

UC Davis Archives and Special Collections

MC247: Folder 2: Gleason, Percy undated

Please note that this transcription has not been reviewed for final editing. Please contact us with any questions.

Sunday P.M.

My dearest Percy,

I know you are such a lover of green, so to cheer you up a bit, I shall write to you on this delicate green paper.

Mr. Hall did well to sell this paper to us because I am quite sure no one else would have bought it.

I received your second letter today; it arrived in the Valley Saturday, but we do not get our mail the same day it arrives, as the wagon from the creamery gets back before stage time.

I am sorry you were disap-pointed in not receiving a letter from me Wed., but I hope you will receive one this week.

I was so anxious to get your letter today but for some reason it did not satisfy me; of course it was as good as a letter could be but I want you, I guess.

You evidently are not feeling very well. You said you would get some medicine if you [illegible] you were going to be sick.

I have been feeling much better. Yesterday I had a sick head-ache and, of course, do not feel very well to-day.

Had I better begin to worry? Here it is Sunday and, well – you know.

Everyone says I am looking much better than when I came home.

It must be rather warm for the school children these days. I hope they get along alright in their examinations.

I am so glad your oats are doing so well. I guess I watched them too closely when I was at Prairie. I wish I were there today, that is, if you are home.

My rheumatism seems so much better; it still bother me in my right knee but I think it will be alright in a little while.

I enjoyed my trip to G.V. and N.C. last Thursday. I was going down to Lone Tree with Papa Friday, but I was afraid the trip would be almost too much.

Do not be afraid to write me just what you feel like I never tire of reading it.

Will it not be possible for you to come up and see me soon after your school is out? I know you will come as often and as soon as you can.

Papa is going to Cisco one week from tomorrow or, at least he expects to go then.

Papa discharged the “incorrigible” and it is such a relief to have him gone. The little Indian helps real well. Marguerite and he are doing the house cleaning.

Maud is real home-sick; she expects to have a vacation in July.
I must write to her today. Poor little kid! I have not written to her since leave I came home.

One thing such a green letter as this is, can not give you the blues.

Bill is here wanting to read my letter and I don't want her to. She has been very good as she lets me read both the Frank's letters.

Please be careful where you ride your wheel. I am so afraid you might get a tumble.

Goodbye for a little while. I just can not make up my mind to get along without seeing you. Fond love from

Yours lovingly,
Lydia Lee.