

SINSHEIMER BROS.

INCORPORATED MARCH, 1898.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE, 212 SANSOME STREET.

San Luis Obispo, Cal., April 18<sup>th</sup> 1906

My dear Children,

All kinds of rumors are afloat about the damage caused to San Francisco by this morning's Tumbler. All felt the shaking at 5<sup>15</sup> o'clock this morning, except myself. Mama, at the breakfast table, expressed her fears about the city, Otto returning from the store told us of the wires being down, and communications with the city being interrupted. The first news item I received was that S. F. being isolated and the report of its calamity was brought by auto to San Jose and telegraphed abroad.

Mama came down town in great excitement wanting me to communicate with you, but how? The Telegraph and 'phone being out of question. Los Angeles phoned - Mr Barnum for news from the city. Louis told him that Los Angeles could wire to S. F. via Salt Lake City. I tried to get a dispatch through that way, but Mr. Sutliff told me it being impossible to get anything through for some time

It is reported that the waterfront of the city is ablaze and the water main broken.

Market St. from First St. down burning.

The Palace, Grand Examiner all in a heap. The Call building collapsed. Two boarding houses burned and their inmates dead. Can you imagine the state of ex-

citement we are in? Mama & Gertrude show a hectic flushed cheek, we men try to control

our nerves. Two boats are also reported sunk in the Bay with all on board. Also the

Track at Pajaro being impassable by the effect of the temblor. Several Water &

Oil Tanks of the S. P. between here and the City have collapsed. So we dare

hardly expect a train from the city today.

If we only could hear from you in some way. Gertrude has been phoning to the Telephone office off and on with very little success.

How little all efforts of men appear, in comparison to the force of nature. When

we read about the latter, we hardly give them a second thought. But, when brought home to

us, how intense our feeling, almost to desperation. I hope to hear from you before night.

Yours in suspense — father Asou.