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THE EXAMINER, SAN FRANCISCO: TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1892. 3

WHAT THE BIG STORM DID.

Widespread Damage and Petty Destruction Wrought by the Tremendous Blow.

How the Wind and the Clouds Fought the Sun All Day Yesterday.

HOUSES TORN FROM FOUNDATIONS.

Only One Person Injured During the Whole Storm, Though Buildings Were Falling, Windows Smashing, Chimneys Tumbling and Signs Flying Through the Air—Streets Blocked and Flooded by Incompetent Drains—Crowds Watch the Breakers Crash Into Foam on the Rocks at the Beach.

San Francisco woke up yesterday feeling as though a street-sweeper had run over it. Wind and rain had massed its forces and disheveled its houses in a way quite new to the city, which had, through long experience, come to consider unpretentious weather as an attribute of other localities entirely.

All over the city chimneys were downed, windows smashed, fences prostrated and trees upset. There were even a few houses blown from foundations and scattered over neighboring lots. Fortunately the storm's crimes were all against property. Nobody was seriously hurt.

With the dawn began a long, fierce battle between the sun and the clouds. The clouds had possession at daybreak. As if in preparation for the assault their patient ally, the south wind, had been bringing up reinforcements all night, and when the sun first charged the dark masses it was stopped by a dead, gray, solid, low-lying bank of clouds. Within an hour a dull red gleam showed that the assault was succeeding. Then the sun's forces divided, and the clouds were stripped the rift, but the sun was too strong and the last three hours of the morning were bright. But the clouds, though they had been routed and scattered, hung about the horizon and spread and spread until the sundered masses were again united. Time and time again the sun broke through the heavy masses, but each interval of sunshine was briefer than the last, and in the end victory was with the clouds. The daylight failed with a pall over the city heavier, grayer, bleaker, more sodden and more gloomy than even that of the dawn.

Not for many months has such a day been appreciated, everybody who was not sailing up his wrecked fence was out.

Hundreds visited the Park and Cliff, not as usual to enjoy the brightness and the sun, but to see how the flowers and animals were behaving in the storm. Many of the paths were impassable, and the wind was so strong that it was impossible to walk against it. Those who ventured out on the Cliff House grounds were driven back by the flying spray, which was carried over the building in sheets.

The observations were not serious. In the Park the pelicans and the sea-lions had waited for most from the slopes and covered the tracks to a depth of two or three feet; miniature washouts had made the pitch down to the rock and foam-bordered bay seem even more precipitate and shuddery.

The ocean was wet. Water dripped from the rocks of the tunnel and made lakes on both sides of the track.

But, for all the wind and the wet, it was a beautiful ride to the Cliff. The surf, though not as violent as the day before, was still big and angry and reared as it wrestled with the rocks. It was a fine sight, and worth it to see alone. Most of the time the air was free of mist, and across another line of white showed that the surf was beating against the feet of the Marin hills. There were some spirited fences about Butro Heights, but there the damage was confined to the pickets. The trees suffered more. Tangled chimneys are on the roof, and where the photograph gallery used to be was only a pile. Over the roads for 100 yards were bits of timber and canvas. It was not worth of a photograph gallery, but Manager Wilkins of the Cliff House thought it worth while to take it.

When the little house blew away at 9 o'clock in the morning the people there about thought another dynamite ship had blown up.

There were hundreds of people at the Cliff to see the surf smash over the rocks, but the chief interest centered in the wind blew the white tops off the big breakers before they struck the rocks, so they did not break as high as they should have done. However, the air was full of flying foam and the beach was covered with moving light as sunbeams down and apparently from all directions. Some of the waves were great drifts of foam, among the rocks, so white that the crest of the breakers looked yellow in comparison. The wind would catch this stuff up and send it flying like feathers high above the cliff. Masses of it as big as a man's body rolled along the sand like tumble weeds on the desert, until they were overtaken and swallowed by advancing waves.

To day, according to precedent, the waves that have been piling up during the height of the surf should be more wonderful. All the white whiskered men out at the Cliff House said that a day or two after a storm was the time to see surf.

At the life saving station on the beach they had the new life boat all ready, but no use was found for it. The crew, however, patrolled the ocean beach all Sunday night, but no vessel needing help appeared. A fortunate thing that, for the men at the station say their boat could never be launched in the present heavy sea.

WHERE THE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY USED TO BE.

[Sketched by an "Examiner" artist.]

launched off the beach with such a sea on. The boat inside near Baker's beach would have to be depended on in such an emergency.

IT IS NOT OVER YET,

The Weather Bureau Announces That It All Probability the Big Storm Will Continue for Several Days.

"The last of this wind and rain has not been seen yet," said Lieutenant Finley, chief of the Weather Bureau, yesterday afternoon. "Another cold wave has made its appearance in British Columbia, and has prevented the storm from moving eastward, the direction it first took.

"These cold waves have a high barometer, and force the region of low barometer which always follows these storms out of their path as this one did. This second wave is now moving southward, and will probably be followed by another. The storm will continue for several days."

WHERE THE HEAVY PILEWORK PARTED AT THE FERRY SLIP.

[From a sketch by an "Examiner" staff artist.]

'high,' as the cold waves are called, has had the effect of pushing this storm down toward California, and if the barometer rises any more in that section we will have a continuation of the rain, with even higher winds than those of Saturday and Sunday. The wind is increasing all along the northern coast, and may be felt more severely than ever by to-morrow.

"The storm signals of the past week have been the result of three different storms, the first and third having joined together to produce this last one which we felt Saturday evening and Sunday. They started off the coast of British Columbia, just north of Washington Territory, and started in Tuesday. The cold wave started eastward in British Columbia when it was met by a cold wave with a high barometric pressure, which split it, sending one half east and the other to the southeast. The second storm off the coast more to the north and passed on eastward with no obstructions, while the third, which was first felt last Saturday in the form of a heavy rain, was probably the remnants of the first, and joining forces with it blew great guns over Washington, Idaho and Montana. The cold wave then moved southeast and is now at Cairo, Ill., where very cold weather is being experienced.

"The third storm is now being forced in this direction by still another cold wave, which at present is stationary just north of Washington, but which is forcing the storm-center southeast, so that it is rapidly approaching California and is likely to give us another visitation worse than the last. If it does not continue further south, this storm may pass to the north of it and so escape California, but this is hardly likely.

"In San Francisco we are simply on the outskirts of the rain and wind area, although this time the winds in this section have been almost as strong as those north of us. The highest velocity recorded here was 48 m. m. Sunday morning was as follows: Fort Canby, 52 miles; Tatoosh Island, 52; Cape Flattery, 56 miles; Sacramento, 44 miles; Red Bluff, 38 miles; Walla Walla, 36 miles; Winnemucca, 40 miles; Reno, 34 miles; Fresno, 18 miles, and Point Reyes, 48 miles. There are no reports from stations on the northern coast, we have been unable to get reports from, as the wires are all down.

THE WRECK OF M'ARDLE'S FLEDGLING AT THE FOOT OF POINT LOBOS AVENUE.

[From a photograph.]

At 7 o'clock last evening, when the last report is made up, the indications were that the storm was about stationary, with much higher winds in Nevada. At Winnemucca the wind had reached a velocity of sixty miles an hour, the highest it has yet been at any point.

The storm yesterday was but two-hundredths of an inch, and last evening the wind was blowing at twenty miles an hour at the office of the weather bureau.

ON THE WATER FRONT,

How the Wind Tore Up Wharves and Ships Along the Bay Shore—Scene of a Probable Wreck Up the Coast.

The first town of outside disaster came in with the wrecking steamer Whitelaw yesterday afternoon. It was to the effect that the Whitelaw's wrecking mate, the powerful derrickboat sown Samson, had gone ashore near Bodega. The crew of seven men escaped, and the amount of damage that will result from the disaster will not be known until their arrival here, as the wires along the north coast are mostly down or out of order.

The Whitelaw has been at work on the wreck of the ship Joseph S. Spinney near the mouth of Russian river for a number of weeks past, and a fortnight ago towed the Samson up to use as a store ship for such crops as should be saved. Both vessels went down yesterday morning, and the Whitelaw was obliged to anchor off Bodega Bay, but anchored in a sheltered cove, while the Whitelaw went back to Bodega to get a new hawser.

TEMPORARY REPAIRS AT SUMP AND BRANDT STREET.

[Sketched by an "Examiner" artist.]

to prosecute her work on the Spinney unaided. But the weather was unfavorable. It was rough, dark water, and the divers had a hard time of it when they went down. They pegged away, however, reporting progress occasionally, and breaking the Spinney up to facilitate getting at the cargo when smooth water should permit the descent of the divers. But the smooth water never came, and Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, it came to so rough that the steamer's anchor began to drag, and she was obliged to steam with the engines going at their fullest capacity to prevent her going ashore.

After riding out the gale Saturday night the Whitelaw returned, and found the Spinney totally dissolved. The breakup had been complete, and the wreck lay in above water save a confused mass of wreckage in the breakers.

It was the Saturday night blow that sent the Samson ashore. From the meager particulars obtainable the scow received pretty rough treatment from the elements, but it is not thought probable that she may have escaped with injuries so slight that it will pay to pull her back into deep water. She is quite a valuable adjunct of Captain Whitelaw's business, and was well insured. The Whitelaw is cooling and will start back to-day to see what can be done toward getting the Samson off the beach.

Wharfingers Booker and Paterson were out hunting dock gates yesterday. They found two that had been blown down at Clay street and Mission 1, but the portal of the Lombard-street pier was blown overboard and went away with the tide. There is a gap in the sea wall at the foot of Taylor street to State property, but nothing of a very expensive nature. At the Mail dock the bulkhead ram of a pile-driver that accomplished so much less than those of Schmidt and Dalton served, and another driver towed into port yesterday with a broken mast. The mast broke off by the driver plunging in the Harrison-street wharf the ships Killeen, Louisiana and Laughlan had a fresh battle with the structure last night, and this time accomplished some real damage. The Louisiana pulled the massive iron mooring bitts out of the wharf, and the Laughlan's head dragged it overboard. The Killeen fetched another one up, but did not get it

MENACE TO NAVIGATION—THE STORM HAS LEFT THE BAY COVERED WITH FLOATING PILES, WHICH ARE LIKELY TO CAUSE SERIOUS DAMAGE TO STEAMERS IF NOT SPEEDILY REMOVED.

[From a photograph.]

prearranged sailing on account of the dangerous breakers on the bar. Arrivals were limited to three coasting steamers, which came in by the north channel through the Golden Gate. Captain Wilkins, the harbor officer of the Pioneer, reports seeing no anchor light in the dangerous night just south of Point Reyes last night, and expresses fears for the safety of the vessel displaying it. The schooner Harman was seen by the Pioneer's lookout just off the Heads. She was under bare poles, and the light was that of the north channel, but only after shipping a sea or two, and the vessel stood south south of up the coast.

The Rescue recovered the George W. Kilgore's lost anchor and chain yesterday morning and gave the runaway steamer a fresh and substantial mooring.

"WERE ROTTEN ANYWAY."

Rumor and Devastation at the Sutro-Gauge Pier—Division Superintendent Fillmore Explains the Loss.

The most serious damage done by the storm in the permanent way along the Oakland shore of the bay was that at the end of the narrow-gauge pier.

Fully 200 feet of the heavy piling forming the south side of the ferry slip was crushed to the force of the gale and went out to sea, more than 300 feet of the south side of the depot building was blown in and splintered like matchwood, the fine cross stays of the roof were twisted into fantastic shapes, glass was broken by the acre, and everything portable within the influence of the wind and waves went helter-skelter into the bay.

The narrow-gauge pier of the Southern Pacific runs out into the bay for two and three-quarter miles from the mainland. It

LAKES IN THE TUNNEL.

[Sketched by an "Examiner" artist.]

was built between ten and twelve years ago, and has formed an important part of the great ferry revenue-making machine of the company. Some repairs have been strengthened from time to time, but there is a good deal of rotten timber about the structure, and it would have been strange indeed had it withstood the fury of Sunday night's storm.

A lineman by the name of Thompson is

WHAT THE STORM ACCOMPLISHED ON THE OAKLAND MOLE.

[From an "Examiner" artist.]

closer of the dock. At Mission 2 the Mackenzie pulled another hole out, taking two or three yards of heavy dock planking with it, leaving the tracks both spikes to which they were tacks. Piles are washed out, and a few feet of the south side of the depot site slid into the bay through unplugged sewer holes in the recently filled seawall. This, with the loss of a few yards of dock shed gutters, ripped off by the lower yards of vessels hauled over by the gale, constitutes the extent of the injury to State property, which can be repaired at a cost of $2,000 or $4,000.

The shipping did not escape so lightly. No survey has been made as yet, but both the Tolenas and Manchester will probably have to dock and undergo extensive repairs to their bottoms. The Tolenas is the worst sufferer, and the Manchester will probably be ready for sea. The Nereus and Benicia are just as badly punished, and the Mascot Lingusa will have to have several sheets of copper put on her port quarter, against the wooden side of Pioneer-street dock, where the L. Schupp is also lying with badly shaded chances.

The wind ranged from thirty-two to thirty-six miles an hour all day, and was described between the southeast and southwest. During the night it howled at virtually as it did Sunday morning, but with lighter winds in Nevada. At Winnemucca the wind had reached a velocity of sixty miles an hour, the highest it has yet been at any point.

The storm yesterday was but two-hundredths of an inch, and last evening the wind was blowing at twenty miles an hour at the office of the weather bureau.

MENACE TO NAVIGATION—THE STORM HAS LEFT THE BAY COVERED WITH FLOATING PILES, WHICH ARE LIKELY TO CAUSE SERIOUS DAMAGE TO STEAMERS IF NOT SPEEDILY REMOVED.

[From a photograph.]

WATCHING THE SURF FROM THE VERANDA OF THE CLIFF HOUSE.

[From a sketch by an "Examiner" staff artist.]

regard the loss to their property very great, as a good deal of it was rotten and would have had to be renewed in the course of the next year or two. The interruption of traffic, he said, the most serious part of the disaster.

BUILDINGS BLOWN DOWN.

Widow Johnson's Cabin Was Built Upon the Sand—Sutter's Building Crushed Into Kindling Wood.

The willow Johnson was very near being the scene of a fatality during the storm early at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. Mrs. Johnson has for many years lived in the lot at 3615 Sacramento street, but had no money to improve it with, and generally was to repaired a little and decided to put up a shanty of one room in which she might feel at home and keep house through her old age. The cabin had just been completed and furnished with the scant belongings of the poor woman. A small kitchen stove, a bed, a few bits of crockery and a single chair and small table formed the furnishing, and she had been in her new house only three days when the calm began to beat upon it. It was built on sand, and the drip from the eaves washed the sand away from the sides of the foundation timbers so that the gale could get firm hold of the structure. During all of the earlier part of Sunday night Mrs. Johnson sat in her chair and enjoyed the fury of the storm. The calm observed when an unusually sharp gust struck it but gave no sign of weakness or insecurity. At midnight Mrs. Johnson retired, and was just dozing when her cabin seemed to rise bodily a few inches in the air and

A NATABLE FENDER, RAGGED AND TORN, AFTER HAVING BEEN USED IN PROTECTING THE SHIP MANUEL LLAUTES FROM BEING SMASHED AGAINST PIERHEAD WHARF.

[From a photograph.]

then settle back to its place. She jumped up partly dressed and had just stepped from her door when the cabin collapsed with a crash behind her and the fragments were whirled in a hundred directions by the storm.

At 2:35 a. m. when the house tumbled, and while Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Kenealey were standing at the latter's door a crash announced that another and more pretentious building at Clay and Sutter streets had succumbed.

The thundering crash which sounded above the storm and startled Mrs. Kenealey and Mrs. Johnson was caused by the total destruction of the two-story frame residence at Clay and Sutter streets. The house was built fifteen months ago for Scott Sutton, a clerk with Lilienthal & Co. Mr. Sutton lived in the house with his wife and sister Louie Landler and superintended by George Eaton. Eaton said yesterday that the building was carefully and soundly done and no expense spared in providing against accidents. dangers from storms. The place cost $5,000, and was totally wrecked. The house was built on the sand lot, and had no foundations to resist pressure against the broad side of the building, and when the gale struck it about 2 a. m. yesterday it reached the Sutton house it lifted it bodily and carried it thirty feet to the north completely off from its foundation. The first

THE SUTTON RESIDENCE LIFTED FOR STORM.

[Sketched by an "Examiner" staff artist.]

story was smashed into splinters and very little of the front wall of the upper story remained in form. The roof was torn off bodily and carried away, and the rear two-third parts were crushed down into the first story and the lath and plaster fell in all directions. The front part of the house was lifted bodily and carried forward, and the third story remained in form. The roof was torn off, and the side rooms not one remained. A mass of broken flooring, ceilings and rafters was all. Luckily no one was in the house when it fell.

F. Sterrett, living at the corner of California and Lyon streets, had a rude awakening at 3:30 o'clock. Hearing there a sound deep as he first thought that burglars were prying open his front door, but the cries of his daughter, who with her husband occupied the front room of the resident upstairs, and the responsive cries of Mrs. Sterrett, soon set him right on the question. In fact, the wind had started the shingles on the front part of Sterrett's roof, and once started it was easy for the gale to

"WAS ROTTEN, ANYWAY."

Club's grounds is down, and the kindergarten section at the Haight-street baseball grounds is a complete wreck.

The sand drifted so high on the corner of Beach and Hyde streets that the Hyde-street cable cars were delayed for a time. A force of laborers were at once put at work and they soon had the track cleared.

The telephone wires along Point Lobos avenue were blown down and the line repairers of the company were kept busy all day. For a time all telephonic communication between the city and the district west of Larkin street was cut off.

The roof of the stairway leading to the residence at 730 Pine street, near Powell, was carried away by the wind, as was also the garden fence. The debris was piled up on the sidewalk yesterday and pedestrians walking on the south side of the street had to take to the cobblestones to get past.

The wind storm passed over Mt. Diablo Signal Service station, where timbers and crushed and several of the trees were snapped off close to the ground.

The storm blew down a large section of the high fence on City Hall avenue near Larkin street. The fence is the one that the contractors were engaged in the strain and the big fence collapsed and landed out into the street with a loud crash.

The big fence on the corner of Jones street and Golden Gate avenue also went down before the gale about 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning, part of the fence being blown clear across the street.

DEMORALIZED STREETS.

Badly Constructed Drains Give Way or Choke Up and There Are New Roads in the Parks Everywhere.

The sewer on California street caved in near the crossing of Fillmore street. There is a hole fully twenty feet long and about five feet deep between the railroad tracks and the sidewalks on the north side of the street Superintendent. At the crossing of Scott street the sewer also gave way. The sewer was too small and went to carry off the torrents of water that ran down the hill.

At the northeast corner of Post and Lagunas streets the cesspool was choked, and an improvised levee of sand and rock was built by the neighbors to keep the water from backing into the basements.

The sewer on the crossing of Laguna and Geary streets gave way. It was repaired only a few weeks ago and the residents of the neighborhood do not consider that a thorough job was made by the contractor. Several tree boxes on the corner were blown down.

All along Sacramento, Clay and Washington streets from Fillmore street west to Central avenue the sidewalks were strewn with mud and wreck to the depth of several inches. The roof of a two-story house on the hillside at Sacramento and Gough streets was blown down, crushing the occupants of the lower story. Fortunately no one was injured.

At Sacramento and Webster and Clay and Webster streets the cable cars were delayed for a time by the sand which covered the tracks. At Sacramento street between Webster and Fillmore streets a gas main nearly twenty feet in length by six in width and fully three feet deep was washed out during the storm.

Out along the bay shore the damage was

HOW THE EAST END OF THE DEPOT SHED LOOKS WHEN THE WIND GOT BEHIND WITH IT.

[Sketched by an "Examiner" artist.]

comparatively light. In the Presidio one tree on the sidewalk was blown down and a sign or two were blown from their fastenings. At Harbor View only minor accidents occurred. A tree in the yard of Frank Plaisy, at Steiner and Chilton streets, was blown down, and in falling broke the fence. At Pierce and Union streets a water pipe burst and added to the flood. A great stream spouted

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

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