



The burning city, seen from Russian Hill.

(California Palace of the Legion of Honor)

up at 8 this morning (Sunday) and Ruth and I went to get chemicals and drugs from the hospital bureau.

"No more now, have no time. Am perfectly well. Don't even feel weary. Hope you are the same. Love to all.

Percy.

"Written Sun, Afternoon. Write more soon. I need nothing. Have some money but money, but mondy is worth nothing now. Get all free."

(Editor's Note: We wish to thank Mrs. Mary Lewis, Edwin Percy Norwood's niece, for biographical material not only about Percy, but Carrie and other members of the Craig family. This was a remarkable family and Odyssey will print more about them later.)

preparing to dynamite. Every patient was taken to a place of safety. Dr. McNutt had sent three wheeled operating tables home. These we loaded down with provisions, clothing and blankets. Another night on the hill. Morning saw the fire to Van Ness Avenue. Its width was the city's hope, but the long tongues of flames spanned it at places. We, Maxwell and I and those brave dear girls made three trips to the Presidio with those operating tables with as many loads of luggage. Each time we climbed two hills and covered fifteen blocks one way. That night all but Maxwell, Ruth and I made camp at the Presidio. We spent the hours between the house and the hill, ready to flee at a moment's notice. At nine o'clock horsemen rode past shouting that the fire would be upon us in two hours. Thousands of people stumbled their way up those hills to the plain beyond. Then came the news that the fire on our side of Van Ness had been controlled. From the hill the glare against the black heavens grew less. We joined the firemen again and fought fire under wet blankets for three hours. Five o'clock and all seemed safe west of the Avenue. We came home with the good news. We hadn't slept since the earthquake and yet the passing of danger put new life into us. We began putting the house in shape as a hospital. We made two trips to the Presidio, getting all the instruments, medicines and nurses. Since then we have been caring for the sick and dying. Last night Maxwell and I policed our block from 12 until 3 o'clock. We are special police and we are furnished with stars and guns by Gen. Funston. At three thirty we lay down to sleep, the first rest we have had since that terrible morning. We were