

Dear Bludu; — This is another Sunday, no one is home now except Ma, Pa, or I, though Sam is expected home from his United States' travel soon. The days are nice and clear now, the other afternoon, I went out to Berkeley. It's just after some showers and the blades of grass stand up to fresh and clear and each tree is so clean and sharply defined. That little hill opposite the spot where the old U.C. barn used to be and where the President's new stone mansion is being built is a particularly favored one with its view of the nearer islands, the hills stretching around for miles, many waters, clouds of all kinds and sunshine. It will not be long before you will be coming home and then you will have all sorts of new problems to face and work out.

Every kind and description of documents
will be good to have as there are only a
few high-priced ones to be had here.

Mr. Mathew has Revolve work on the
Romanesque and it seems to be pretty good.
They are publishing in Boston books on
English work. I should think you could
get a trunk for your books and check it
to your sailing port, then on the steamer
you ^{would} be allowed that much extra and
then if you did not stay in New York or
intend to return there, it could be sent
by freight for the rest of the journey.

The shop-keepers that you write me
about are as you say very nice especially
considering the poor quarters in which they
live. You wouldn't find the ones here so
pleasant and agreeable. In some places
you are sort of insulting people to trade
with them. Now that you have made

me a music offer, perhaps I might make
a list against the day of your leaving.
I'm glad you met the Gearing's. Hoping
you are well and happy, I am

your loving mother
Amy Morgan

Nov. 17, 1901.