough.

They dug around the truck enough so they could open the door on the drivers side. When they finally got the door open, they found a good sized snowdrift inside the cab - the whole seat was drifted under. It took considerable shoveling, sweeping and brushing before there was room enough for Dick to crawl inside and sit down.

They hooked onto Dick's truck with a chain to pull the truck out, and cautioned Dick to turn his wheels just as soon as he was clear of the drift so the truck would stay on the road.

Well, they pulled Dick's truck out OK, but as soon as it was free of that drift it shot across the road and into the drift on the other side. The snowplow drivers weren't too happy with Dick by this time - but Dick had been unable to turn the wheels of his truck at all. No wonder, the wheel wells were packed solid with snow and ice. It took a lot of time to clear the wheel wells, and while they struggled, Dick made a couple of attempts to start the engine - to no avail. The engine wouldn't turn over.

When they raised the hood to see what might be wrong - they were confronted with an unbelievable sight - snow completely filled the engine compartment! There was no sight of the engine at all - even the radiator was covered up. None of them had ever seen anything like that - but, unfortunately they didn't have a camera to take a picture.

They knew they had to dig the snow out if they hoped to get the engine started - but they soon found that the snow was packed in there like concrete. With all of them working at it, it was a major accomplishment just to free up the fan and get air in around the carburetor.

"Why don't you try to start it?", one of the guys said with a chuckle. They all had a big laugh. No one really thought it would go, but when Dick turned the key - IT STARTED!! It started and kept running - spitting and sputtering, and blowing snow all over the place.

After the engine began to run more smoothly, they volunteered to follow Dick if he wanted to drive it into Leadore - just to make sure the truck wouldn't quit and leave him stranded. There was so much snow inside the cab that the windows kept fogging up - and sitting in that cold, wet snow was miserable - but he finally got to Leadore OK.

When he got there Dick intended to leave the truck running while he went for his mail and groceries, but the minute he let up on the gas - it stalled. It started up again right away - but apparently it was so wet and choked up with snow that the engine wouldn't idle. Anyway, he got his mail and groceries, and made it back to Gilmore OK. Actually, it was not until he had made several more trips that the engine would run at idle. It was also a long time before all of the snow finally melted away inside the cab.

To this day, whenever Dick gets together with the Highway Boys, they all reminisce about the day that Dick's truck engine was full of snow.

The Ground Blizzard. The weather in Gilmore was bright, clear and calm, so Dick decided to head into town. Oh, he was well aware of a fog down along the highway, but he chose to ignore it.

His truck was parked about halfway between Gilmore and Highway 28. That was as far as he could get the last time he tried to drive into Gilmore. He was snowshoeing along, still some distance from his truck, when he encountered the "fog". Fog nothing - it was a ground blizzard, and a bad one at that. With the swirling, choking, windblown snow it was impossible to see anything.

Somehow he found his truck and he was still determined to go to Leadore. He got the truck running and headed out, but after fifteen or twenty feet he was stuck! Visibility was near zero - he could just barely see the front end of the hood and looking back, he couldn't see the tail gate at all.

The wind was blowing so hard that particles of snow stung when they hit his face - they actually stung. The instant that he stepped out of the truck, he was covered - plastered with windblown snow. Snow blew in behind his glasses and stuck inside the lenses until he couldn't see anything, so he had to take them off. But then he had no protection at all against those painful, wind driven particles of snow.

By now he had given up the idea of going to Leadore, but he did want to move the truck over enough so someone wouldn't hit it if they drove into Gilmore. He did manage to move it over a few feet, but that was it. He would have to leave it right there. There was nothing else he could do, so he decided to go back home.

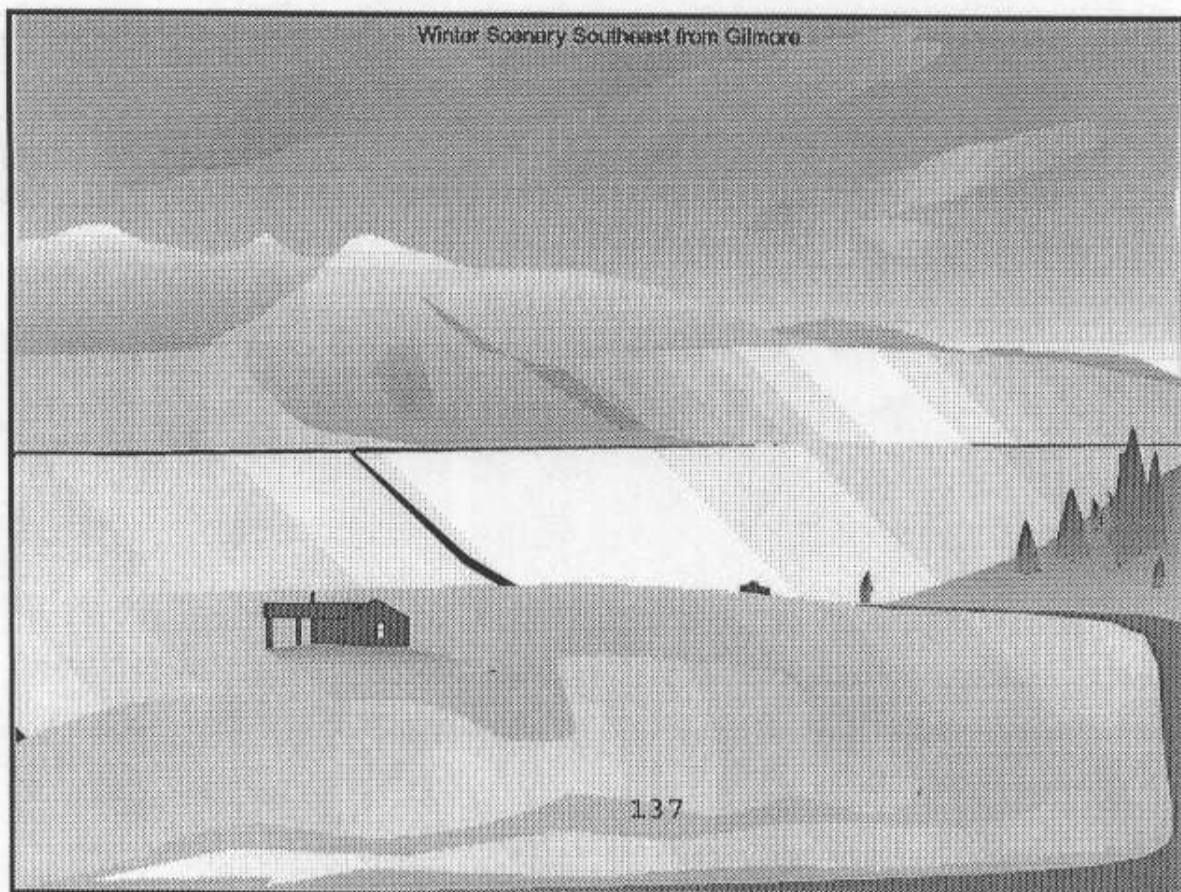
He had a small sled with him which had a cardboard box tied on it. In the box was a plastic bag with an extra scarf, and extra pair of gloves, and an extra hood to cover his head. Well, when he set the sled down, the wind instantly flipped it over, tore the plastic bag apart, and his scarf, gloves and hood were gone. They disappeared into the swirling snow faster than he could blink.

He tried pulling the sled, but it just kept flipping over. Finally, he put it back in the cab of his truck and left it there. By this time it was a total white-out and Dick could see virtually nothing. It was so bad Dick was fearful of getting lost - and he probably would have gotten lost except for one thing. The wind was creating a very narrow (2" or 3") strip of bare gravel along the extreme north edge of the road. With great difficulty, Dick was able to follow this band of exposed gravel. He had to proceed very slowly to stay on course in that blinding snow. After what seemed to be a very long struggle, suddenly and without warning, he broke into the clear. There was clear, calm, brilliant sunlight - and real warmth in direct contrast to the bone-chilling cold in that ground blizzard.

Back at his cabin in Gilmore, it was a beautiful day. It was hard to believe the conditions and the ordeal that he had gone through just yards away!

Severe ground blizzards can be extremely treacherous. People have been known to lose their bearings completely, and even end up walking in circles without realizing it. After experiencing a bad one, it is not hard to believe that people can lose their lives if they are caught in one. At best such phenomena are scary; at worst they can be deadly!

Springtime in the Rockies. It was now the middle of April, and Dick had been



snowed in for almost two weeks. His troubles began over two weeks before when there were several days of strong, relentless winds and very severe ground blizzards. When they ended, Dick was snowed in completely.

Since Dick is not a high priority on the list to be plowed out, he was not concerned when nothing happened for the first week. However, all during the second week he was looking for the snowplows, and each day expected one of them to come into Gilmore. In the middle of winter, it doesn't bother Dick to be snowed in for extended periods of time. But this was Spring, the middle of April, and it seemed ridiculous that he had to sit there snowbound when there were so many things that he should be doing.

He walked down to look at the situation. He observed that there were three significantly drifted areas. The first area was near the highway. From the highway in to the cattle guard the Gilmore road was badly drifted. The second was in the low spot just before starting up the hill into Gilmore. This was a smaller area of drifting, but contained the deepest drifts. The third was about half way up the hill and that drifted area was both long and deep. There was no doubt about it, the road was completely drifted in and the drifts were certainly impassable. Obviously, Dick wasn't going anywhere until he was plowed out.

What Dick did not know was that Gilmore was the only place that was snowed in. The snow everywhere else around - even in Leadore - was virtually gone. The county had even removed the plow from the road grader. They were considering removing the plow from the truck, too, when they received a call from Melva Kauer. She had been checking around, and no one had seen Dick in the past two weeks. Something was definitely wrong, and she asked them to go to Gilmore and see if the road had been opened and was free of drifts.

The snow in Leadore and vicinity was down to just a few patches in shaded places. The weather had been warm and sunny, so the county crew considered it impossible that Dick might be snowed in. Melva was very persistent, and simply would not take no for an answer. So, very reluctantly, they agreed to go out to Gilmore and take a look. Obviously they talked this over with the state crew, because both the state and county snowplows headed for Gilmore on what they thought was "a wild goose chase".

How quickly things can change. When the snowplows reached Gilmore, they found a situation that they said was hard to believe.

The first set of drifts down near the highway were soon cleared away. But the second and third areas were something else again. From his kitchen window, Dick watched as the snowplows came along Highway 28. As soon as he was sure they were coming into Gilmore, he snowshoed down to watch, to offer encouragement, and finally to thank them for rescuing him.

It was all very interesting. The county plow would make a big run at the drifts only to bog down after going three or four feet. The state plow would then hook on and pull the county plow out. They repeated this routine over and over, and it took them nearly two hours just to get through the second area of drifts. It took over three hours to get through the third area of drifts.

After they finally got through, the state crew admitted that they had strong doubts that they would be able to get through those drifts. Both crews said it was some of the toughest plowing they had ever seen. The snowplow drivers readily accept-

ed Dick's thanks for being rescued, but they were quick to point out that the real hero was Melva Kauer. They emphasized that the only reason they came out to look was because Melva was so persistent. They also said that the next time Melva Kauer makes a fuss, they will pay a lot more attention!

Hurray for Melva Kauer!

And Then There Were Three. In the Fall of 1992 a couple by the name of Dan and Diane Clark saw Barry Spracklen and Dick working on Dick's storm shed, and they stopped in to visit with them. They seemed very much interested in Gilmore, but were genuinely upset at the abuse the old buildings were taking at the hands of thieves and vandals. As they talked, their interest in Gilmore seemed to increase, and when they left they indicated that they were going to look into the possibility of obtaining some property in Gilmore. Of course, talk is cheap and Dick had heard all this before, so he really didn't think anything would come of it.

With that in mind, it is easy to understand that Dick was surprised when they again visited Gilmore in the summer of 1993. They were camped up in what used to be Ragtown. At the time, Diane's brother, Gary Pemberton from Florida, was with them. He seemed to be quite taken with the old town of Gilmore, and was much impressed by the scenic grandeur of the area. Anyway, they all stayed for a week or so, and then one day they were suddenly gone. Their hasty departure led Dick to suspect that he would not see them again.

However, along towards the end of summer they came back and stayed for a few days. Indeed, Dick was quite surprised to see them. During the time they had been gone, they had been to Salmon and Boise seeking information about property in Gilmore. After much persistence, they had been able to obtain a large copy of the plat for the Gilmore Townsite as well as a computer printout which listed all of the property owners. The listing included names, addresses and the location of the property each one owned.

Both of the documents were very interesting, especially to Dick. After they all studied them thoroughly, they decided to color code the entire Gilmore townsite. They succeeded in accounting for every piece of property in Gilmore. Then they cross referenced the color-coded town plat with the computer listing. It was an interesting and impressive piece of work when they finished, and very informative. At Dick's request, they had extra copies of the computer listing printed for him. Those documents, the color coded plat and the computer listing have been an invaluable reference for Dick on many occasions.

By now Dick had begun to suspect that these folks were genuinely interested in Gilmore. When they departed this time he fully expected that he would see them again.

Around Christmas time in 1993 Dick received a letter from Gary Pemberton saying that he had purchased the old two-story Gilmore Garage. Gary indicated that if all went as planned, he would arrive in the Spring of 1994 ready to start renovating the building. This, of course, was great news for Dick; he was extremely pleased at the prospects.

Early in the morning of February 6, 1994, Dick was snowshoeing over to his truck when he was surprised to see a woman wandering around in the snow taking pic-

tures. When he got closer she introduced herself as Debbie, and said she was Gary's wife. Dick had to stop and think - who was Gary? It finally occurred to him that she must mean Gary Pemberton. He was wondering where Gary was when he spotted him with a big green truck that was bogged down in the snow not too far away.

Gary and Debbie were quite fortunate in a couple of respects. They had a camper to sleep in and where they could get warm if need be. However, the biggest factor in their favor was the mild winter. There was not too much snow and it was not very cold. In addition, Spring was early in 1994. They went right to work and temporarily closed off the upstairs part of the building. They put plastic sheeting over the window openings on the lower floor as well as over the holes in the walls. They closed off the large door with a huge tarp and set up a wood heater. Since they were well prepared to rough it, they made out OK.

They spent the rest of the Winter, Spring and early Summer on the lower story. They repaired a section of the wall, closed up two of the large garage doors, and installed windows they had been lucky enough to find on a shopping trip. They removed about a foot of dirt and cow dung from the floor and eventually uncovered the original concrete floor. The floor turned out to be in good condition. Then they managed to repair the large front garage doors and got them operable again.

The next project was to repair the metal roof, some of which was badly mangled and some was missing entirely. Besides those problems, they found numerous bullet holes that had to be plugged. Because the roof is so high and steep, working on it was quite a challenge. In spite of the hazards, and with some help from Barry Spracklen, they were able to accomplish a complete repair and renovation of the roof. They sealed it and coated it with a protective silver coating that was brushed on.

Once the roof was reconditioned, Gary and Debbie turned their attention to the upper story which would eventually be their living quarters. Much of the sub flooring upstairs was completely gone. After they replaced the missing sub flooring, they proceeded to cover it with regular flooring. They installed new windows, partitioned off rooms, and built a loft at each end of the building. After adding insulation throughout, they put up wallboard and painted it. Several propane space heaters were installed in the various rooms, and later they built cabinets and cupboards in the kitchen and in the large bedroom. By the end of the summer they had a bathroom completed with a shower and appropriate cabinets.

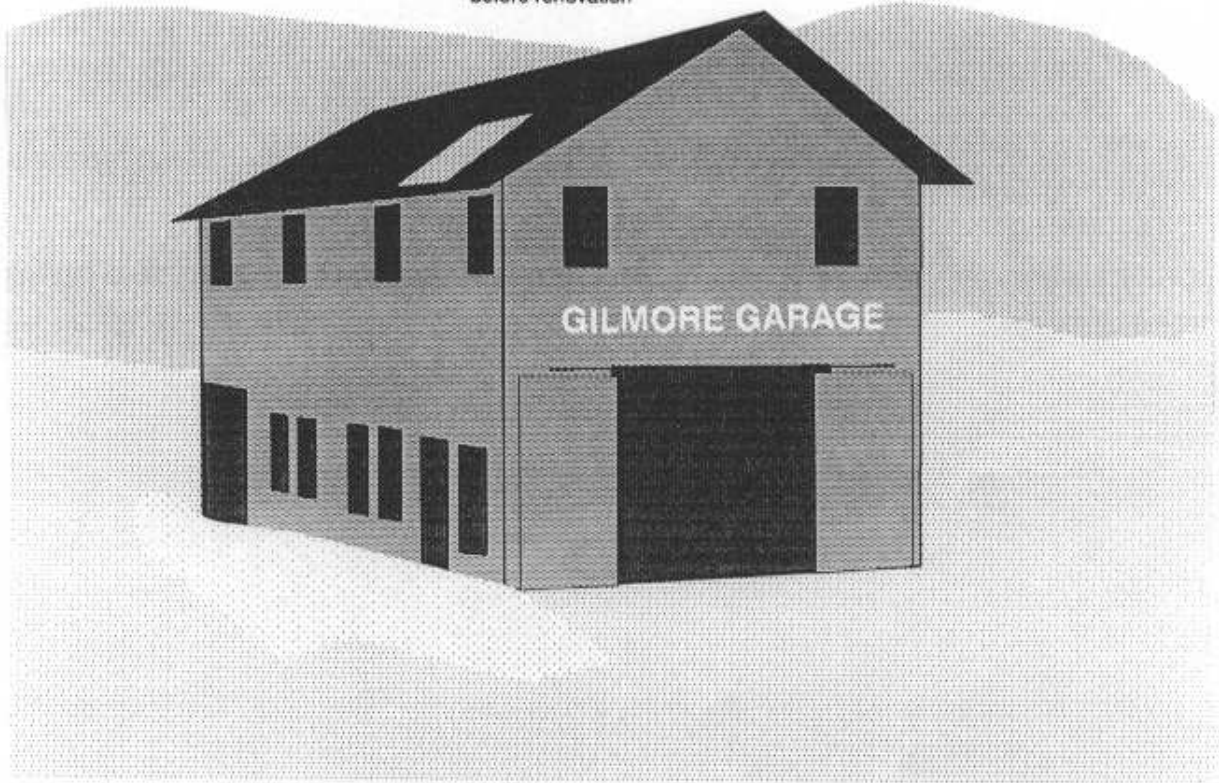
One of their major accomplishments was in successfully drilling a well. It was a tough job, and they had to drill very deep but at last they found a large supply of good water. Hurray!!

During the summer, Barry Spracklen and his brother, Clark, built a good fence completely around the place with two lockable steel gates for access.

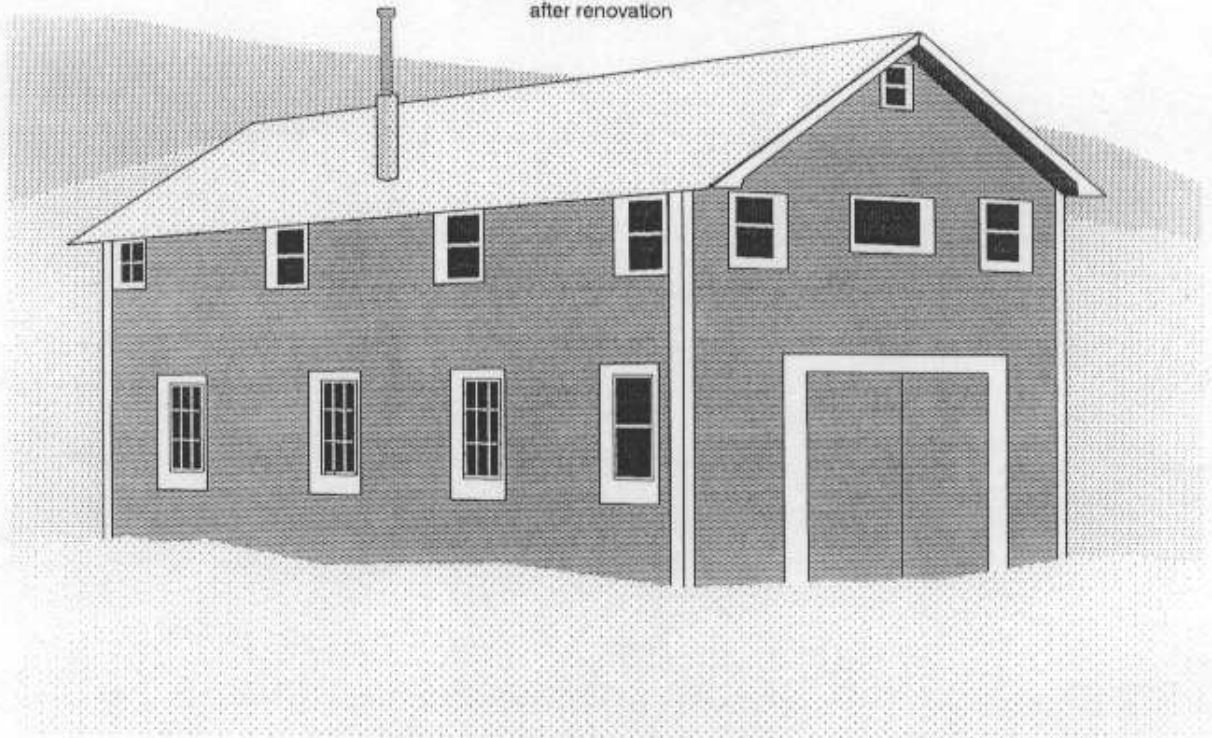
When winter came on early and with great vigor, Dick was especially grateful to have neighbors. Not only so he could have someone to visit with, but because someone would be close when problems arose or if trouble occurred.

As expected, Dick became good friends with Gary and Debbie. They were good neighbors; they were quiet, thoughtful, friendly folks. In addition, they shared Dick's concerns to protect and preserve Gilmore. They were a big factor in bringing about the recent decline in vandalism and abuse in the town.

Old Gilmore Garage
Currently the Pemberton House
before renovation



Old Gilmore Garage
Currently the Pemberton House
after renovation



Since both Gary and Debbie were from Florida, winter snow, howling winds, and deadly ground blizzards were all new to them. At first Dick thought that they were coping with Gilmore's winter weather quite well. However, as time went on Debbie in particular became more and more concerned that they might become isolated for long periods of time. Dick tried to assure her that the county does a good job of keeping the Gilmore Road plowed out and open. He assured her that extended periods of isolation were extremely unlikely. Regardless, Debbie became more and more apprehensive and increasingly unhappy.

In late January they went to Arizona to visit Gary's Dad. Although they said they would be back in two weeks, it was over a month before they finally returned. They were back in Gilmore for only about a week when they received word that Debbie's mother had passed away in Florida.

They left for Florida about the first of March, and said they expected to be gone about three weeks or a month at most. Well, the time stretched on - a month, two months, three months, four months, and still no sign of them or word from them.

Through the grapevine Dick heard that they were in New Mexico, and were in the process of buying property there. It was mid-July when they finally returned to Gilmore. Dick asked them about the rumors he had heard, and they admitted that it was true. They had purchased property in New Mexico and had spent a couple of months making repairs and improvements to the place.

It soon became obvious to Dick that New Mexico had already become their primary residence. They planned to spend winters in New Mexico and summers in Gilmore. The problem with that idea from Dick's point of view was that winters in Gilmore were very long and summers were very short. Dick speculated that they would spend about eight months in New Mexico and four months in Gilmore.

That was a big disappointment for Dick. When Gary and Debbie first came to Gilmore, Dick looked forward to having neighbors close by on a year-round basis. Such good neighbors would be wonderful, especially during the long Gilmore winters, but that was not to be.

In spite of their decision not to live in Gilmore year-round, Gary and Debbie did continue to work to improve their place during the short summer. They finished installing wallboard in the living/dining room and painted the rest of the interior. Their living quarters were now completely renovated, decorated, and pretty well furnished. Their most notable accomplishment was to paint the outside of the entire building. They chose a medium brown with white trim, and it looks very attractive. That paint job has made all the difference in the world in its appearance and that neat and trim building immediately attracts the attention of visitors to Gilmore. Gary and Debbie have done an admirable job of repairing and restoring the old Gilmore Garage building. It really is a shame that it will now sit empty for the greater portion of the year.

Dick's Ninety Day War: As of May 1, 1994, there was a total of 90 days available to get his cabin ready for The Cousins Reunion '94. He established a plan of action he called his *Get It Ready Project*. This project was like a series of strategic battles fought against formidable odds. In fact, as Reunion '94 drew near, it looked like he and his friend, Barry, were in danger of losing the biggest battle of all - the battle against time. The outcome of the battle was extremely important because his *Get it Ready Project* was hanging in the balance.

After his good friend Barry Spracklen got home from college in early May, he started working with Dick on the project every day. Together they seemed to make a good team. Even when they encountered problem after problem, they never gave up.

Because the rooms in his cabin are small, each room had to be cleared of all furniture and/or other items such as building materials, paint and tools. The cabin itself is small, so it was a challenge just to find places to put the things they took out of the room they were going to work on. Because of this, they decided to completely finish each room once they started working on it. The schedule of work for each room was the same. First they would put up the sheet rock and prepare it for painting. They would repair or replace any woodwork as necessary, texture the ceiling, prime and paint the walls and woodwork, and finally install the wall-to-wall carpet. By doing it that way, the room was completely finished so that when they moved furniture, etc., back into the room, it was there to stay and would not have to be moved again.

Doing things in that manner served another very good purpose. The bedroom was the first room they did. When it was finished and they moved the furniture back in, the room just looked terrific. It was far better than either of them had dared to hope, and so it served as a great morale booster. It also increased their incentive to continue on.

One of the most serious problems was that nothing in his cabin was either straight, level, or square - except maybe the occupant. Therefore, each piece of sheet rock had to be custom cut and fitted into place. Woodwork around the windows and doorways often had to be cut at odd angles just to make it fit properly. Even the wall-to-wall carpeting had to be fitted and cut very carefully because none of the rooms were square. These were the kinds of problems they faced every day that they worked.

Another major problem was that both Dick and Barry were trying to do things that they had never done before. For instance, neither of them had ever before put up sheet rock, nor prepared it for painting, nor textured a ceiling, nor laid wall-to-wall carpet. Not only did they have to learn those things, but they had to learn to do them right the first time.

They tried to set realistic schedules for getting things done, but no matter how hard they tried they were continually falling behind. Eventually that became a morale factor because as time went on, it became increasingly apparent that they would not have the cabin ready in time for Reunion '94. This increased the pressure on both of them.

As one by one they finished the rooms, the room they just finished always looked better than the one finished ahead of it. Obviously, their workmanship was improving. That realization was very rewarding and helped to improve morale.

They saved the living room until last for several reasons. (1) They wanted it to be the best and they already knew that their workmanship was improving with each room. (2) It had been their storage area for the sheet rock, lumber, paint and tools, so it would be easiest to clear it out last. (3) They had bought a new front door and a friend was building a frame around it for them. They wanted to have the door frame and the door installed before they started on the room.

The new front door and frame were just beautiful, but when they tried to set them into the opening - OH MY!! The door and frame were, of course, square. The opening in the wall wasn't even close to being square. Without going into morbid details, it took them two days to square up the opening and fit the door and frame in that opening, and get the door so it would open and close without rubbing anyplace. Then they had to anchor the frame in place so it would not give or shift at all. They finally won that battle but it wasn't easy. Worst of all, it took a lot more time than they had figured on - time they really didn't have to spare.

After the door and frame were finally in place, they went to work on the living room. They did a really good job on that room, and it turned out beautifully. Dick was surprised at how big the room was. It had been piled full of building materials, supplies and tools so that he had never had the opportunity before to appreciate what a spacious room it was.

With the last room finished, you might think that they had made it with time to spare. Well, not quite!

The front porch needed a new floor, and while they were at it, they built a railing for it. After that they had to caulk all the windows so they were airtight and weather tight.

In addition, they had accumulated a lot of stuff to dispose of. Bits of odd sized pieces of sheet rock, empty boxes of sheet rock mud, empty paint cans, old carpeting, and a variety of odds and ends. They spent a couple of days gathering up and hauling this stuff either to friends who wanted it or to the Leadore Dump.

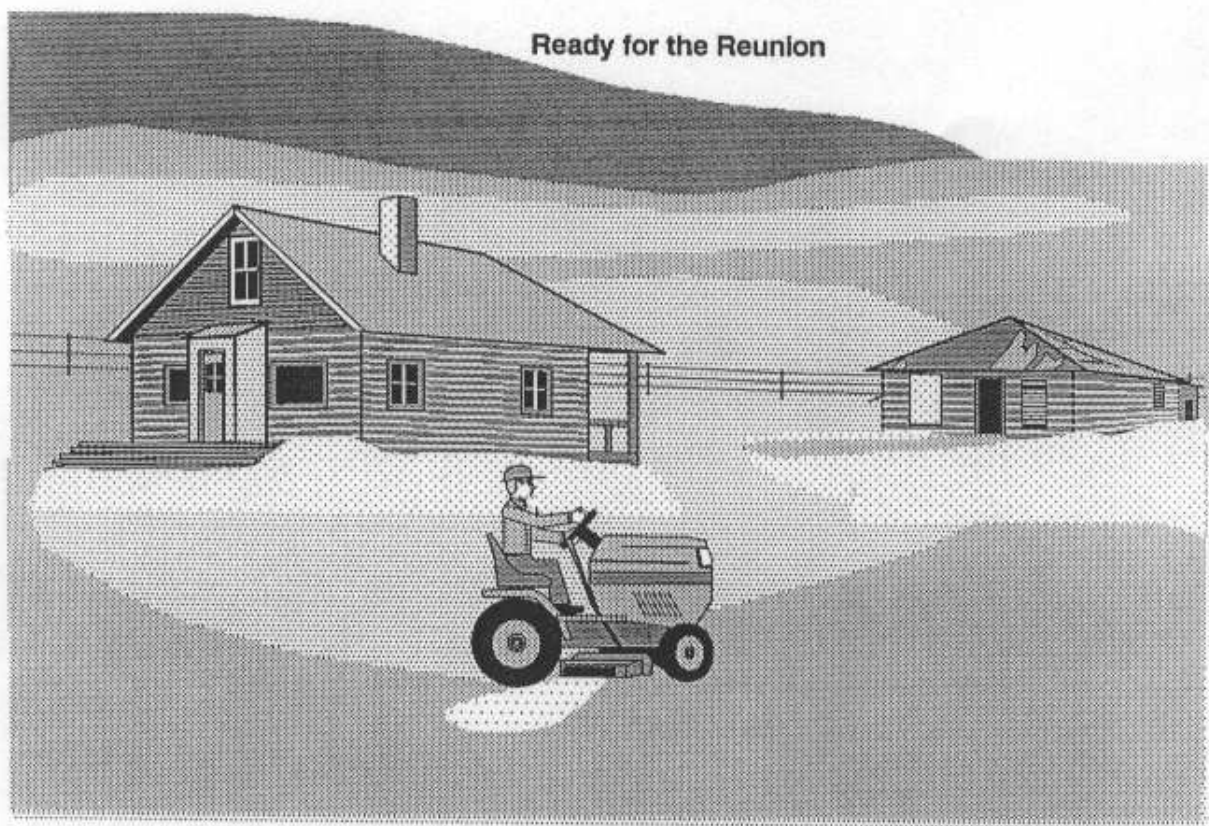
Then they had to get the living room furniture that had been stored at a friend's place for the previous several years. When this furniture was put in place in the living room, the downstairs of Dick's cabin was completely finished and furnished. Both Dick and Barry were very pleased with the cabin and the work they had done. The cabin was even more beautiful than they had hoped it would be.

However, they were not yet ready; there were a lot of last minute things to be done or taken care of before Reunion '94. Some things did not get done, but thanks to Barry the most important things were taken care of. He cleaned the yard of debris, mowed the lawn, and fixed a section of fence that had been broken down by a snowdrift.

Dick is very grateful to Barry for all his help. Dick maintains that without Barry's help the cabin would not have been ready in time for Reunion '94. Dick and Barry are really the best of friends. They worked side by side for almost three months, and they got along with each other very well. They worked exceptionally well together, and by the time the job was finished, Barry was just as proud of the place as Dick was. He even brought some of his family out to see the work they had done, and how really great the place looked.

So, from Dick's vantage point, getting that place ready for Reunion '94 was a WAR!! There were many battles and sometimes the outcome was in doubt, but ultimately they did indeed win the war!

As Reunion '94 got underway, Dick observed that everyone seemed surprised at how really attractive his cabin was. Obviously, it was much better than they had expected it to be. Their reaction, comments, and compliments made the efforts of Dick and Barry seem very worthwhile. Dick was very happy; moreover he was very proud.



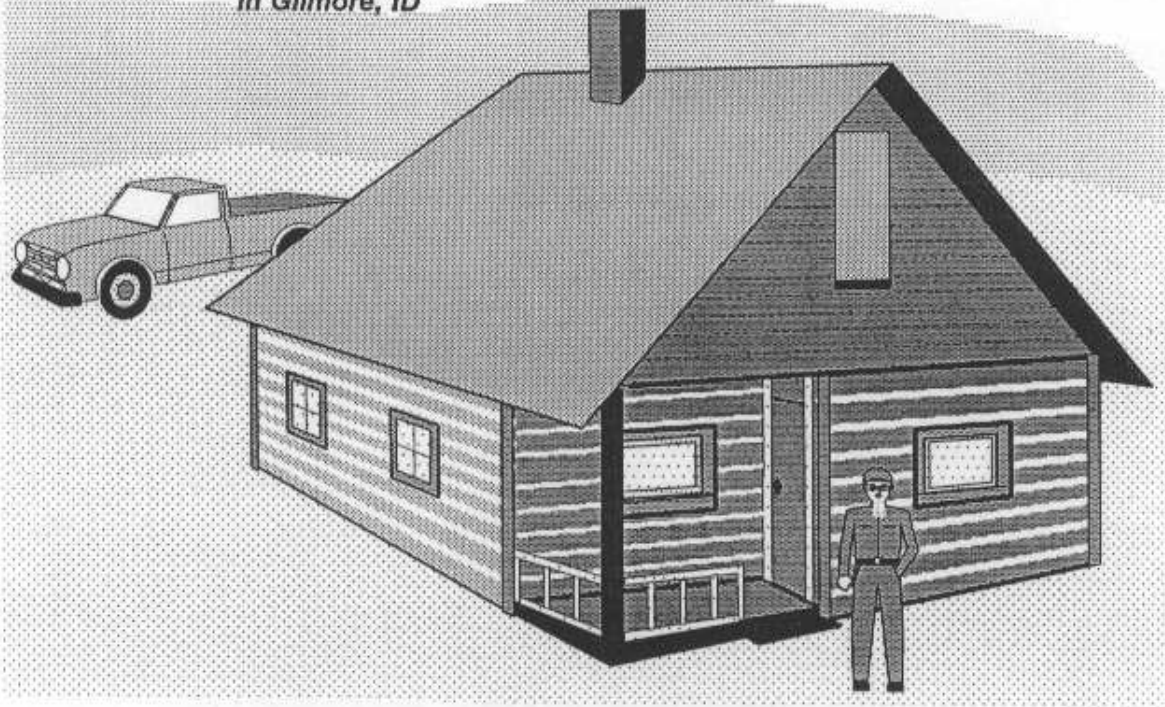
The Moll Cousins Reunion.

Bob and Alice arrive in Gilmore. The desk clerk at Ruby's Reserve Street Inn in Missoula, MT, could find no record of the reservations for Bob and Alice for the night of July 29, 1994. However, the records that Alice produced brought forth not only apologies, but also the key to the only room not occupied - The Bridal Suite! There was even further good fortune! Road construction through Lost Trail Pass meant a departure from Missoula would be delayed until noon. So, the morning of July 30 began at a very leisurely pace, with breakfast at the Joker's Wild Restaurant, followed by a tour of Fort Missoula. While Bob looked around the museum, Alice proceeded to kid with the old fellow in the gift shop who was trying (unsuccessfully) to operate the cash register. Bob learned a lot about the history of the Fort and that old guy learned a lot about running his cash register.

There were no serious road problems, but light rain was soon encountered. Rain changed to fog as they climbed through the dense forest of Lost Trail Pass (7900') at the Montana-Idaho border. Fog was very dense at the summit, but there were restrooms. There was also an interesting plaque describing the pass. It pointed out that Lewis & Clark missed this pass during their first expedition through the Bitterroot Mountains (not surprising if the fog was equally dense during their trip). The next destination was Salmon, 40 miles farther South and a good place for a coffee break. They traveled on to Leadore and finally, to Dick's home in Gilmore.

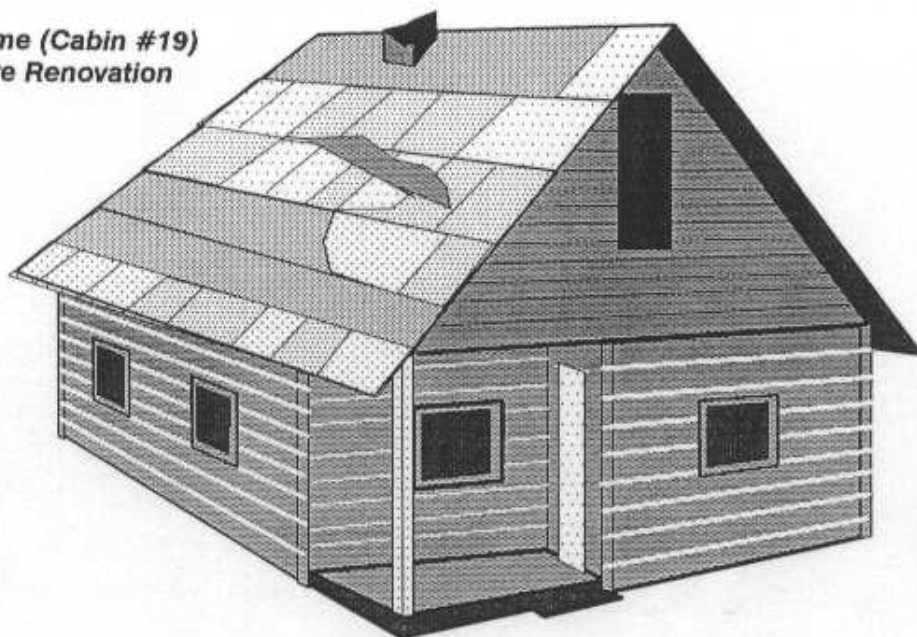
Dick was in his truck at the road into Gilmore to greet Bob and Alice and escort them to his home. Ron and Janet were there to greet them! Dick's home is a log cabin, old but very nicely restored and well kept. The inside is almost unbelievable - with beautiful Victorian furniture, carpeted floors, nicely painted sheet rock walls, varnished woodwork, and two magnificent grandfather clocks. The views of the mountains from the large windows are spectacular.

**Dick Moll's Home
in Gilmore, ID**



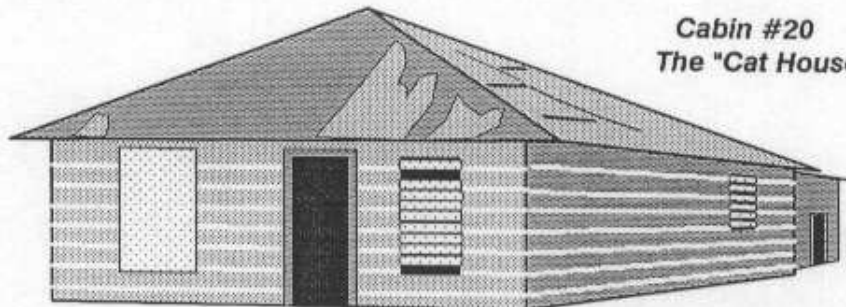
Comparison with a drawing of Cabin #19 before Dick restored is a reminder of how much work he did in order make the cabin a home.

***Dick Moll's Home (Cabin #19)
Cabin Before Renovation***



In front of Dick's home is cabin #20, nicknamed "The Cat House" because it is inhabited by several cats. Dick uses this cabin primarily for storage, and intends to renovate it as soon as time permits.

***Cabin #20
The "Cat House"***



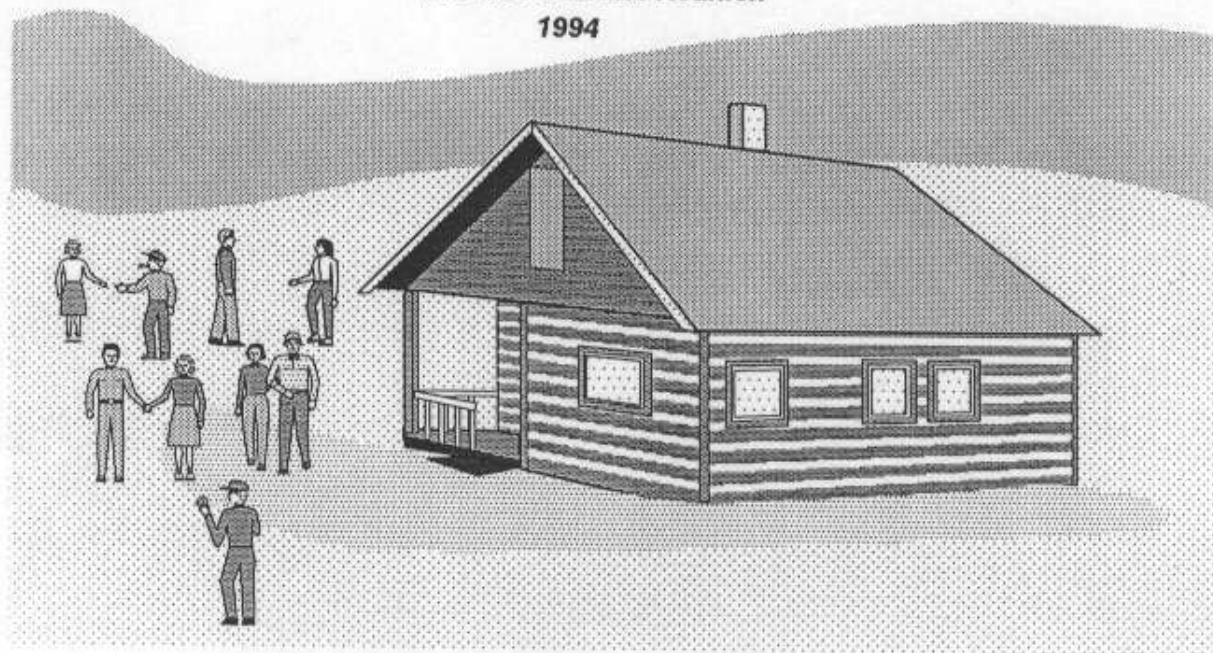
Bob and Alice stayed in a travel trailer loaned by Gerald and Paula Peterson. To add to the adventure, there is no electricity in Gilmore, no running water, and oil lamps or flashlights at night. Later, the second trailer arrived (to be occupied by the cousins). This trailer was furnished by the James Whittaker Family who have cattle on the range surrounding his place. Then the three brothers and their spouses headed to Leadore (17 miles) in Dick's big Buick to have supper. However, the *EE Cafe* in Leadore was closed because of a community picnic - so they went on to The 28 Club, a steak house near Salmon about 60 miles away. The food was excellent! It was already dark when they left for Gilmore, and it began to look as if they were going to run out of gas. Dick seemed to be surprisingly unconcerned! Finally, he announced that he has a supply of gas stored at the ranch where he is sort of adopted family - so by flashlight, Dick's big Buick was re-fueled. Back in Gilmore it was not only dark, but already quite cool. No electric lights could be seen anywhere in the distance, and the starlight was brilliant.

The Cousins arrive for the 1994 Reunion. Next morning Dick was up early. He left in his truck for Leadore before the others arose. After breakfast, the four relaxed until he returned. East of Gilmore one can see the Bitterroot Range in the distance, and the Lemhi Range is west of Gilmore (right behind Dick's cabin). Gilmore is on the edge of the Salmon National Forest. There was a shopping trip to Leadore in early afternoon for a few groceries. Then at around 3 PM the cousins arrived (Roberta and Bill, and Thelma and Fran).

Late in the afternoon as several were marveling at the scenery, one of the Whittaker girls appeared on horseback. It was either April Jan or Mari Jill, wearing a big cowboy hat. With the help of her dog, she proceeded to round up the cows just beyond Dick's fenced-in complex and drive them farther east. After a while, the other Whittaker girl appeared on horseback. A short time later we could see that a fairly large herd had been rounded up about a mile away from us - between Dick's place and the highway. The cattle were quite noisy; apparently unhappy about being herded to another pasture. Silhouetted against the mountains in the distance, one could see two stately riders with big hats. They were probably Jordan and Chase Whittaker, leisurely trotting along with the cows as they moved slowly to the South. This scene would probably not have been noteworthy to most folks in Lemhi County, but to these greenhorns from the East it was a spectacular sight indeed.

Soon afterward, preparations were begun for the barbecue. What a wonderful feast - baked potatoes and steaks cooked on an outdoor grill together with corn on the cob. Later, all gathered around a large dining room table lighted by an oil lamp and thoroughly enjoyed the delicious meal and fellowship. Clearly, the reunion was off to a good start. After supper, gifts were exchanged by the light of an oil lamp. There was news about those who, regrettably, were unable to be there. Hazel, Ruth and Bob had health problems that precluded such a trip. Evelyn had lost Joe shortly after the last reunion, and didn't feel comfortable about making such a long trip by herself.

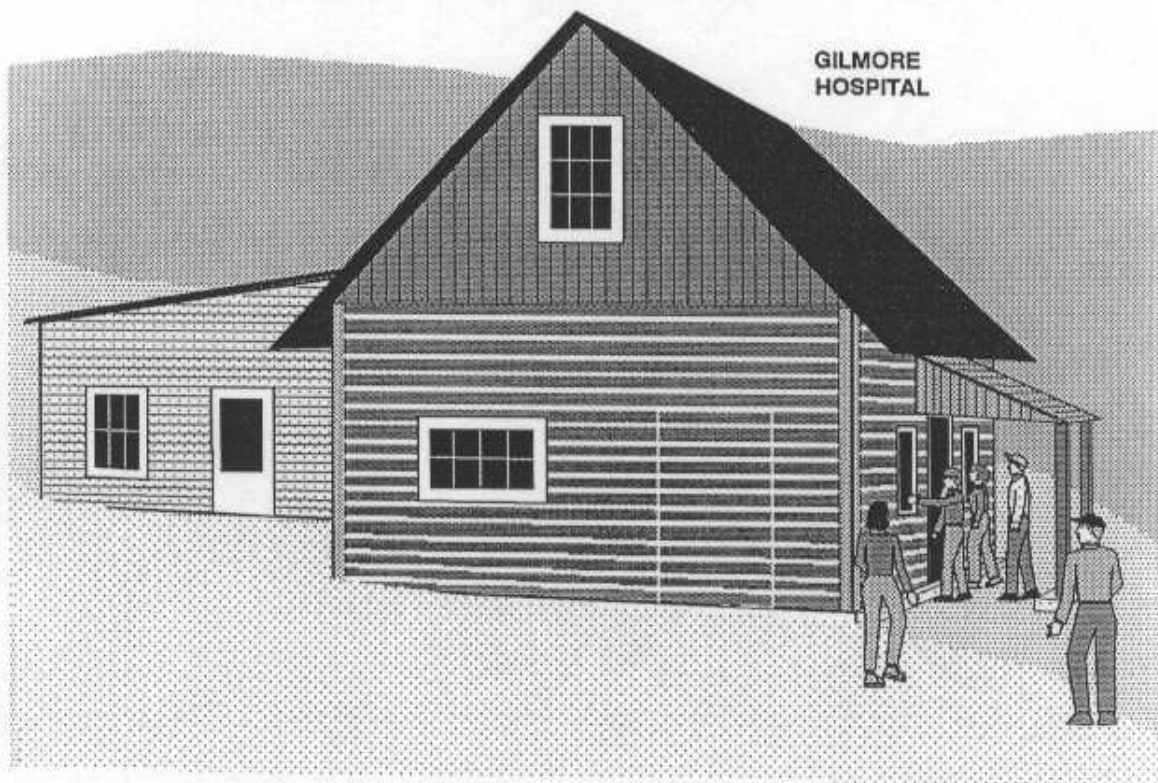
**The Moll Cousins Reunion
1994**



We learned later that many of Dick's friends contributed significantly to our reunion. The Petersons, the Whittakers, and Tex and Melva Kauer helped in so many ways. Dick's young friend, Barry Spracklen, played a major role by helping Dick to finish his cabin, clean up the yard and mow the grass before our arrival. Dick is so fortunate to have such good friends, and he is very grateful.

Exploration of Gilmore and Meadow Lake. August 1 was a wonderful day from the very beginning. After breakfast, the group climbed to Upper Gilmore to see the ruins that Dick had been telling about. Dick's cabin in Lower Gilmore is at 7200', but a large part of Gilmore is several hundred feet higher. The terrain is very steep, here and some of the old road ways were impassable. Dick and Bob got in his pickup truck and drove down one of the old roads. He hoped to find a way to get the other vehicles in a little closer to some of the buildings up on the hill. That turned out to be impossible, so we left the cars where we had parked them and continued on foot.

As we strolled along, Dick explained what each building had been used for and pointed out unique features of each one. The first building we examined was the old hospital. It was in partial decay now, but one could see that it had been equipped to serve as a complete medical and dental care facility. The operating room was identifiable. The hospital was a large, log structure. Inside the floors had been tiled and the walls were of wainscot paneling.



After exploring the hospital, Ron, Dick and Bob climbed farther up the hill for a closer look at the row of buildings that had been the center of activity for the miners. They went through the big cabin that had been the home of the Mine Superintendent. This large house was at one time quite lavish, with a big veranda overlooking the valley below, a huge double fireplace, a really big living room, and a spacious kitchen and pantry. On the dining room side of the fireplace a warming

Mine Superintendent's House
Cabin 10 In Upper Gilmore

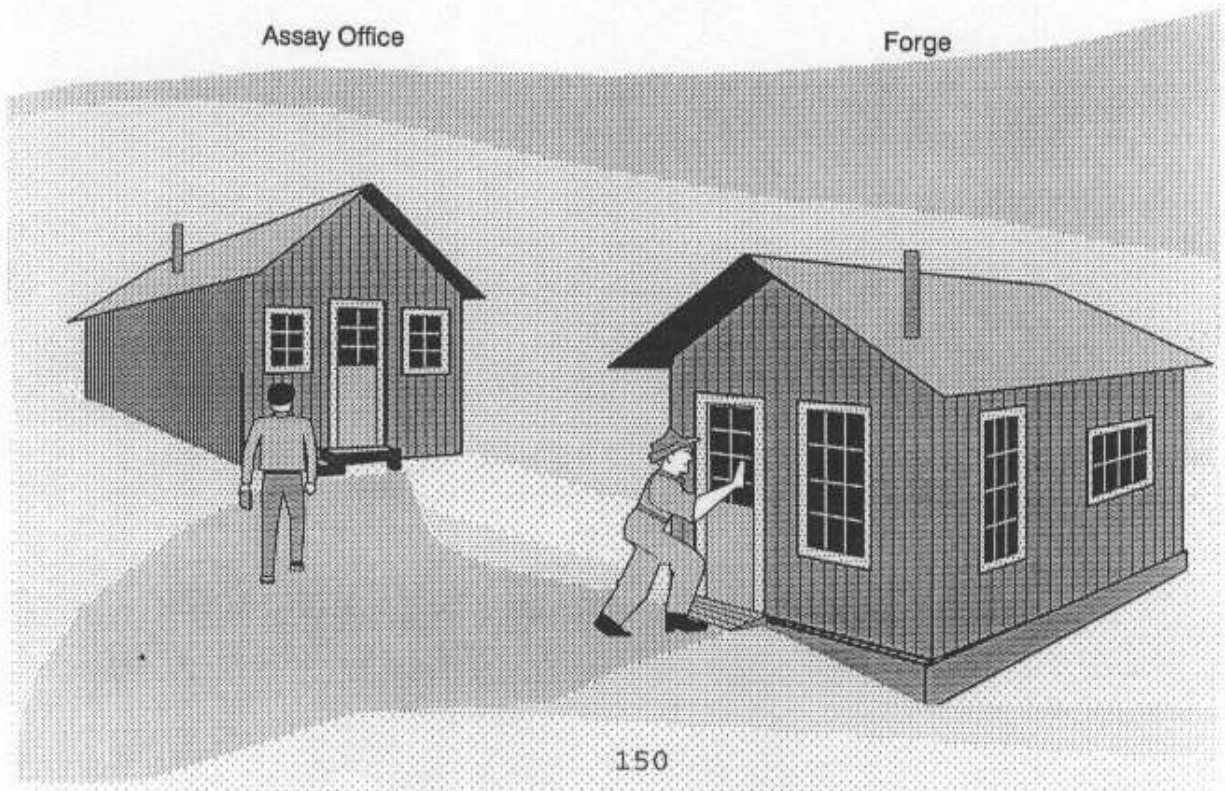


cove was provided to keep foods hot during meals. Another novel feature was a large skylight in the middle of the kitchen. The large windows assured plenty of light throughout the house. Surely this house was magnificent in years gone by.

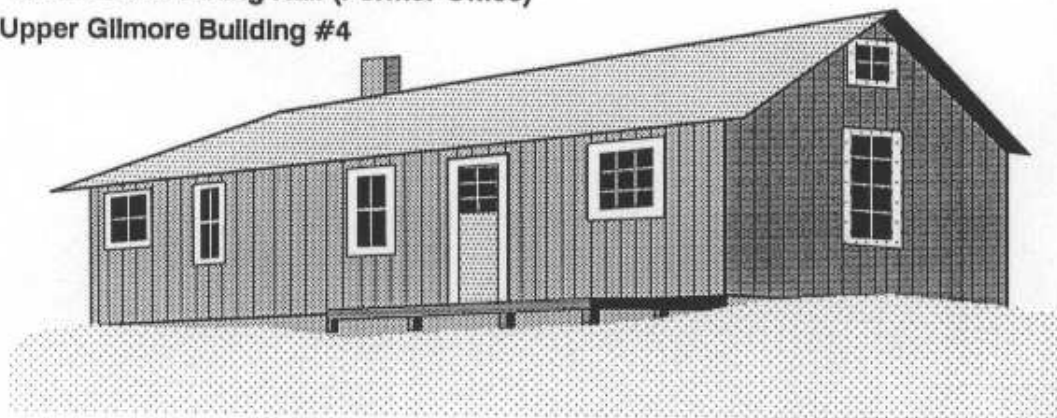
Other buildings in Upper Gilmore included the kitchen and dining building, the assay office, the company store, the forge, and several boarding houses.

Assay Office

Forge

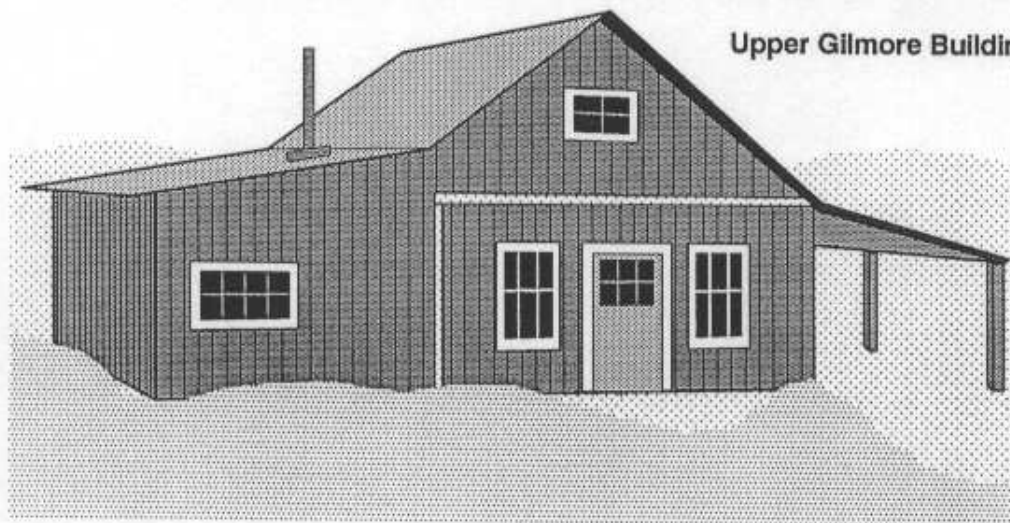


Kitchen and Dining Hall (Former Office)
Upper Gilmore Building #4

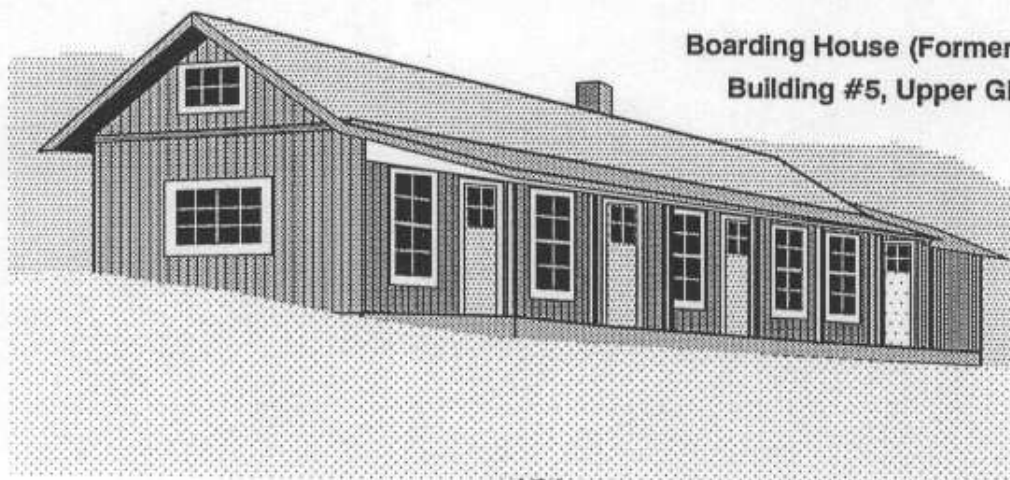


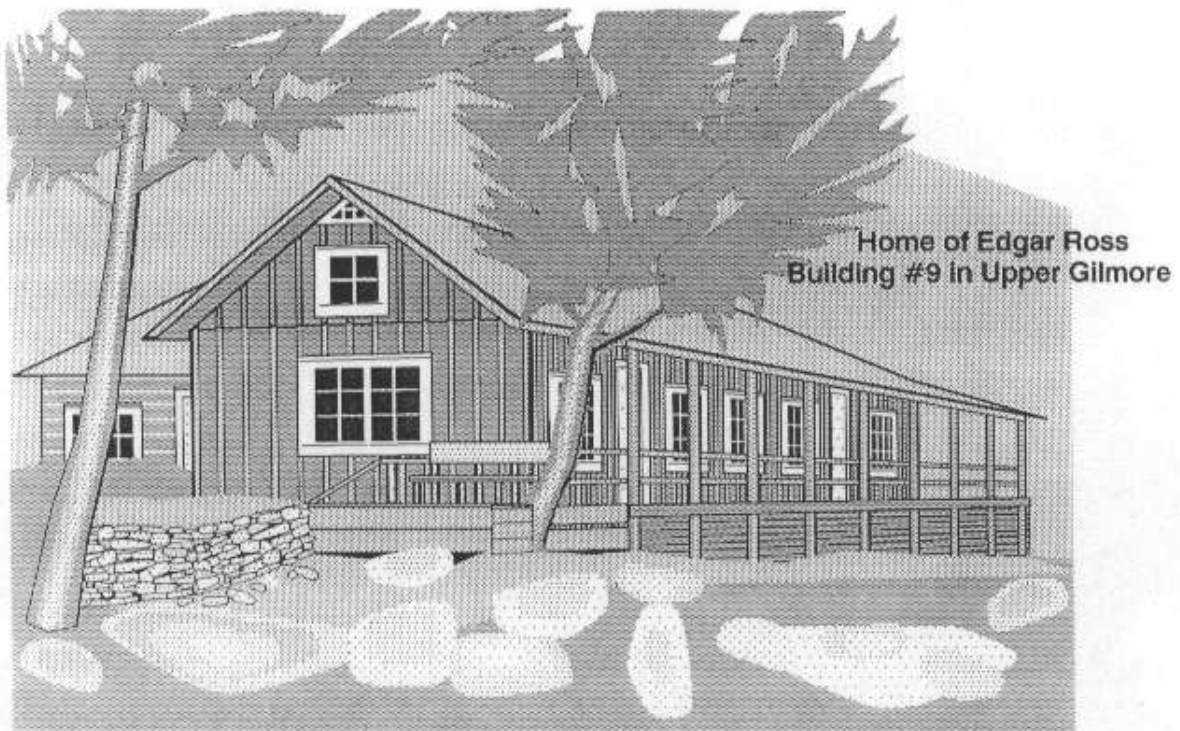
Company Store, owned and operated by The Pittsburg - Idaho Mining Company

Upper Gilmore Building No. 1



Boarding House (Former Office)
Building #5, Upper Gilmore





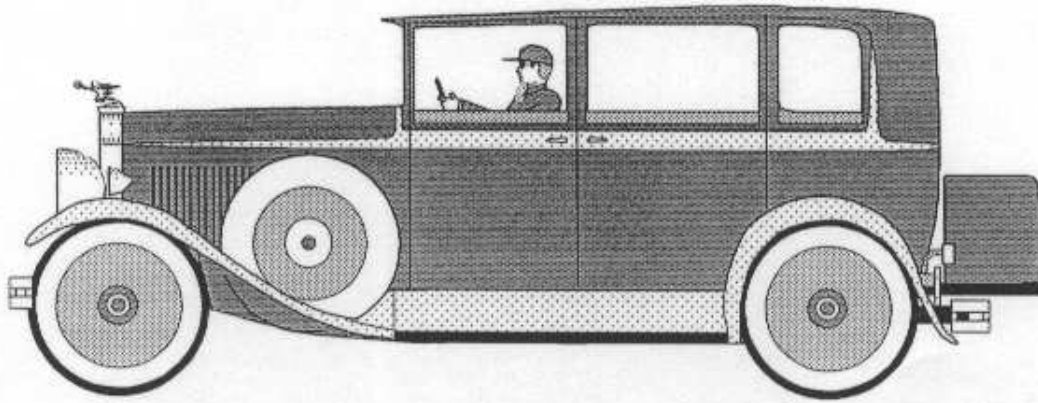
It was learned later that the large cabin #14 in Upper Gilmore was the home of Edgar Ross.

The others were waiting a little farther down the hill, where everyone gathered to explore the ruins of the ore loading complex. This was where ore was loaded through chutes into hoppers of the narrow gauge tramway. Although the structures are partially collapsed now, Dick could explain how the system worked. The old rail bed for the tram was visible as it winds up the hill, and in some places the ties and even some rails were still there. The history of Gilmore is absolutely fascinating, as is the geography of this entire region.

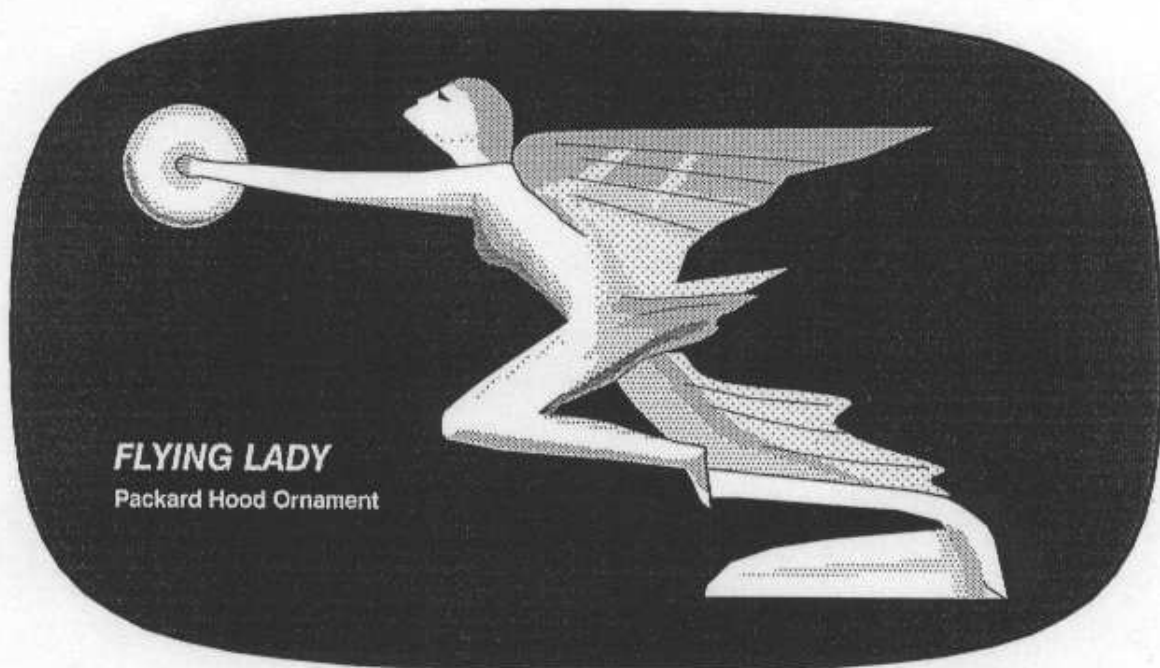
From Upper Gilmore the group climbed to Lookout Point to view Lower Gilmore far below. Dick's cabin was discernible, but it was a long way off. Steeple-like spires of Subalpine Fir were seen among Lodgepole Pine and Douglas Fir. From Lookout Point, the climb was resumed up the mountain to Meadow Lake. It was a very steep climb indeed, along a narrow rocky road with sharply winding switchbacks. (Drivers had little chance to view the scenery.) The lake is at more than 9500'; and the peaks surrounding it are more than 11,000'. Patches of snow could be seen in shadows on the peaks and even down almost to the lake. The water in the lake is ice cold. Species of trees that are especially well adapted to high elevations formed a grove along the lake. White Bark Pine was found along with Subalpine Fir, and several trees that resemble Engelman Spruce. Several families were enjoying a weekend of camping - obviously having a lot of fun but perhaps mystified by this invasion of tourists. The descent down to Dick's cabin was just as thrilling as the climb up had been. Drivers hoped they wouldn't meet anyone on that narrow dirt road (reasonably well maintained by the Forest Service). On the way down, there was a stop at the cemetery where Dick wants to be buried.

The Packard. Storm clouds began to gather as the group departed for Leadore. A tire on Dick's Buick needed some air, which was fixed by a stop at a welder's shop. There Bob and Alice spoke with Mr. Peterson, who provided the trailer that they were staying in. The next stop was the *TWO-DOT* Ranch where Dick keeps his 1930 Packard. What a magnificent car!

Dick Moll's Packard



The engine is a strait-8 cylinder L-head, fueled by a vacuum tank system. Among its many features is the capability to lubricate the chassis from inside the car, even while the car is underway. The hood ornament, which is also unique, is Packard's famous *Flying Lady* enlarged in the drawing below.



Unfortunately, very soon after the group arrived it started to pour rain. Not only was there considerable thunder and lightning, but hail as well. It hailed enough to almost cover the ground! They found themselves trapped in that old barn. Finally the rain let up just enough to permit a run for the cars, and off they all went for

supper at the *EE* Cafe in Leadore.

By the time supper was over, the rain had stopped and the weather was clearing, so back to the *TWO-DOT* Ranch to take the Packard out for a ride. Of course, Dick, being the gentleman that he is, took the ladies out first. The men had a ride later, and the ladies suspected that it might have been longer than theirs. Afterward, Dick, Ron and Janet went off in the Buick to get gas, while the others went back to Dick's place in Gilmore. It was getting dark before they finally returned, and it was time to get ready for bed; an early start was planned the next day. Then Bob went out for a look at the stars, and found the whole horizon lighted with a strange, eerie glow -- Northern Lights. He aroused Alice, Dick and Ron, and they watched the lights until they grew dim. They finally decided to give up and get some sleep.

Leave Gilmore. (August 2) The next morning, Bob got everyone up at 3:30 AM. They were supposed to get up at 4:30, but he had set the alarm on his watch wrong. Alice swears that Bob got her up at 3 o'clock. In any event, everyone was still on speaking terms. They all somehow managed to pack everything into the cars in the darkness and left Gilmore for the next adventure: the fly-in breakfast at the Flying *B* Ranch.

Breakfast at the Flying *B* Ranch. The terminal building of Salmon Air Taxi was still locked when the group arrived (approximately 6:30 AM). By 7 o'clock, the pilot was seen near the hangar, refueling and checking over the plane. Finally, a young lady arrived and opened the terminal. It had been 2½ hours since leaving Gilmore, and the need for restrooms was becoming critical. The next matter of importance was breakfast, of course, so there was little hesitation to get aboard the plane that would take them to the Ranch. The twin engine Britten-Norman Islander is particularly noisy, so ear plugs were issued which effectively eliminated the usual banter among the cousins. However, the flight between rugged mountain peaks was thrilling and the scenery was breathtaking. A peculiar marking was observed near one of the mountain tops - obviously man made (perhaps a navigation aid). After flying for about 45 minutes, a grassy landing strip could be seen deep down in the canyon of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. It looked extremely small, and was tucked so deep in the canyon! Surely a plane of this size wouldn't be landing there, but indeed it did! Although a jeep-drawn trailer was waiting, several chose to walk the few hundred yards up to the Flying *B* Ranch in order to absorb the beauty and the feeling of isolation. Breakfast consisted of orange juice, bacon, eggs, pancakes, sweet rolls, and coffee. The dining hall was shared with several groups of white-water rafters who appeared to have spent the night there at the Ranch. The plane had departed for another mission and wasn't due to return for a while. So after breakfast there was time to stroll along the river and watch the rafters depart to continue their trip downstream. The plane returned about 11 AM, and the flight out to Salmon was just as thrilling as the flight in had been. On the way back several logging operations were observed. Salmon soon appeared below, and after landing and paying up, it was back into the vehicles for more adventures.

Salmon to Stanley. Travel from Salmon was along US93 with a lunch stop in Challis. After lunch, travel continued along Rt. 75. A side road, which turned off at Sunbeam, led to *The Yankee Fork Gold Dredge* on Pole Flat Creek (a tributary of the Salmon River). The dredge is a huge, floating machine that was operated by the Silas Mason Company during the 1940's and by Braumhoff and Simplot for a brief period from 1950 to 1952. A tour through the dredge revealed the basic principles and processes involved in placer mining. Though it was hard to believe, the huge dredge actually floated, and worked by digging itself a channel through

the rocks. Rocks and other debris were conveyed into the front of the machine, and out the back. As it passed through the machine, the material was sifted, and water was used to separate gold from the rocky debris. Their guide had worked on the dredge during the time of its operation, and was not only knowledgeable but he very patiently answered their numerous questions. The next stop was the Mountain Village Inn in Stanley, deep in the Sawtooth Mountain Range. Total mileage for the day (not counting the plane trip) was about 226.

Stanley to Hailey (August 3). The next day (August 3) started out very leisurely. Hailey was only about 77 miles away, so that morning they relaxed and enjoyed the mountain scenery. The route (along Rt. 75) passed through the Sawtooth Wilderness and over Galena Summit (8701') to the Airport Inn in Hailey. Fran Pratt bravely volunteered to drive the ladies to Sun Valley for shopping. When they returned, the ladies got all dressed up for dinner. The men thought they did too, but their efforts were not very satisfactory from the ladies point of view. Regardless, about 8 PM, a wonderful dinner was enjoyed at Gurney's, a first class restaurant in downtown Hailey.

Hailey, Sun Valley, Ketchum & Elkhorn (August 4). After breakfast Janet took Alice, Roberta, and Thelma off to the hair dressers. Ron, Fran, Dick, Bill, and Bob headed for Elkhorn, Sun Valley, and Ketchum. These were very upscale communities with huge homes of very interesting architecture. Later in the afternoon, everyone went to Ketchum for supper. Since a variety of evening entertainment was available, each of the groups headed for the activity that was seemed to be most appealing to them. Roberta and Bill went to a movie in Ketchum, Alice and Bob to the *Jazz Concert on the Grass* in Elkhorn. Thelma, Fran, Janet, Ron, and Dick went to the Theater of *The Sun Valley Repertory Company* in Ketchum to see the play, *Lend Me A Tenor*.

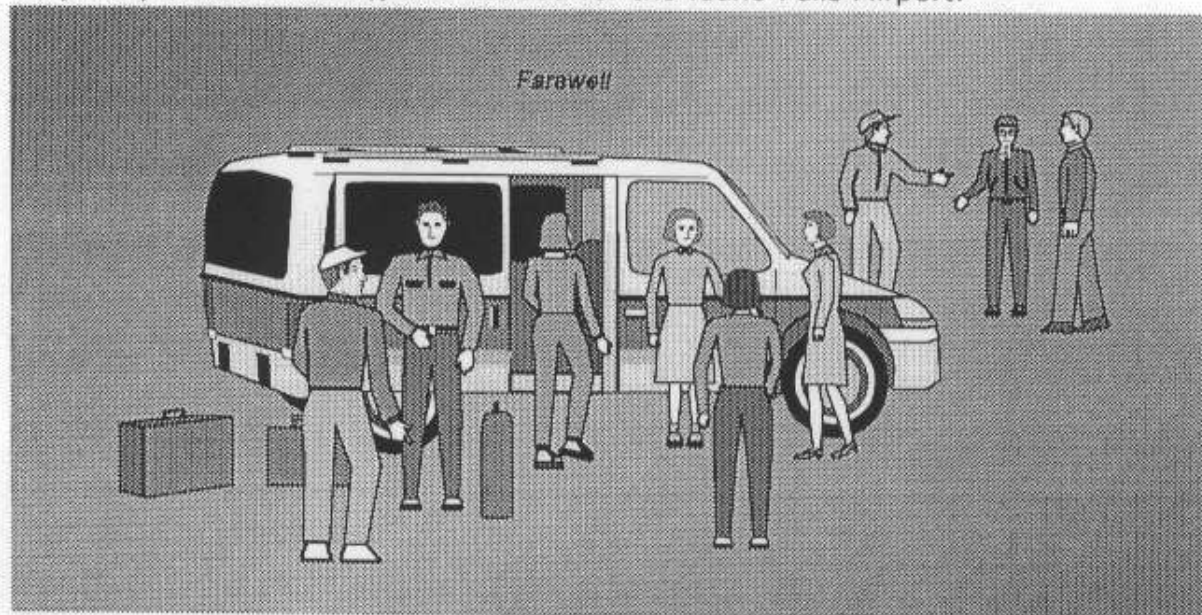
The Jazz Concert was in the plaza of the elegant Radisson Plaza Hotel. The plaza was a large brick yard surrounded by gardens, a walkway, and very expensive shops. A Jazz Band performed in a tent on the edge of the brick yard while couples danced and many children played on the brick yard itself. The music was good, the dancers were enjoyable to watch, but the children playing ball amongst the dancers really stole the show. One friendly little fellow (about 4 yrs. old) named Noah even got Bob to participate in a ball game along with his mother. Alice trudged across the brick yard for refreshments a couple of times. It was truly a memorable evening!

Hailey to Rexburg, (August 5). After an early, but good breakfast in the Arctic Cafe in Bellevue, the group was off to the *Craters of the Moon National Monument*. An excellent Visitor Center made the experience all the more interesting by explaining the history and geology of the lava beds. Lava outflows here were as recent as 2000 years ago, so many lava beds show very little weathering. Vegetation is very sparse and is limited to only a few specially adapted species. For example, the Limber Pine was found growing along walking trails among the lava beds. This rare species of pine is peculiarly adapted to especially harsh conditions of high winds, extreme temperatures, and recurring drought. An unplanned treat was the large number of Model A Fords that gathered in the parking lot. It was an auto club on an outing.

The next stop was for lunch at Pickles Place in Arco. From there they drove to

Rexburg by way of US20 and Rt.33, and checked into the Best Western Cottontree Inn. The group had covered 169 miles traveling from Hailey to Rexburg. After checking in and cleaning up, there was an excellent supper at the Frontier Pies Restaurant just across the parking lot of the motel. The evening was devoted to The Ninth International Dance Festival. This performance was the culmination of a week-long event, which involved at least 400 dancers representing 10 countries; *Germany, Hungary, India, Israel, Lithuania, Mexico, Russia, South Korea, Sweden, and The United States*. After each group had performed folk dances representative of their country, the finale was a line dance in which all dancers joined in together. It was a moving demonstration of friendship among them. The show was both entertaining and interesting - a very worthwhile experience.

Leaving Idaho (August 6). Roberta, Bill, Bob and Alice said good-bye to the others very early (around 5 AM), and headed for the Idaho Falls Airport.



Thank heavens Roberta has formed the habit of leaving early to catch airplanes. Would you believe it; they got lost before they even got out of Rexburg! With the help of a polite young fellow in a convenience store, they finally found I15, and were soon approaching Idaho Falls. Wouldn't you know it; they got lost again! They could see a tower that looked like an airport control tower, but it might have been a switch tower on the RR. Regardless, they couldn't figure out any way to get to it. Finally, a young lady at a gas station set them straight again. They made it to the airport with only about 30 minutes to spare, but at last Roberta and Bill were on their way home. Bob and Alice returned to that same gas station, filled up with gas, and had breakfast at the restaurant next door. Then they, too, were on their way - north on I15 toward Dillon, MT. Although this reunion was a day longer than previous reunions, it was over much too soon.

Gilmore, Idaho - a Resort? Shortly after the Moll Cousin Reunion in the summer of 1994, the residents of Gilmore learned that a Mr. Derrold Slavin of Salmon, Idaho had just purchased some 370 lots within the town of Gilmore. That would comprise approximately two-thirds of the Gilmore town site.

Dick's neighbor, Gary Pemberton, had occasion to meet and talk with Mr. Slavin. When questioned as to what he intended to do with that much property in a place like Gilmore, Mr. Slavin was very evasive and simply would not give Gary a straight answer. Gary said later that his first instincts were not to like the man or trust him.

A little later on the resident's heard "through the grapevine" that Mr. Slavin was attempting to promote Gilmore as a place having definite resort potential. This was being done in an attempt to entice someone into buying some 345 of his 370 lots. Strangely enough, Mr Slavin intended to keep for himself all of the lots with buildings on them.

Around the end of August a reporter from the Idaho Falls newspaper, "Post Register" came to Gilmore to interview the residents. He wanted to get the reaction of the residents of Gilmore to Mr. Slavin's plans. The reporter, Mr. Stuart Englert, had already interviewed Mr. Slavin about his intentions, and now he was interested in the other side of the story. He promised to give them equal billing, and to print the interview accurately and completely.

He was a man of his word because about a week later both stories appeared side-by-side on the front page of the "Post Register". Indeed, their interview was accurately reported.

As of July 10, 1995, the residents know of no one who has shown any interest in purchasing Mr. Slavin's 345 lots with resort potential. The Gilmore residents hope it stays that way. It should be made clear that the residents of Gilmore are adamantly opposed to any attempt to make Gilmore into a resort - or any attempt to commercialize it in any way.

As of July 10, 1995, Dick has not met Mr. Slavin face to face. There is no doubt that Mr. Slavin has heard how Dick feels about his plans, and perhaps he has decided to avoid meeting Dick. If so, that is a wise decision on his part. If they do meet, Dick will not hesitate to tell Mr. Slavin what he thinks of him and his plans for Gilmore. Moreover, Mr. Slavin is not welcome in Dick's home, and if he should come calling Dick will order him off the place.

As far as Dick is concerned, there is no compromise on this issue.

Bob and Alice's 1995 visit to Gilmore

Saturday, Sep 16. Lake Lodge to Gilmore to Salmon.

This would be the ninth day of travel for Bob and Alice, and they had already covered 2341 miles. After a pleasant two days in Yellowstone Park they were anxious to resume their journey to Gilmore.

They got up early (6:30); had a light breakfast in the cafeteria at Lake Lodge, and left by 8 AM. Traffic through the park was quite light. Along the way they saw Canadian geese, trumpeter swan, deer, elk and buffalo. At one point they stopped to take pictures of a bull elk with his harem. The bull made an eerie sound, sort of like that of a bag pipe. One of the tourists parked along the road got out of his car with a horn and attempted to imitate the sound the elk had made. He did succeed in getting the attention not only of the bull but of the female elks as well - they all turned and stared! In all, it took 1 ½ hours to travel from Lake Lodge to West Yellowstone.

In West Yellowstone they stopped for coffee and gas. West Yellowstone is primarily a tourist town with all kinds of shops and cafes built log-cabin style. As they traveled through The Targhee National Forest, they began to see Quaking Aspen in Fall Color. They stopped in Harriman State Park for restrooms. As they got closer to Rexburg, they passed through a prosperous agricultural region with dairy cows and large irrigated fields of potatoes. By lunch time they were in Rexburg. As they drove through Rexburg after lunch, Bob figured out why he got lost there the year before.

As they drove West from Rexburg, they soon encountered the desert region with dense sagebrush and some curious-looking yellow wild flowers with tall spikes of bloom (not yet identified). The traffic was very light, mostly cowboys in pick-up trucks often with horse trailers. It was a warm, sunny day and the drive along the Bitterroot Mountains was very scenic and most pleasant. They arrived at Dick's cabin shortly after 2 PM. The gate was open, Dick's Buick was parked in front of his cabin, but his truck wasn't there. Bob was sure that he must have gone off on an errand or something; he really thought that Dick wasn't home. However, after a few minutes they heard the back door rattle, and Dick emerged. It turned out that his truck was in town at Peterson's Welding. It has become somewhat unreliable, so he leaves it there to use on his trips into the canyons - and commutes to and from Leadore in his Buick.

They visited for a short while. Bob had brought along a portable computer to record new information directly into their document, *The History of Gilmore*. Dick and Bob had several specific objectives in mind, one of which was to draw various structures as they might have appeared originally. Among the details they wanted to deduce from the ruins was the kinds of window sash and siding for each building. They also wanted to explore the overall layout of the town and improve the accuracy of their map diagrams. With the computer at hand, Dick would get a better feel for techniques of recording text and creating drawings and maps.

By 4:30 they all went to Salmon in the van so Bob and Alice could check into their motel and unload some of the luggage. Dick warned Bob about deer which frequently crossed the highway. Sure enough, they saw one cross the road ahead of them. About mid way between Leadore and Salmon they passed the 45th parallel, which is half way between the Equator and the North Pole. They discovered that Dick's cabin is 2 miles from Highway 28, and 65 miles to the StageCoach Inn in

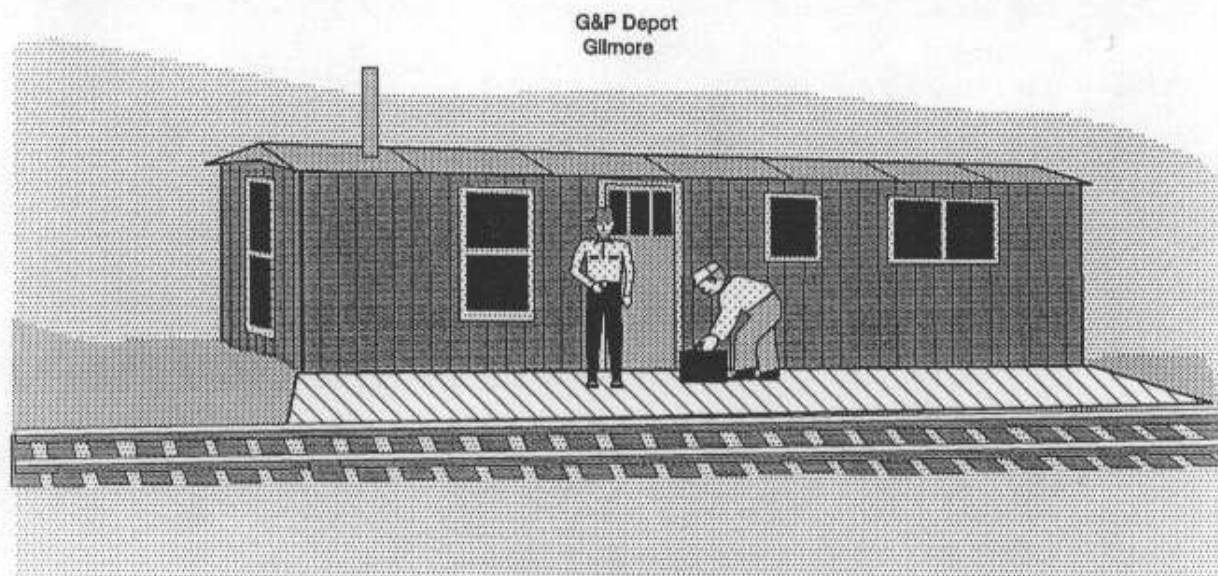
Salmon. Their motel room was on the second floor (#283) overlooking the Salmon River. It was a wonderfully large room with a lovely view of the river.

After checking in, they all went to Cafe Club 28 for supper. After supper they went back to Dick's home in Gilmore. Dick again warned Bob to watch out for deer, so Bob was especially alert on the way back to the motel. Even so he came awfully close to colliding with a small deer that crossed right in front of the van. They arrived back at the StageCoach Inn about 12:30.

Sunday, Sep 17. The continental breakfast provided by the motel was unusually good. On their first trip from Salmon to Gilmore in daylight they passed a great many large herds of cattle grazing in pastures along the highway. Alice had been disappointed in the previous year because they saw so few cattle - but that was summer and the cattle were on the range. Now with winter approaching, the cattle were being brought in from the range and the large numbers that are grown in the Lemhi Valley were more clearly in evidence. They arrived in Gilmore at 10:30.

They visited until about noon - reviewed various pictures, etc. In the afternoon they toured Lower Gilmore in some detail. They inspected the tramway, the power plant, the RR Depot, the Pierce House, the Gilmore Mercantile, granary, and Elmer Tucker's house. There may have been a more elaborate RR depot earlier, but since they have no photograph to go by, Bob decided to draw the depot which had once been a combine railroad car.

Along the way they met Debbie Pemberton. She is a very friendly person and is also interested in gathering information on the history of Gilmore. She told them a more believable version of the story about "Shorties Last Party" than the one they had originally. Debbie invited Dick, Alice and Bob to stop by her house for coffee before they returned to Dick's place. Her home used to be the Gilmore Garage. It is a large, sturdy, two-story structure. Debbie and Gary have been building spacious living quarters on the second floor. The bottom floor will continue to be a garage, and house Gary's collection of antique cars.



The renovation work upstairs was not entirely complete, but what had been done was very comfortable, quite spacious and very impressive. As they talked, it became apparent that she was not only a very nice person, but very talented as well. She is an excellent photographer, a very clever and artistic craftsman, and a former elementary school teacher.

It started to rain as they headed back to Dick's cabin. The walking was rocky, sometimes steep, and very difficult. Alice got very tired, but she made it OK. While it rained they corrected some of the drawings on the computer. As soon as it stopped raining they went out to continue their investigation of Gilmore. They drove over to where the Gilmore City Park had been, and visited the shack with the inscription about Chub and Ellen Stout. They also examined the cabin where the murdered man was found. When they returned to Dick's cabin, Dick prepared a delicious barbecue of Steak and baked potatoes. After an excellent meal they headed back to Salmon and arrived about 11:30. They found that driving between Leadore and Salmon in the dark was a bit hazardous because of deer which cross the highway. They had seen two the night before, so they were especially wary.

Monday, Sep. 18. An especially nice day! Bob and Alice were up at 6:15. Since this was the day for their flight to the Flying B Ranch, they ate little at the motel. Dick met them in the parking lot at 8 AM, and they all headed for the airport. The pilot (Dan Schrader) was waiting for them. Dan Schrader was the same fellow who had piloted the plane for their cousins reunion the previous year. The plane last year was a twin engine Britten-Norman Islander. The plane for this trip would be a single engine Cessna Turbo-Stationair 6. There were four of passengers - Dick, Alice, Bob, and a fellow from Seattle named Curt.

The flight path was much lower than the year before - and went through the canyons rather than over the mountains. The weather was bright and very clear, with little or no wind. It was a perfect morning for flying. Best of all, this plane was much quieter than the Islander had been, and they could talk with one another. Dan pointed out points of interest, such as (1) a Gold Mine, (2) a Cobalt Mine, (3) a big forest fire, and (4) a smaller forest fire that was closer to their destination. As they flew over the Middle Fork they could see several rafting party drifting down stream. Their fellow passenger, Curt, had taken such a rafting trip several years ago, and he was able to describe in detail what such a trip is like. Soon they could see the landing strips - first the unused dirt strip built by the Forest Service, and then the bright green grass strip of the Flying B Ranch. The landing this time was even more thrilling than the one of the year before. The approach followed the same general pattern as with the larger plane, only somewhat lower.

The plane was met by a jovial character named "Bob", who loaded them into his jeep for the ride to the ranch. This fellow, Bob, recognized Alice and Bob's southern accent. He said that he had dated a girl from Atlanta. He not only had learned to recognize the southern accent, but he also had become fond of grits! Alice and Bob knew right away that this guy was OK.

Up at the ranch they all had a great breakfast of eggs, bacon or sausage, hash brown potatoes and toast or biscuits. The pilot sat down and ate breakfast with them, and they all became much better acquainted. After breakfast, Dan lead the way up to the hydro electric plant, and described how water was piped from a dam some distance above into the impeller, which turn drove the generator to produce plenty of power for the ranch. Then they all walked down to the river and onto the bridge where they watched a party of rafters arrive. Shortly after they returned to the ranch to await their departure, Alice disappeared. She was over at the corral

making up to a mule.

Bob, the jeep driver, finally showed up to ferry the group back to the landing strip in the jeep. So, after they managed to get Alice back from the corral, they headed down to the plane. Bob was kind enough to take their pictures by the plane as they got ready to depart.

The return flight was just as exciting as the flight in - but took less time. Then all three of them, Dick, Alice and Bob, went to a grocery store and bought some fried chicken and some drinks. They took the chicken to an island in the Salmon River - right across from their motel, and had a picnic lunch.

Dick left for Leadore in his Buick, and a short time later they followed and met him in Leadore. From there they drove the van up Railroad Canyon and over Bannock Pass (7600 ft.). Back in Gilmore they had coffee and a light supper, and then Alice and Bob went back to Salmon to do the laundry. While Alice did laundry, Bob attempted to draw on the computer some of the buildings he had seen in Gilmore.

Tuesday, Sep 19. This was the day when Murphy's Law was invoked!

The morning was pleasant but a bit blustery and very soon the sky began to cloud over somewhat. They spent most of the morning exploring Upper Gilmore, and learned a great deal about the buildings there. Alice took plenty of pictures to ensure that Bob could draw them.

Dick and Bob carefully examined the old Company Store to learn what kind of window sash it had. Details of the loading shelter attached to the rear also had to be determined from the fallen debris.

Nearby cabins #2 and #3 attracted their attention. These cabins are small, and at first glance not very impressive. However, they both had enclosed garages attached to the rear. The structures were somewhat crude, but certainly functional and a novel idea in view of the harsh winters here. These two cabins are shown on the next page.

The dining hall is in fair shape. In addition to the kitchen there were two dining rooms. A larger room where the miners ate, and a smaller, more ornate section for the mine bosses.

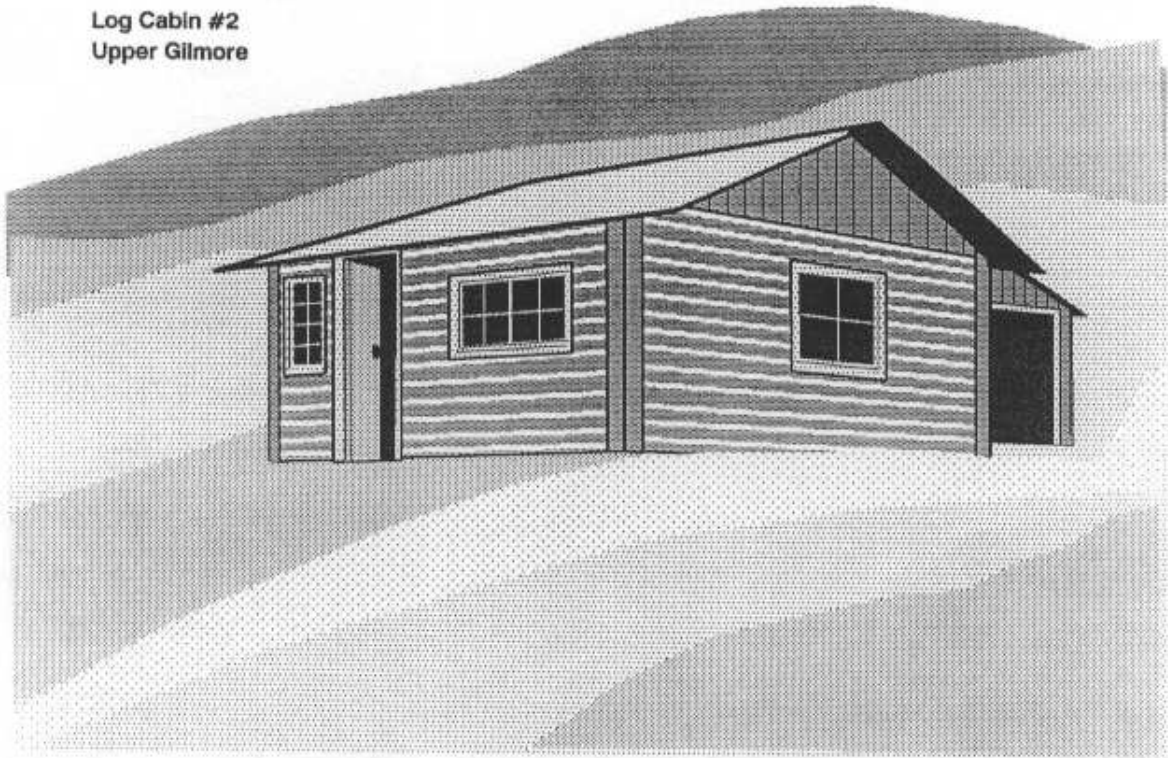
Bob found some chips of rock with bright fluorescent green coloring on them just outside of the assay office. Dick said it was Silver Ore - probably low grade, but silver nevertheless. The Assay Office is still in pretty good shape. The table where the ore was assayed is still there, as well as a desk.

Alice was especially interested in the blacksmith shop or forge, and they all spent time speculating on the exact location of the forge itself. This building is also in fair condition, and at least part of the workbench is still in evidence.

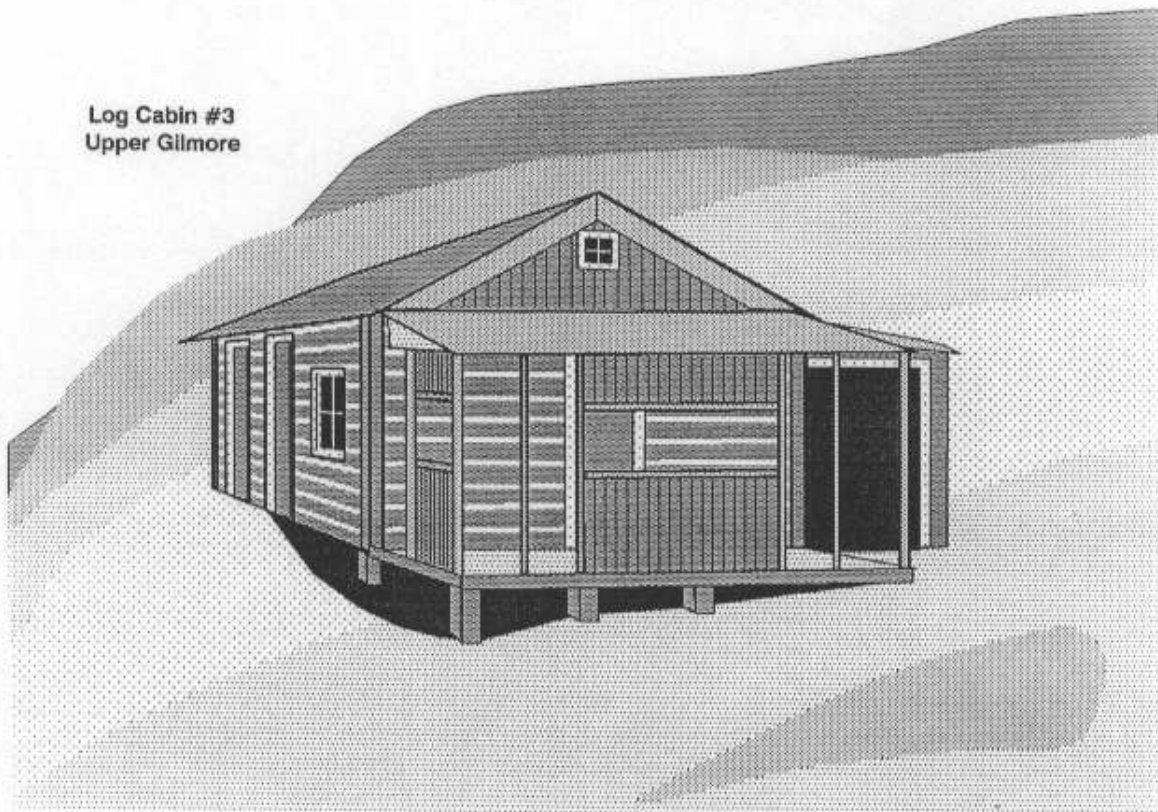
They went on to examine the boarding houses and the large cabin used by the mine superintendent. The latter is gradually decaying, but it is clear that it was a magnificent house at one time. It featured a large veranda overlooking the valley below. Inside there was a massive fireplace between the living room and dining room, with a warming nook set into the dining room side. The kitchen was large and even included a skylight!

The windows of all of the buildings in Upper Gilmore were carefully examined to

Log Cabin #2
Upper Gilmore



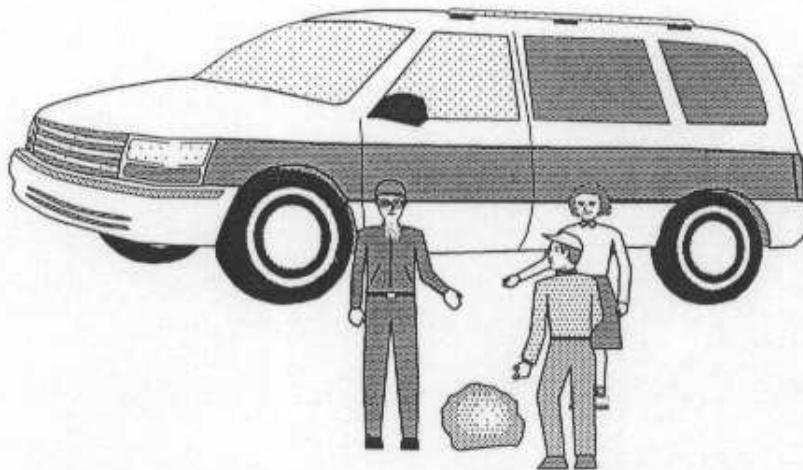
Log Cabin #3
Upper Gilmore



determine the number and location of mutton bars so that windows could be portrayed in drawings of each building accurately. It became evident that, in general, the window panes used were all the same size, about 6 x 8 inches. Style of the windows was varied in two ways; (1) by the number of panes in each sash, and (2) by the orientation of the panes.

They agreed that it would be best if Bob and Alice could leave for Salmon early enough to alleviate the danger of hitting a deer in the darkness. So, with plenty of time remaining before dark, they headed for the Two Dot Ranch to get the Packard. Dick was going to drive Bob and Alice into Leadore in style, and all would have supper in the EE Cafe. The first delay in their plans occurred when they got behind a cattle drive. Bob had never been confronted with such a problem before, and was reluctant to push his way through the herd. Finally, Mrs. Whittaker came along and they were able to follow her through the herd of cows.

Then Bob demonstrated unusual driving skill by running over a big rock as they drove through the driveway at the Two Dot Ranch. There was a loud "wham", the van lurched violently upward, and a rock about the size of a volley ball rolled out from underneath. The van was still running Ok, but a quick inspection revealed that a pan (they thought the oil pan) had been badly dented and possibly cracked. It didn't seem to be leaking, however. They decided to see what it looked like later - after they had supper.



They got the Packard out and headed for the EE Cafe. Dick and Alice led the way in the front seat, while Bob followed along in the back seat. There is enough distance between the front and back seats to hold a small dance! As they walked into the EE Cafe, they found that supper would have to be delayed a little because there was no electric power - anywhere in Leadore. They were assured that power was supposed to be turned on momentarily, so they waited, and waited some more. Finally, about 6:45, the power came on so that supper could be prepared. That supper was really worth waiting for, it was really good!

After supper they headed back to the Two Dot Ranch in the Packard. The generator wasn't working properly, so Dick was reluctant to turn on the headlights. But that was OK, dusk was approaching but it wasn't dark yet. Then, as they turned into the driveway - the Packard, which had been running fine, just quit. Nothing

would work. It was as if the battery was completely dead or more likely had shorted out somehow. It was getting dark rapidly at that point, so Alice suggested that maybe they had better push the Packard back into the shed while there was still some light. The trouble with that idea was that the Packard weighs over 2½ tons and they were more than 200 yards from the shed. Fortunately, Dick's quick thinking made pushing the Packard unnecessary. He solved the problem right away when he discovered that the battery cable had come loose. As soon as it was connected again, the Packard ran fine.

They got the Packard back into the shed. Then with flashlights, Bob and Dick crawled under the van as best they could to get a better look. They couldn't get far enough underneath to really see the damage, but it didn't seem to be leaking anything and the engine oil level was up to full. So they proceeded on back to Gilmore and then Bob and Alice headed for Salmon. By this time it was completely dark and raining. Nevertheless, they made it back to Salmon OK, and they didn't encounter any deer.

Wednesday, Sep 20. A much better day but much cooler.

Bob could find no evidence of a leak under the van, and was somewhat relieved. After a light continental breakfast at the motel, Bob and Alice left Salmon and met Dick in Leadore - about 10:30 AM. They immediately took the van over to Gerald Peterson for his assessment of the damage. He got down in his pit beneath the van and looked it over thoroughly. He found that the oil pan was not damaged at all - it was the transmission pan that was dented. He could find no evidence that it was cracked, but noticed a small leak around the seal. Nothing else seemed to be damaged. His advice was to go ahead with it as it was - that dent shouldn't affect transmission performance, and the leak was so slight that it shouldn't cause trouble. That was a big relief, and it turned out that his judgment was absolutely correct.

They were so relieved that Alice volunteered to buy breakfast/lunch at the EE Cafe to celebrate. Back in Gilmore they first inspected Dick's first cabin (Cabin #37) very closely, and they also explored Grover Tucker's House. Later, Dick and Alice corrected Ron's story while Bob started to draw the Power Plant from a photograph that Dick had obtained from Debbie Pemberton.

It turned much colder, the wind picked up, and it even started to snow a little. Because of the wind and the cold, Dick decided to cook the pork chops and potatoes inside on the stove. It was a delicious supper, and Bob marveled at Dick's ability as a cook. Bob and Alice got back to Salmon well before dark that evening so Alice did laundry while Bob drew on the computer.

Thursday, Sep. 21. The cold morning (25°) delighted Alice and Bob who were tired of hot summer weather. After the usual continental breakfast at the motel, they headed for Leadore. There was quite a bit of snow on the mountains all around, and snow was still falling on some of the higher peaks as they drove down from Salmon - quite a thrill for Bob and Alice, and very pretty.

They met Dick in Leadore. He had just finished his watermaster work. They immediately checked the transmission fluid level in the van and found it to be up to the full mark. Dick was right in his prediction - the leak was too small to show up on the dip stick. Bob agreed that the puddle he had seen under the van that morning could have involved only a tablespoon of fluid spread out over the smooth surface of the driveway. So, the decision was made to follow Gerald's advice and go ahead as planned. To celebrate this decision they all went across the road to

the EE Cafe for breakfast, and Alice got stuck with the check once again. As they all left for Dick's home in Gilmore, Bob and Alice drove past the church in Leadore that is identical to the one that used to be in Gilmore.

When they got back to Gilmore, their first objective was to find the exact location of the church and the school. They carefully examined the plot plan of the town that Dick had acquired. Then, after considerable walking back and forth, they finally settled on the most likely positions, and went back to the cabin to enter their findings on the map and to draw the church.

It was windy but not quite as cold as the evening before, so Dick cooked steak and potatoes on the grill outside. As usual, it was a tremendous meal. Bob and Alice were sad that it was to be their last one in Gilmore, for this trip anyhow.

Bob and Alice got back to Salmon just after dark - and right away Bob noticed fluid leaking from the van. If the rate it was leaking persisted - it would have drained the transmission overnight. Hopefully, it would not leak for very long after the engine was shut off. They decided to have faith in the advice of Gerald Peterson, and not to worry about it.

So, they proceeded to pack up the van as much as they could, and then went to bed.

Friday, Sep 22. Another cold morning with ice on the windshield. However, the good news was that the puddle of fluid under the van was no larger than it had been the previous morning. So, they had a light breakfast, packed up the rest of their stuff, checked out, and headed for Leadore.

They arrived before Dick got there, so Bob proceeded to check the transmission fluid right away. The fluid level was still up to the full mark, and besides that, there was absolutely no fluid dripping from beneath the van at that point. Surprisingly, no more fluid leaked from the van for the remainder of the trip.

While they waited for Dick to return from his watermaster work, Alice proceeded to take pictures around Leadore. Bob spent his time examining the remains of the Leadore Railroad Station. All that remains is the beautiful stone wall that formed the lower 3 or 4 feet of the building itself. The stone work was very well done, and obviously is both durable and fire proof. That raises a question - why weren't more structures around there built of stone - and especially in Gilmore itself? There certainly is no shortage of stone - but then there was no shortage of wood either. The answer must be that wood was so much easier to work with.

When Dick arrived, they all got into his Buick and went out to meet Melva Kauer and get gas for Dick's car. Melva was as great a lady as Bob and Alice had expected. She was very easy to talk to, and Alice and she hit it off right away.

They returned to Leadore via the back roads - past the fields that Dick had irrigated in the past - and near the house that he had lived in for 12 years.

After lunch at the EE Cafe, they said farewell to Dick, and Bob and Alice headed for Idaho Falls.

The motel in Idaho Falls was really nice. It was situated on the Snake River at the Falls, and across from the Mormon Temple. Alice did laundry while Bob cleaned the windows of the van and tried to straighten up the load of luggage. Dick had

supplied them with two nice-sized boxes, so they could pack up all the souvenirs that they had accumulated along the way. Those boxes were a tremendous help in organizing all that stuff.

The trip from Idaho Falls to Raleigh was a great experience. They drove through the Colorado Rockies where they went through a real snow storm, visited the Colorado Railroad Museum in Golden, stayed two nights at the Welk Resort Center in Branson where they saw two very good shows and took a ride on the Branson Scenic Railroad. It was a big surprise to meet Bill and Roberta Abrams at the breakfast and morning show in the Welk Center! Bob and Alice also visited the Casey Jones Museum in Jackson and The Chattanooga Choo Choo Museum in Chattanooga. They traveled a total of 6272 miles, they had a most enjoyable visit with Dick in Gilmore, and overall they had a marvelous trip.

Gilmore's Tour Guide. It was a warm sunny morning in late May of 1990, and Dick hiked up to Upper Gilmore. He went up the back way and intended to spend a few hours exploring the area and studying the buildings that were still standing. After roaming around all morning he finally decided to head back down to his cabin and have lunch. For a change of scenery he chose to return by way of the road. As he approached the big bend in the road at the bottom of the hill, he noticed a bunch of people and horses gathered in the shaded area just south of the road (part of the area formerly known as "Ragtown").

It was fortunate indeed that he walked up to the man in charge and asked him who they were and where they came from. The leader, Dick Clark, was a member of the faculty of Ricks College in Rexburg. He explained that they were on an extended field trip. They were following on horseback a specified part of The Nez Perce Trail which goes through the mountains near Gilmore.

Their route of travel for the day brought them through Gilmore, so they stopped for a lunch break. Lunch was over and most of the students were lounging in the shade nearby.

Dick introduced himself, and explained to Mr. Clark that he was the only current resident of Gilmore. Mr. Clark exclaimed, "you mean that you actually live here?" The others overheard Dick's reply and suddenly he found himself surrounded by college students. They had no idea that anyone actually lived in Gilmore, so they were intrigued and very interested. Several said that they hadn't seen any place that looked fit for living quarters, and they wanted to know which building he lived in. That was an easy question to answer - all they had to do was walk up the road a short distance, look down the draw, and there was Dick's place. It was easily distinguishable by the fence, the neatly mowed lawn, the new green roof, and even windows with glass in them. So they were satisfied that Dick was for real - that he did actually live in Gilmore. Even so, they were still intrigued that Dick was Gilmore's only living resident.

Unfortunately, they had little time to visit. They were already behind schedule, and if they were going to reach their destination for the night they would have to get started very soon. There were about 20 students in the group, and Dick was impressed with their curiosity and politeness. He really did enjoy talking with them. When the time came, they were reluctant to leave and most of them came up to Dick to shake his hand and wish him well. As they pulled out, one young fellow lagged behind the others. He turned and waved to Dick four or five times before

they went out of sight.

As they were leaving, Mr. Clark told Dick that he would be making the trek again in July with a group of seniors. Their schedule would bring them into Gilmore on the afternoon of July 8. They would spend the night camping in Gilmore and move on the next morning. He asked if Dick would be willing to talk to his group about Gilmore and what it was like living there as the only resident and maybe show them around some. Dick assured him that he would be delighted to talk about his experiences and show them around Gilmore. As they left, Dick was already looking forward to July.

So, about mid-afternoon on July 8, a group of about fifteen or sixteen people on horseback topped the rise just north of Gilmore and rode into town - passing in front of the old Dorsey place (the buildings just beyond the reservoir below his cabin). Then they angled up past the site of the power plant and finally pulled up in front of the Gilmore Mercantile. Dick had seen them as they came in, so he had hurried over and was there to greet them.

At first Dick was surprised and a bit confused because they were all elderly people - Senior Citizens. When Mr. Clark had said "Seniors", Dick thought he meant college seniors. Anyway, here they were and they were part of the Elderhostel Program. They turned out to be from all over the country and had spent a week on horseback following The Nez Perce Trail.

Dick spent a delightful evening together with them. They insisted that he join them for a delicious steak dinner, after which he took them all on a tour of Upper Gilmore. They had a couple of pickup trucks that were used to haul most of their camping gear and food, as well as a horse trailer with spare horses. Since the pickups were available and there was room for all to ride, it was easy to convince them that the most interesting place for them to see was Upper Gilmore. The tour was a smashing success. They all seemed eager to learn as much as they could about this fascinating place. It was almost dark when they finally got back to their camp - so it was time to turn in for the night. So they all thanked Dick for the tour and said it had been a wonderful evening. Just as Dick was about to head back to his place, Mr. Clark hand Dick a check for \$25 for his tour and lecture. Dick, of course, had enjoyed the experience as much as anyone so he tried to refuse. But Mr. Clark insisted. He said the program provided funds for such things, and that Dick had certainly earned every penny. He also wanted to know if Dick would do it again next year if he brought a group through Gilmore. Dick told him of course. He was already looking forward to it and counting on it.

Both of those tours have become annual events. Each May Dick welcomes the Ricks College students to his town. They have revised their schedule so they can spend the night in Gilmore. They always treat Dick to an excellent dinner, and he treats them to a tour and a historical perspective of Gilmore. Then in July each year Dick spends a similar evening with senior citizens who are touring The Nez Perce trail with the Elderhostel Program. They are both very enjoyable events for Dick, and he looks forward to them enthusiastically.

A short time later that summer, on Monday, July 16, 1990 to be exact, Dick returned to Gilmore from his watermaster duties as usual. However, on that day when he turned onto the road into Gilmore he was confronted by an unbelievable sight. His town of Gilmore was overrun with campers, trailers, and motor homes. They appeared to be parked about three deep from one end of the town to the other.

As he drove up to the Gilmore Mercantile, the scene was even more unbelievable. Gilmore was crawling with people - there were people everywhere!! Well, Dick drove on to his home as quickly as he could and took care of his groceries. Then he started walking back towards town to see what was going on. As he was angling over to Porphyry Avenue (Gilmore's Main Street), he spotted a lady walking up past the powerhouse ruins and heading his way. So, he waited for her to catch up with him, and then he asked her who they all were and where were they from. She explained that they were members of the "Colorado Ghost Town Club" and were touring Idaho Ghost Towns.

They had been walking along as she told him all this, so they were in front of the Pierce House when Dick told her that he lived in Gilmore. Well, that lady seemed to come unglued! She startled Dick by yelling as loud as she could for a guy named "John". Dick was grateful for the relative silence that returned when John appeared on the scene followed by a crowd of club members.

Upon learning that Dick was a current resident of Gilmore, this fellow introduced himself as John Nicholson, the coordinator of the tour. He explained that each summer they spend two weeks visiting ghost towns in the different states throughout the West. John and his club members were surprised and fascinated to meet someone who was actually living in Gilmore. All of the information they had indicated that Gilmore had been completely abandoned for a long time.

Of course, Dick answered many questions. As they walked along, he pointed out some of the buildings and explained a little of the history of Gilmore. John called all of the club members together for an informal conference in front of the Gilmore Mercantile. It seems that Gilmore was to have been nothing more than a lunch stop before continuing on to Salmon. Salmon was to be their final destination for the day. After their arrival in Salmon the members were to be on their own for the rest of the day.

When John finally managed to get all the club members together (there were about 70 of them), he asked Dick if he would be willing to show them around and tell the group some of the history of Gilmore. Of course Dick said he would be happy to, and suggested that it might be most interesting to tour Upper Gilmore. That suggestion really aroused their curiosity because they had never heard of Upper Gilmore.

John told the group that those who wished to continue on to Salmon as scheduled should feel free to do so, but those interested in touring Gilmore with Dick were urged to stay. They would depart for Salmon later in the day - after the tour.

Almost half of them chose to stay, and together with Dick they had a wonderful afternoon. They impressed Dick as great bunch of people and they were very much interested in learning about Gilmore. They were very pleased with Dick's tour and the information he provided. As a result of their visit Dick receives a Christmas Card with a nice note from Sally Alt who was President of their club at the time of their visit in 1990.

In the Spring of 1993, a fellow by the name of Brent Bird came by to visit with Dick. Brent had been school superintendent in Leadore for a couple of years, but had moved on to a better job with the Idaho Falls School District. His purpose in visiting Dick was to ask for a favor. He explained that he would be involved with the Elderhostel Program operating at Ricks College that summer. He was placed in

charge of a couple of groups that would be touring points of interest in Central and Southern Idaho. He wanted to know if it would be all right to bring these groups into Gilmore, and would Dick be willing to talk to them about the history of Gilmore - and maybe give them a brief tour.

By this time Dick was really getting into giving tours and lectures about the history of his town, so of course he happily agreed to do Mr. Bird this favor.

The first group arrived in late June aboard the *Deluxe* Ricks College Day Cruiser. There were about 50 of them from all over U.S. They arrived at the Gilmore Mercantile at just about noon, so the first order of business was lunch. They were provided box lunches that had been prepared by the Ricks College Cafeteria and had lunch in the shaded area up by the big turn in the road. They not only treated Dick to lunch, but they gave him all of the left over box lunches - enough to provide him with lunch for a whole week. After eating, Brent and Dick took the bus driver on a quick trip to Upper Gilmore in Dick's pickup to see if he could get his bus up there. The bus driver decided that the hill was much too steep for his bus, so they decided to settle for a tour of Gilmore itself.

They took a leisurely walking tour of the town, and as they walked along, Dick told them a few "Gilmore stories". He described the history of Gilmore and answered a lot of questions. The tour went really well and everyone seemed to be happy and satisfied with their visit to Gilmore. The tour ended at the Gilmore Mercantile where the bus was waiting to pick them up.

The end of that week spelled the end of their activities, so the people in charge of the program asked the participants to vote on which of the points of interest they liked the best. Dick was really proud when Brent told him that they had voted their visit to Gilmore as the best by a large margin.

Their visit to Gilmore must have made quite an impression because the group sent Dick a greeting card. During their last time together, each of them wrote a note and signed the card in appreciation of Dick's efforts and the enjoyable time they had in Gilmore. As with all Elderhostel groups, these folks were a very diverse group who had come from all over the country. Dick was really touched by their thoughtfulness.

In July Dick entertained the second Elderhostel group in much the same way. If anything, Dick thought that this tour was even better than the first one. In appreciation for the great time they had in Gilmore, they presented him with a copy of Pearl Ogberg's book, *Between These Mountains*. Like the first group, these folks were also a very thoughtful and appreciative group.

One of the couples on the July tour - a couple from Washington State - came back again later that summer. They asked Dick if he would show and tell them more about Gilmore. This time they toured Upper Gilmore, and they were fascinated with what they learned. Every year since then at Christmas time Dick has gotten a card, a nice note, and a box of Christmas goodies from them. They are planning a return visit to Gilmore during the summer of 1996.

A lady from Connecticut was busily making sketches during their Elderhostel visit to Gilmore. At Christmas time, 1993, she sent Dick a dozen or so of the sketches done in water colors, including an 8x10 framed sketch of his cabin. Every Christmas since then Dick has received a nice card and note from her and her husband.

The tours described above are typical examples of the many interesting and diverse groups that have asked Dick to give them guided tours and informative talks of and about Gilmore. These groups have included Boy Scouts, Church organizations, School Groups, Social Clubs, Historical organizations, etc. The tours have provided Dick with a great deal pleasure and satisfaction. Through them he has met a great many wonderful people that he would never have met otherwise. He thoroughly enjoys sharing "his town" with so many interested and caring people.

Historical Gilmore vs. Mr. Derrold Slavin. This is a recent update of the ongoing saga of greed referred to in the section entitled *Gilmore, Idaho - A Resort?*, which describes the efforts of Mr. Derrold Slavin to profit by commercializing Gilmore at the expense of the preservation of Gilmore as a historical entity.

Attempts to learn more about Mr. Slavin's specific plans have been difficult for several reasons. The first is that Dick has never met him; he avoids any contact with Dick. In his discussions with Gary Pemberton, Mr. Slavin has been very vague and evasive regarding his plans. His plans seem to change with the wind - he has trouble describing the same thing twice and continually contradicts himself.

During the summer of 1995, Mr. Slavin erected a large (4'x 8') sign on Highway 28 which advertised 345 lots in the Gilmore Townsite for sale. Since the sign was erected on state property, Dick checked to see if the state had granted permission. Investigation revealed that he had not consulted state authorities at all. Since the sign was erected illegally, Dick hoped that he would be required to remove it. However, all that state authorities would do was impose a fine and force him to obtain a permit for the sign. The total cost to Mr. Slavin was \$100, and Mr. Slavin now knows that Dick was the one who turned him in.

Before the Pembertons went South for the winter, Gary had occasion to talk with a fellow representing some folks in Jerome, Idaho. They were interested in purchasing the entire South end and part of the West side of Gilmore. When questioned as to their intentions, he would only say that it would involve boarding horses and that they would completely fence in their property. Dick and Gary speculate that they intended to set up a riding academy of some sort in Gilmore. Nothing further has been heard about this possibility (as of February, 1996).

Since Gilmore is listed on *The National Register of Historical Places*, Dick wondered if this fact would be of some help to fend off such commercialization. With the help of Alice Moll, Dick was able to locate and talk with folks who administer and maintain the historical register - at both the state level and the national level.

In each case, when Dick described the situation in Gilmore, they expressed genuine concern - up to the point where it became clear to them that privately-owned property was involved. At that point they immediately backed off by citing official policy which is that *The National Register of Historical Places* does not restrict the rights of private property owners to change or dispose of their property in any way that they see fit. This is regardless of whether such action would effect the historical value or significance of the property. They pointed out that their official policy does not in any way guarantee the preservation of historical properties. So, they have refused to get involved, and all they could do was wish Dick good luck in resolving the problem.

In the meantime, Mr. Slavin had a meeting with the Lemhi County Building Inspec-

tor (Gary Goodman), at which time he specifically inquired about county requirements and/or regulations pertaining to the establishment of an RV Park in Gilmore.

At this point several friends advised Dick to get on the agenda and bring the matter up at the next meeting of the Lemhi County Planning and Zoning Commission. Dick did just as his friends advised. When he brought the matter up at the meeting there seemed to be little interest until he showed them his color-coded copy of the Gilmore Town Plat. Then, suddenly, as if by magic, members of the commission became very much interested and a meaningful discussion ensued.

At the conclusion of The discussion, they promised a thorough investigation of the matter, and also promised to involve other county officials and agencies as appropriate to the situation. Finally, they assigned the Lemhi County Building Inspector, Gary Goodman, to keep Dick informed.

On a recent visit to Salmon, Dick stopped in at the Building Inspector's Office to visit with Gary Goodman, and while he was there he presented Mr. Goodman with a copy of our *A History of Gilmore*. Mr. Goodman was obviously pleased and said he wanted his mother to read it. His mother, Roberta Goodman, once lived in Gilmore and was a good friend of Mollie Pierce, the Gilmore Postmistress. What a stroke of good luck! Gary Goodman, the Lemhi County Building Inspector, has roots in good old Gilmore!

Gary confided to Dick that the Gilmore situation with Mr. Slavin had been thoroughly discussed by Lemhi County Officials and their agencies, including the County Commissioners. They unanimously expressed not only concern about the situation, but also a spirit of cooperation to work together to protect Gilmore as much as possible from anything that might be detrimental to the historical status of the town.

Some action has already been taken. They advised the Real Estate Agencies involved in trying to sell lots in Gilmore that they are required to inform anyone purchasing the property that it is all zoned and that there are restrictions on both the purchase and use of the property.

In order to comply with the Lemhi County Regulations, the buyer would be required to purchase a minimum of *one acre* if there is to be any kind of living quarters on the property. This included campers, travel trailer, mobile homes, etc. In addition, a septic tank and sewage system would have to be installed to the satisfaction of the Lemhi County Health Department.

All of this is good news for the residents of Gilmore. By referring to his color-coded copy of the town plat, Dick was able to check out the property owned by Mr. Slavin. Out of his 345 lots, 245 are small lots of 3300 square feet each, and the remaining 100 are larger lots of 6600 square feet. Since an acre is 43,560 square feet, a buyer would need to purchase at least 14 small lots at \$500 each (a total \$7000). Or the buyer could purchase 7 large lots at \$500, for a total of \$3500. Either way, in order to comply with county regulations, a sizable investment would be required for what amounts to a tract of sagebrush. Furthermore, with a little arithmetic and consideration of the specific location of these lots, Dick has calculated that there is a potential of only about 30 purchases of acre sized sites. Dick and many of his friends hope that these restrictions will be sufficient to discourage Mr. Slavin from trying to establish an RV Park in Gilmore.

In addition to warning Real Estate Agencies to abide by regulations, the county is

going to erect a sign next to Mr. Slavin's sign on Highway 28. That sign will inform any interested party that all of the 345 lots for sale are zoned, and that there are restrictions that apply to the purchase and use of the property.

Now, the \$64,000 question is: what will Mr. Slavin and his cohorts try next? Dick is sure they are not ready to give up - at least not yet. The residents of Gilmore do not want to see it commercialized and they are determined to preserve Gilmore's historical status. They are prepared to fight against Mr. Slavin every step of the way. One thing is certain, win or lose, Mr. Slavin is going to know he was in one whale of a fight.

Let us hope and pray that the breaks are favorable, and that eventually Mr. Slavin and his greedy schemes will be defeated - thus preserving Gilmore's unique historical status in a non-commercialized atmosphere.

The day Fay Ellis Whittaker visited Gilmore: Thursday, 20 June 1996 was quite a day in Gilmore when a former resident, Fay Ellis Whittaker, visited Gilmore for the first time in many years.

Fay was accompanied by a group of some thirteen people. These included her husband George; Marion Amonson and her sister Helen Brown (both of whom are Benedicts); John Amonson and his son Chris (also Benedicts). Both John and Chris helped Dick restore his cabin. John has designed and built several homes and Chris just graduated with a degree in Architectural Engineering at the University of Idaho. Others included were Bob and Audrey Reese. Audrey's mother, Frances, was a sister to Marion and Helen, and her father, Floyd Owen, worked in the Benedict's Meat Market. Wilmer and Ruth Rigby were also there. Wilmer is the owner of Rigby Pharmacy in Salmon and a well known amateur photographer interested in photographing Gilmore for a slide presentation. The Rigbys lived across the street from Mary Pierce in Salmon for a good many years and they knew her very well. Tex and Melva Kauer and grandson Taylor Kauer were also present. Tex has helped with the restoration of Dick's cabin, and Melva has been so very instrumental in the development of our *History of Gilmore* booklet. Of course Dick Moll was present. As Gilmore's only full-time resident, he served as host and they used the Hutching's cabin he had restored as sort of headquarters. The ultimate purpose of this auspicious gathering was to learn more about Gilmore's past, and thereby enhance the historical accuracy being recorded by Dick and Bob Moll in *The History of Gilmore*. Bob sincerely wishes that he could have joined that group on that day.

The tour of Gilmore Townsite started in front of the Gilmore Mercantile. As they walked down Porphyry Avenue, Fay was able to point out the location of Sadie Wedgewood's Hotel and Saloon, Elliot's Boarding House and The Gem Saloon. On Silver Street she showed them where Milberger's Saloon and Pool Hall used to be, the Milo Zook Home, and the Henderson Home as well as Pierce's second and third Gilmore homes. Later on she pointed out where the Machine Shed was located down next to the power plant. Fay also pointed out Windy Peak, a well known Gilmore landmark. Finally, she very graciously supplied a number of excellent photographs that will be very useful in creating drawings for this booklet.

At the conclusion of the tour of the Gilmore Townsite, everyone went over to Dick's place for a picnic lunch. Those who had not seen his cabin before were lavish in their praise for the quality of workmanship and decorative talent displayed in the restoration effort. The ladies in particular were most impressed with Dick's collection of antique Victorian furniture. Lots and lots of photographs were taken

of the cabin, outside as well as inside with the antique furnishings. Fay told them that Dick's cabin was originally the home of Bessie Cannon and her family. Bessie was a well known and much respected Lemhi County Pioneer.

After a very nice lunch which included delicious hand-cranked ice cream provided by Melva Kauer, they all drove to Upper Gilmore where Dick, especially, learned a lot. Dick already knew that the use of many of the buildings had changed over the years, but the sequence of uses was often not clear. Fay was able to elaborate on the use of the buildings during the time she lived there.

For example, Building #1 which was originally The Company Store had become The Winn Boarding House. Log Cabin #3 had become the home of Frank Schafer. Buildings #4 and #5 were originally Mine Company General Offices. During Fay's time #4 was the home of the Lingo Family while #5 was the home of the Jewett Family. Building #6, which Dick believes was originally the home of A.S. Ross, had become the Turnbull Boarding House. Ruins (E) (above the Assay Office) had been the home of the Fisher Family. Building #9 remained the Edgar Ross Home, and the ruins (H) behind had been the Edgar Ross Barn and Stable. Building #10, which has been referred to as the Mine Superintendent's Home, was called the P.I. House by Fay. She said the house was always occupied by P.I. Company officials or upper management personnel. Ruins (F) was the Dot Nichols Homes and the site, X_a, was the Dot Nichols' log barn. The building formerly labeled #11 was not a powder house as had been assumed, but was actually a walk-in cooler that had been attached to the kitchen at the back of the Ralph Nichols Home. The building now labeled #11 is a small building behind the Fisher House. As one can see, thanks to Fay's generous help, there have been many major changes which have added considerably to the accuracy of the Gilmore Maps.

It started to rain hard so they were unable to tour the upper mines. However, Fay did point out The P.I. Mine which can be seen from the road. Dick had incorrectly labeled this area as The Allie Mine, and he was grateful to Fay for correcting the error. Fay has promised to return to Gilmore soon so they can visit the major mines. Her help is vital to ensure accurate designations and descriptions in recorded in this booklet. Fay did provide an excellent photograph of the Hoist House, a very large and prominent building within the P.I. Mine Complex.

The mine previously referred to as "the mine back of Dick's place" was actually not a mine at all! It was The Ore Processing Mill! Even though there never was a smelter in Gilmore, they did put the ore through a reduction process (called milling) which separated out much of the slag. This accounts for the huge mountains of slag that are located there. After the reduction process, the ore was taken to the loading complex where it was loaded into ore cars for the trip down the tramway to the railhead.

No doubt about it, that day was a most interesting, informative and productive day. Both Dick and Bob are indebted to Fay for her willingness to spend the day and share her recollections of her life in Gilmore. Dick is looking forward with great anticipation to her next visit to Gilmore - hopefully in the near future. Both he and Bob are most anxious to learn more about life in Gilmore, and especially about the Gilmore Mines.