

Personal Correspondence:-

Lillian Whaley 9 Jul '93

San Diego, Calif. -

July 9. 1893. -

Mrs. Leo. P. Bertolacci: -

Dear Friend,

Your letter arrived
some little time ago. I began
an answer to you almost
immediately but put off
finishing it from day to day.
It strikes me that if I don't
write to someone in your
household soon I shall be
guilty of serious negligence or
at least laying myself
liable to that charge. "My
pen is bad, my ink is pale",
etc. Please excuse me. I received
his letter before Grandma
died. Her sickness, death,
etc, occupied us all for some
time after. Besides he said
he would be going here, there

and everywhere so I did not know where a letter would find him. He spoke of coming to San Diego within 60 or 90 days from that time. He will be very glad to see him. I hope I shall be too but as Auntie is anxious to get to San Francisco, I suppose that will mean a trip for me unless other arrangements are made. She wants to go into the mountains for a while for treatment for her eyes in the hope (or, we think) of benefitting and restoring sight. I hope it may be as she wishes but we are afraid it will never be. Should she go? Mamma wants to break up housekeeping for a while as she is in miserable health and I am not much

better - than a shark. We hope to get to the World's Fair by September; how quiet? I think I have worn San Diego out - or vice versa, more correctly. I'd like to say adieu to it for a long time to come. Things are terribly quiet here this summer. Our bank's failed, of course, like all the rest of them. Haven't a grain of an idea whether we are ever to amount to anything again or not.

I'm sorry, indeed, that you are feeling so miserably. I suppose children have the hardest to take care of at last the age of your little ones. A trip to the coast will do you all good. I wish I knew for sure what our movements are to be in the near future. If we were

sure of being here I'd tell
you to pack up and come
here with us for awhile, but
as I don't know what the
Madame will decide upon, I
don't extend an invitation
I may have to countermand
I should dearly love to see
you and the children - par-
ticularly, the children - as I have
never seen them. You ought
to feel devoutly thankful if
every exhibition of the take-
care-of-themselves quality
in them. Let them fight it
out and the best man wins.
I don't get tired hearing
about them. I've about
reached that pitch where I've
given up the thought of
ever having any of my own
so I like to hear about other
people's. We have eight or ten
in our neighborhood but I
see very little of them. Four of

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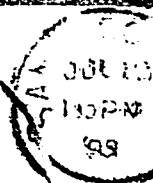
There are darkies - cute
little black birds -- but not
a very nice crowd. The other
four are very quiet - great
for home. Mamma is expect-
ing Mabel down for a little
while. She is living in San
Bernardino now. Kiss the
two children for me.

I have been trying my
skill at dress-making lately
and, strange to relate, have
made quite a success of
it. I feel so greatly encour-
aged that I mean to try it
again.

Don't try to write often.
Send me a paper occasionally
to let me know you are in
the land of the living. I hope
you may feel better soon. The
family send love. So do I.

From Your Friend

Lillian Whaley.



Mrs. Geo. P. Bertolucci,
Oakdale,
Stanislaus Co.,
Calif.