

Yankee Doodle (Colorado)

September 9, 1878

My Dear Son Willie,

We, including May, Emma and the writer, are still here in a terrific snowstorm. Men come pouring out of the Park almost every hour. One company left us 20 pounds antelope meat and asked nothing; I gave six of them a large apple apiece, and two of them who owned the meat, two apples apiece, and they went off feeling they had made a good trade. Walling, Fred, and Edson took three buckets apiece, and a lot of bread, guns, pistols, and ammunition and left today for the Springs. If they report favorably, we may go direct to the Lake, but I do not much expect we shall go. We stay here tonight as the fish man returns, then tomorrow if it be pleasant we shall have our landlord go to Walling's Mills with the waggon emptied of all but such things as we must have. We three shall ride our three horses, lead the rest, take one of the hired horses to Black Hawk, get our mail and corn, and stay until the trio returns.

Landlord will return with waggon, and keep the heavy horses till they return.

I think we shall not go into the Park, but all return at least one week sooner than we calculated. You remember I dreamed that Edson shot me through the heart. Well, he did the morning you left.

The first rebuked me for keeping Buckskin out late, then when I told him I wished that horse to ride with the doctor over the range, he stood back like a mule and said he would not go. Of course I would not go after he said that. I told him to take the horse, and that he knows how to bring me to terms.

Then when Walling urged me to go with him and try to find bear tracks, he came down upon me for cruelty to dumb animals. This almost made my heart ache, and I regretted very much that I did not go to Battle Creek with you and the Doctor.

I shall hasten my business as fast as possible with Walling and Olmstead and go home where people have some respect for me. I had a long talk with Walling. He saw me sad, and apologized for his roughness. And as he said, "No parents could treat me more tenderly than you have done, Uncle," he broke down and wept. He says what he is doing for us all shall not count on what he owes me, but you know me well enough to know

that I shall allow all this on the debt. I think as much of Walling as I ever did, while I have crossed the Cloughs out all of my books. I have bestowed on them, for which I have received nothing, as much as Walling ever owed me. But I have done my duty if they all go to the Devil.

Well, I will get things in readiness for General Conference as much as possible, and will rest ready for the labor of that meeting. Emma is writing to her father,

I to you, and it is getting near bed time, so

"Good night."

(Signed) James White