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**Selection from The Champion Globe-Trotter; Twice Round the World
Without Money**

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Fifth Chapter

When the convention in Belfast was over I went via Liverpool, Birmingham and London back to Denmark to get a new passport. I had decided to go round the world a second time.

I bade a hasty good-bye to friends and acquaintances and boarded the "Helling Olav" once more. A couple of weeks later I looked up at the sky scrapers of New York. From here I went to Chicago via Baltimore, Washington and Detroit. I stayed in Chicago a few days and manage to scrape enough money together for a ticket to California. It was a cheap journey. All journeys to the far West were cheap. They were made cheap to entice people to go West. I passed through Omah, crossed the Rocky Mountains and saw once more the glorious panorama of California, the country where I had experienced so much of joy but also so much which was infinitely sad. In the evening of the same day we came into California I stood at my wife's earthly resting-place. I offered a prayer for her and for my son, asking that life might not hold too many disappointments for him, and I prayed that the memory of my wife might stay with me always until the hour when we would be re-united. Deeply moved I left the garden of the dead and went out into life.

I now went to San Francisco to look for work and before very long I had a position in a house of correction for young criminals between 12 and 20 years of age, The Ione Industrial School. The wages were good, but I had to work 88 hours a week, I worked part of the time as a baker and part of the time as a guard. The latter position was a difficult one. At times I had 50 boys to look after, and when I did not give correct orders- I had not spoken English for a whole year and sometimes made mistakes- they laughed at me and threw shoes or slippers at me. It was impossible for me to find out who threw the missiles. One day three boys fled and the blame for it was laid on me.

I then filed a complaint with the president over the long working-hours; but it was very coldly received and I was informed that I could leave at once. This

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made no impression upon me. I had become used to working at different places and at different kinds of work and I calmly tied up my grip and proceeded after having earned Seventy dollars in five weeks.

In January-shortly after my dismissal-I went with the steamer "Senator" to Seattle, Washington, 1000 miles north of San Francisco. I stayed in Seattle all winter having good employment.

When I went to work in the morning of April 18th 1906 I heard the cry: "San Francisco is in flames". The newspapers sent out extras and the streets were packed with people who were eagerly discussing the huge catastrophe. Special trains left the stations incessantly and a relief-committee was formed to collect funds for the alleviation of the great distress. The following day the steamer "Buchanan" was ready with a load of 1200 tons of provisions, clothes, tents, etc. I offered to bake bread for these in distress and I went on board the "Buchanan" as a baker.

Our departure from Seattle was a very solemn one. All the bells in all the churches were ringing as we steamed out of the harbor. The city's factory-sirens mingled their howling with the chiming of the bells, The ringing and the howling was kept up as long as our boat was in sight. We passed Cape Flattery at noon as we steamed out into the ocean a terrible gale one of the worst I had ever experienced-broke loose upon us. The water was so high in our cabins that we had to sleep in the upper bunks. I baked bread at night although pots and pans, spoons and knives were thrown everywhere. Even in the oven the pans with the loaves were speeding hither and thither.

In the evening of the third day of our trip we reached the Golden Gate. The wind bore a smell of burned things to our nostrils and in the distance we saw a hale of flames hovering over the burning ruins of the city. Otherwise everything round us was pitch-black and no sounds were heard. It was as if the whole world had gone under. The whole crew was on deck. Each member of it was possessed with peculiar emotions. Each had a premonition of something dreadful and terrible.

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We passed by a small island and then heard a voice which sounded as if it came from the grave, saying; "Look there". We steered alongside the pier and were received by a detachment of soldiers who helped us to dock. We wanted to go ashore but were not allowed to go further than the end of the docks and from there we looked out over a scene of desolation where shortly before one of the largest and most beautiful cities in America had been situated.

The next morning I got permission to go ashore and made use of it immediately.

Wherever I went were collapsed walls and great heaps of bricks and dirt. In Mission Street were eight fine cows which had been killed underneath a large wall that had collapsed. As far as one could see there was nothing but ruins, ruins, ruins. Here and there somebody came rushing with a human body which had just been dug out. I went further up the main street, Market Street. It had been destroyed like all the other streets. Then I proceeded up Fourth Street and Kearney Street. Here a few houses were still left standing. Externally they were unscathed, but the interior had been consumed. by flames. It was here the brave troops were working with dynamite to have the dangerous ruins blown to pieces. Seven times the troops had made attempts to dynamite the dangerously located Odd Fellow building on Seventh and Market Streets. The large and beautiful City Hall which had been built at an expense of seven million dollars was a huge heap of stones out of which part of the tower remained as a reminder of past grandeur. I tried in vain to get into Chinatown. It was strictly guarded and no stranger was allowed to enter.

Then I came out into Valencia Street where the main water-pipe had burst and here I saw the ruins of the large Valencia Hotel where forty people suffered a terrible death. The streets were completely torn up, partly from the earthquake and partly from the streams of water which had been flowing through them. People went along on foot and only a few

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bicycles were seen. At nighttime a number of carriages came into the streets, loaded with the few belongings some families had managed to save. Many people had the idea that the earthquake was world-wide and consequently they were exceedingly glad for the help from outside. On the way to Golden Gate Park, which was a camping-place for 30,000 homeless people, I passed by the Danish church, where I met the minister,

Rev. Hansen, who gave me a hearty greeting. The church, which was undamaged, was used as a temporary hospital, for a large number of injured people. They were being cared for in a splendid manner by a small detachment of soldiers headed by the minister's daughter. It was touching to see how carefully the injured and the wounded were handled by the soldiers who were utterly unused to nursing people.

I arrived in Golden Gate Park and it was a sad sight to watch the huge crowds of people who were assembled here. The homeless inhabitants of the devastated city had to stay out of doors day and night with no other shelter than that which trees could give them. In the first week after the earthquake 48 children were born in the park died shortly after birth from sheer want of care. Although I had seen plenty of misery during the day the distress I saw in the park was heart-breaking. Walking back through the part of town which had not been destroyed I saw people cooking dinners along the sidewalks at all sorts of fireplaces. It was forbidden to use gas and kerosene-oil. Only candles were in use. The trip through the desolate city was at an end; but as long as I live I shall never forget what I saw on that day. "Today fresh and red, tomorrow dead". If this old Danish saying had ever been applicable, it could certainly be used here.

After making a short trip to the town where my wife and I had lived together, I went back to Seattle where my country people anxiously awaited news from friends and relatives in San Francisco. Fortunately I was able to still their fears with regard to conditions

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in the stricken city.