



San Francisco's magnificent City Hall after the quake. Percy's partner, Pillsburg, took this photograph, which was widely marketed.

drunken women singing and shrieking with laughter.

"These things we saw as we hurried along for we did not tarry lest another shock bring the building into the streets. I of course thought of the shop [they were selling photographic supplies, etc.] and hurried to Second Street. The elevator was out of commission, but it took but a moment to gain the 5th floor and find that the building was safe. Then we made for Telegraph Hill. Five fires in as many parts of the city greeted our eyes. Destruction met the eyes on every side. We passed the Pacific Coast Fruit Market — eleven dead bodies strewed the sidewalk, three were men and the rest the horses used for delivering. At Washington and Sansome a man clad in a pair of trousers, his naked feet bleeding and burned, was digging into a mass of debris. They told us that a wife and two little ones were entombed in the ruins. I found a friend with an auto and we covered the greater part of the city. I'll not attempt to tell you of what we saw, what we heard. Yes, there was one I must tell of, a man, a wild man, nothing less, ran toward us at Mission and Minna Streets, his only clothing a night gown. 'Where is she? Where are my Children' he was shrieking. We couldn't tell him. On he ran, and I am told that a half hour afterwards he ran headlong into a burning building at Park Row and was seen no more.

"Late morning found us at the Foy's. They were hopeful and Mary brave as a lion. The Fairmount [this hotel survived] had showered none of its height upon them. They insisted that we come to them. Back to the hotel. As we were packing a severe shock came and we ran once more into the street. But for a moment all seemed to forget danger. Fifth floor America again. We worked like demons. I was soaked with rolling sweat beads. Every sound was a renewed shock to our overstrung nerves. Our dress clothes, one extra suit each, underwear and what else we could grab was flung into Walter's suit case (mine was at the shop) and a blanket, and down the stairs into the street and to 1028 Sacramento. The fire was now nearing our shop. When I arrived Pillsburg and Cobbie had just come. Strange that we should have thought of business at such a moment, but we did. It was decided that Cob should help the Examiner, Pills to go to Twin Peaks and get a panorama of the burning city, and I stay with the shop. Walter was with me. It took but a little while to realize that we were certain of destruction. Eight trips I made between 28 Second Street and Major Margetson's building at Stockton and Sutter. I took away all our most valuable negatives, cameras, lenses, books, in fact nearly all that was movable, including my Xmas ink well and suit case. This done I started in on the remainder of our clothing. I knew we would be in need of shoes -

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