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MC247: Folder 11: Gleason, Percy 1899 August 21

*This transcription from the original letter contains language contemporaneous of the time and is being presented as part of a historical record.*

Strawberry  
Aug 21, 1899

My dearest Lydia,

Very likely this is a duty bound letter and it is only through a sense of duty that I write.

I am so moody that I surprise even myself, and I know I ought not to write while in such a state of mind.

Well I will try to be myself anyway. I will give you a whole lot of foolishness and so disguise my mood.

I did not get your most welcome letter until today and you can never imagine how good it seemed.

I went fishing as usual Saturday and met with very poor success as I only caught 14 ordinary trout.

I am in very poor shape to write as I fell several times and in climbing a slippery wall along over the water. I injured my right wrist.

It does not pain any to amount to anything but it seemed paralyzed. I thought at first that I had ruptured a blood vessel as my wrist felt very hot and swelled some. Now it looks as if the blood has settled just under the skin.

I may have to write you a short letter for sometimes I have to stop short.

'Tis merry morning and I will try once more to finish this.

Last Sunday evening there were eight of us went for a ride in one spring wagon and we had just lots of fun. Two of the girls sang a song about Percy and Maud. Of course I did not know what they meant so I kept still.

Shortly after they had finish-ed, I asked one of the boys if he knew a certain fellow at Prairie by the name of Jack; One of those girls proceeded to cuff my ears in the most approved fashion and sure now and I said never a word to her.

It is so blamed cold up here that I will soon become one of those animated icicles.

I would like to stick my cold hands down somebody's neck about now.

Now Miss Lydia I think you, yourself, are pretty good at blarneying so you need not say anything about such things anymore. Your last letter was full of nice sounding things, but then I liked them pretty well. You said we must all practice deceit. Perhaps you know how well I like deceitfulness. I would not like to trust one who I thought was deceitful. We do not always like to express our opinion neither do we need to.

I hope your coming winter at Prairie will be more pleasant than last winter.

Breakfast is nearly ready so I must stop. I will not keep you waiting so long again.

Give sisters my love and keep just all you want for yourself. With the best of wishes I  
remain

Affectionately yours,  
Percy