

Bungabang, N.E.

Mar-19-1916

Dear Dad -

It has been some time since I wrote to you. I have been up to my neck in work ever since we started to thresh rice some time ago - about the middle of February - We threshed something like fifteen or twenty thousand bushels - We had more work than we could do but I got the fever and was off the job about a week - In that time these monkeys had managed to put the engine out of commission and ruin the whole feeder thru the cylinder. The result was our contracts were automatically cancelled. I have been bossing the fixing of the machines and giving examinations besides - Now I am away off up here to give another examination. I am traveling on official orders and paying it quit expense -

This evening (Sunday) I arrived ready to start exams tomorrow. I am staying in a big Americanized Filipino house with the whole family gone but three girls between sixteen and twenty two. If they were American girls you can imagine the time we would have, but being what they are I am as well as alone. They are off somewhere locked up I guess. "What's the hods as long as you're 'appy?"

I have practically nothing to say tonight. I wish you would do this for me: - Get a package of the first dandelion seed that appears and send it down to me. You don't need to be afraid of its becoming a nuisance here. The only crap they raise that amounts to a whoop is rice and that grows in water. It would be a blessing if it would crowd out the other weeds. But that is not the point. What I want to know is if it will grow.



I have put in a request for a transfer to higher land - The Director notified me that it would be considered so there is no telling where I will be next year - I hope I do not have the same kind of work I had this year - You know this year I had to make my own text - I had to teach them how to manage a farm - I laughed to myself many times at the idea of me trying to do it - I think of the times you have cursed me out for doing the very things I cursed those boys out for doing - The Supt. and Pain, both left me strictly alone - They didnt so much as visit my class - I did it all myself -

Well as I said once

19 March 1916

Fabian → Kill

before I write this letter I have  
nothing to say so I will close.  
Say "Hello" to all for me.

Fabian D. Peam

Mr. F. Reed  
Bay  
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Cake arrived / only -