

Little Big Horn, Montana

June 2. Letter from Joey, en route from Salt Lake to Montana.

"Yellowstone is beyond description: the National Geographic can do better than I can. It is beautiful, I'll say that. What does bear description, however, is the weather. There were thunder storms during the ride up Saturday night. I got to West Yellowstone 7 A.M. and it was completely overcast and raining more than lightly. During the bus ride to Old Faithful 8-9 A.M., it was snowing. Then more rain. Then it cleared up, totally. Then more rain. Then sleet. The ride to Old Faithful included stops at a few of the hot springs, so I saw those and some geysers. I saw some elk and some buffalo, but no bears. I did see, however, what I am almost certain were bear paw prints

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in the snow, thus:



The bus schedules were such that, leaving Yellowstone Park last night, and wishing to spend the night on a bus, it was a choice between waking up this morning in Great Falls, Montana or Billings, Montana. I chose Billings and got here 8:20 this morning.....

I went to the Supermarket and bought some milk and Carnation Instant Breakfast . I asked the girl at the cash register what's worth seeing in Billings. She said, well, there's a shopping mall on the other side of town; and there's the ridge. (Billings is built under the ridge.) I went to the public library and asked the librarian the same question. There's an art museum, she said, and a Western Heritage Museum. It turned out, however, that both of these were closed on Mondays. There is nothing to see in Billings.

This accounts for my presence at the Custer Battlefield National Monument where there is similarly nothing to see-- a few graves-- and a small narrative museum-- but the scenery is nicer.

Custer Battlefield National Monument is sixty miles away from Billings and is not actually on any bus route. The Trailways bus from Billings to Denver

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lets people off about a mile down the road. One other person got off at the stop, an American Indian, about thirty. We walked up part of the road together. He asked where I was going, talked a little about Custer, about the wars. The Indian said he was a Blackfoot; he was going to South Dakota to be with his family. He talked about the Indian religion. He said he was going to go up on a mountain, not eat, not drink, stand and seek spiritual guidance. Like Moses in the desert, he said. I asked how long he would be up there. Seven days and seven nights, he said."

