



The Great Fire of 1910

By Joe B. Halm

The crashing and rending of falling timber was terrifying, as the hissing, roaring flames licked the sky

OUT of the underbrush dashed a man—grimy, breathless, hat in hand. At his heels came another. Then a whole crew, all casting fearful glances behind them. "She's coming! The whole country's afire! Grab your stuff, ranger, and let's get out-a here!" gasped the leader.

This scene, on the afternoon of August 20, 1910, stands out vividly in my memory. The place was a tiny, timbered flat along a small creek in the headwaters of the St. Joe River in Idaho. The little flat, cleared of undergrowth to accommodate our small camp, seemed dwarfed beneath the great pines and spruce. The little stream swirled and gurgled beneath the dense growth and windfall, and feebly lent moisture to the thirsting trees along its banks.

For weeks forest rangers with crews of men had been fighting in a vain endeavor to hold in check the numerous fires which threatened the very heart of the great white-pine belt in the forests of Idaho and Montana. For days an ominous, stifling pall of smoke had hung over the valleys and mountains. Crews of men, silent and grim, worked along the encircling fire trenches. Bear, deer, elk and mountain lions stalked stary-eyed and restless through the camps, their fear of man overcome by a greater terror. Birds, bewildered, hopped about in the thickets, their song subdued, choked by the stifling smoke and oppressive heat. No rain had fallen since May. All vegetation stood crisp and brown, seared and withered by the long drought, as if by blight. The fragrance

of summer flowers had given way to the tang of dead smoke. The withered ferns and grasses were covered by a hoar-frost of gray ashes. Men, red-eyed and sore of lung, panted for a breath of untainted air. The sun rose and set beyond the pall of smoke. All nature seemed tense, unnatural and ominous.

It had taken days to slash a way through the miles of tangled wilderness to our fire, sixty-five miles from a railroad. On August 18, this fire was confined within trenches; all seemed well; a day or two more and all would have been considered safe. Difficulties in transportation developed which necessitated reducing our crew from eighty-five to eighteen men.

I had just left our two remaining packers with their stock at one of our supply camps and returned, when our demoralized crew dashed in. Incoherently, the men told how the fire had sprung up everywhere about them as they worked. The resinous smoke had become darker, the air even more oppressive and quiet. As if by magic, sparks were fanned to flames which licked the trees into one great conflagration. They had dropped their tools and fled for their lives. A great wall of fire was coming out of the northwest. Even at that moment small, charred twigs came sifting out of the ever-darkening sky. The foreman, still carrying his

ax, was the last to arrive. "Looks bad," he said. Together we tried to calm the men. The cook hurried the preparation of an early supper. A slight wind now stirred the treetops overhead; a faint, distant roar was wafted to my ears. The men heard it; a sound as of heavy wind, or a distant waterfall. Three men, believing safety lay in flight, refused to stay. "We're not going to stay here and be roasted alive. We're going."

Things looked bad. Drastic steps were necessary. Supper was forgotten. I slipped into my tent and strapped on my gun. As I stepped out a red glow was already lighting the sky. The men were pointing excitedly to the north.

"She's jumped a mile across the canyon," said the foreman, who had been talking quietly to the men. Stepping before them, I carelessly touched the holster of the gun and delivered an ultimatum with outward confidence, which I by no means felt.

"Not a man leaves this camp. We'll stay by this creek and live to tell about it. I'll see you through. Every man hold out some grub, a blanket, and a tool. Chuck the rest in that tent, drop the poles and bury it."

The men did not hesitate. The supplies, bedding, and equipment were dumped into the tent, the poles jerked out, and sand shoveled over it. Some ran with armloads of



Such a scene! The green, standing forest of yesterday was gone—only a charred and smoking remnant of stripped and broken trees was left, and the hideous red glare of the inferno still lighted everything

canned goods to the small bar in the creek, an open space scarcely thirty feet across. Frying pans, pails, and one blanket for each man were moved there. Meanwhile the wind had risen to hurricane velocity. Fire was now all around us, banners of incandescent flames licked the sky. Showers of large, flaming brands were falling everywhere. The quiet of a few minutes before had become a horrible din. The hissing, roaring flames, the terrific crashing and rending of falling timber was deafening, terrifying. Men rushed back and forth trying to help. One young giant, crazed with fear, broke and ran. I dashed after him. He came back, wild-eyed, crying, hysterical. The fire had closed in; the heat became intolerable. All our trust and hope was in the little stream and the friendly gravel bar. Some crept beneath wet blankets, but falling snags drove them out. There was yet air over the water. Armed with buckets, we splashed back and forth in the shallow stream throwing water as high as our strength would permit, drenching the burning trees. A great tree crashed across our bar; one man went down, but came up unhurt. A few yards below, a great log jam, an acre or more in extent, the deposit of a cloudburst in years gone by, became a roaring furnace, a threatening hell. If the wind changed, a single blast from this inferno would wipe us out. Our drenched clothing steamed and smoked; still the men fought. Another giant tree crashed, cutting deep into the little bar, blinding and showering us with sparks and spray. But again the men nimbly side-stepped the hideous meteoric monster.

After what seemed hours, the screaming, hissing, and snapping of millions of doomed trees, and the showers of sparks and burning brands grew less. The fire gradually subsided. Words were spoken. The drenched, begrimed men became more hopeful. Some even sought tobacco in their water-soaked clothing. Another hour and we began to feel the chill of the night. The hideous, red glare of the inferno still lighted everything; trees still fell by the thousands. Wearily, the men began to drag the watersoaked blankets from the creek and dry them; some scraped places beneath the fallen trees where they might crawl with their weary, tortured bodies out of reach of the falling snags. The wind subsided. Through that long night beside a man-made fire, guards sat, a wet blanket around their chilled bodies.

Dawn broke almost clear of smoke, the first in weeks. Men began to crawl stiffly out from their burrows and look about. Such a scene! The green, standing forest of yesterday was gone; in its place a charred and smoking mass of melancholy wreckage. The virgin trees, as far as the eye could see, were

broken or down, devoid of a single sprig of green. Miles of trees—sturdy, forest giants—were laid prone. Only the smaller trees stood, stripped and broken. The great log jam still burned. Save for the minor burns and injuries, all were safe. Inwardly, I gave thanks for being alive. A big fellow, a Swede, the one who had refused to stay, slapped me on the back and handed me my gun. I had not missed it.

"You lost her in the creek last night. You saved me my life," he said, simply. His lip trembled as he walked away.

The cook had already salvaged a breakfast from the trampled cache in the creek. Frying ham and steaming coffee drove away the last trace of discomfort.

"What are your plans?" asked the foreman, after several cups of coffee. "First we'll dig out our tent, salvage the grub, and then look the fire over. We'll order more men and equipment and hit the fire again."

Little did I know as I spoke that our fire that morning was but a dot on the blackened map of Idaho and Montana. After breakfast we picked our way through the fire to our camp of yesterday. All was safe. We moved the remaining equipment to the little bar. Our first thought was for the safety of our two packers and the pack stock at our supply camp. The foreman and I set out through the fire over the route of the old trail now so changed and unnatural. With ever-increasing apprehension we reached the first supply camp

where I had left the packers. Only a charred, smoking mass of cans and equipment marked the spot. What had become of the men? Not a sign of life could we find. They must have gone to the next supply camp. We hurried on, unmindful of the choking smoke and our burned shoes. We came upon our last supply camp; this, too, was a charred, smoldering mass. Still no signs of the men. A half mile beyond we suddenly came upon the remains of a pack saddle; then, another; the girths had been cut. Soon we found the blackened remains of a horse. Feverishly we searched farther. Next we found a riding saddle. With sinking heart we hastened on. More horses and more saddles. The fire was growing hotter. We halted, unable to go farther. We must go back for help and return when the heat had subsided.

Smoke darkened the sky; the wind had again risen to a gale; trees were once more falling all about us. We took shelter in a small cave in a rock ledge where the fire had burned itself out. Here we sat, parched, almost blind with smoke and ashes. Once the foreman voiced my thoughts: "The wind will die down toward night, then we can go back to camp." The fury of the wind, however, increased steadily. Fires roared again, and across the canyon trees



Under this rock cairn the bodies of eleven men who gave their lives fighting fire on the St. Joe were temporarily interred



That death and destruction ever stalk tragically in the wake of forest fire is proved by these few pictures. (1) At the mouth of the tunnel where Pulaski and his fifty men sought refuge and in which five men died. (2) Slashing through the dead and down timber to open a trail after the fire. (3) This white pine fell and killed three men standing behind the cedar in the background. (4) At the Halm camp on the gravel bar, after the worst was over,—and the heroic men of whom the author writes. (5) Marker on the monument erected by the government at St. Maries, Idaho, at the place of final interment of the fire-fighters. (6) Where Joe Beauchamp's cabin stood before fire swept over it. (7) On Setzer Creek, disinterred bodies being prepared for transportation and burial. (8) Ranger Pulaski who saved the lives of his men by sheer pluck and cool-headedness. (9) Fire-killed timber on Big Creek. (10) The retimbered tunnel where Supervisor Weigle (rear right)—a hero of the fire—nearly lost his life.

fell by the hundreds. After what seemed like hours, we crept out of our cramped quarters and retraced our steps. The storm had subsided slightly. If the remains of trail had been littered that morning, it was completely filled now. We came to a bend in the creek where the trail passed over a sharp hogback. As we neared the top, we again came into the full fury of the wind. Unable to stand, pelted by gravel and brands and blinded by ashes, we crawled across the exposed rocky ledges. I had never before, nor have I since, faced such a gale. On the ridges and slopes every tree was now uprooted and down. We passed the grim remains of the horses and supply camps. In

the darkness we worked our way back over and under the blackened, fallen trees. Fanned by the wind the fire still burned fiercely in places. Torn and bleeding we hurried on, hatless—in the darkness, lighted only by the myriads of fires—I picking the

way, the foreman watching for falling trees. While passing along a ledge a great tree tottered above us and rent its way to earth, rolling crazily down the slope. We ran for our lives, but the whirling trunk broke and lodged a few feet above. So absorbed were we with our plight that we nearly passed our camp on the little bar in the creek bottom.

By firelight we ate and related our fears as to the fate of the packers. As we talked, one of the men, pointing to the eastern sky, cried, "Look, she's coming again!" The sky in the east had taken on a hideous, reddish glow which became lighter and lighter. To the nerve-racked men it looked like another great fire bearing down upon us. Silently the men watched the phenomenon which lasted perhaps ten minutes. Then the realization came that the sky was clearing of smoke. In another brief space of time the sun shone. Not until then did I know that it was only 4 o'clock. A change in wind had shifted the smoke toward the northwest. We later found that the burn extended but a mile or two to the south of us.

Daylight next morning found us chopping and sawing a route back through the now cooled burn toward civilization, searching for our packers. That day I visited a prospector's cabin on a small side creek, a mile from the trail, to learn the fate of the man, a cripple. His earth-covered dugout by some miracle had withstood the fire. There were no signs of life about. Whether the man had gone out earlier in the week, or had suffered the same fate as our packers, I did not

then know. Evening found our little party many miles from camp. We saw the remains of an elk and several deer; also, a grouse, hopping about with feet and feathers burned off—a pitiful sight. Men who quenched their thirst from small streams immediately became deathly sick. The clear, pure water running through miles of ashes had become a strong, alkaline solution, polluted by dead fish, killed by the lye. Thereafter we drank only spring water. Late that night, weary and silent, the men returned to camp and crept into their blankets. Daylight again found us on the trail equipped with packs of food and blankets. About noon we came upon

an old, white horse, one of our pack string, badly singed,

but very much alive, foraging in the creek.

Late one day, the sixth since the great fire, a messenger, besmudged and exhausted, reached us. From him we learned that Wallace and many other towns and villages had burned;



The screaming and snapping of millions of doomed trees, and the showers of sparks and burning brands grew less, as the fire gradually subsided

that at least a hundred men had lost their lives and that scores were still missing. He had seen many of the dead brought in. Our crew had been given up as lost. Several parties were still endeavoring to reach us from different points. Ranger Haines with his crew was then several miles back and would cut the trail to take us out. Our packers, he said, had reached safety. The crippled prospector was still among the missing, and we were to search for him. For three days we combed the burned mountains and creeks for the missing man. On the third afternoon, weary and discouraged, we stumbled upon the ghastly remains, burned beyond recognition. His glasses and cane, which we found near, told the mute story of the last, great struggle of the unfortunate man, who, had he but known it, would have been safe in his little shack. In a blanket we bore the shapeless thing out to the relief crew.

From Ranger Haines I heard the story of our packers. Shortly after I had left them they had become alarmed. Hastily saddling the fourteen head of horses, they had left the supply camp for Iron Mountain, sixty miles away. Before a mile was covered they realized the fire was coming and that, encumbered with the slow-moving stock, escape would be impossible. They cut the girths and freed the horses, hoping they might follow. Taking a gentle, little saddle mare between them, they fled for their lives; one ahead, the other holding the animal by the tail, switching her along. The fire was already roaring behind. (Continuing on page 479)

The Great Fire

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On they ran, the panting animal pulling first one, then the other. Hundreds of spark-set fires sprang up beside the trail; these grew into crown fires, becoming the forerunner of the great conflagration. By superhuman effort they reached the summit on the Idaho-Montana state line. Here the fire in the sparse timber lost ground. On sped the men down the other side until the fire was left behind. Ten miles farther, completely exhausted, they reached a small cabin, where they unsaddled their jaded, faithful, little horse, threw themselves into a bunk and fell asleep. Two hours later the whinnie of the horse awoke them. A glare lighted the cabin. They rushed out; the fire was again all around them! They rescued the little horse from the already burning barn and dashed down the gulch. It was a desperate race for life. Trees falling above, shot down the steep slopes and cut off their trail. The now saddleless, frightened little beast, driven by the men, jumped over and crawled beneath these logs like a dog. Two miles of this brought them to some old placer workings and safety. Exhausted, they fell. The fire swept on.

They had crossed a mountain range and covered a distance of nearly forty miles in a little over six hours, including their stay at the cabin—almost a superhuman feat.

Returning to Wallace I learned that the outside world had suffered far more than we. Eighty-nine men had given up their lives in the great holocaust. The hospitals were overflowing with sick and injured. Hundreds had become homeless refugees.

Assigned the task of photographing the scene of the many casualties, I had an opportunity to observe the extent of the appalling disaster and to reconstruct the scene of the last, hopeless stand taken by those heroic, unselfish men who gave their lives that others might live. Still, not all those heroic efforts were hopeless or vain. Ranger Pulaski, who so valiantly saved all but six of a large crew, has become a national hero, an outstanding figure in the annals of forest history.

Forest Supervisor Weigle, who for weeks had so tirelessly worked day and night, unselfishly and alone plunged through the very face of the tempest of fire in an attempt to warn the citizens of Wallace of their danger. At last hopelessly trapped, he rushed through a burning mining mill into a tunnel. As the building fell the tunnel caved, threatening to bury him alive. Covering his head with his coat he crawled out, plunging through the burning wreckage into a tiny creek. In a few hours he had worked his way through the fire to Wallace, there directing and assisting with the dead and injured.

Ranger Danielson, who so courageously led his little crew into an open mining cut on a mountainside, will bear the horrible, purple scars on neck and hands to his grave, as will all those who were with him. Rangers Phillips, Watson, Vandyke, Rock, Bell, and many others saved the lives of hundreds by their

cool, timely judgment. Scores of other un-sung heroes still live and work among us, their fortitude a bright and lasting example.

On Big Creek, thirty men lost their lives while others lay prone for hours in the chilling waters of a tiny stream, great forest giants falling around and across them. Here three men were crushed by a falling tree. One of these unfortunates was caught only by the foot. Men a few feet away heard his cries and prayers. But were powerless to assist. He dug and fought to tear away, but the thing which he had come to save held him fast until coma and finally death relieved

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his sufferings. On Setzer Creek the ghastly, human toll was twenty-nine. An entire crew was annihilated. The men fell as they ran before the merciless fire.

Each scene is a gripping story of almost unparalleled heroism and sacrifice which it would take pages to recount. Our experience as compared with these was tame indeed, insignificant, a mere detail.

Two decades have passed through the hour-glass of time and nature has again reclothed the naked landscape with grass, shrubs and trees, but the great sacrifice of human life is not, and can never be, replaced or forgotten.

"June Eleventh"

(Continued from page 461)

The woman from the city whose son applied for the few acres of a key site back in the mountains declared: "This soil is ideal for the rearing of rare tulip bulbs, which I can pack out thirty-five miles and sell for fifty cents apiece. They can be raised better here than anywhere else. No; neither I nor my son has had any practical experience in agriculture." And always some applicants believed that by a combination of plausibility, abuse and political pressure, they could discredit the field examiner, fool their Congressman, and make the Washington office believe that what the examiners reported as black was in fact actually white. There are in the files of the Forest Service numerous cases, such as the famous "House case" of Oregon, showing the persistency of plausible attempts by claimants to deceive. In many instances the costs of inspection and repeated re-examinations exceeded the value of the land.

But time is a great vindicator of justice and truth. One day some years ago a man walked into the District office at Portland, Oregon, and said:

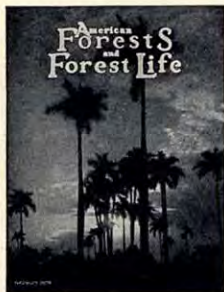
"Six years ago I applied under the forest homestead law for 160 acres of land in the Deschutes National Forest. You rejected my application, saying that the land was not suitable for farming. I appealed to my Congressman and finally beat you and made filing and settlement. I have come in here today hunting you up to tell you that I spent six years of my life and six thousand dollars in cash in finding out that you were right. The next time you tell me a piece of land is not chiefly valuable for agriculture I am going to take your word for it."

And what has been the result of all this activity? To give it in detail would make a long, long story. Up to the close of the year 1929 the Forest Service had received a total of 49,061 individual applications for forest homesteads. After careful examination of each tract on the ground, 19,793 individual tracts, involving a total area of 2,187,429 acres, were found to be chiefly valuable for agriculture and were opened for entry under the Act of June 11, 1906. Experience has demonstrated that even a large part of this land was not in fact "chiefly valuable for agriculture." Thousands of these tracts were promptly sold or abandoned as soon as the applicant secured title, and in not a few cases the present owners are disposing of them to the Government in exchange for merchantable saw timber.

Who was at fault? No one. It was waste effort chargeable to the fallibility of human nature. "June eleventh" work was an infantile disease attacking young National Forests like measles, whooping cough or croup among children. Apparently unavoidable, none of the patients died from it, but nearly every National Forest today suffers more or less from its scars.

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