

December 14 80.

Chief White Thunder,  
Rosebud Agency,  
S. Dakota.

My dear Friend,

It is with a sad heart that I write to you this morning. Yesterday I told you your son seemed worse but that he said he did not feel sick. He hoped he might sleep <sup>up</sup> then be better but he got worse <sup>up</sup> this morning just at day light he died. When I think about you <sup>up</sup> that Ernest was the one son that you had just as I have just one son my heart is sad with you, for I know how a father loves his boy. It was because you loved him so much that you gave him to me to come far away to this school. You wanted him to learn the white man's good road <sup>up</sup> learn to be a great man so that you would be proud of your son. But the Snake Spirit has taken him out of this world when there is so much trouble.

All the time since he got sick I have done





everything I could to make him get well. You will remember I told you I had to make him go to the hospital. I had to take his clothes away from him to keep him in bed. He would not eat. He would not take medicine unless I made him. If then he would spit it out. All the time he had the doctor to see him often every day. I then was come one to take care of him day and night. Whatever was good we got for him, oranges, grapes, and other nice things he had always. After he had been long sick as I told you then he wanted to get well. He began to eat. He to take medicine, but he had got so weak that all our care would not save him.

My friends when your people gave me your children I said "I will be like their father." All these boys and girls are like my children. It is this that makes me so sorrowful when I tell you about your son.

The Sioux boys would go to see Ernest while he was sick. They would talk to him and try to make him feel happy. American Horse's son Robert was his best friend. He stayed with him. I took care





of him just as if it had been his own brother.

High Wolf's son Amos was a good friend too & tried to help Ernest all he could.

Your son died quietly, without suffering like a man. We have dressed him in his good clothes, & tomorrow we will bury him the way the white people do. & I will write & tell you about it.

All the teachers & all the children are very sad, & they think about you & they are sorry.

Your good friend  
R. T. South

1st Lt. 10<sup>th</sup> Cav. In charge.



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