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MC247: Folder 5: Gleason, Percy 1899 August 2

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

“Strawberry”

Aug 2, 1899

My dearest Lydia,

Although I wrote to you only last night, I am taking the liberty of writing to you again.

Your letter seemed so strange to me tonight that I could not help but answer it immediately. Not that it was at all of the ordinary but it seemed to have been written in such a duty bound way that I well –

I don't know exactly what but it seemed to come from a distant land. It must be decidedly cool where you are. It is somewhat cool here at evening and in the mornings.

Perhaps I have had reasons, some-times for thinking you regretted some-thing in the past. Ces you say there naye be chances yet why not try? Why live to regret all your life a thing which might be remedied.

I must doubt my judgement in writing thus to you. If I were with you I could safely use the same words but I am afraid that cold ink and paper may fail to carry the true meaning. You know I would not hurt your feelings in anyway neither would I have you do a thing that you would be sorry for afterwards. You remember what I have always told you. You are as free as ever.

I think if you would give me a good scolding that it would arouse me from my reverie.

There is a party going from S'berry, a fishing next Saturday but I do not think I will join in. If I go fishing I think I shall enjoy the sol-itude.

I am very much tempted to go to a dance next Saturday night, and see if that will not change my mood a little.

I really believe it would do me considerable good to have a good dance now. Tis morning now and I guess the cool morning breeze has taken good effect on me.

I would burn this other part of my letter if I did not want to show you how mean I am. Perhaps you think you know that without being told but I am sure you do not comprehend the magnitude of my hatefulness.

Thank Maud for his kindness and tell her I liked her just the same even though she will not write. May be someone objected to her writing to me.

Soft gray clouds are looming up in the south and west. Oh, how I wish it would rain a little to lay the dust.

I am now counting the days until my school closes. At the most, it will not be later than Nov. 19.

Will you help me have a good time then for a little while?

It is now 7:30, nearly stage time, so I must hurry to finish this.

Lydia, please do not think of the mean things I have said in this letter. I can not tell you to think of the good ones for I have not said any.

Be sure and scold me for I need a terrible scolding.

I love you so much as ever even though you may doubt it.

Hoping this may find you enjoying yourself as much as ever I remain

Devotedly yours,
Percy