

Fall 2009



# La Peninsula

The Journal of the San Mateo County Historical Association, Volume xxxviii, No.2



The 1989 Loma Prieta Earthquake  
in San Mateo County

# Table of Contents

Introduction ..... 3  
by Joan M. Levy

Amfac Hotel ..... 4  
by Ken Musso

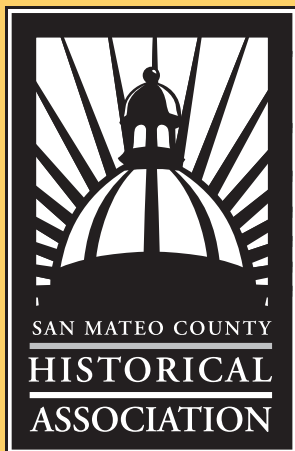
Earthquake: A Couple’s Story ..... 9  
by Jeff Riley and Marsi O’Malley-Riley

Earthquake Tales ..... 20  
by Residents and Visitors to San Mateo County, October 17, 1989

**Our Vision**  
To discover the past  
and imagine the future.

**Our Mission**  
To enrich, excite and  
educate through  
understanding,  
preserving and  
interpreting the history  
of San Mateo County.

Accredited by the  
American Association  
of Museums



**The San Mateo County Historical Association** operates the San Mateo County History Museum and research archives at the old San Mateo County Courthouse located in Redwood City, California, and administers two county historical sites, the Sanchez Adobe in Pacifica and the Woodside Store in Woodside.

### **The San Mateo County Historical Association Board of Directors**

Keith Bautista, *Chairman*; Karen McCown, *Immediate Past Chairwoman*; Peggy Bort Jones, *Vice Chairwoman*; Phill Raiser, *Secretary*; Brian Sullivan, *Treasurer*; John Adams; Paul Barulich; Tom Brady; Roberta Carcione; Herm Christensen; Shawn DeLuna; Celeste Giannini; Umang Gupta; John Inglis; Doug Keyston; Sue Lempert; Joan M. Levy; Gene Mullin; Anne Peter; Barbara Rucker; Patrick Ryan; Cynthia L. Schreurs; Paul Shepherd and Mitchell P. Postel, *President*.

### **President’s Advisory Board**

Albert A. Acena; Arthur H. Bredenbeck; Frank Baldanzi; John Clinton; Robert M. Desky; T. Jack Foster, Jr.; Georgi LaBerge; Greg Munks; John Schrup and Tom Siebel.

### **La Peninsula**

Albert A. Acena, PhD, Editor; Carmen J. Blair, Associate Editor  
Publications Committee: Joan M. Levy, *Publications Chairwoman*; Albert A. Acena, PhD; Carmen J. Blair; Herm Christensen, Gene Mullin and Mitchell P. Postel.  
Address correspondence to: Editor, La Peninsula, San Mateo County Historical Association, 2200 Broadway, Redwood City, CA, 94063 or [lapeninsula@historysmc.org](mailto:lapeninsula@historysmc.org).

Copyright © 2009 San Mateo County Historical Association.

Unless otherwise noted, photographs are from the San Mateo County Historical Association.

**Front Cover:** The Amfac Hotel in Burlingame during the 1989 Loma Prieta Earthquake.

# Introduction

Joan M. Levy,  
Publications Committee Chairwoman



A fifth floor Park Road home in Burlingame.

This marks the 20th Anniversary of the Loma Prieta Earthquake that occurred on Tuesday, October 17, 1989. For those of you who were not here to experience it, the 7.1 tremblor took place at 5:04 p.m. and the epicenter was in the Santa Cruz Mountains at Loma Prieta. It was just before the beginning of the third game of the World Series between the San Francisco Giants and the Oakland A's. San Francisco's Candlestick Park was filled with 60,000 fans. Many others were just leaving work for their commute home.

The immediate damage in the Bay Area included the collapse of a portion of the lower deck of the Bay Bridge, the Cypress Freeway in the East Bay and an apartment house in San Francisco's Marina district. There were 63 people killed and 3,757 injured in Northern California. In San Mateo County there were no deaths caused by the quake itself, and very few serious injuries, although panic and anxiety, especially about absent family members, did affect many of us.

The San Mateo County Historical Association asked people to record their experiences and impressions and submit them. The response was overwhelming. At least 244 individuals and over 850 students from 51 schools sent in stories. These documents are filed in the Archives of the San Mateo County History Museum. At this time, we are publishing selections from that collection to commemorate the occasion.

## Earthquake Tales

**Frank C. Miramontes** of Redwood City recalled:

"When the severe shaking ceased and I turned from the protective doorway, I saw a conical pile of books where the bookcases had fallen against a desk. No damage.

But it instantly reminded me of a tall conical brickpile in the walk-in basement of the house where my parents and I were living in Redwood City in 1906. A portion of the chimney had fallen through the roof, the ceiling and the floor of my bedroom. No personal injuries."

**Herb Mesler** of Redwood City wrote:

"Suddenly this was like no other quake I had experienced in my 52 years of living in San Carlos and Redwood City. The building began to shake so violently I honestly thought it was about to fall apart around us. As we were almost knocked from our feet I watched my apartment begin to become a pile of fallen items.....

Bookcases were emptied and houseplants were all over the floor. Somehow the fish tank, although half emptied, did not fall.

It's kind of strange, but of all the many things going through my mind for those 15 seconds, fear was not one of them."





A series of photographs taken as the 200-gallon water tank fell at the Amfac Hotel.

### Ken Musso

Ken Musso began his career in firefighting in 1973. He was an Assistant Chief in 1989 when the Loma Prieta Earthquake hit. He submitted his story of the Amfac Hotel on April 24, 1990. He served in the Burlingame Fire Department for a total of three decades, retiring in 2003. He considers his career in fire service incredibly rewarding and full of all sorts of experiences. Through all those years, Ken's hobby was winemaking. He had always hoped to go into commercial winemaking some day. His wines are now distributed under the name Due Vigne di Famiglia.

## Amfac Hotel

### Ken Musso

All of us who experienced this quake have our own story to tell and I bet we all, at times, relive those moments of fear and anxiety. It is easy for me to put myself back in that time and place because it is one of those events in one's lifetime that is not easily forgotten. I remember how the Chief and I were discussing some matter of relative unimportance at the end of the day when we both noticed the beginnings of a gentle rolling action beneath our feet. I said to the Chief, 'Hey, we're having a little roller,' and he replied rather nondescriptly, "yeah," with a look that was both factual and quizzical.

Well, the "little roller" as we were soon to find out, was to get quite a bit larger. In fact it seemed to come in three distinct stages, first a gentle rolling action, followed when I then thought to be "a good sized shaker," as my next concern was trying to maintain my cool. The Chief at this time thought it a proper notion to place ourselves under two adjacent door frames when phase three, as I describe it now, set in. A shaking, rolling, and contorting of concrete, metal and sheet rock such as I had never experienced in my 38 years of California living. At this point, the Chief and myself abandoned any thought whatsoever of standing under the office doorways. One must try to comprehend the sight of a 4' wide 40' long corridor waving in and out like vertical liquid waves of sheet rock. At the same time the concrete slab supporting us



The water tank landed in the lobby of the hotel.

seemed to transform itself and suddenly behave as a strange thick liquid rising and falling before our eyes. I remember my senses, feverishly trying to comprehend all that was taking place in the 15-second time frame while at the same time trying to make my way down this writhing hallway to the fire apparatus bays. As I neared the door to where the offices empty into the garage, I heard the station Captain (they were already out on a medical call at the Amfac Hotel) holler on the radio to one of our police dispatchers that “there’s been a collapse at the Amfac Hotel, send a first alarm.” As I heard this broadcast I felt I had to repeat that statement to those officers scrambling with me through the doors of the station, even though I knew they’d heard it also. As Battalion Commander I knew my responsibility would be to respond to the Amfac as was my duty, while Chief Towns and Chief Reilly agreed they would do a damage assessment to the other high rise buildings in town.

In my excitement of the moment, I found myself driving Code 3 much faster than I would normally consider safe. I guess the adrenalin still kicks in even after 17 years of dealing with emergency situations. As I continued my response to 1380 Bayshore (the Amfac Hotel) I began to think about sizing up the situation upon my arrival. What about the number of injuries? Would we have power? Would there be deaths? What about the safety of my own family? I decided that while enroute I would use my cellular phone to try to contact home. As I crossed the Broadway Burlingame overpass I got a recording on the cellular phone, “all circuits are busy,” and at that point I knew it would be a long time before I would be able to attempt to call them again. (In actuality, it was

### Earthquake Tales

**Stuart M. Robinson** of Belmont told of his unusual situation:

“I had reported to Bayside Imaging Center .... For a laser imaging of the knee .... My shoes, belt, spectacles and the contents of my pockets were all locked away....my left leg was strapped and sand bags were placed around it to prevent movement. I was admonished that I must lie perfectly still for thirty minutes, and the stretcher-like bed was slid into the machine....I was just about asleep.

The initial tremor of the earth was not great, but it kept increasing in severity and continued. All the lights in the room went out and the machine began to move. As my body was inert and my leg was strapped down, I was flipped from side to side and up and down....

I continued to lie there in the dark until the technicians could manually extricate me from inside the machine...and I was told to call back tomorrow for a re-take as the machine was no longer functioning....”

## Kohl Mansion



Frederic C. Kohl built the Oaks in Burlingame. From the painting by Galen Wolfe.

The stately Kohl Mansion in Burlingame was built in 1914, and has been operated by the Sisters of Mercy as a school for girls since 1931. It was one of the most damaged of the Peninsula's historic structures during the Loma Prieta Earthquake. While the structure itself was declared safe, severe surface damage occurred. Exterior brick and masonry had to be replaced. Preliminary estimates of the repair cost topped \$1 million. By December, a massive Kohl Mansion Earthquake Restoration Fund was established to repair the National Historic Landmark.

about two hours later when a passing Pacific Telephone employee with a mobile cellular phone that seemed to possess more magical powers than did the phone in my fire car.) It was a great relief to find everyone safe and sound when contact was made.

One strange sight that I remember while driving over the overpass was what appeared to be a large flock of birds of all different types, that is a mixture of pigeons, seagulls and other "everyday" birds that were flying about in a frenzy. There seemed no order or organization in their flight, but rather a panic in many directions. As I passed underneath them my thoughts quickly returned to what I might find at the hotel and I did not think of the birds again until much later that night.

It was quite a sight when I pulled up across the road from the hotel as I prepared to set up my command post for the incident. There were hundreds of people by this time streaming out of the doorways, down stairwells and rapidly filling the streets. The hotel itself had water gushing out from a large water pipe near the roof, and twisted metal and fractured glass gave the first clues of the severity of this quake. The engine company that radioed of the damage to the hotel had been on the 9th floor only minutes before (tending to a heart attack victim) and had been placing their equipment back on the fire engine when the quake hit. They heard the rock façade crumble off the front of the elevator shafts and crash through the roof and into the lobby. Later, they would make mention of how they noted at that time how crowded the hotel seemed. We found out very quickly that the hotel was indeed filled to capacity.

A black religious group was attending a convention and occupied most of the hotel that day, along with a small group of Taiwanese tourists. The religious group, having a strong autocratic leader, made our job immeasurably easier, the leader's tight span of control quickly letting us know who was missing or present.

My own first impression were 20 to 30 deaths and maybe 50 injuries. As the captains arrived and were assigned the various sectors of the hotel they began to make their size ups as to what problems we would encounter. One of the first captains inside, Captain Kennedy, stated that a large pile of debris fell right into some of the convention rooms. We called for a high-rise strike team, only to hear disbelief at my request from the COM center. Their reply? "There is no one left to call out and we have calls stacked." It was clear that damage from this quake was widespread and we were on our own.

With the amount of possible victims hanging on our minds, and knowing that no further help was available, I assigned an aide, Jim Voreyer, to round up 15 able bodied volunteers from the crowd gathering about the command



post to work with our people and the rescue operation. The next move was to locate the leaders of the Baptist group and have them arrange a head count.

We could finally breath a bit easier. As I mentioned earlier, they had great control of their people and it was only 30-35 minutes later that their leadership miraculously accounted for all of them. Thus far we had accounted for only nine injuries and could it be that there were no deaths?

Now that the hotel was evacuated, we really had no idea of the structural integrity of this 30 plus year old facility. Even though we were relatively sure of the guest count for the church group, we still had to complete a primary search of the ten-floor facility to check for workers, delivery people and restaurant patrons who might have been in the building.

Of primary concern to me was the safety of the fire fighters who courageously wanted to enter the hotel and carry out their mission of rescue. Time was running short, there was no longer power to the building and dusk was upon us. The Captains and I met at the command post and they convinced me that they felt they could carry out the operation safely. We all dreaded the aftershock that might thwart their spirits. Floor by floor, they completed their task safely, without incident, and most importantly, no victims other than those cared for earlier.

At the command post, my brother Dave, who is also a fire fighter for the City, saw me crouching down over the tactical board and greeted me upon his arrival. Just moments before, someone had come up to the command post and spread the word that the Bay Bridge was down – even though it was unconfirmed, the thought of such a thing was just uncomprehensible. I told my brother Dave of the news and I could see him swallow hard, then squint with disbelief. As I watched his face I was facing north and was stunned to notice directly behind him mountains of black clouds billowing up behind San Bruno Mountain. Later we would hear about the Marina district fires. For now though, we were faced with our own problems.

At about 8:00 p.m., we launched a second search and rescue effort in the rubble pile, my instructions being to terminate the operation immediately should an aftershock occur. In the meantime, Chiefs Reilly and Marshall reported to the command post that while there appeared to be significant damage to many properties, the buildings suffering major damage seemed to be located in a pocket, from the Amfac Hotel at 1380 Bayshore, south and west to the new Hyatt, then north to the

### Foster City



Framing a home in Foster City, 1988.

There was significant ground movement in Foster City, but there was no observed ground failure, according to geotechnical engineer Robert Darragh in 1989. Foster City, noted for being built largely with fill, was considered by many of the uninformed to be at risk of liquefaction in the earthquake. Not so, according to experts. “There is fill and then there is fill”, as was reported in 1989. Foster City is on “engineered fill,” according to the story in the *Foster City Progress*. There are technical explanations for the unique conditions at Foster City, but the proof is shown by the relative lack of damage in the Loma Prieta Earthquake.



The Amfac Hotel on December 9, 1989. Photograph by Rod Searcey.

### Earthquake Tales

**Robert Dodge** of Portola Valley was at the World Series and he told us:

“I’m not sure how long I was in my seat, but it couldn’t have been more than ten minutes when I heard a rumble and a faint shaking. I looked up and saw a jet in the sky. The first thought was sonic boom but by then the whole stadium had begun to rock....A mighty cheer went up from the crowd after the quake, like saying, ‘On with the ballgame!’ Mary said she wanted to go to ground level and I agreed with her. Others looked at us as if we were cowards as we departed....”

At the intersection after the freeway the traffic light was out and as we waited to get across three men came up to the car and offered 40 dollars to take them to San Francisco. NO WAY we said. Mary told them we were headed south and if they wanted to go that direction they were welcome to ride with us. One said good-bye to his friends, hopped in and we were on our way again. It turned out that he was a reporter from *Kansas City Star* and wanted to get to a phone that was working....”

older Westates building on Broadway.

As the minutes and hours passed, we all realized and began to understand the impact of damage from this catastrophic event. We were all thankful for the low number of injuries, much lower than anyone would have thought.

Six months after the conclusion of this incident it still baffles me that there were no deaths in this building – you must remember that a 200 gallon water tank fell 10 stories into the lobby area of a full-to-capacity hotel! As I understand it, the church leadership of the Baptist group had just walked out of the convention rooms where the tank settled, and the Taiwanese group was on the freeway in a tour bus returning from San Francisco. No lives lost.

All of the folks that were staying at the Amfac were relocated to other hotels through the city in a wonderful show of cooperation and camaraderie by hotel managers throughout the city. And later that night, I remember walking through the Hyatt (it had not yet been condemned) and seeing a hundred or so people milling about that weren’t about to sleep in their rooms. They used their blankets and pillows to put together makeshift beds in the lobby. Some people were so fearful that they took their bedding and slept on the front lawn of the hotel.

At about 0130 hours in the morning with the town seemingly quieted down, we wrapped up the operation known for many hours as “Amfac command,” and headed back to the station.

We could then finally talk to our families about this day of unsuspected catastrophe. We were exhausted, yet this was our first opportunity to see what was happening on the television news in San Francisco and Santa Cruz. When watching the reports on TV, an ominous air hung about the room in which we were huddled. It was that gnawing feeling at the back of our minds that after shocks would roll through the station during the night.

They did, and when they occurred, you held your breath and hoped and prayed for it to stop.

### Editor’s Note

The Amfac people insisted they would repair the hotel and reopen. It stood as a constant reminder of the disaster behind its chain link fence for several years, much to the distress of its neighbors. Newspapers reported a permit to demolish the structure on February 26, 1992. It was replaced by a parking lot for Alamo car rentals.



# Earthquake: A Couple's Story

Jeff Riley and Marsi O'Malley-Riley

## Tuesday, October 17 – Immediate Impact

### Marsi:

As a native Californian, I have never been too concerned about earthquakes. During some large earthquakes (with a magnitude of 5.0 on the Richter scale), I would joke with friends. Most of the time, I would rock with the flow of the earthquake. All of that changed on October 17. During the great quake, I became very frightened that something was going to fall on me, and I became disoriented.

On October 17, I promptly left work in San Francisco at 3:30 p.m. I had just handled a disturbing telephone complaint, and I wanted to leave the office before the man called me back. Also, I was trying to avoid the traffic by Candlestick Park as the third game of the World Series (between the San Francisco Giants and the Oakland Athletics) was going to be played that evening. In addition, I was going to cram for a test before the World Series began. So, at 5:04 p.m., I was studying in my loft. This loft was located on the third floor of the condominium complex called Pelican Cove in Redwood Shores (part of Redwood City).

I was sitting at a card table on a very flimsy chair. On the table was a lamp, books and notes. As I was at an unstable card table, the table immediately started to shake uncontrollably. As everything started to shake wildly, I decided that I should go down the stairs of the loft and stand under the front door frame. I had difficulty walking and started to fear that the 4 foot by 5 foot plate glass window in the living room would shatter onto me. But, I could not even go down the staircase as the floor was moving, and I could not get coordinated. It felt to me that the earthquake lasted three minutes, despite the news reports that the earthquake lasted for only 15 seconds.

After the motion stopped, I grabbed the stair railing to get readjusted. My legs felt like boat legs. (After getting off a sailboat, it takes a few moments to get adjusted to solid land. This is how my legs felt after the earthquake.)

I quickly surveyed my surroundings. The lamp had turned upside-down and was under the table. I did not remember hearing the lamp fall. The room was in complete shambles. In the loft, we did not have much sturdy furniture. We had a solid wood desk which held a

### Editor's Note

The husband and wife team of Jeff Riley and Marsi O'Malley-Riley submitted a combined report of their experiences on February 28, 1990. They wrote parallel stories and included photographs of damages in San Mateo County and in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

For this publication, their stories have been combined. For each time period, Marsi's story is told followed by Jeff's story.



Split beam on patio at Jeff and Marsi's condominium in Redwood Shores.

## Earthquake Tales

**Lucia and Richard Quaife** were en route to a bread baking class in Menlo Park. The students all arrived at the instructor's home and felt it was foolish to try to drive home, so they decided to continue with the class. They wrote:

"We soon discovered a major problem. We had no electricity and the gas had to be shut off for safety reasons.... Luckily we had our camping equipment in our pickup. A double burner stove and gas light were set up and we were on our way to an interesting evening of bread making.... The bread turned out fine and the work and good company of our friends at the class helped us all take our minds off the disaster...."

**Patrick Kleebauer**, age 9, of Portola School in San Bruno wrote:

"In 1989, there was a big, big, big earthquake. The TV shut off and me, my brother and my mother went in the kitchen. We saw the chandelier shake and the fish tank's water was splashing. Then the earthquake stopped and the TV turned back on. Then we turned the gas of the house off. Then, later, we turned the gas back on. That was what happened at my house in the big, big earthquake."

**Bessie Robbins** of San Mateo dictated her letter to her grandson, Scott Postel:

".... I felt the floor swaying and the building rolling. At this moment I did what any normal and sensible person would do. I grabbed the refrigerator and screamed for help!.... eventually my apartment manager came up and calmed me down."



Leaning carport at the Pelican Cove condominium.

computer. And, a two-drawer wooden filing cabinet. There were two, college-type bookcases made of boards and bricks. Of course, all of the books fell out of the bookcases onto the already untidy floor with stacks of paper. A kite and an airplane had been hanging from the ceiling. Both items were no longer hanging, but the airplane had made a perfect landing on a pile of books.

After reviewing the loft, I quickly ran through the other rooms. All the cabinets were opened. Books were on the floor, and paintings were off the wall. Fortunately, no windows were broken.

My next impulse was to run out to the parking lot. I wanted to check the outside of the building for damage. Again, no structural cracks were found. But, I was very surprised to see that two carports had started to lean.

Several people had gathered in the parking lot. Then, I walked around the complex to see if any of the large plate glass windows were shattered. All of the windows were intact. As I walked around, however, I heard vacuum cleaners running and glass being swept, so small items had broken. The patio surrounding the pool was completely wet from water that had splashed out of the pool.

After my quick survey of the condominium complex, I went back to my unit to listen to the news. Even before I heard the news stories, I had decided to stay home from work for the next couple of days. (As I work in San Francisco, I was afraid of the after-shocks.) The only television station I could receive was a station from Salinas. That station had very little to report.

I started to get worried about Candlestick Stadium. The earthquake occurred at 5:04 p.m., and the game was supposed to have started at 5:30 p.m. With the pre-game activities, I knew the stadium would have been full. As I was not getting any news on the television, I turned on the radio. Most of the major stations were not broadcasting. (Whatever happened to the emergency broadcasting service?) I did pick up a station that had been broadcasting from Candlestick Stadium. No one seemed to be hurt, and the baseball officials were thinking about playing the game that evening! They quickly postponed the game, however.

On television, early photos of the collapsed Cypress freeway were being shown. No one, however, seemed to know which freeway was involved. Photos of the collapsed Bay Bridge were on the news as well.

A half hour after the original earthquake, there was a strong after-shock. This was just the beginning of after-shocks.

#### **Jeff:**

On Tuesday, I was working with a coworker (Bill Gough) on finishing up a paper for the RAM Symposium. Working in his office, we were nearing completion and were trying to finish one last example problem on his computer. Our concentration was interrupted by a moderate shaking of the building. Okay, so we were having another earthquake.

However, instead of going away in a few seconds, the shaking suddenly became much stronger. As Bill got up to get to the doorway (away from his greenhouse windows), I went under the front lip of his desk, where I was also protected by a sturdy chair. The shaking was very violent as we moved in all directions. As soon as Bill reached the doorway, he was “pummeled” by light items from the top of the supply cabinet outside his door (folders, plastic trays, and such). I kept an eye on a bookcase that was threatening to fall in my direction. The shaking continued, books were falling off the shelves and the lights flickered on and off, on and off, on and off (just like in the movies).

When the shaking stopped, the power was out. After catching our breath, we went around the offices to check on people (a few had to be calmed down, most were gone within a minute or two). Luckily, no one was in the elevator. We surveyed the damage in our modern earthquake three-story building. The phones, of course, were out due to our power failure. Many bookcases were down, especially in the corner (inside and outside) offices. Most standing bookcases were now empty. Almost all of the office doors, normally propped or tied open, had closed, causing damage to the doorstops. One office door could not be opened due to fallen objects. Surprisingly, no windows were damaged (our windows

### **Earthquake Tales**

**Jim McLaughlin** of Belmont’s son and some friends were playing golf when the earthquake happened:

“Fighting to keep their balance as the ground moved up and down and back and forth, they saw a nearby lake swooshing over its banks and long disappeared golf balls, dislodged from the branches, dropping from trees... they completed their game, each claiming golf balls closest to holes were the ones they had driven and picking up extras that had rained down with the quake of 7.1.”

**Joan & John Inglis** of Menlo Park answered our questionnaire:

“We lost a foot of water from our swimming pool and the glass chimney from an electrified old kerosene lamp – and that is all! We were exceedingly lucky. The cat spent the next day under a bed upstairs!”

**Ashley Clark**, a ninth grader of Burlingame High, was entering the ballpark with her father to see the World Series game and reported:

“Some guy yelled, ‘Earthquake’ and ran past us, but just in a flash he went back and started clapping....”

“After fifteen minutes of watching and observing other people, I finally asked a lady next to me what had happened. She had a concerned look on her face. She informed me there had been an earthquake, and that part of some bridge had collapsed....”

“I turned to my Dad and said, ‘This is the weirdest game I’ve ever been to.’”

“The whole stadium started chanting, ‘Let’s play ball!’ Little did we know then....I knew the game was cancelled when the players left the field with their families....”

## Earthquake Tales

**Marie Hotz** of Foster City had been entertaining houseguests from Australia at the time of the Earthquake. In November she wrote to them:

“Last week I spent helping to start our County Historical Museum’s collection of earthquake stories.... May I ask you to make a contribution also?”

**R. A. Billett** of Melbourne then wrote:

“.... The first impression I had.... was the noise, somewhat akin to that of a low flying jet aircraft. As the noise intensified my first thought was that a jumbo jet was off course on its approach to the San Francisco Airport and that an aeronautical disaster was about to happen.... I could then feel the vibrations and the floor quivering. As the quivering became shaking, I realized that the noise had diminished.... and realized the phenomenon I was experiencing was an earthquake.... Perhaps I am an inveterate optimist but I did not feel that I was in any danger in the type of house I was in.... My wife on the other hand said later that she had been extremely worried that the floor would collapse and she would fall into a cavern which would close and entomb her.”

**Toni Mahoney** of Redwood City had just recently relocated here from the East Coast, and said:

“I foolishly held a 3 by 5 foot mirror, which was flapping, thinking I could prevent it from falling. Needless to say, I learned a lesson from this.... There is something to be said for renting, not owning, as my landlady had to replace the double front door of the house.”

are fairly flimsy), and there was no ceiling damage. The emergency lighting system worked (I always wondered), and Ian noticed that we did not have any flashlights.

I went around the dark offices again to turn all the computers off. Almost all of the monitors were on the user’s chairs, and a few computers were on the floor. Essentially every computer was switched “on”, which shows two things. First, that we have not trained people to turn them off in a power failure, and second, that everyone was hard at work after normal working hours (5:04 p.m.).

Karen Bateman, Chris (a student), Cindy (a secretary) and I were the last to leave the building. Cindy had brought up a radio from her car, so we started to hear about freeway closures and about the World Series game. Cindy, however, had lost her keys so we checked her car, and retraced her steps to the mailbox and back up to her office. We noticed a line at the pay phone across the street (good, at least some phones were working) and considered using it to call her husband. But, she finally found her keys (in her pocket).

Finally, I began my journey home. As I started my car, I noticed how much the car shook and thought for a moment that my car was sure running rough - - but then I figured out that it was a major aftershock (5:41 p.m., 5.2 on the Richter scale), one of dozens we would have over the next two weeks. The building janitors, who had been waiting by their cars since the earthquake, left about this time. In the parking lot, there were also some fancy young ladies (from one of the downstairs offices) who were discussing whose house to spend the night at since they were so scared.

I was concerned that the drive home would be awful (worse than usual, that is), and I might be forced off the freeway due to damage. Unfortunately, I was very low on gas (I had planned to get some earlier that day) and would have trouble with any major detours. The power was off by my work (Rengstorff and El Camino, Los Altos), yet it was on from San Antonio shopping center to the railroad tracks, then off again to the freeway. I should have bought gas by San Antonio but I forgot. I tried at the Arco by the freeway, but they had no power (although they had long lines of cars). The local police, by the way, were very efficient and already had flares out at most intersections, with personnel directing traffic at a few (not enough) major intersections. Driver courtesy, e.g. stopping at uncontrolled intersections, was fair - - needs improvement.

On the way home, I listened to the radio. Normally under these circumstances I would listen to KGO, but they were off the air. (I would later learn that of their three transmission towers, one collapsed and one



lost the top one-third). Instead, I listened to KCBS, a nearly as good news-talk station. Part way home, they went off the air. After many minutes of silence, there was a long beep (like the emergency broadcast signal?), then KGO came on that frequency. They were operating from a van outside of their building. Unfortunately, the signal was breaking up and hard to hear, and after several minutes, KCBS came back on. During all of this, I learned that the Bay Bridge had collapsed, fires were raging in San Francisco, many freeways were blocked (e.g. 101 at Third in San Mateo), the quake was 6.9 or 7.0 in the Santa Cruz mountains and the baseball players and spectators were still waiting to start the game.

The drive home was fairly fast (I was home around 6:30). I had no trouble on the freeway - - we were very fortunate that it was still light at this time of the year (October 17) and the weather was sunny and warm. The freeway traffic going the other way was totally stopped, probably due to the closures of the Bay Bridge and the San Mateo Bridge. When I exited the freeway near my home, I was very glad to see the stoplights were working, although I noticed water bubbling up out of the street (Redwood Shores Parkway) as I passed the airport.

### **Tuesday, October 17 – Evening**

#### **Marsi:**

After my husband came home from work, we walked around the neighborhood. Under the bridge that goes over the waterway (called Bridge Parkway), there was a crack in the dirt running the width of the bridge. There was no fear that this crack would result in the collapse of the bridge, but it was interesting to see what had resulted from the earthquake. The corner store, Byrne's Market, was closed with all of the inventory on the floor. I was surprised to see the number of people who pounded on the door expecting to be let in.

Within a half hour after the earthquake, our phone was not working, and there was no water. We had electricity, though. As the water was not running, we used this as an excuse to go out to dinner. (We had to use the toilet). So, we drove to Wendy's restaurant in Belmont. There was about the same amount of traffic as usual. We ate hamburgers at Wendy's and used the restrooms. As I knew the news stories concerning San Francisco might worry my mother, we walked over to a gas station to call her. Just about that time, several people from the World Series game were arriving by bus. The whole town's atmosphere was quite festive (from the excited ball game crowd). Several people in line for the phone were trying to call loved ones to pick them up as

### **Earthquake Tales**

**Karin "Kaja" Berenberg** of Foster City wrote that her husband's company had been hosting a large delegation of visitors from Asia and they had been showing them around the area. She writes:

"Each time we stopped during the day, our group went for their cameras in the trunks of both cars and each time they made jokes about my knap sacks; one in each car, in case of an earthquake. I explained to them that I had watched a program on TV... about how to be prepared for an earthquake. Nevertheless I endured countless jokes all weekend about my canned food, bottled water, flashlights, spare change and blankets.

"Two days later, no one was laughing."



Crack under the bridge.

## THE QUAKE OF '89

Giant fever was climbing, indeed on the rise  
As the throng of fans  
Sat beneath the blue skies,  
It was warm and balmy out at the 'Stick'  
For this historic series game  
When the "big one" hit!

The crowds felt the rock and roll and the shake  
For what seemed an eternity  
...the '89 quake  
The power went off at 5:04  
Folks watching at home  
Dashed under the door!

For 15 seconds time dragged by  
"Make it stop, dear God,  
This mighty force!"  
The rattling dishes, the grandfather clock  
Would they all go crashing  
Onto the floor?

The TV media soon made the world know  
What happened here by the bay  
As word of the quake flashed onto the screens  
With the saddest news of the day.

But the loving and caring had already begun  
Before our eyes it was born.  
Phone calls from loved ones – the volunteer workers  
And on-the-scene newscasters  
Who kept us informed.

The night skies turned orange with billowing fire  
As fire-fighters stood helplessly by.  
The tall buildings crumbled,  
The bay bridge just folded  
As cars were caught high in the sky!

We saw the next morning in the light of the day  
What tragedy had brutally struck.  
The freeway collapse,  
How it wrenched our hearts –  
The sorrow we felt  
At the lives that were lost.

The stories of heroism, the fight for survival  
Though lives, homes and goods are gone.  
We ask you, Oh God  
To humble our hearts  
As we begin to build  
May a new day dawn.

**Christine Bachman** of San Bruno

the game was postponed. One person, who obviously was not one of the World Series crowd, tried to call every phone number in her address book (without success).

After leaving a message on my mother's answering machine, we decided to walk over to Safeway to see what damage had occurred. We were very surprised to see a sign that said the store would be open in 15 minutes. We decided to get some film and bottled water. When the doors opened, the customers rushed over to the bottled water and filled entire carts with water. My husband asked me if we should get more than two containers of water. I said that when we used up two containers of water, I was leaving town. I would rather drive to a hotel out of the Bay Area than hoard supplies. So, we bought some film and water and walked back to our car.

In the evening, we heard all of the tragic stories that were being broadcast over the television. The mayor of San Francisco requested that all non-essential workers stay away from the city for the next few days. (That was all right with me as I had not planned to come into work anyway). And, San Jose State University was closed for a week. (Again, that was fine with me as I did not feel like cramming for an exam on Thursday).

### Jeff:

At home, things were in pretty good shape. We had electricity but no water and no phones. Marsi had already cleaned up most of the damage (fallen pictures, toppled plants). We decided to walk around the neighborhood to check things out and take some pictures (and to stay outdoors for awhile). The most notable damage was two of our 8-car carports which were leaning dangerously. The swimming pools in our complex were about 2 feet lower than usual, and the sounds of vacuum cleaners filled the air. We stopped by the Byrne's Market across the street to look in the windows (it had closed, of course). Most of the inventory was on the floor, which was a gooey mess of things like maple syrup and pickles.

Since we had no water, we decided to go out to eat before it got too late. (Marsi will use any excuse to go out to eat.) We went to a Wendy's on Ralston across the freeway. They had power and were not very busy, with about three groups of people in line. After eating (single hamburger with lettuce and tomato only, we didn't drink much), it was dark outside and the line now extended to the door. We saw a working phone (that is, a pay phone with a line of people) across the street at a gas station, so we walked over there. Our calls to Marsi's mother (in Escondido)

and my mother (in San Jose) did not get through, but we did get to talk to some people who were returning from the baseball game (they had a bus to that location and were now waiting for someone to pick them up).

To use up some more time, we decided to go to Safeway to see how they were doing on their "Open 24 Hours" promise, and to get some film since we used up our few remaining frames. The intersection at El Camino/Ralston/Old Country Road/Railroad Tracks was a mess, so we walked. The traffic problem seemed to be due to the railroad arms that were down more than up, which may have been compounded by the fact that the trains were traveling very slowly (maybe 5-10 mph). We crossed the tracks by foot, ignoring the down arms, but had to wait nearly forever to cross El Camino because the lights were tied into the railroad system.

Outside of Safeway, there were about 10-15 people milling about and a police officer in a car. We discovered that the store would reopen at 8 p.m. (it was now about 7:50). It was pretty amazing that they were able to clean up the mess in only 3 hours. When we finally entered at 8, the floor was sticky everywhere, and there were constant loudspeaker reminders to be careful - - if anyone got hurt they would reclose the store. We selected our film, then decided to get some water since we did not know how long our water would be out. Unfortunately, everyone else had the same idea, and there was lots of angry pushing, shoving, and grabbing in the bottled water aisle. They probably sold out of water in about twenty minutes.

After completing our purchase, we walked back to our car (the line at Wendy's was now out the door and into the parking lot) and drove home. At home, our water was back on, and we watched television for the rest of the evening. I was finally able to understand where the major freeway problems were, based on the pictures. We learned of other problems, such as how bad the airports were (SFO was closed until the next morning due to damage) and what things happened in Santa Cruz. Surprisingly, we did not hear much about the devastation in Watsonville until the next weekend.

As we watched TV, we changed the channels about every 15 minutes, so we could get different information. Covering the news was difficult, of course. The stations were on generators (so could not use the fancy sets) and could not always use the star anchorpeople (and fancy clothes and makeup). No commercials were shown until early the next morning. Overall, our opinion was that Channel 7 had the best videos, Channel 5 had the best factual news, and Channel 4 was borderline incompetent (at one point they could not see what the viewers were seeing, but had

### San Francisco International Airport



The San Francisco International Airport needed repairs due to water damage from the sprinkler system

San Francisco International Airport manager Lou Turpin reported in the *San Mateo Times* on November 1, 1989, that damage to the airport was \$17 million, a revision downward from the figure of \$23 million that had been originally reported.

He said most damage was at the Airborne Cargo Building, which would have to be demolished, and to the terminals, which were determined to be structurally sound.

It was estimated that it would cost about \$8 million to demolish the cargo building and between \$8 and \$10 million to fix the terminals, which suffered damage to plumbing, the moving sidewalks, conduits and carpets.



Computer monitor on the floor at Jeff's office.

to narrate it anyway - - when they finally got a monitor, it was set to Channel 2 instead of 4).

That evening, we had another strong aftershock, and at least one small one. That night, and the next few nights, we would awake frequently due to minor aftershocks.

### **Wednesday, October 18 to Friday, October 20**

#### **Marsi:**

The following morning, I went with my husband to his work. His office was a mess. Computer monitors were on the floor. Several bookcases had toppled to the floor. (One lesson that several businesses found out was that bookcases must be bolted to the walls).

On October 18 and 19, I did not feel like doing much of anything. I was happy to hear, on Thursday afternoon, that we were to return to work the following day. I was curious to see what damage had happened to our building.

On Friday morning, I was very disappointed to see that not much had happened to our office. The computers were on the desks. Some of the plaster had come off the walls, but repairmen had already made the repairs.

#### **Jeff:**

The next day, we again checked the news. There were more road closings as more bridges were inspected. The entire city of San Francisco was closed due to lack of power and lack of building inspections. In Santa Clara county, several major employers had announced closings (e.g. Apple, Lockheed). Clearly, Marsi was not going to work, but it was unclear whether I should (or even could). The authorities were requesting that people not travel because it was dangerous and disruptive. Freeways were closed at several locations (e.g. 101 at Third and at Oregon Expressway, 280 at Magdalena, Highway 17 over the summit) and there was still no power in many areas.

However, we are fairly adventurous, so Marsi joined me on a journey to my work. We had no notable problems on this trip. At my office, we found Blake (my boss) hard at work (trying to set an example?). A little over half of the staff showed up, although they did not do much work that day other than cleaning up the mess. Bill Gough and I had a deadline, so we returned to his office to finish our paper, which took most of the day.



Bookcase toppled onto desk at Jeff's office.





Three-foot gap in Summit Road.

**Saturday, October 21**

**Marsi:**

On the following weekend, we joined a group of my husband's coworkers who took supplies to one of their coworkers who lived in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Vern has been building (a non-conforming, or in other words, illegal) house in the hills for the last six years. He and his wife seemed quite satisfied living in a house with only its frame up. The earthquake, however, twisted the frame of the house which left a six inch gap in the house's structure. Besides bringing up supplies, we helped clean up the mess from the earthquake. (For example, a freezer had fallen down from the second story of the house to the first level).

During one of our breaks from cleaning the house, we went down the road by Vern's house to see one of the fissures. One of the fissures had divided the road.

When we were returning home, Jeff and I stopped to take a picture of patched-up Summit Road. The street was repaired leaving a several foot gap between the center line. While we were stopped, we looked down the country road to the left. There was a six to ten foot deep fissure that had followed the path of the road. We found the fissure that the news stations had been showing on television the previous night! (It took the television stations several days to discover those remarkable cracks! I guess the residents were not too excited to let everyone in on the secret).



Six to ten-foot deep fissure near Summit Road.



Fissure along the Country Road.



The ground lowered three feet in some areas. The fissure continued down the Country Road.

**Jeff:**

On Saturday, about 10 people from my work went up to a coworker's house in the Santa Cruz Mountains, about 1 mile from the epicenter. He was without water, electricity, gas and phone, but had received camping gear delivered by a 4-wheel drive earlier in the week. Highway 17 was closed up to the summit except for residents. We got through because we were helping with repairs. Driving up 17, we saw that the concrete center divider was cracked about every half mile. In some places, big chunks were falling out so you could see through it. At the top on Summit Road, there was a crack where the street went up and over 3 feet, but it was now temporarily paved so it was passable. Highway 17 down the other side was completely closed due to a massive landslide that covered the two lanes in one direction.

Since the earthquake, the weather had been sunny and warm, today it began raining, sometimes heavily. At the house, our job was mostly to clean up the mess so that structural repairs could begin. The house was under construction, so most structural members were accessible. The earthquake caused the house to split open and twist six inches, a freezer had fallen from a balcony area to a garage level 6 feet down and some walls were off the foundation. We also drove around the mountain top area and saw a house totally crumpled, and another house intact, but now four feet over from the foundation. We also saw six feet deep cracks in the earth.



## Epilogue

### Marsi:

During the weeks that followed, we drove around to see the results of the earthquake. No matter where we went, we saw the yellow “caution” tape. (As a joke at Christmas, we gave rolls of yellow caution tape to a couple of friends - - in preparation for the next quake.)

During our trips through San Mateo County, we saw where the water tank had fallen off the top of the Amfac Hotel and down the elevator shaft.

Two of the San Francisco Airport terminals had suffered water damage from the sprinkler system. In Pescadero, a gas leak resulted from the earthquake. Someone put a pipe over it and then lit the gas. According to the *San Mateo Times*, this leak may last up to 50 years.

Our condominium suffered little damage. A couple of weeks after the first earthquake, we started to notice some cracks. In the bedroom, there are small cracks on the outer wall of the closet.

For me, the earthquake has had some long term after-effects. Although we were very fortunate that our house and community did not suffer much damage, I still went around in a daze for several months. Every time a large truck went by my office and the building would vibrate, I would bump my knees against my desk, because I was nervous about another earthquake. About two weeks after the major earthquake, we had another strong after-shock. I just wanted to run out of the house and scream that I wanted the earthquakes to stop! (Fortunately, that was the last earthquake I felt). I had a very difficult time studying and fell behind in class. At Christmas, we were still depressed and did not trim our Christmas tree and started Christmas shopping on December 23rd. I am amazed at how long it has taken me to get back into the swing of things. And, for the first time in my life, I worry about how I will react to the next earthquake. Will I ever be able to “go with the flow” again?

### Jeff:

Marsi had returned to work on Friday. In the following weeks, we became sensitized to earthquakes and could feel a couple small aftershocks each day. We also drove around some to see what was around. For the most part, there was little observable damage, but we will remember the other unusual sights like grocery stores with bottle water stacked in the parking lot, and how anywhere you looked, you always saw yellow “caution” tape (where did they get all of that anyway?!).

### Pescadero's Eternal Flame



Gas leak in Pescadero.

Pescadero Creek Park sits atop a deposit of natural gas and oil. Natural gas occasionally bubbles up through seams near Hoffman Creek producing a strong gas odor. Earthquakes seem to increase this phenomenon, or at least make us more aware of it. After the 1906 San Francisco Earthquake, local lore says it lasted for two years. After the Loma Prieta Earthquake, someone capped the leak with a metal pipe and ignited the vapor to burn it off. This created what was sometimes called the “Eternal Flame” of Pescadero in various newspaper accounts at the time. The flame was still burning at least two weeks later, according to reports.

# Earthquake Tales



Erik Greene, age 11, of Franklin Elementary in Burlingame said: "I was at my after school program. My mom's china broke and my cat went under the bed. My dad was in the radio and his radio went dead."



Anthea of Alpha Beacon Christian School wrote: "Anthea in a rocking chair watching tv."

**Elizabeth Carlson** of Burlingame advises:

"Many years ago, after the 1957 quake in SF, we instructed our sons to call their uncle in Saskatchewan, Canada, to let us know where they could be reached in case of an emergency and we were separated.... May I say it worked like a charm."

**Daniel Casey** of South San Francisco said:

"When the quake struck, I was doing my homework. Right when it started I yelled, 'Earthquake' and I jumped under the oak table in the living room. My brother did the same and my Dad stood in the doorway. My Mom, on the other hand, ran around like a mad woman turning off all of the major appliances."

**Norma Ochoa** of Foster City was shopping with her daughter at Hillsdale and had been through this before:

"...My daughter was terrified.... she just wanted me to take her out and go back home....I drove home. SAFE!...(My daughter) hasn't wanted to sleep in her room by herself since that day.... For the time being she only goes to school. She doesn't want to go to San Francisco or cross the bridges, etc. She says she only feels safe at home. The point is that she is only 8 years old and she had experienced 2 big earthquakes. We were living in Mexico City when a terrible earthquake hit there in 1985, so this has been too much for her. But we hope that day by day she'll feel better."

**L. Ann Jones** had recently moved to Daly City from Memphis, Tennessee, and wrote to her family and friends back home:

"I was changing clothes.... I knew this was serious and was thrilled that my floor had not collapsed. My biggest fear was that I would land in my neighbor's downstairs apartment wearing only my underwear. I always thought that everything simply collapsed during a quake. I had no idea that anything would stand."



**Molly Berrett**, a sixth grader at Burlingame Intermediate wrote:

“During the earthquake I was in the Burlingame Plaza walking write (sic) next to Pat’s Coffee shop. There is a large window in front of the shop. We, me and Collin, felt rolling. We knew something was wrong, so we looked around at what other people were doing. We finally figured out that it was an earthquake, so me and Collin moved over a couple feet and the big glass window fell right next to us....We felt like crying but didn’t cry....When we got to Collin’s house...her Mom took me home. I told my Mom everything. She gave me a hug and we watched the news until 10:30 at night.”

**Mrs. John Donovan** of Menlo Park recalled the sounds:

“I remember the noise as being dreadful at first and then the sound of lamps going over, pictures coming down and the tinkle of broken glass - when suddenly now here came the high pitched call, ‘cuckoo – cuckoo – cuckoo’ The wild gyrations had started the pendulum of our old cuckoo clock which had not worked in years.”

**Flow Ellis** of Redwood City wrote from Alpha Beacon Christian School:

“Well, it all begins when I was at my dance class. My teacher....did say something like, ‘Girls, come under the doorway.’ While we were under the huge concrete doorway, everything was falling down around us: shoes, boxes, tapes, clothes and last but not least three metal racks.... It was a scary thing, but what scared me most of all was not having my mother there with me....”

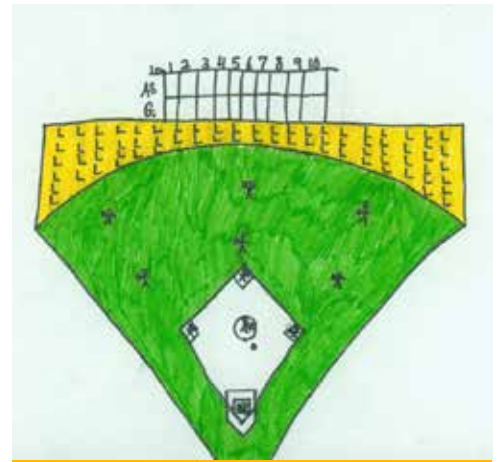
**Mrs. Thomas L. Soss** of Burlingame said:

“I...opened the door of our condo...I could feel that the entire living room was littered with glass fragments. I inched thru calling for my husband. He had been sitting in his chair reading when the quake hit, and he saw the floor to ceiling entertainment cabinet falling over, and would have hit him if he hadn’t moved quickly and dived to the floor.... when I came in the den, with all my might I lifted the piece of heavy furniture off the chair he was under & he came out OK!!”

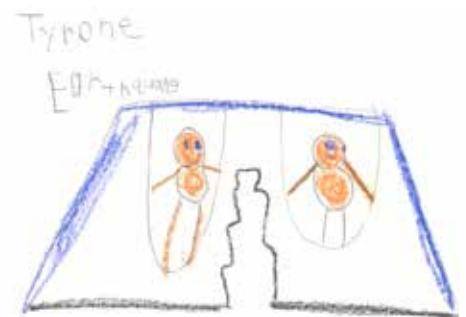
**Vera**, age 8, of the McKinley School in Burlingame was assigned to interview people about the earthquake. Her interviews follow:

Nathalie Gattenberger – “I was in the car. My Mom just picked me up from my Mom’s friend’s house. I didn’t feel it.”

Vladimir Gattenberger – “I did not feel the quake because I was working 40 feet up in the air on a crane and it was moving anyway.”



Mike Sujo, a fourth grader at Colma Elementary, wrote: “I was at the world series when the Earthquake happened.”



Tyrone Rivera, age 6, of Sharp Park Elementary, said: “My sister and me were on the swings. The earthquake came and cracked our patio.”



David Arellano, a second grader at Spruce Elementary, wrote: “I ran to the doorway. The roof cracked. The kitchen floor went up a little. One of the window went out of it’s place. My family came to the doorway with me.”



Gregory Pang, age 7, of Lincoln Elementary, said: "The Bay Bridge fell down.....The people saved the people who fell in the water."



Alexia Disilva of McKinley Elementary wrote: "I was at Daycare....Then my chair was wiggling. Then I screamed, 'Miss Carol, the floor is wiggling.' Then she said, 'Duck and cover.'"



Norie Alvarenga, age 8, of Thomas Edison Elementary wrote: "My fish tank was bending over. My mom and dad picked up the broken glass that fell. When the earthquake happened my kitten got startled."

**Howard Oliphant** of San Mateo ended his story:

"I have to conclude this with my most serious problem. I was having a before dinner cocktail when it happened. When I could get back to it I found that about half the scotch has been splashed out of the glass. Now that's bad!"

**Coreen Baker** of South San Francisco, a 14-year-old Junior High student, wrote a four page essay excerpted here:

"...When I went to bed that night I cried because I was afraid that we were going to have another earthquake. My Uncle David and Auntie Sue live in Santa Cruz near the fault. Me and my family didn't hear from them until 10:30 pm that night. They were fine.... My Mom was all weird about my Uncle Mike because he is a SF fireman.... My Uncle Mike was finally heard from and he was fine. My whole family was fine and I thank God. My Mom and Dad collected food, water, blankets, sleeping bags, tents, clothes and medical supplies for Santa Cruz and Watsonville. My Mom, sisters and I bagged and boxed all the stuff. Then my Dad and our friend Bob took 4 trips to get it all down there. I hope to God that we never experience another earthquake but I did learn some thing from a bad experience and that is to be prepared. Have food and water for about 3 days. Have warm clothes, blankets, candles, flashlight, batteries, coleman stove, tent and store them in the car or shed where they can easily be gotten to. Put all your most treasured thing in one place. So you can grab them up quickly. Have a set meeting place for your family like. And stay calm and use your head."

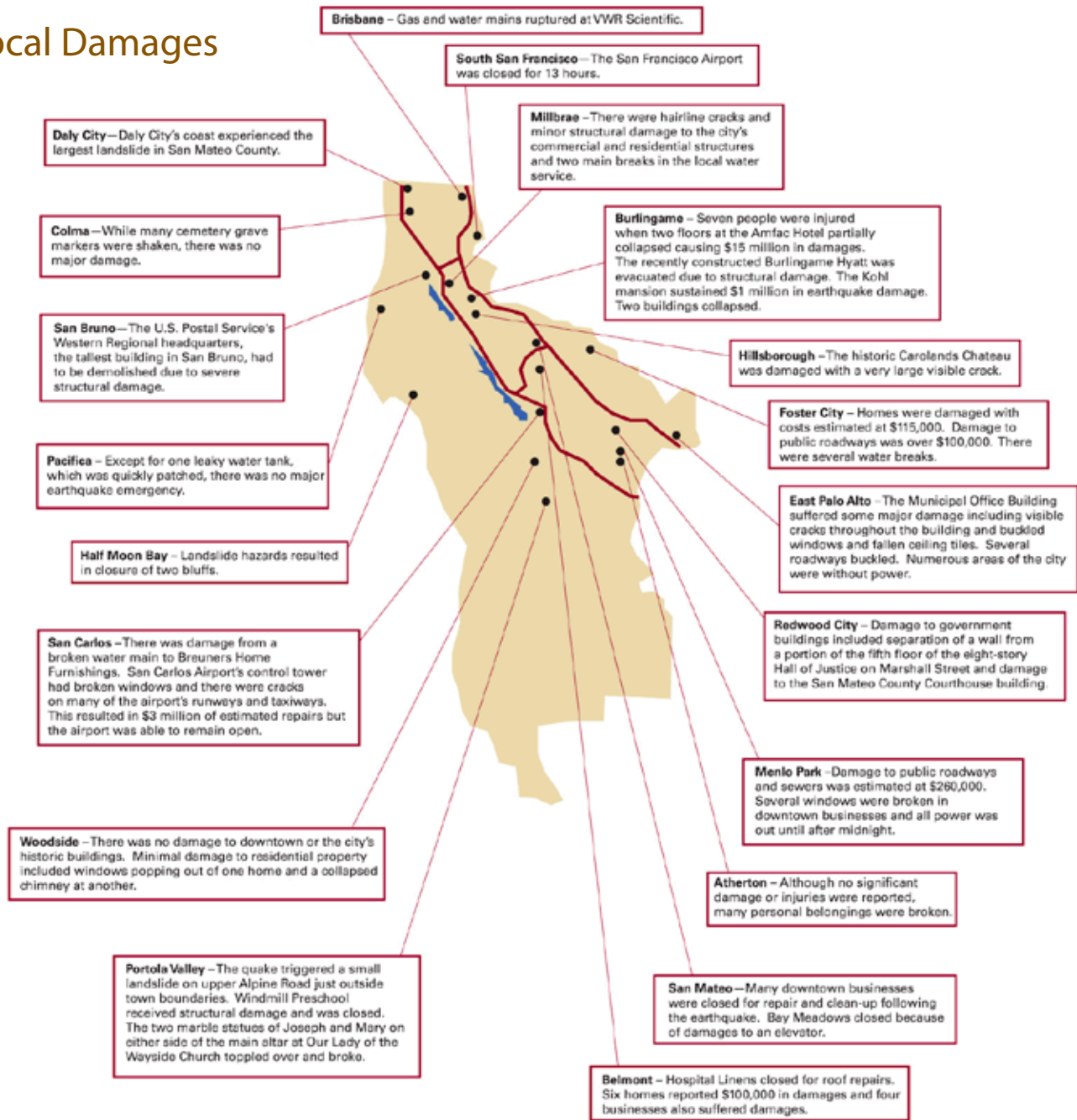
**Katsutuki Mashimo** of San Mateo was in Japan on October 17, 1989, but his family was in San Mateo and he was worried. He wrote as part of his ESL class:

"I was happy when I called my family after 10 hours.... We Japanese often have earthquake a year. So we don't surprised so much at these earthquake.... Our house in Japan is 11 floors on the building. If we have earthquake we feel that the building shakes very much. As our house in San Mateo is one story, we think we didn't feel big shakes. Our cat, named Tom, also didn't be surprised at it. We think he is also Japanese cat."

**Mrs. Irvin Gardner** was on a Mediterranean Cruise. She received a message via COMSAT on the Royal Viking Sky:

"PATSY REPORTS EVERYONE UNHARMED, NO DAMAGE TO FAMILY PROPERTY FROM EARTHQUAKE"

## Local Damages



The San Mateo County Historical Association thanks the following for helping to sponsor *La Peninsula*, Volume XXXVIII, No. 1, "Portuguese Americans in San Mateo County."

Supporter: Fundação Luso-Americana

Patron: Portuguese Historical Museum, San Jose, CA, operated by the Portuguese Heritage Society of California.

Friend: Conselho Supremo da União Portuguesa Protectora do Estado da California



San Mateo County  
Historical Association

2200 Broadway Street  
Redwood City, CA 94063  
650.299.0104  
[www.historysmc.org](http://www.historysmc.org)

Fall 2009

Non-Profit  
Organization  
**U.S. Postage  
PAID**  
Redwood City, CA  
Permit No. 277

# I Survived the Great Quake of 1989: Recollections from the Loma Prieta Earthquake

CAUTION DO NOT ENTER CAUTION

On exhibit at the History Museum through December 6, 2009

**San Mateo County  
History Museum  
and Archives**  
650.299.0104

**Sanchez Adobe**  
650.359.1462

**Woodside Store**  
650.851.7615

**La Peninsula**