

LETTERS WRITTEN AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

April 19, 1906.

Dear Anna:

My office & all others & Banks are burned out. We are now in a stable waiting to see if we must go out to the Golden Gate Park. We left home at 12:30 & it was not then on fire and we hope for the best but the chances are against us. We are well but food is scarce & for two nights little or no sleep.

We are quite in the dark also about you and hope for the best. If we are burned out of house and home Mother must come to you if you can take her. All our banks are burned out and we shall be pressed for ready money.

Dear Anna I will add a few lines - words cannot express the awfulness of this dreadful Earthquake and fire. The shake was so long I fully expected the Lafayette to fall. Never shall forget the horror of the feeling. Now - The fire. Last night I laid in the Park, no sleep. Today we are in a stable waiting to go to Golden Gate Park. Since here thousands of teams have passed on the way to the park. Think of all my pretty things gone. ^{Every thing} ~~Everett~~ belonging to Everett in a business way wiped out. But we are like all the rest.

With love, S L Bee

Address: Jerome Clark, Oxford Ave., Berkeley.

The first part of this letter was written by Everett N. Bee, the last paragraph by his mother.

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Near the Pacific Ocean
In a kind of shanty at the beach.

Sunday P M.

Here I am just now alone. Everett gone to the City of Ruins. Mr. & Mrs. Pabney gone there also. A Mrs. McDonald & son at the beach. Harris, the watchman

and hostler, sitting out doors. In the corner is my cot bed, beyond it a large bed of straw on the floor. Around a shelf, on which are our cooking utensils, dishes etc. On chairs backless are our two coal oil stoves, under the shelf nearby are boxes filled with all kinds of food much of which comes free from Fort Wilely (how do you spell it) which is not far off. I have just come in from the beach where I have been wadeing in the surf, bare headed, bare footed, and where I met three Stanford Students who told me all about the effects of the Earthquake at Palo Alto, and that the college had closed for the season. So Charlie must be at home and I fear will not find a place to work, therefore he can help on the Ranch and I know he will do all he can to save hiring help for we are all poor now. I am anxious to know if Will got off. I fancy that he could not have done so, immediately. And now how did I come out here? Just this. We left 2135 Sacramento St. on Thursday afternoon intending to go to the Golf grounds to camp. At the time we left we expected our house would go. Margaret wanted to stay in the Park, and we packed a trunk, took it out there. She took her things, and with our Canary bird and no wraps, settled herself there. I never expected to see 2135 again, as the fire was almost at Franklin St. A new large house near the corner of Franklin and Sacramento blown up to try to stop the fire. On our way out Everett drove into the stable where he keeps his horse on Fall St. near the Entrance to the Park to water the horse. He told the stable man where we were going and he said, "Why not go with us to the beach. We have opened a place near the wind mill and you are more than welcome. I have a two horse team all harness- ed and loaded ready to start any moment, shall take out feed for the horses etc.". I said by all means let us go with them and so we are here. We found an old man, kind of a homeless tramp, who

has slept in the room all the winter. We turned him out into another room, brought in fresh straw, gave me the only cot. Everett found a small room for himself. (I ought to say that these buildings are the defunct relics of a once gay resort, enclosed from the street, controlled by this friend of Mr. Cobneys.) We have now a table, two knives & forks (for seven people), glasses to drink out of, three spoons etc.

I had a big basket of food, including half of a ham (which is now cooking on a fire in the yard), eggs, bread, butter etc. The watchman goes up to Fort Miley for all we need, milk, butter, crackers, dried apples, canned meats, potatoes, given free as water, so we are not suffering. How Will would enjoy it. This morning I fried the ham in a little bit of a spider which we borrowed, three pieces at a time. Then three eggs turned over. It was served in saucers, the ham with an egg on it. Our dainty Everett enjoyed it all right. Had fine coffee. I went in with Everett yesterday. I found Margaret in the house, our apartment cleaned up, but no lights allowed, no fire, not even a coal stove, not a candle even. Not allowed to use the toilet until the water is turned on, no fires until the plumbing is done, so what could I do? Margaret goes up in the Park for her rations, and for the toilet. (A large hole has been dug up there) I expect to leave this gay and festive scene tomorrow for Mill Valley, though I do not want to go one bit, may not.

I never saw such a sight as we saw coming through the Park on Thursday P M. All the way from the Entrance to the Music stand, people, men, women, children, babies, some on the grass without any coverings, others under tents, All kinds of furniture, from sewing machines to parlor furniture. The stable man, Mr. Cobney, told me that over 1500 teams of all kinds had passed his stable

In twenty four hours. I was told that the ship was to
leave here in the next few days. I was told that
the ship was to leave here in the next few days.
The ship was to leave here in the next few days.
St. Everett will get it. All the things you will see in
the papers. Have I not written a lot? We are hated. Love to
Julia.

Good bye, S. Louise Lee