

TELLS THRILLING STORY OF PULASKI'S HEROISM  
Everybody's Magazine Features Forest Fire in the Coeur d'Alenes  
of Last August.

Wallace and the surrounding territory that was swept by the forest fires in August are given prominence in a twelve-page article appearing in the December number of Everybody's Magazine, which has just reached the mail subscribers in this city. G. W. Ogden is author of the article, which is illustrated by ten half tone illustrations depicting scenes before and after the fire, showing the magnificent bodies of timber which were laid waste, and the bared hills, the latter pictures taken a short time after the flames had done their work, Joseph Beaucamp's homestead, where Forest Ranger Bell's crew made its gallant stand, it shown, and the spot where seven fire fighters perished in a trench. Mr. Ogden estimates the total loss at \$659,150,000, which is decidedly excessive.

A large part of the article is devoted to recounting the work of Edward C. Pulaski of Wallace, and is illustrated with a very good likeness of him. This part of the interesting and thrilling story is given below:

Another ranger, Edward C. Pulaski of Wallace, Idaho, was in command of forty men on Placer Creek. When he saw that the fire was out of hand, threatening their safety, he ordered his men to break camp and start for Wallace, about eight miles distant. Placing them in single file, ordering them to remain together, Pulaski took the lead and the start was made. They had not proceeded far when they appeared to have become suddenly surrounded by fire. The men grew panicky. Pulaski went among them to give assurance that he would lead them out safely, if they would follow him. Then placing one of them, an old man crippled by rheumatism, upon his horse, Pulaski took the bridle and resumed the march.

Smoke was so dense that the men had to hold to each other to prevent becoming separated and lost. It was impossible in spite of the giant flames which leaped around them, to see a man ten feet away. Falling trees crashed around them, rending their way to earth through the limbs. Pulaski says that he saw columns of clear, white fire spring up like will-o'-the-wisps, feeding upon air. It seemed at length that their progress was choked by fire. Pulaski halted them, soaked a gunnysack with water, slipped it over his head, dashed away into the flames. The men began to prepare for death, believing the ranger would never return. But in a little while he was back, to lead them on. Halting them every little while, he dashed off on his perilous forays, coming back always to beckon them ahead.

## His Thrilling Story of Pulaski's Heroism (Contd)

Long before that time Pulaski, alone, could have reached a place of safety, but the men could not have saved themselves. Pulaski finally reached the tunnel of an abandoned mine, toward which he had been working, and ordered the men in. Even then the timbers at the mouth of the tunnel were on fire. It seemed an insecure retreat. Some of the men questioned the ranger's judgment and would not enter. "Get inside of that tunnel," said Pulaski, drawing his revolver. "It's death for the man that disobeys me."

It was a short tunnel, but timbered all its length. Near the entrance a small spring trickled a feeble stream. The ranger led his horse into the cave, ordered his men to lie with faces against the ground, and began dashing water from the small pools upon the burning mine timbers. Already the tunnel was packed with smoke from the outside fires. The men found breathing more difficult than they had in the open, and begged the ranger to let them go. By that time the hurricane had mounted to its height. Blazing trees fell across the mouth of the tunnel, pouring fresh volumes of smoke into it.

In the gang of forty there were but few Americans, the others being of mixed nationalities. These few helped Pulaski to keep back the fire from the mine timbers until they fell, one by one, overcome by smoke and heat. The others, lying on the ground, were praying in many tongues, crying, begging for breath. A wode sprang up and rushed upon the ranger, who stood grimly fighting the foe without and watching his men within, crying that he would kill Pulaski if he did not let him pass. The ranger drove him back with his revolver, compelling him to lie down.

In the five hours which followed, the cave became a madhouse. Gasping men, devoid of every sense but the need of air to breathe, rushed upon him, grappled him, to be flung by the hardy ranger to the ground. They were raging maniacs, bereft of reason, by such torture as men seldom endure, and live. But Pulaski held them there, to a man. How he stood at the mouth of that black pit and lived, when men who breathed near the earth smothered, choked, died, is a matter which sets a new standard for American hardihood. Even the horse which the ranger led into the tunnel fell to the ground and expired long before Pulaski sank.

The men became quiet after a while, some of them forever. At last the ranger's tough lungs and huge frame could bear no more. His senses clouded, his limbs failed, he fell. Outside, the fires burned low, the cool winds came, stealing into the smothering prison. Some one revived, crawled to the outside, filled his lungs with sweet air, shouted. Others joined him, creeping painfully, going back presently to help their companions out. Six of them were dead.

It was believed at first that Ranger Pulaski would lose his sight, but a few days in the hospital brought him out sound and whole. At the end of a week he was ready for duty again. But for his heroic work all of the forty men would have perished.

Pulaski is the great-grandson of Count Casimir Pulaski, Polish exile,

## Tells Thrilling Story of Pulaski's Heroism (Contd)

who fought and died for the cause of American independence. He is the oldest male in the direct line of descent, and inheritor of the title--count. But Pulaski, American forest ranger, does not go in for that sort of thing.

Ranger Bell, who had charge of a crew farther in the woods in the same fire, was entirely surrounded and sought shelter on the Joseph Beauchamp homestead. This homestead had only about half an acre cleared, which gave very little protection to the men, owing to the dense timber surrounding it. One large tree was blown down, falling on three of the crew, killing them outright, before the fire came.

The remainder of the crew, save seven men, got into a small stream near the cabin. They lay there, the fire burning all around them, even over them, protected only by the low bank of the stream-let from being crushed by the great trees which fell across it. All of the men who sought refuge in the stream were saved although several burned. The seven who left the main crew, crawled into a ditch near by. They were burned beyond recognition.

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