

Vancouver Barracks, W. T.

Dec " 28th" 1880

Dearest Friend,

O. O Howard,

So You ar [sic] not coming back againe [sic], It
Seems to Me that I am loseing My own Father
I have No Friend left in this Country, Oh,
what will becom [sic] of Me, when these Ind
ians goes [sic] a way. I wont [sic] have no way of Ma [sic]
keing liveing [sic]. You Know that is all I am
geting [sic], I am thankful [sic] for that, Oh, Gen,
try and do som [sic] thing for me, I think by
your, and Lint, Wood, and C, Mason, and
others helpe [sic], the Government can do som [sic]
thing for me, Becouse [sic] No Matter, where I go

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

I am Interperating for My People, and this
is why, I think the Government ought give
Me a liveing [sic], Oh, Gen, forgive Me, for as [-]
king So Much of You, I know there ^{is} No oneeles [sic]
can helpe [sic] Me, only You, for You know what
Worke [sic] I did for the Government the Ban [-]
nock War. Oh, I may Never See You againe [sic]
in the Sinful World againe [sic], But Gen, I
hope to live So, that I May Meet You in
Heaven, I have not heard anything from
the Money, I was to get, Now Gen. good
bye May God, Bless You for always.

from your Most humble Servent,

Sarah Winnemucca