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MC247: Folder 7: Gleason, Percy 1899 August 7

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

“Strawberry”

Aug 7, 1899

My dearest Lydia,

You are a perfect trump and are by all means too good to me. Why did you not give a scolding as I deserved?

I did not get your letter that I should have got Saturday night until this morning. The postmaster was not in Saturday evening when I passed through S’berry and Sunday morning he was not up when we came back and you know how I spent my Sunday & as I did not know there was any letter for me I did not worry about it.

Never mind I keep on writing to my mother whether I get any answer or not. It gets kind of monopoly though sometimes.

Poor Lydia how horribly I never have used you in my last letters. You seem-ed to have felt so injured and yet you would not say anything.

It does not seem possible that you could care for me. I am always writing some mean thing to you and you will not even scold me for it.

Say I am just crazy to dance now. That dance did liven me up considerable so I feel like going to another.

Say, what kind of a kiss is a shaking kiss? I made Carrie own up to kissing her fellow goodbye the “Fourth” but she said it was one of those shaking kind and I do not understand what those things can be.

It was so cold that I had to build a fire for the kids today.

You hit the mark when you said we would not be satisfied if we could not see each other about every so often. There is some consolation in the fact that that time is flying and per-haps there is a happier time coming not far away. How I long for the days to pass and how anxious I await the coming of a day when - oh when?

This will find you at Pleasant Valley. How much nearer you will seem when you reach there. Do not say I had not ought to say you will seem nearer when you reach there for you will and I can not help saying so.

I will ride down some evening in Sept. when the roads get good and dusty, again, as I suppose they will. I will pick a nice moon light night and ride right through.

Do you yet think of getting a wheel? I have had my money’s worth out of mine already. The roads are so new that I can shin along at a great rate.

One of the smokers has gone again and I do not know when he will be back. It is Mr. Sevey Sr. and he has gone to St. Louis Sierra Co. to drive a team. We young-sters are here all by ourselves now.

You must let me off with a short letter tonight for it is nearly eleven o'clock. I will try to write some more tomorrow night.

You will be weary Wednesday night when you get home, so I will not look for, a letter before Saturday, that is I will not be disappointed if I do not get one.

In all your letters I do not think you ever failed to sign your full name before. How much nearer than usual your letter seemed. Tell Little Sister I am patient-ly waiting.

With the best of love I am
Devotedly yours,
Percy