

C O P Y -

My honored school-father and friend :

Now I am going to write you this day and inform you how I like my place. First of all matters I would say earnestly I do not like it. I think the trouble is I am too big for him because he told me rith before my face, he said he rather have a small boy so he could give him \$6 or \$7 a month for his labor. This was when I first came to this place, and ever since he has had the same opinion, and I thought to myself sometimes as if I am here with him like a great defileth, or endless defileth. Another think he cant give my higher wages, he wouldn't do it for any man, and yet he wants me to wrok on two farms and he only give me \$10. a month; Gracious life, a woman gets more than \$10. a month for housekeeping. I would rather be a housekeeper than work on two farms for \$10. a month. I thought may be I did something wrong on farm and that is the reason I get less wages.

This year of course the wages are not so high, but the mean thing is, my friend Captain, there are no man of any race that can work for \$10. a month on two farms. He go off pretty quick, because he have to get there in everything. They way they set me to work here I have to get there in everything in a minute. I do it by minutes. I go back and forth between these two farms, go from one farm to another all day long until sunset and yet I don't suit him, he rather have a small boy. Now, what kind of man would you call him? Is he a man of impotyance or a man of peculiarities. I kindly ask for a change place. I am not undone yet, Capatain, I'll stand for my rights and obey your rules which will bring the good results in the future, because there is no life in the world without protoplasm. I have my life with protoplasm and am not undone. Some people think around here to themselves that the Indians have no protplasm whatever, but I think even if the Indian has no physical basis of life he still struggles on even if the temptation and the hardship are placed before him; he struggles on, on, and on until he is worth something, until he is able to feed himself; until he is able to work and sup ort himself like people around him.

I am your school-son,

Ralph Armstrong.