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**Committees, Clubs and Organizations; ca. 1906: Other Writings: Personal
notes taken at the time of the San Francisco Earthquake and Fire.**

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**PERSONAL NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF THE SAN FRANCISCO
EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE**

By James D. Phelan

On April 18, 1906, 5:15 A.M., I was sleeping in the room of residence southwest corner of Valencia and 17th Streets - the same room in which my father and mother both died - when I was awakened by a violent earth quake, and got out of bed to see the chandelier (a combination of gas and electric light) broken off, and suspended by a wire, oscillating violently, and emitting a volume of gas, which made itself immediately manifest.

Crossing the hall, to my sister's room, I found that she had wakened, and, throwing up her window, looked out on the west side of the house, to find the chimneys had fallen into the garden.

Hurridly dressing, I aroused the men servants, and turned off the gas, at the street connection where it entered the meter, and ordered that no attempt be made to cook food.

Going to the Valencia Street gate, I met three men and two women who were weeping. I asked what was the matter; and they pointed south to a five-story wooden hotel building on the west side of Valencia Street, south of 19th, which had fallen across the street and crumpled. All they said was, "Everyone is killed!"

I immediately went there, and could see men and

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women imprisoned by the fallen timbers; and, returning to my stable, I got my men, with axes and saws, and took out the family carriage, a vis-a-vis with two horses, and Barry, the coachman (my automobile being garaged in some other part of town) and went to the scene of the hotel disaster.

Knowing that the ground in that block was a "fill," a part of the old Willows, I assumed that the disaster was local, and that this building suffered on account of the foundation slipping from under it, which, doubtless, was true.

In the vacant lot adjoining, firemen and others, who had arrived earlier, had removed the wounded and dead, and were carrying them away to the Southern Pacific Hospital, the corner of 14th and Mission Streets; and, my carriage was, thereafter, used for such purpose.

The saws seemed to be the only effective impliments for releasing persons. I directed my attention particularly to one man, who said he was not hurt, but so bound that he could not help himself, and we got him out.

Everyone seemed regardless of the danger of a second shock throwing the remaining part of the building down, and worked with vigor and intelligence.

Presently Peter J. McCormick came along and said, "Don't you know that the whole city is wrecked, and fires have

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broken out in different places?" I said, "No, I thought the disaster was confined to this neighborhood." I took my carriage, with McCormick aboard (he was, about that time, assistant coroner) and went down town, seeing everywhere evidence of chimney and cornice wreckage. But, not until we reached the City Hall, did we realize the magnitude of the calamity. The City Hall was completely wrecked, large parts of the dome having fallen, leaving the cap in the air and the brick structure, on every side, ruined, with here and there a column standing, resembling the ruins of the Temple of the Dioscuri in the Forum in Rome.

I drove to the Phelan Building, where my offices were located, on the corner of Market and Grant Avenue, and found, on the sidewalk, General Frederick Funston, who was commanding a detachment of troops, that were lined up on O'Farrell Street - the rear elevation of the building. The military headquarters were located on the fourth floor of the building, and my offices on the fifth floor. General Funston ascended the stairs with me and with my Secretary, Mr. Thomas Mahoney, whom I found there.

Entering my office, I observed that all the books, which lined the wall, had been thrown out upon the floor, and the plaster of the walls and ceilings had covered them all over, as with a mantel of snow. At that moment, there was a slight quiver of the earth, and General Funston said, "This is

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no place for me!" - and returned hurriedly to the street.

I got the janitors to come to my office, and directed them to move all my oil paintings to the center of Union Square, where I would afterwards go and give them instructions. The pictures were all of some value, including a large Keith, a portrait of my father - James Phelan, several French paintings, one by Benjamin Constant, another, the "Rajah of Judpore" by E. L. Weeks, a sculpture by A. Rodin in marble, illustrating a line from Alfred de Musset, which I had purchased at his studio in Paris the year before, a couple of Russian bronzes and other objects of art. In the ensuing excitement, I completely forgot having sent these things to Union Square, and neglected to go there, as I had promised, and instruct the men what to do with them!

I took some jewels and bonds out of a small safe in the office, and certain papers out of the drawers of my desk, and had the janitors carry down all the scrap books to the waiting carriage at the door, with instructions to bring them home. I deliberated what was best to do, and decided that all the other books and papers could be duplicated, but the scrap books could not be, and, therefore, decided, as the space in the carriage was limited, to save them.

I then walked (it must have been about half past ten o'clock) to the Mutual Savings Bank, of which I was President, and found it closed, but met Mr. Storey the cashier.

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I then went to the First National Bank, the north west corner of Bush and Sansome Streets, where all was confusion, and met there Mr. S. G. Murphy, the President, and his friend, Herman Oelrichs. The fire was threatening that locality, and the firemen were trying to save the building.

J. Downey Harvey, Dr. Leahy and William Dineen, came up in an automobile, and asked me to go at once, by request of the Mayor, to the Hall of Justice to organize a Committee of Fifty to take hold of the situation.

I went to the basement of the Hall of Justice, on Kearny Street, opposite the Plaza, and offered my services to the Mayor. I was given a special police badge.

I returned to the Phelan Building, and went on the roof, and found that the only damage was a splitting on the extreme south west wall, back of the photographer's gallery, which had been erected as an after-thought for the accommodation of the enlarged premises of Theodore Marceau. The old part of the building did not seem to have suffered any damage at all, except the shaking down of plaster here and there.

On the south side of Market Street the fire was raging, carrying all the buildings before it - moving from east to west - including the Claus Spreckels or "Call Building," the Flood Building and others.

With General Funston and James R. McElroy (Jim) I lunched at the Pacific Union Club, which was then at the north

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east corner of Stockton and Post Streets - subsequently destroyed. James Mountford, my chauffeur, found me there. He was on his way to my residence in the morning, when the car was impressed for ambulance service, and he carried many injured persons to the temporary hospital in the Mechanics Fair Building, on Larkin Street, corner of Hayes, and, hence, was unable to get to me until late.

I afterwards heard that my death was reported in the San Jose papers, someone having seen an apparently dead person being carried in my automobile to the temporary hospital.

I took, in my car, Mr. J. Downey Harvey and Mr. William A. Magee, and went to the new headquarters at the Hall of Justice, to learn that the committee had been driven out of that structure by the fire, and had gone to the Fairmount Hotel. The remnants of the committee, standing about, agreed to meet the next day.

I then went to Goldberg Bowen & Company, grocers, as I decided it would be necessary to have supplies, and bought foodstuffs, - potatoes, bread, crackers, coffee, etc. This store was on Pine Street; at that time the fire had reached California Street, so it was only a matter of a short time when the grocery store would be destroyed. In the confusion of the moment, I did not realize that the careful business men kept a close list of my purchases, and, long after the fire, rendered me a bill!

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We then picked up Mr. Walter E. Dean, and brought Ocean Shore Railway papers for Mr. Harvey to the First National Bank Deposit Vaults. I then drove home, through lanes of fire.

My sister, Miss Phelan, and her servants were at home; and, while at dinner. Mr. Thomas Magee and Mr. J. Downey Harvey called and informed me that, during my absence, on motion of Garret McEnerney, I was elected Chairman of the Finance Committee, with power to appoint members thereof to collect funds to meet the inevitable distress. We agreed upon names at that time, as a tentative list, as follows:

James L. Flood, Wm. F. Herrin, I.W. Hellman, Thomas Magee, Claus Spreckels, H.E. Law, Frank Anderson, Homer S. King, J.D. Harvey, A.G. Murphy, Garrett McEnerney, W.H. Leahy, Henry T. Scott, and others, merged afterwards into the "Committee of 50".

Three friends of Miss Phelan from Los Angeles, who had been stopping at the Palace Hotel, had come to her for shelter during the day: a Mrs. and the two Misses Conroy, and other persons, friends of the servants, came and were given shelter. But Miss Phelan and the Conroy party would not sleep in the house, but slept out of doors, as best they could.

During the evening, my sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, called on their way, in a carriage, to Santa Cruz, where their children were, and Mr. McElroy was among the callers, during which time I was asleep in the

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house, in the same room where I experienced the first shock, but, it was fair weather, and the windows were

left wide open, as a precaution against any escape of gas.

When I went into the garden in the morning, my sister's maid greeted me, and I asked if the Phelan Building had been destroyed by fire during the night. She said she did not know, but, at the moment, picked up a check, at my feet, and handed it to me. It turned out to be a cancelled check, slightly scorched, and about four years old. I at once said, "The building has been destroyed." She said, "How do you know?" I said, "Here is a messenger from the skies!"

These cancelled checks were kept in wooden boxes, year by year, and stored in the garret of the Phelan Building. The fire must have burst the boxes, and the contents scattered. The building was about two and one-half miles from the garden, and it has always been regarded as a curious thing that one of these tell-tale checks should have been deposited at my very feet.

My judgment was right. The building was destroyed by fire during the night. Someone had started to cook some ham and eggs on a stove, igniting a building far to the west of Van Ness Avenue, and a new fire came down, sweeping the region north of Market Street, which had escaped the fire during the day, when the entire southern part of the city was

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destroyed. I went down town with my chauffeur, but was stopped at 6th and Market Streets by the destruction caused by the fire.

Returning home, I saw the fire at Mission and 14th Streets. Dynamite was being used to blow up buildings in the path of the flames, on the South East side of Mission St., but the dynamiting was done too close to the actual fire, and the wreckage, caused by the dynamite, soon ignited, and the fire went on. I went home and started to pack some goods, although I was not convinced that my residence would be destroyed. The house was entirely surrounded by a close barrier of cypress trees. Hailing a passing express wagon, the driver agreed to take two loads for Sixty Dollars, and, on this wagon, I packed things which Miss Phelan desired, including a Swiss bed-room set which she had purchased abroad, richly carved, wearing apparel, some books, small objects of art, my scrap books and other things, putting George Welch and my secretary, Haffy in charge of it. A few days after I found them faithfully holding guard on a side street to the north of St. Mary's College, on the old Mission Road. I went up and down the road, for a long time, blowing my horn, trying to attract attention, because Welch had not remained where I had located him, the corner of Potrero Avenue and 19th Street, closer in, because he feared the fire would overtake the wagon there.

Then I dashed out to Golden Gate Park, and located a camping ground for my sister's party and the household

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servants, returned, and organized a caravan consisting of Barry, with the vis-a-vis carriage and the coupe trailing behind, James M. Robinson, the coachman, driving my buggy and my own dog cart trailing, then my sister's carriage and in there were the whole party, servants and supplies. I sent Barry back to pick up a woman, who had taken refuge in our garden with a baby, who chose to remain at a Square located between the Mission and the Park, where, subsequently, the baby died and I had to get a burial permit with difficulty.

I drove my sister and party to Mr. R.D. McElroy's house, the corner of Haight and Buchanan Streets, which seemed perfectly safe, being cut off from the City by the high stone walls and block of ground of the Protestant Orphan Asylum. When my sister saw the raging fire below from McElroy's stoop, she would not remain there, and we all met at the Park Lodge. On the way, I bought a large can of milk from a milk man at the normal price, and at the Lodge we helped ourselves to a drink.

We picked out a place between the Japanese Tea Garden and the Museum in Golden Gate Park, where water had been piped and which was protected by trees; near by was a field of grain which we could use for our horses.

Having made the location, I drove back in the motor to Valencia and 17th Street and got a marquee tent, which had been used for entertainment purposes on the lawn of our residence, and was there just in time to rescue it, because, while there, I saw the cypress trees ignite and send their fire brands over the place, setting the house on fire and destroying

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everything in it. The few paintings that I had removed, putting them several hundred feet from the house, were ruined by falling fire brands, and the marble copy of Bernini's Apollo and Daphne was badly spalled, although an attempt was made later to save it by putting a roofless house around it, and the small boys finished its destruction, when no one was on guard, by throwing missels over the top. I now know valuables should have been buried.

Miss Phelan was much concerned over the fact that her canaries were left in the burning building, but I subsequently learned that a Mr. Little, a newspaper reporter, had entered the house and saved them. The house was abandoned and it was a fair prey, but he very generously returned them, when he heard that Miss Phelan desired their restitution.

I returned to the Park and set up the tent. Going and coming over the road, on the side of Twin Peaks, there was an endless procession of wagons and trundle carts, man and women of all descriptions carrying various objects and seeking places of safety. Fortunately, the weather was fine, and it was no hardship to sleep out of doors. I suppose the conflagration favorably affected the temperature.

Having located the party, I went to the new headquarters of the Citizens Committee, at the New Franklin Hall, on Fillmore Street near Bush, and agreed upon future meetings. I dined at the residence of Mr. J. Downey Harvey on Webster Street, near Broadway, where I was given a room for my use, Mr. Harvey's

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wife being in Europe, and his daughters having found quarters with friends in Burlingame. At the dinner table were Enrique Grau, who also slept in the house, Garret McEnerney, John S. Drum, Oscar Cooper, Prescott Scott, and Mr. Bonny.

While at dinner, Mr. Conroy arrived from Los Angeles with a friend, Mr. Duggan, and was directed from place to place, until he found me, to enquire as to the fate of his wife and children, who were at the Palace Hotel, and whom he knew to be friends of my sister. Until I answered, he was transfixed, not knowing what was the fate of his family, and my news reassured him. I brought him in my automobile to the Park, where there was a family reunion, which was very affecting.

In the automobile I took with me Miss Genevieve Harvey's maid, and, having been promised quarters at the Burlingame Country Club, I brought Miss Phelan and Agnes Curran to Burlingame at 8:00 P.M., and met there the Harvey girls and their grandmother, Mrs. Cutter. Excited women huddled in the Club porch and demanded news.

I may state here, that my automobile was a new Mercedes, which I had brought from Paris the year before, but I alternated its use with a Renault car, which I had purchased from Mr. Bertie Goellet, who was visiting the City earlier that year in Mr. E. H. Harriman's special train.

It was unfortunate for me, in one sense, that I had a new car and an old car,- the latter not very serviceable—because Herman Schussler, Superintendent of the Spring Valley

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Water Company, asked the loan of my new car for several days, in order to reach the damaged parts of his water system in remote places. I enjoined him to follow the advice of my chauffeur; but, with destructive obstinacy, he forced the car over impossible roads, where it finally had to be abandoned and towed back to the City for repair.

After locating Miss Phelan and her maid, I returned to the City that night. The Peninsula was so brilliantly illuminated by the fire, that one could read a newspaper out of doors.

I had no sooner entered the City proper than a man rushed out from the sidewalk and declared that he commandeered my car. He was a fireman. The night before as I recollect now, a prominent member of our Committee, named Tilden, was shot and killed when he refused to stop at the behest of someone acting under orders to stop all incoming automobiles and persons, because the Committee had decided to keep everyone out, as each new comer added to the burden of maintenance and support.

My chauffeur stopped the car, and I explained that I was Chairman of a Committee, and displayed my badge and said I was immune from being commandeered. But I asked him what character of service he wanted from my automobile. He said, "I want to go down to the car barns on Kentucky Street to carry a load of dynamite to the firefighters at the front," - which was then about 21st Street and Guerrero.

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My chauffeur nudged me not to consent, but I said, "Get aboard, we will bring the load for you, as it seems to be important." So he stepped in the tonneau, and, when we arrived at the car barns, without a word, somebody began, as though they were waiting for the car, to load it with sticks of dynamite — all in silence, and the fireman took his position on top of the load.

I told him I was not familiar with dynamite, and asked whether there was not a danger of it exploding, in case the auto was wrecked. He said he thought not, and, holding aloft the dynamite caps said, "These are the only things that can explode it, and I will hold on to them!" The care with which my chauffeur drove the car over the rough roads was extraordinary for him. He seemed to be going over velvet streets.

We heard the explosion of fire arms, and I asked old "Charon" who sat on the "sticks" whether a rifle or pistol shot would explode the dynamite. He said, "Possibly."

We arrived at a point - 21st Street near Dolores - at the head of the fire, and a crowd gathered around us to ask what the news was. I said that we had a load of dynamite, pointing to it, and the crowd scattered.

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The dynamite was carefully unloaded, and the fire was actually stopped at, or in, that neighborhood, due to the blowing up and destruction of all inflammable matter in its path. When the fireman asked me to return for another load, I said, "No, commandeer another car. I have other work to perform." - feeling that I had fulfilled my part of the original bargain of transportation. I had no zeal for the work. I did not get to bed until after two A. M.

The next morning there was a meeting at the Franklin Hall Headquarters, where I reported the composition of the Finance Committee, and began soliciting subscriptions. We did not anticipate, at that time, that the City would be the recipient of large donations of money and supplies from all over the State and country, and the work of collecting from the men whose fortunes were all apparently broken was not a cheerful task. First and last, our Committee collected \$413,000.00, one hundred and thirty one persons in the City of San Francisco subscribing. [insert 15A + 15B]

I sent my automobile to the camp in Golden Gate Park, where the Conroys and servants had spent a reasonably comfortable night. I visited Valencia and 17th Street, and found everything destroyed at the home place

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Insert p. 15 - A

There was a period, shortly after the fire, when funds came in slowly, and, about that time, it happened to rain. It was a mild shower, and I was standing in the review off office compartment of the Associated Press in

Franklin Hall talking to the Director, Paul Cowles. When informed by a messenger that it was raining, Cowles said, "Run a storm." The good people of other States, I suppose, had their pity and solicitude increased by the thought of the fire sufferers sleeping in public places and parks without shelter during "the storm," and funds again began to flow in as copiously as the tears of the sympathetic.

I heard an echo of this from Senator Harry Lane, of Washington, who told how he was Mayor of Portland, and how a Committee there had raised a large fund for San Francisco, and how a man on the street had informed him, one morning, of the plight of the people in the stricken City - victims of fire and storm, and that Portland's fund was being hoarded by the Mayor's Committee.

The Mayor was indignant, and ordered the Committee to remit it at once to San Francisco, - about \$60,000.00, as I recollect. The Committee refused, on the ground that some refugees might come to Portland, when the money would be needed. The Mayor said, "If, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, the money is not sent to San Francisco, you gentlemen had better flee to the country, because I will call upon the mechanics

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Insert p. 15 - B

in the shops and the farmers in the fields to come to the City Hall with their implements and their tools, and we will manage to get it!" The money was sent.

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and beyond, when the fire had gone as far as 21st Street, between Howard and Dolores. I had picked up and now left Reuben Lloyd at Bush and Fillmore Streets.

I visited Holly Park, St. Mary's Street, and found George Welch and Haffy there near the Railroad tracks. George Welch had injured his hand severely by a fall from the express wagon, which still contained the goods shipped from the house.

In moving the goods from the house, a victrola and records lay on the lawn, when the expressman said, "Shall I take these along?" - I said, "No." - considering the articles trivial and unnecessary, in view of the great disaster, and thinking the space should be reserved for something else, which, however, was not on hand. He then said, "Will you give me the victrola and the records?" - I said, "Certainly, you can have them." - whereupon he calmly loaded them upon the express wagon and saved them for himself. He, evidently, had not lost his head: [insert 16c]

Finding our goods intact, I took bedding for the Park camp and clothes for myself. After dining at Mr. Harvey's house, I attended the evening meeting of the Committee at eight o'clock.

The next day, there was a regular meeting at the headquarters, Fillmore Street near Bush. I engaged

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Insert p. 16 - "C"

There was very little crime during the period of the earth quake. Miss Phelan's jewels, of very considerable value, were worn by her the night before the earth-quake at the Grand Opera, where Enrico Caruso sang, and, hence, they were in her residence on the morning of the shock. I put them in my pocket, there being no place to deposit them, and carried them, for nearly two months, on my person until the deposit vaults were opened.

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headquarters for the Finance Committee on the north west corner of Pine and Fillmore Streets, and employed Lester, Herrick & Herrick, public accountants, with orders to report the next day. I attended a meeting of Mayor Schmitz, Governor Pardee and General Funston at Fort Mason, the residence of the Commanding

General, at the foot of Van Ness Avenue. General Greeley, the Commandant, was on his way East at the time of the earth quake, leaving General Funston in command. A short time later, General Greeley returned, and assumed command.

I attended a meeting of bankers at the residence of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, 2040 Broadway, which had been turned over to the Committee for this purpose, and was otherwise occupied by the Marines on duty under command of Captain Carmody.

I attended a meeting at the residence of Milton Esberg, corner of Buchanan Street and Pacific Avenue, and attended still another meeting of the General Committee at 4:30 o'clock.

I gave my automobile and chauffeur to Mr. Shields, who was making collections for the Committee, and who reported that Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company had subscribed \$100,000.00 each. This information was conveyed by Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, their attorney, living in

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San Mateo, whither Shields had gone.

With the clerk of the Finance Committee, Emil Teschauri and Rufus P. Jennings, I answered twenty-five telegrams from State and Eastern points requiring information.

The next day, Mountford, my chauffeur, reported that E. S. Pillsbury was in town, and that he had brought Mr. Shields back to the City.

I went to a meeting at Headquarters at ten o'clock with Herman Oelrichs. Requisitioned furniture for Headquarters; sent my automobile with Colonel Fuller and Mr. Lowden to Fort Mason; lunched at the Harvey's.

The Finance Committee met at 3:00 P.M., and I went to Fort Mason to see General Funston in Sam Buckbee's car. Got permits to burn lights all night in the Harvey house. Soldiers on patrol duty were ordered to see that all lights were out at eight o'clock, and actually shot the glass out of windows in some houses that did not follow the rule. Got a permit to carry pistol; talked financial needs and ways and means; had dinner at Harvey's house.

The next day, Monday, April the 24th, meeting of the Committee at nine o'clock at Headquarters; meeting at Fort Mason at ten A.M., with Funston, Mayor Schmitz and others; met the Bankers at Mrs. Martin's house at 11:00 o'clock,

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where I solicited subscriptions to the local fund, with some success.

Clearing House and Bank representatives met at lunch, and decided not to attempt to open vaults until they had been cooled off, advice having come from Chicago of the danger of the destruction of papers by the inrush of air, if the vaults were opened when hot. Finance meeting again at 2:30 o'clock.

Mountford, my chauffeur, returned from San Bruno, where he was driving Schussler, with a hole in the gas tank of the car, which had been bumped on the rough road, and the car was sent for repairs.

After dinner, John S. Drum and Oscar Cooper called on their special committee work - building and housing. I walked with them and Mr. Harvey to Pillsbury's house, where we were obliged to talk through the door. He was holding the Rockefeller and Standard Oil contribution, as a special fund which he subsequently disbursed himself.

Wednesday, April 25th, attended Finance Meeting at 9:00 A.M., General Committee Meeting, 9:15 A.M., and Fort Mason regular meeting at 11:00 A.M. Called for Congressman Kahn and Mayor Schmitz, whom I took there.

Met Secretary of the Navy Metcalf and E. H. Harriman at the meeting, Harriman co-operating finally, but he lost his temper and abused Rufus Jennings, Secretary of the

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General Committee for having commandeered one of "his ferry boats" on the Sausalito run to carry off refugees the day before. His assumption of proprietary right was very ill-tempered, as Jennings was doing nothing but what the Committeemen, in the emergency, assumed was necessary to be done, the railroads having agreed to carry refugees out of the City to any point in the United States free, which relieved the congestion by about 70,000 people.

Brought from this meeting Dr. Edward Devine and Frank Heney, and lunched at Harveys. Finance Committee meeting at three o'clock - over at 6:30 o'clock. Visited Relief Stations with Dr. Devine. Brought a party of strangers, two men, two women and two babies to the ferry for transportation, and dined at the Harvey's at eight o'clock. At five P.M., I received the President's proclamation, giving as approval and authority.

Thursday, April 26th: Meeting of General Committee and Special Committee at Fort Mason. Governor Pardee presided. He was testy and profane about the National Guard, which he would not authorize to act, and said he would call a Special Session of the Legislature.

Dr. Devine lunched with me at the Harvey's. Finance Committee Meeting. Father York and Collector Stratton met with representatives of Committees. Drove Rufus

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Jennings to the ferry. Went to Park with two ladies and man picked up on Market Street. Conference with Herrick, Drum and Cooper at Harvey's after dinner.

Friday, April the 27th: General Committee Meeting. Made arrangements with Leach for the use of the United States Mint as a depository for funds, and lunched there. Felt a slight earth-quake.

Went with Tom Magee, Enrique Grau and Oscar Cooper by motor to Burlingame, and dined with my sister, Mollie, Mrs. Oscar Cooper and others there. Called at Scott's house with Mrs. Walter Martin, Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Scott. On this day, I also met with the Adornment Association to plan new street's and other improvements. Burnham's coming was reported.

April 29th: Settled dispute about 200 kits of tools, between carpenters, led by P. M. McCarthy, and the Pacific Hardware & Steel Company. It seems that the carpenters demanded tools, which were known to be in the warehouse of the Pacific Hardware & Steel Company, which refused delivery, thus paralyzing the work of the carpenters. McCarthy intimated that the tools would be taken by force. I communicated with the Scott boys at San Rafael, and told them it was necessary to deliver the tools, in order to avert trouble, which might result in lawlessness. The tools were surrendered.

Opened new headquarters in the Hamilton School,

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opposite Hamilton Square.

May 7th: The Mayor reported the building, Franklin Hall, which the Committee had occupied since the fire, Fillmore Street near Bush, structurally unsafe.

Later, the Finance Committee decided to incorporate, in order to take care of funds properly and fix responsibility. William F. Herrin doubted if the law would warrant it; and Garret W. McEnerney and I called upon Judge W. W. Morrow, in his chambers, and decided to go ahead anyhow.

A corporation was formed with the following officers:

Board of directors: The governor of California, the mayor of San Francisco, Horace Davis, M. H. DeYoung, F. W. Dohrmann, O. K. Cushing, vice F. G. Drum, J. Downey Harvey, I. W. Hellman, Jr., William F. Herrin, Rufus P. Jennings, H. E. Law, Thomas Magee, Garret McEnerney, Hon. W. W. Morrow, Charles S. Wheeler, James D. Phelan, Allan Pollock, Rudolph Spreckels, F. S. Stratton, Charles Sutro, Jr., Joseph S. Tobin.

Officers: James D. Phelan, President; F. W. Dohrmann, Vice President; William F. Herrin, Second Vice President; J. Downey Harvey, Secretary. C. W. Fay and Thomas F. Walsh acted as secretaries at different times.

The President's proclamation first called upon the country to send funds to the Red Cross, within a few days after the fire. At the instance of Judge Morrow and others (The President having been informed of the work of the Citizens Committee) he directed, by a second proclamation, that the funds be sent "to James D. Phelan, Chairman of the Citizens Committee."

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The local Red Cross Section, which had just been organized before the fire, then consolidated with the Citizens Committee, both bodies working amicably and in perfect harmony as a unit.

The Executive Committee, consisting of James D. Phelan, M. H. DeYoung, Rudolph Spreckels, Thomas Magee and F. W. Dohrmann, met daily at lunch at the University Club, in a basement room of the residence of F. W. Dohrmann and Dr. Pischel, on California Street near Gough, the temporary quarters of the Club. The Executive Committee had been given full authority by the Corporation.

The Committee called a conference of representative men like Bishop Nichols, E. H. Harriman and others, to suggest a method of employment of the funds that were rapidly coming in. For the first time, I. W. Hellman and his son, I. W. Hellman Jr., attended a meeting; William F. Herrin, General Counsel of the Southern Pacific Company was present and E. H. Harriman. after some discussion, Harriman, when called upon for advice, said it would be well to proceed to the election of a treasurer - preferably a banker - to take care of the funds, which should be deposited in banks throughout the country, so that the small communities subscribing throughout the country would not suffer from depletion, as a very large sum would be collected.

Mr. Herrin moved that I. W. Hellman be elected treasurer. I was presiding; and, seeing that it was obviously a pre-arranged

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plan to get possession of the funds, I ruled the motion out of order on the ground that this was a conference, and that whatever action desired to be taken should be taken by the Finance Committee; whereupon, Mr. Harriman and his following left the room, and the meeting broke up.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California said that I had offended Mr. Harriman; that he was very angry, and that it was a mistake to have alienated so good a friend of the community. I told him that Mr. Harriman had no reason to be angry, and I would speak to him. I went down the long flights of stairs, leading from the Hamilton School to the lawn, and found Harriman scowling and black with a hostile expression on his face. I explained that, in the first place, the meeting was one for conference, to suggest ideas, but not to take action, as action must be taken by the Finance Committee; and, in the second place, that, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, I was custodian of the funds, which were deposited in the United States Mint, and that permission had been so granted by the Treasury Department, and I could not consent to the transfer of the funds to a treasurer without the approval of President Roosevelt, who, in his proclamation directed that all funds be sent to me, and that I felt a sense of great responsibility.

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I further stated that I agreed to his idea of depositing the money in banks in many places; that I was a banker, - the President of the Mutual Savings Bank - and could do that very properly.

Mr. Harriman was greatly astonished when I told him that I was named in the President's proclamation, and he forthwith relented, and blamed those who were about him for having failed to inform him of these facts.

On this occasion he said, "I am a friend of President Roosevelt, and have constant communication with him by telephone between our offices."

The incident passed, and there was no change in the organization. Somebody observed that "This was the first time anyone ever crossed E. H. Harriman and got away with it!" Mr. Harriman invited me to dine on his private car at Oakland Mole, but it was not convenient for me to do so, on account of another pressing engagement.

There was only one serious complication which threatened the administration of the fund, and that was when Mayor Schmitz invited the Committee to his residence for a conference. When the Committee arrived, he had an elaborate lunch, to which we sat down. He then said that the Supervisors had complained that the Citizens Committee had, during all these weeks, usurped their functions, and now that the work was

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practically done it would be well to turn over the funds to their custody, as they were the elected representatives of the people of the City of San Francisco.

Judge Morrow, Garret McEnerney and others voiced protests, as well as I.

It so happened that I was detailed to go East, to ask Congress for aid in rebuilding the City, with Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Judge Morrow and others the next morning, and the Mayor had tendered me my transportation before this storm broke. After luncheon, I called upon Mr. Garret McEnerney at his office and told him of my embarrassment and fears, - that, if I absented myself from the City, something would be attempted in the way of turning over the funds to the Board of Supervisors, whose integrity was seriously questioned. (They were afterwards ejected from office for graft.) I returned the transportation to the Mayor late that afternoon, and announced that I would not go East, believing it my duty to remain on guard. So, no transfer of the fund was made.

With these two exceptions, no attempt was made to question the authority of the Citizens Committee to collect and administer the fund to the end, which was done.

In the confusion of the times, it is interesting to note the value of words. Having business at the Mercantile Trust Company, of which I was a Director, Mr. D. N. Rideout,

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then President, stated that he had received a letter from Morgan & Company, Bankers, New York, asking whether the Committee in charge was trustworthy, and, with much satisfaction, the old gentleman exhibited to me his reply, which read something like this:

"I have received your letter enquiring about the character of the Citizens Committee. Mr. James D. Phelan is Chairman of that Committee, and there is no one in our community more capable of dispensing the funds."

But he did not mean, I am sure, to convey the impression that the Committee was wasteful, because the Morgan Company came through with contributions:

I find in my papers an old list of the sub-committees of the Citizens Committee, which was changed from time to time, and finally crystalized in the corporation. The list is as follows:

Resumption of Civil Government, not including Judiciary - Garret McEnerney, Chairman.

Resumption of Judiciary - Charles W. Slack, Chairman.

Resumption of Transportation - Thornwall Mullaly,

R. B. Hale
R. Park
I. W. Raphael
Michael Casey
Gavin McNab
Mr. Harris
G. Smith
J. R. Howell

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Transportation of Refugees:-

Thomas Magee, Chairman
George A. Hensley

Restoration of Water:-

Frank B. Anderson, Chairman
George L. Dillman
H. Schussler
A. H. Payson
A. M. Hunt
A. S. Porter
Mr. Lane

Restoration of Light:-

Rudolph Spreckels
C. G. Lyman
J. Martin

Telephones:-

T. C. Friedlander, Chairman
Louis Glass
F. H. Lamb

Relief of Hungry:-

Rabbi Voorsanger, Chairman
Oscar Cooper, Secretary
W. W. Thurston
John Drum
B. B. McNear

Maurice Block
Hugo K. Asher
A. B. C. Dohrmann
W. P. Scott

Housing the Homeless:-

W. J. Bartnett, Chairman
Charles S. Fee
M. E. Cerf, Secretary
J. Dalzell Brown
John H. Speck
R. H. Countryman

Restoration of Fires and Dwellings:-

James Deneen, Chairman
J. J. Mahoney
George F. Duffy

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Finance Committee of the Relief and Red Cross Funds:-

James D. Phelan, Chairman
J. Downey Harvey, Secretary
Rufus P. Jennings
Herbert E. Law
William Babcock
Thomas Magee
James L. Flood
Garret McEnerney
Horace Davis
John F. Merrill
Frank G. Drum
W. W. Morrow, Judge U. S. Circuit Court
I. W. Hellman, Jr.
Rudolph Spreckels
Wm. F. Herrin
Charles Sutro, Jr.
M. H. DeYoung

Jos. S. Tobin

Press Agent:-

I. Choynski

Roofing the Homeless (Sub-Committee of Housing Homeless):-

Fairfax H. Wheelan, Chairman

O. K. Cushing

Miss Katherine Felton

F. J. Symmes

Drugs and Medical Supplies (Dispensary):-

Dr. Harris, Chairman

Dr. McGill

Dr. Garceau

Relief of Sick and Wounded:-

Miss Katherine Felton

Fairfax H. Wheelan

Mrs. John F. Merrill

Mr. O. K. Cushing

Sanitation:-

Dr. James F. Ward

Relief of Chinese:-

Rev. Dr. Filben

Restoration and Resumption of Retail Trade:-

George W. Wittman, Chairman

H. D. Loveland

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Policing Several Districts of the City:-

H. U. Brandenstein, Chairman

Auxiliary Fire Committee:-

A. W. Wilson, Chairman

Restoration of Abattoirs:-

Henry Miller

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[Addendum]

My pictures were in my residence on Valencia Street and in my office in the Phelan Building. With one or two exceptions I believe they were all lost in the fire, including my portrait by Orrin Peck, and canvasses by E.L. Weeks, Keith and a sculpture by Rodin and other things which cannot be replaced.

On the morning of the earthquake and fire, I came to my office and ordered the Janitor to take down the dozen or more canvases which were there, and bring them to Union Square and await my coming. Upon going into the street I was summoned on the Citizens Committee of Fifty and became so interested in the work that I forgot to return for my pictures, which doubtless were destroyed by the fire that night. I do not think that anybody was disposed to steal anything, because they could not secrete or hide pictures very well.

I got off some furniture in an express wagon to my residence the next day, and included Tavenier's famous picture of the Bohemian Jinks, which I still possess. Another Tavenier I lost, A fire in the mountain forests. Subsequently I saw what I thought to be that picture owned by Louis Hanchett of the Bohemian Club, but in enquiry found that he had recently bought it from the collection of the late Eugene Dewe(?). Tavenier always painted duplicated of his fine things. There is a duplicate of my Bohemian Jinks picture in the Bohemian Club today, although not in as good condition as the one I possessed. I purchased mine from General Barnes.

I brought several pictures from my house and placed them in the center of the lawn far from the buildings and covered them with tarpaulins, which was a mistake. I should have buried them, because the heat in passing over the spot destroyed them.

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The picture of Golgotha I bought in 1910 in Munich after I had seen the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau. I thought the Passion Play so horrible that I loved to see in the Glas Palastz Exposition in Munich this wonderful painting which showed so much repose. Christ is going to his execution, the cross is waiting for him. He is not suspended. There is no horror or suffering, but much of forbearance and dignity. When Roosevelt saw it in 1911 he exclaimed — "Wonderful". This shows Greek restraint. The Greeks never killed anybody on the stage. They were always killed off the stage." That was the same idea which impressed me when first I saw this picture.

My picture by Jules Pages in "[illegible]" Room in which Renan was born in Brittany, France. My Hopkinson Smith is "Venice."