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MC247: Folder 4: Gleason, Percy 1899 August 1

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

“Strawberry”

Aug 1, 1899

My dearest Lydia,

This is the first time I ever waited so long to answer your letter but for some reason or other I feel so queer. I think I must have one of my moody streaks or whatever you would call them. I am certain you know what they are.

I know if I were to see you I would not feel so for five min-utes. I know too that my Sunday letter will set you wonder-ing at a great rate that is if you have time to wonder.

One thing certain is that this confounded old tobacco smoke nearly drives me crazy and perhaps that accounts for my queer feelings. I will tell you will about my queer letter when I see you.

Millie condescended to write me a letter, and in it was some amusing things one of which was that she proceeded to lecture me for not writing to my mother. Now I wrote home nearly every week and sometimes oftener for the first three months I were here and I received three letters for my pains. After I arrived I wrote again and got no answer. My other relatives have not done quite so well and still they expect me to keep writing.

Millie says some one told her that a pretty girl told me to take her (the girls) and think myself mighty lucky ect.

I am afraid some one does not tell her his own good qualities.

Why should such moody times come to me? I can not think of anything to tell you and I know just what you will think. Really I must be writing too often and that is the reason I have nothing to tell you.

You seem so much farther away from me when you are at Cisco. Oh how often I think of those lovely oaks, and how I wish I could spend a few of my leisure hours there as happily as I did so long, long ago.

I would give lots for a good long waltz tonight. One of those where I could float away with the music and forget this sphere of earthliness and enjoy such bliss as only a [illegible] waltz can bring.

There are dances around here but somehow I do not care to go. Perhaps you know why. If someone whom I know was going to be there you bet I would go.

The climate is as nice as ever but I long for a change or something. I scarcely know what. I shall never be satisfied until – perhaps you know full as well as I do.

I wrote to Big Sister, perhaps that was not right. I wonder what she will say.

I am sure this must bore you to death so I will close. I am as ever yours with love,

E.P. Gleason