

1300. Toole Ave
Missoula Mont
Aug 10th 1949.

Mrs George.

received your letter
and was I glad to hear from you.
I took a degree of pleasure while
perusing through its pages.
you are quite right, about me
leaving that pool room. yet I
miss the boys very much. I was in
that place for more than 29 years.
and in all of those years I never
even had a fuss with one of those boys
then on Saturday I'd make it a point
to get down early. the women would
do their shopping and leave their
groceries until they got ready to
go home. some times they would
pile up so high, I could hardly
get to the cash register. I got a kick
out of it when they came after them
passing them out. then to most all
of the men I started with had passed
and they boys that were young had
taken their place. I miss them.
I get the observer every day, and
get most of the news. there is a
reservation ^{here} a very large one it
is 80 miles long, and 60 miles wide
by ^{call} them the flat heads. and ^{very}

22 prosperous, wonderful farms,
and businesses of all kind,
especially the hot springs where you
get mineral baths. The bath house
cost \$400,000 and it all belongs to the
Indians. They draw crowds of
people there for baths from all parts
U.S.A. and Canada. It not only owned
by Indians, but every part of it is
run by Indians. The white men
have many large establishments
on the reservation. They pay a
royalty which goes into a fund
and is used to build highways
and beautify the reservation. We
80 miles from the springs. We
drive down in about two hours.
The drive is wonderful. The
scenery is grand, right through
mountains all the way, and
some of them are four and five
hundred feet high. I can't
describe how these highways
run up, and down, and around,
and over, you can hardly
imagine it unless you saw it.
We go up to the springs in the mor-
ning, have our bath, stay around
and watch the people come and
go for a while, have our supper
and are back before dark.

you have your choice of two different
baths the hot spring mineral water,
or the mud bath. either one for
rheumatism arthritis stomach
trouble and many other ills.
when you go for your first bath.
first you go to the island and have
a check up for your heart, lungs,
and all the rest. then he will tell
you how long you can stay in the
the water usually from 15 to 20 min.
if you take the spring bath, you
can either use the pool for
the bath tub. the water is just as
hot as you can stand it. you
lay in there 15 or 20 minutes,
and drink all the hot mineral
water you can. you go from there
to the shower. from there to the
sweat room. there you lay on
a cot and drink all the water
you can. and do you sweat. it
just pores off you. then another shower
a hot shower and dress and
mind you, that treatment complete
costs you 75. then you can go to the
reception room. have an easy chair
smoke talk, or sleep, as long
as you like. and the mud bath.
there is a big pool of soft hot mud.
you wade in up to your chin. you

4 can ^{stay} their 20 minutes standing, or sit on
a bench ^{or} lay down in it, as long
as you are all under but your
head. from their you had the
same thing as when you had
the spring. they have many
cabins for the people who want
a six week treatment. full
treatment. the cabins are fur-
nished. hard wood floors, rugs
and every thing. gas, electricity,
all kitchen utensils, everything.
the small cabin has one bed.
price per week \$5.00 large
ones have 2 beds \$7.50 per week.
all of that money they say
goes into the Indian fund
for improvements. then they
have what they call the corn hole.
you wade in the hot water until it is
above your knees. you sit there as long
as like a few of those treatment and
if you have any corns, or callosities,
you can pick them right off with your
fingers. that is the reason they call it
the corn hole. I don't remember whether
I told you all of this in my last letter, or
not. there are names such as hot head lake
flat head river, rattle snake island, dead
mans canyon, and many other such names.

we are quite well, and glad to know
that you are still able to get around.
I would like to have joined your friend
and you at lunch under the grape arbor.
I knew a George Pittfield, many years
ago. he may be the same man that I knew.
I am sure you had a good laugh when
the chair broke down. glad he didn't
hurt himself. Mrs. Mays wishes to be
remembered to Mrs. Neen. there is a big
lake about half way up, on these high
mountains a great place for fishing,
and hunting. they trench cut
down from that lake in directions
so that the farmers can irrigate
their land, for miles around in
dry weather. otherwise they raise
nothing. isn't it wonderful how
God has provided for man. I was
at home last night. they had a
well, 72 feet deep. it run by electricity.
all he had to do was pull down a
lever, and the water would just
pour out. all of these places are on
the reservation. I spoke to one Indian
"chipaway". I said, he shoo. he just
looked at me. their language is
all together different from ours.
but they speak good english, and
have nice homes, and nice cars.

if you were younger, I would say, take a
trip up there. You would enjoy it.
I am 2,000 miles away from you right
now. I was looking at the moon and
the stars last night, and I said if
it is out side now, we are looking at
same moon stars. I went to another
place they called it going over the
camel's hump. From there we went
to the bear mouth, gold creek
district, and another place, bitter root
district, and hungry horse. Then to the
Elk creek cabin. where there were refresh
ments galore. I took nothing stronger
than cococola. and couldn't those
Indian boys and girls dance!
I thought about you. I said if netchie
was there, all we could do would be
watch these people enjoy themselves.
The music was fine. just a mouth organ,
a fiddle, and a guitar. and could
they make some noise. there was a
time machine, when I really could have
joyned in. all I can do now is to take
a back seat. but, had I taken a few shots
of that fire water they called it, I would
have been ⁱⁿ there, trying to pitch
the highest mountain on the reserve square
mountain on the very top of the mountain was said
about six feet tall. they call it the square top.
Netchie.