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A Montana Road

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Let us suppose that we are up in Montana, on the Flathead Reservation. It is in the summer time and a friend invites us to take a drive with him over the country.

We are delighted with the prospect, and accept his offer. Our starting point is Ravalli, on the Northern Pacific R. R. and our terminus, Polson, 35 miles distant on the Flathead Lake. We make all our preparations and are off bright and early.

The first five miles of our drive takes us over the Mission Hills. The day is a beautiful one; we hear the birds singing on all sides, and we also see stock grazing on the hillsides. Now and then we may sight a coyote, making his way along the ridge. As we come to the top of the hills, we look down into the valley, and a grand sight presents itself to view. We can look over the Flathead Valley for 20 miles. To the east we behold the great Rockies, with their tops covered with snow; we see along the base of the mountains, streams winding their way down through the valleys which are covered with beautiful farms and ranches.

We also see to the east a village. On inquiring of our driver we find out that this is St. Ignatius Mission, one of the oldest Missions in Montana. On looking to the west we cast our eyes over a vast prairie, on which thousands of horses and cattle are feeding.

As we continue our journey we cross the Mission Creek, farther on we come to Post Creek, here we stop for our dinner, and rest our horses. We enjoy our meal as we have never done before; the fine air and cool breezes delight us.

After having our dinner we proceed on our way. We now travel for about ten miles over a great level plain, which is dotted over with little ponds of various sizes, looking into these on all sides we see great numbers of wild ducks and geese, and other birds. By and by we came to Crow Creek. We cross and are once more on another level plain; we have gone but a little ways, when on looking to the west of us, we see a herd of buffaloes, the largest in the world. To the east we catch a glimpse of Ronan.

We are now nearing the end of our drive, which has been a very enjoyable one for all, and one that we will remember for some time.

As we came down the slope to Polson, a last grand view presents itself. We see Polson and also beautiful farms right on the shores of the Lake. The scene is indeed a beautiful one, with the placid waters stretching away before us, and the chain of mountains extending to the northward as far as we can see. We note to our left the Flathead River as it begins its journey down through the valley.

We are now at our terminus and our drive is ended.