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EARTHQUAKES

By Lois Homer

Did you hear about the great San Francisco quake
In 1906 when that town began to shake
I know the whole story even though I wasn't there
But my grandfather was, his experience he did share
He was out walking on an average normal day
When he felt the ground move and he saw buildings sway
Then huge cracks formed and the ground opened wide
And my poor grandfather was so very terrified
Buildings were collapsing and fires were ablaze
My grandfather stared at the horror in a daze
He got down on the ground and he curled up in a ball
Covering his head with his arms, he made himself small
He felt the rumbling of the quake, and he shook with fear
People fell into crevasses, they then did disappear
Death and destruction was all around him
Prospects for survival seemed much too dim
But my grandfather made it because he got down
Protecting himself from falling debris all around
He was smart and he was lucky too
The small area he was on stayed stable, whew!
The whole thing was over with some after shocks
My grandfather learned that San Francisco rocks
He had gone out west to look for gold
But after the quake, on Frisco he was not sold
My grandfather moved to Chicago for good
Got married to my grandmother, as soon as he could
He told my mother and uncle all about the quake
And my mother told me, what a story it did make
It was a miracle that my grandfather managed to survive
Or else my mom, uncle, brother and I would never be alive
There was a mild earthquake in Chicago in 1973
Mort and I slept through it but my parents woke to see
Their windows rattling, their bed shaking, not much fun
Then the shaking and rattling stopped and it was done
The next day, into the basement I went to wash clothes
I noticed our storm windows ajar and then I froze
Upstairs our refrigerator plug was knocked half out
The food wasn't that cold, and I nervously did shout
"Mort, there's something going on that I don't understand."
Then I heard the news about the quake all over Chicagoland
In 1982 Santa Barbara had an earthquake
My parents had retired there, for goodness sake
Mort and I were at a friend's house for a barbecue
When I heard the news on their TV, I was in a stew
I tried to call my parents but the lines were jammed
I was a nervous wreck, afraid they all got whammed
I finally got through and both my parents were okay
Some pictures fell down, windows shattered, what a day!
Years later, San Francisco had another quake, not again!
Guess, what! My cousin lived in nearby Oakland then
There were landslides, property damage but she was all right
There was an earthquake joke going around to make things light
About Candlestick Park being called Wiggly Field instead
I'd rather be in Chicago's Wrigley Field with Mort and Fred