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Mission Statement
The mission of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, Inc. is to stimulate public appreciation of the Lewis and Clark Expedition's contributions to America's heritage and support education, research, development and preservation of the Lewis and Clark experience.

We Proceeded On
We Proceeded On is the official publication of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, Inc. The publication's name is derived from the phrase which appears repeatedly in the collective journals of the famous expedition.

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ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES

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AUGUST 1999
by David Borlaug

This past year has proven to be one that anyone would feel privileged to be president of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation.

Who could ever imagine a more crowning glory for our cause than to have our own Sacagawea gracing a gold dollar coin...the first new coin of the millennium! The warmth of her gaze, with Jean Baptiste nuzzled against her back, makes this the most dramatic, most beautiful coin in our nation's history.

Add to her honors that the State of North Dakota, in its recent legislative session, voted overwhelmingly to place a statue of Sacagawea in the Capitol's Statuary Hall in Washington, D.C. For never having been paid for her valuable services, Sacagawea is finally getting her due, and by extension, all Native Americans.

While the year was filled with challenges, many of which we met, here are some accomplishments I'd like to highlight for you:

• Completion of the curriculum guide and its instant acceptance from educators across the country.

(President's Message continued on page 4)

From the National Bicentennial Council

by Michelle Bussard
Executive Director

The council's fourth annual national planning workshop, "Rivers of Exchange," held in Vancouver, Washington—the council's headquarters—was attended by over 300 delegates representing 14 federal agencies, 16 tribes, 12 states, representatives of six congressional offices, and countless special interest and individual city representatives. An event remarkable in and of itself, it was also preceded and followed by four remarkable tribal gatherings: in

Lewiston, Idaho; Great Falls, Montana; New Town, North Dakota, and Wichita, Kansas. Collectively, well over 20 tribes have been represented at the four summits to which the sovereign nations encountered by the Lewis and Clark Expedition were invited to share with the council and many federal agencies how they wished to be present, represented and participate in the bicentennial of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. From this experience, much was learned. It is clear that many of the tribes wish to

(Bicentennial Council column continued on page 4)

From the Editor's Desk

It is beginning to look a lot like Christmas out there for anything and everything related to Lewis and Clark. Manna is falling from heaven. Lewis and Clark is a buzz phrase. We are going to have to get bigger and more band wagons for all the enthusiasts to get on. It seems like everybody wants a piece of the cake.

Well, almost everybody.

There are some mightily upset ranchers along the Missouri River in Montana who are less than enthusiastic about all the people and boats who will be descending on the White Cliffs area in the coming years leading up to and through the bicentennial years. They see a major threat to their way of life and their economic welfare.

And, there are the Native Americans who want to make sure their voices are heard, their side of the story is told. They are not at all sure this will happen.

We also need to be aware that there are more people in this country who are unaware of or don’t care about Lewis and Clark and the upcoming bicen-

(Editor's Desk continued on page 4)
PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE
Cont. from p. 3

This remarkable work will prove to be one of our foundation’s most enduring contributions. Our challenge now is to partner with enough state and federal agencies to ensure that thousands of classrooms across the country make use of this incredible resource. Congratulations to Barb Kubick for heading this effort, and to the National Park Service, for providing funding.

- Reprinting of the Gary Moulton Volume One atlas. Your foundation provided the financial support to encourage the University of Nebraska Press to bring back this jewel of cartography. And, while it is available to the general public, a very limited number of signed, numbered editions created especially for the foundation are still available. But hurry, they won’t last long (and may already be gone at this printing).

- Development of the “feature article project,” which will result in the “best” of WPO features being reprinted in book form. This project has been Don Nell’s child for years, and I promised him at the beginning of my term that we would get moving. Much work has been done by former WPO editor Bob Saindon, and it is now in the hands of our able publications committee, chaired by Jim Holmberg. Stay tuned!

- Most significantly, I am thrilled that our executive director, Sammye Meadows, has helped craft the plans for what will ultimately be our foundation’s greatest contribution to preserving our heritage—The Trail Stewardship Project. This ambitious plan, which awaits funding, will call upon our foundation’s members to step forward and make certain that the Lewis and Clark Trail is not only prepared for the impact of the bicentennial years, but that indeed, it survives!

I must thank some individuals who made this year such a joy for me:

First and foremost, my ever-patient wife Ruth and daughters Nicolette and Cassandra, who tolerated my regular absences from home life...either off to another meeting, or at one end of the country or the other. There are few who would be allowed the freedom I had this past year to serve you, and it is due to their indulgence.

Kristie Frieze and Dana Bischke of the North Dakota Lewis and Clark Foundation shouldered many extra burdens this past year, while I tended to national affairs more often than our own statewide concerns. And it was they who readily accepted the challenge of hosting our annual meeting, on short notice. These two professionals have given me more hard work and dedication than anyone should be allowed.

Our long-time friend Dick Williams of the National Park Service continued to be our true partner this past year, and a good friend to me. While the Lewis and Clark Trail presence within the NPS is increasing with additional funding, I want to personally acknowledge Dick’s many years of tireless service to our cause. He has been there for us, long before the prospects of the bicentennial brightened our glow.

And, back to Sammye Meadows. Our foundation was blessed to find her. She has the remarkable combination of vision and grit to get anything accomplished. She will be our pilot as we continue to steer through stormy weather. I am grateful for her wise counsel, and incredible dedication.

Finally, allow me to end with a challenge to all of us...our country has taken note of our foundation. We are in a leadership position. We must not fail. Our nation is counting on us. We must step forward and accept the responsibilities that were ours from the day we were chartered. This will be our legacy for generations to come.

Thank you for the privilege of serving.

BICENTENNIAL COUNCIL
Cont. from p. 3

participate in the bicentennial experience, but equally strongly wish to enhance preservation of their cultures and languages, preserve and protect sacred sites along and near the Lewis and Clark Historical Trail, pursue heritage tourism on reservations and Indian lands, and be fully engaged in interpreting the Lewis and Clark story from the Native American perspective. The dialogue has just begun and as it grows will be increasingly inclusive, challenging and compelling.

"Rivers of Exchange" was generously supported by the Association of the U.S. Army, the City of Vancouver, State of Washington and National Park Service. These, and countless "in kind" partners, including the Oregon Tourism Commission, Oregon Historical Society and the Washington State Historical Society, gave the council the opportunity to open the event with the Nez Perce Memorial to Chief Red Heart’s Band on the grounds of the Vancouver National Historic Reserve and provide nearly three days of intensive workshops and plenary sessions including a full day on education, a marvelous ‘sounds of Lewis and Clark’ performance from the Trail Band, and keynote addresses from General Hemphill and Daniel Botkin, author of What Are the Lessons of Lewis and Clark? (provided as gifts to workshop delegates).

Senator Slade Gorton from Washington was the closing speaker for the workshop. He is looking to the council to help provide leadership for funding national Lewis and Clark projects Preparations are under way and you are encouraged to check our web page, www.lewisandclark200.org, for details on dates and workshop headquarters.

I want to thank the Confederated Tribes of the Umatilla Indian Reservation for the horse crest.
blanket, as well as Chief Red Heart’s descendants for the Nez Perce horse blankets. They presented these gifts to me during the Nez Perce memorial.

Next year the council’s millennium workshop will be held in April in Kansas City, Missouri.

Finally, work is nearly complete on the council’s new “mark” which will be unveiled in Bismarck at our annual business meeting. This, along with our newly initiated tri-annual newsletter fully underwritten by Battelle, Inc., and the council’s website designed and managed by the estimable Jay Rasmussen, will provide the foundation of a strong national identity and communications package that will underpin and help launch the national commemoration of the bicentennial of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. In all of this, it is the council’s remarkable board of directors that ultimately deserves the kudos for guiding and supporting the early years of this organization and its accomplishments. Credit is shared with the foundation’s board that had the foresight to create the council. Though it is said this is the “executive director’s column,” this is, in truth, the council’s column and I remain honored and humbled to represent this incredible organization and enjoy the opportunity to invest in this remarkable bicentennial. As our tag line says: “1803-1806 Join us for the Journey 2003-2006. And as Nike says: “Just do it!”

EDITOR’S DESK
Cont. from p.3

Benjamin Franklin once said: “We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all挂 single.” In the case of the bicentennial, this means the American public must be involved.

As bicentennial momentum picks up, the foundation is asked more and more frequently to review projects for historical accuracy. Since accuracy is something we feel deep pride in, we do not take these requests lightly. A few devoted historians among us have generously contributed their time and knowledge for this kind of task in the past, however, now the requests are beginning to outnumber the reviewers by a wide margin. We need more people in our resource pool.

The foundation is establishing a fee schedule, which will vary according to the magnitude of the project to be reviewed. Most of the fee will be paid to the reviewer, and a small portion of it will be contributed to the foundation. The project can then list the foundation as an historical resource, and the foundation can be satisfied that one more project tells the story with as much historical accuracy as possible.

Become a trustee of the adventure! If you are an expert on any aspect of the Lewis and Clark Expedition—its members, mission, flora, fauna, food, medicine, Native Americans, archeology, navigation, clothing, equipment, Jefferson, genealogy, etc.—and would like to be part of this very important foundation service, please send your name, address, phone, fax, email, and area(s) of expertise to executive director Samme Meadows at P.O. Box 3434, Great Falls, MT 59403. Or, if you yourself are not an expert, but can recommend someone who is, please send that person’s name, address, etc.

Your names will be placed in a resource directory that we will provide to people who want their projects reviewed. Thanks for your help!
Luck or Providence?
Narrow Escapes on the Lewis and Clark Expedition

by Robert R. Hunt

"Over them triumphant Death his Dart shook:
But delaid to strike."
— Milton, Paradise Lost, xi. 400

When Dr. "Frenchy" Chuinard wrote his masterful book on the medical aspects of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, he was in constant awe that only one man died.

"How was it possible," he asked, "that these men could undertake and return safely from such an expedition so gloriously?"—surviving an ordeal of 8,000 miles through an unknown wilderness, enduring 28 months of "extreme conditions of work, cold, hunger and disease," all without the attention of a trained physician.

"Incredibly...only one man died!"

Indeed, how was it possible? Chuinard cast about for an answer. With all due respect for Captains Lewis and Clark, their leadership skills alone could not account for the party's success. Chuinard cited Olin D. Wheeler, who ascribed the result to "rare good luck." Yet, even the rarest good luck will run out: As Sancho said to Quixote on an earlier "voyage of discovery"—"Fortune is a drunken whimsical jade, blind, and therefore neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she casts down or whom she sets up..." Seeking a better explanation than blind luck, Chuinard turned to William Clark: At a homecoming reception at Fincastle, Virginia, Clark declared that the general safety of the party ought to be assigned "to a singular interposition of Providence, and not the wisdom of those who commanded the expedition." Chuinard concluded at length that the safe conduct of the mission, from a medical point of view, was "a miraculous feat," simply "incredible."

No less incredible, besides the medical aspects, is the record of survival from many accidents or chance happenings which often were nearly fatal. Beyond every turn in the river, or just over the next ridge, life-threatening danger constantly lurked. The wonder is that after repeated narrow escapes, none of the party was ever fatally tagged in an accident.

In the journals, however, any cumulative impression of these hair-raising situations is too easily blunted—submerged in day-to-day travel data, weather reports, natural history minutia—all the "scientific" aspects of the expedition. For a fresh perspective on the "survivability" of the explorers, one must lift out, from the massive detail of the multi-volume journals, the records where life was at stake—the times when Death was "shaking his dart" at the Corps of Discovery.

There were at least 56 incidents involving some unfortunate event, a disaster, or a mishap. Roughly two-thirds of these related to hazards of nature, either physical or animate; e.g. river and weather dangers, creature encounters (bears, snakes, etc.). About one-fourth were "self-induced" through personal error, i.e. mishandled guns, lost footing, and the like. Finally, less than 10 percent resulted from unexpected hostile confrontations with native groups. Each person of the party was in peril at one time or another, either individually or collectively with the group. In individual accidents, the two captains were by far the ones most often at risk: Lewis at least 12 times, Clark at least nine times. Others with multiple exposure included Drouillard, Joseph Field, Charbonneau and Shannon. I find only six men who were not mentioned specifically by name as involved in an accident, but obviously, all were in danger when collectively threatened. We proceed, then, to a round-up, in summary form, of these perilous moments, grouped together under the headings suggested above.

Watery Depths—Old Man River, 1804

- May 15—The keel-boat, carrying most of the Corps—"run foul three times...on logs...was several minutes in eminent danger."
- May 24—At the "Devils race grounds" the barge struck the sands—"the Toe rope Broke, the Boat turned Broadside...She wheeled & lodged on the bank below...three times...this place being the worst I ever saw...we were So nearly being lost..."
- June 9—Again struck a log, turned the boat "against Some drift & Snags...with great force."
- June 14—At the "Place of Snakes," the boat struck a sand bar and was nearly upset—"obliged to
run great [risk] of losing both boat & men..."

- **June 29**—The boat again struck a moving sand bar—turned within 6 inches of a large sawyer—“if the Boat had Struck the Sawyer... She must have sunk in the deep water below...”

- **July 14**—A “Storm Struck our boat... and would have thrown her up on the Sand Island dashed to pieces in an instant, had not the party leaped out on the Leward Side and kept her off with... anker & cable...”

- **September 30**—“... the Sturm of the boat got fast on a log... was verry near filling... the Chief on board was so frightened... he ran off and hid himself...”

Other members of the group, traveling in the two perogues, faced similar trials. On September 21, at 1:30 a.m., the sand bar on which the party was camped, began to give way. Clark was awakened and saw by the light of the moon that the sand “would swallow our Perogues in a few minutes.” All hands were ordered on board and pushed off. Part of the Camp fell into the river... “which would certainly have sunk both perogues by the time we made the oped shore...”

In the spring of 1805, as the Corps resumed water travel from Ft. Mandan, the White Perogue was crucial to the success of the mission. It usually carried the most valuable part of the cargo, as well as the several non-swimmers. In the afternoon of April 13, with sails hoisted, 200 yards from the nearest shore, it was struck by “a sudden squall of wind,” and was “as near overset... as it was possible.” Drouillard’s quick response in taking in the sails enabled recovery. Lewis judged that if the perogue has “overset,” the three non-swimmers, as well as Sacagawea and child, “would most probably have perished.” With a nod toward “good luck,” he added, “we fortunately escaped.” A few weeks later, May 11, after further bouts with the “very crooked” river, Lewis mused:

> I sometimes wonder that some of our canoes or perogues are not swallowed up by means of the immense masses of earth which are eternally precipitating themselves into the river, we have had many hair breadth escapes from them but providence seems so to have ordered it that we have as yet sustained no loss in consequence of them.

Three days later, Lewis had to report an occurrence which he could “not recollect but with the utmost trepidation and horror”—a replay with the white perogue. Again at risk “almost every article indispensably necessary,” and again, under sail, another “sudden squawl of wind.: The perogue was struck obliquely, was instantly upset—“completely topsaturva...” Watching on the bank, 300 yards distant, the two captains looked on in horror while the perogue lay on her side for half a minute before the crew could take in the sail and get her upright. Lewis came desperately near plunging in the water and swimming to the rescue—but “recollected the folly on the attempt.” They credited Peter Cruzatte with forcing control and getting the party ashore. Lewis surmised again that the occupants must “have perished had the perogue gone to the bottom.”

Further upstream, in 1805:

- **May 31**—The white perogue touched a rock and “was very near overseting.” Lewis feared that “her evil genni will play so many pranks... that she will go to the bottom some of these days.”

- **June 29**—One canoe turned over, as the men attempted to surmount rapids at a falls “4 feet preipticular.”

- **July 26**—Charbonneau, accompanying Clark on a reconnaissance, was “very near being swept away by the current... Capt C. however risqued him and saved his life.”

- **August 6**—Near the Three Rivers Valleys, several canoes were upset. Private Whitehouse was thrown out and pressed under one of these—“had the water been 2 inches shallower must inevitably
have crushed him to death."

Once over the hump of the Great Divide, on downstream waters bound for the ocean, the party threaded its way through perilous rapids. On October 8, 1805, Sgt. Gass’s canoe split open and sank on the rapid; those aboard, including non-swimmers, managed to hang on to the canoe until Clark could dispatch a rescue party. The Gass journal reports: "Fortunately the water was not more than waist deep...so our lives and baggage were saved." On October 25, Clark found it "truly gratifying" when the last canoe finally passed through a dangerous channel. He had noted, above the whirl of the torrent, an audience of Indians "on the rocks viewing us"—doubtless expecting the strangers to meet their doom.

After winter at the mouth of the Columbia, when the corps headed back upstream in the spring and summer of 1806, the river struggle resumed:

- **May 30—**Shannon and Collins survived a canoe "driven broadside with the full force of a very strong current against some standing trees...and sunk"—Potts, a poor swimmer, made land with difficulty.
- **July 3—**Lewis, himself, on a crude raft with several non-swimmers, was drawn off by a bush, had to swim aside while his endangered companions, clinging to the raft, "fortunatly made shore below."
- **August 4—**Willard, thrown overboard from Ordway’s canoe when struck by sawyers, grabbed hold of one, set himself adrift among the sawyers "which he fortunatly escaped," and met up again with Ordway.
- **August 31—**Once more a "Suden Squal of Wind" broke cables of two small canoes; Willard and Weiser on board trying to save them were "blown quite across the river...where fortunately they arrived safe."

**Nature’s Grip**

Ice, fire, severe cold and violent storms tested the explorers repeatedly. In the very first days of the expedition, Captain Clark, January 9, 1804, near the mouth of the Missouri, took a ducking: while crossing a frozen pond 400 yards wide, the ice broke—he his feet froze to his shoes. He was "very unwell" from the excessive cold...At Fort Mandan, October 1804, a raging prairie fire passed by the corps’ encampment. The violence and spread of this "truly tremendous" fire caught a native man and woman, burned them to death. November 13, Lewis and six men ventured upriver through the ice looking for stone to build their chimneys—they got fast on a Sand bar & had to be out in the water about 2 hours." Their clothing froze on them... On December 8, hunting buffalo with the thermometer at 12 below zero, several suffered frost bite, particularly (and poignantly) the black man York. But the ultimate cold for Clark was in the Bitterroots September 16, 1805—in thin "mockersons," slogging through the thick timber and snow cover of Lolo Pass, fearful of frozen feet: "I have been wet and as cold in every part as ever I was in my life..." Earlier, mid-May of that year, fire had come close to catching both captains, along with Charbonneau, wife and child. A large tree had caught fire late at night over their leather "lodge;" just after a frantic move of the lodge, the top of the burning tree fell exactly on the place where the lodge had stood—"had we been a few minutes later we should have been crushed to atoms." Burning coals were thrown on the rest of the party who were "much harrassed also by this fire."

Life was again measured in minutes for Clark and companions near the Great Falls. Accompanied by Charbonneau, wife and child, Clark saw an ominous "black cloud rising in the West;" he hustled the group to a perch under some shelving rocks. Soon a violent torrent of rain and hail descended, tripping off an avalanche of rocks and mud rushing toward them. Clark scrambled up the steep bluff, dragging, pushing and shoving his companions—"one moment longer & it would have swept them into the river just above the great cataract of 87 feet where they must have inevitably perished." During this same storm, several men moving baggage over the plains of the portage were "sorely mawled with the hail which was so large and driven with such force by the wind that it rocked many of them down"...most of them bleeding freely and much bruished.

**Cliff Hangers**

During the first weeks from Camp Dubois (spring 1804), Lewis wished to inspect a large cave in a high cliff above the river, "300 feet high hanging over the water." Having climbed to this objective, he lost his footing, slipped and fell; Clark wrote that he "caught at 20 foot." A year later, Lewis was making his way through wet rocks and gumbo across the face of a high bluff—again, he slipped, and but for a "quick recovery by means of his esponsoon," he would have been precipitated into the river down a craggly precipice of about ninety feet." Scarcely having reached a place to stand, he heard a voice cry out behind him, "good god Capt. what shall I do." It was Private Windsor who had just slipped and fallen, was "lying prostrate on his belly with his wright hand arm and leg over the precipice while holding with his left arm and foot as well as he could..." Lewis "expected every instant to see him loose his strength and slip off." To relieve the suspense of how Lewis saved Windsor’s life, read his entry for June 27, 1805! (We aren’t making this up.)

Lewis had yet to record "the most wonderful escape [he] ever witnessed"—at least until September 19, 1805. The party was again on a steep precipice. Frazier’s horse
fell and rolled, with his load, nearly a hundred yards into the creek, down a hill which was “almost perpendicular and broken by large irregular and broken rocks.” Expecting to see a dead horse, the party saw the animal get up, “but little injured,” and in 20 minutes proceed on.

Other accidents where horses slipped or fell, endangering the men astride:

- **September 22, 1805**—Clark’s “young horse in fright threw himself...[and Clark] on the side of a steep hill,” and hurt Clark’s hip “much.”
- **June 18, 1806**—Colter’s horse fell while crossing a creek, threw Colter off, he suffered an injured leg.
- **June 30, 1806**—Lewis’s horse slipped and fell. Lewis himself also “fell backwards and slid near 40 feet down the hill...the horse near falling on me.”
- **July 18, 1806**—Gibson on mounting his horse, “fell on a snag and sent in nearly two inches into the Muskeler part of his thy...a very bad wound and pains him exceedingly.”
- **June 17, 1805**—While ascending cliffs to measure the height of the Great Falls, Clark was “near Slipping into the water at which place I must have been Sucked under in an instant...”
- **August 5, 1805**—Along steep precipices, Drouillard “missed his step and had a very dangerous fall.”

These close calls occurred where rushing water or slippery earth, i.e. sheer gravity, *inanimate* nature, could have accounted for victims. But the most fearful and startling encounters were *animated*—those where the men literally stared into live jaws of death.

**Creature Crises**

During the spring of 1805, toward the Great Falls, there were at least nine confrontations with monstrous bears. April 29: Lewis, hunting on shore, wounded two of these creatures. One escaped but the other, a three hundred pounder, pursued Lewis 70 or 80 yards before he could recharge his gun and kill the animal. May 11: Bratton shot a “monstrous beast” through the center of its lungs; it then pursued Bratton a half mile—Lewis and seven men trailed the wounded bear and shot him, “2 balls through the skull.” Lewis’s journal is dismally prophetic: “these bear being so *hard to die* reather intimidates us all...”—the very words (as italicized) which Lewis is said to have uttered four years later, on the last day of his life, October 11, 1809, when he met his own death by gun shot on the Natchez Trace...

A 500 hundred pounder was encountered May 14. Six good hunters surrounded him undetected within 40 paces and opened fire—“in an instant the monster ran at them with open mouth.” Unable to reload, the men took flight, were nearly overtaken; two threw themselves into the river over a 20 foot perpendicular bank. The bear plunged in “only a few feet behind,” but was dispatched by the fire of the two men in reserve on shore. Eight balls had been passed through him in different directions. Clark said the bear “had like to have defeated the whole party.”

Other grizzly escapes:

- **June 2**—A bear “very near catching Drewyer; it also pursued Charbono...”
- **June 4**—One nearly caught Joseph Field—“bear was so near that it struck his foot.”
- **June 14**—Lewis had just killed a buffalo and forgot to reload, when a large bear crept within 20 steps before being discovered. The bear pitched at him, “open mouthed and full speed;” Lewis ran toward the stream about 80 yards, the bear gaining fast. Lewis jumped in the water waist high, turned and pointed his espontoon at the oncoming beast; to, the creature suddenly wheeled about and ran off at full speed three miles and disappeared in the distance! “The cause of his allarm,” Lewis wrote, “still remains with me misterious and unaccountable.”

![An American having struck a bear but not killed him, escapes into a tree. From The Journals of Patrick Gass, edited and annotated by Carol Lynn MacGregor, Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, Montana, 1997.](image-url)
June 18—Willard was “very near being Caught;” Colter also, in the same encounter.

June 25—Joseph Field ran into three of the monsters, “only a few steps distant.”—“the second time he has narrowly escaped them.”

More than a year later, again near the Great Falls, the most publicized bear scrape of all occurred. (See accompanying illustration from Gass’s journal, page 9.) Lewis reflected that there seemed to be “a certain fatality attached to the neighborhood of these falls.” McNeal on horseback was unknowingly within 10 feet of a grizzly in thick brush. The horse in fright threw McNeal immediately under the bear. McNeal clubbed the animal with his musket, stunning the attack and giving McNeal time to climb a nearby tree. He remained hung up there until late evening when the bear finally gave up and left. Lewis’s journal for July 15 records that “it seems...the hand of providence has been most wonderfully in our favor with respect to them, or some of us would have long since fallen a sacrifice to their farosity.”

With other creature assaults, the difference between life and death was sometimes in inches, not just minutes. Late at night on May 29, 1805, a large buffalo bull leapt on and over the white perogue beached on shore, charged full speed toward the camp fires and was within 18 inches of the heads of some of the men who lay sleeping. When the animal rushed near the captains’ tent, Lewis’s dog Seaman “saved us by causing him to change course.” The dog’s feat was remarkable in itself, considering that just 10 days previously he had been bitten by a beaver through the hind leg; the artery was cut. Lewis had difficulty stopping the blood—I fear it will prove fatal to him.”

Clark on May 17 “narrowly escaped being bitten by a rattlesnake,” and again on August 15, he was “very near being bitten twice...the Indian woman also narrowly escaped.” Lewis too had had a rattler stand-off on May 26. Returning to camp in the late twilight, he “trotd within five inches of a rattlesnake in a striking attitude; Lewis flayed about at random with his espontoon, managing to kill the viper before it bit him. Ordway’s journal for June 12 relates that one man actually took hold of a rattler “which was in a bunch of bushes as he was walking along the towing line, but luckily escaped being bit.”

A final instance where nature literally bared fangs is recorded by Clark’s entry of August 8, 1806—reporting on Sgt. Pryor’s mission bound for Ft. Mandan. On July 26, during the night “a Wolf bit Sergt. Pryor through his hand when asleep;” the animal also attacked Windsor nearby when “Shannon fortunately shot him.” Editor Gary Moulton notes that the Wolf’s behavior suggests rabies but neither Pryor nor Windsor contracted the disease as far as is known.

Native Challenges

There were only five hostile incidents where life was directly threatened by native people:

September 25, 1804—The Teton Sioux attempt to block passage of the corps on the upper Missouri: A show-down on the river bank ensued—Clark with drawn sword and all hands under arms, eyeball to eyeball opposite Sioux chiefs backed by 100 warriors, bows drawn and aimed straight at the party. Clark’s bravado seems to have carried the day, no one hurt, but it must have been close!

Later near Ft. Mandan, a raiding party of the Sioux (February 1805) met up with a detachment of the corps gathering meat 25 miles out from the fort. No blood was spilled in the resulting tangle but Lewis was so angered that he took 24 men in pursuit the next day—though too late to catch the robbers.

July 27, 1806—Lewis’s famous fight with a party of eight Piegan Blackfeet while scouting the Two Medicine River: Lewis, with Drouillard and the two Field brothers, camped in an uneasy truce with this band overnight. At dawn the Indians managed to steal the rifles of Lewis and his men, who were still asleep or dozing. In a hectic skirmish the four explorers were able to recover their guns; but in the melee Reuben Field stabbed one Indian to death; a second Indian may also have been killed in an exchange of fire with Lewis. While the Indians dispersed, Lewis and company rounded up enough horses to beat a desperate retreat, hell-bent for the Missouri River. After a near non-stop, 24 to 26 hour horse race of more than 100 miles, they reached the river just in time to greet the detachment which had been stationed at the Great Falls and was then coincidentally floating downriver for ultimate rendezvous with the rest of the corps. Thus ended perhaps the most dramatic escape of the expedition.

There was always action wherever Drouillard might be. With the Shoshones near Lemhi Pass, Drouillard was alone on horseback hunting for game. Coming upon a small group of natives, he dismounted for a friendly visit, laid down his rifle and turned out his horse to feed. Ordway reported (August 22, 1805) that one of the Indians took Drouillard’s gun and “Sprang on his horse and rode off.” Drouillard quickly mounted his own horse, chased the thief “about 20 miles,” caught up with him; wrestling with the armed Indian, Drouillard recovered his gun and send the assailant fleeing. A
man of lesser skill than Drouillard could have turned up missing in such a broil.

One further hostile scuffle:

Scene: The Salt Works, a day's trek south of Fort Clatsop on the Oregon coast. Action: near murder of Private McNeal! Captain Clark and several companions from Clatsop were visiting the "salt detachment" at this remote post. On January 9, 1806, in the late evening, Clark's native guide "made signs that Someone's throat was cut." It developed that McNeal had been lured into a nearby native lodge on a "premeditated plan of [a] pretended friend of McNeal to assinate for his Blanquet." A Chinook woman gave the alarm to Clark et al. "in time to prevent the horror act," and the would-be assassin ran off.

"Own Worst Enemies?"

A number of self-induced accidents, within the customary daily activity of the explorers, could have been devastating. Private Shannon, the 18 year old, youngest man of the party, while hunting on shore, got far ahead of the main body moving up the Missouri. Thinking himself behind, rather than ahead, he kept hurrying on, trying to catch up—was thus lost for 12 days—according to Clark's report (September 11, 1804) on the brink of starvation, "without anything to eat but Grapes & one Rabbit, which he killed by shooting a piece of hard stick in place of a ball." Later, at Fort Mandan, March 7, 1805, Shannon cut his foot with an adze. Previously, at Mandan (November 11, 1804), two others "cut themselves with an ax" while constructing their huts. On the homeward journey, June 18, 1806, Potts was one of four men in front of the main body in the Bitterroots, hacking through brush to open a trail. He "cut his leg very badly with one of the large Knives."

Lewis had "much difficulty in stopping the blood."

On August 22, 1804, on a bluff in present day Jackson County, South Dakota, Lewis geologically examined and pounded a substance thought to be "arsenic or Cobalt." Clark wrote that Lewis "was near poisoning himself by the fumes & taste of the Cobalt." His narrowest escapes however were from gun fire. The famous air gun, in retrospect, had provided a kind of warning at the very commencement of the expedition, embarking from Pittsburgh. A visitor, permitted to examine the instrument, "suffered her to discharge herself accidentally." The bullet passed through the hat of a woman about 40 yards distant, cut her temple, blood gushing profusely. Lewis supposed she was dead but "in a minute she revived to our enexpressable satisfaction..." Later, Lewis would miss death by gun shot on three different occasions. Once, among the Shoshones, Lewis and Private Frazier were hunting in the area of the "Shoshone Cove," August 25, 1805. Frazier fired his musket at some ducks in a little pond 60 yards distant from Lewis—"the ball rebounded from the water and passed within a very few feet of me." He had an even closer shave in the fight with the Blackfeet, when his wounded antagonist fired at him. Being bareheaded he "felt the wind of the bullet very distinctly." Two weeks later (August 11, 1806) a bullet finally did catch him. Lewis and Peter Cruzatte were hunting mid-day "on a thick willow bar." Lewis was about to fire on an elk when a ball struck his left thigh and cut "the thickness of the bullet across the hinder part...the stroke was very severe." Cruzatte, a man of poor eyesight, accidentally had shot his commander! Lewis was physically disabled and in pain for several weeks. One cannot help being reminded, again, in these gun shot episodes, of that fatal night, years after the expedition, when Lewis died of gun shot wounds on the Natchez Trace.

Home at Last

The Cruzatte accident was the last brush with death before the end of the journey. Looking back over the preceding two years, accumulating all the narrow escapes and considering them together, one shares the same sense of awe that Dr. Chinard had—that only one man died...Often on the edge of that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," the explorers had suffered their full share of the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Readers like-minded with Olin Wheeler may deny that fortune was "outrageous" for the Corps—was really nothing but "rare good luck."

Those of a different mind, however, can turn back to Quixote, when Sancho called fortune "a drunken whimsical jade. "I can tell thee," said Quixote, "there is no such thing as Fortune in the world, nor does anything which takes place there, be it good or bad, come about by chance, but the special pre-ordination of Heaven..."

Take your choice: Was it "good fortune," or was it "providence"? Blind luck or divine intervention—that saved their necks? Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were mindful of, and acknowledged both explanations...Or was it just "an incredible miracle?"
2000 Annual Meeting to Be in Dillon, Montana

The 32nd Annual Convention of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation will be held in Dillon, Montana, on August 13, 14, 15 and 16, 2000.

Dillon is located in southwestern Montana on Interstate 15 and State Route 41. It is 62 miles south of Butte and 115 miles southwest of Bozeman. Butte and Bozeman (Gallatin Field) are the closest airports. Dillon is 145 miles north of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

The convention site will be at Western Montana College. The school was authorized by the legislature in 1893 as the State Normal College. Through a series of name changes it has become Western Montana College of the University of Montana. It is still primarily a teacher training institution.

The college consists of 20 buildings located on a 24.5 acre campus. A recent major renovation project has refurbished many of the buildings and dormitories.

The Dillon area offers many Lewis and Clark sites. The Beaver’s Head, the diorama of Lewis and Clark at the Beaver’s Head, Clark’s Lookout, Rattlesnake Cliffs, and the Camp Fortunate site are all within a short distance. Dillon is most often the starting point for a trip to Lemhi Pass and Sacagawea Memorial Park.

The town has seven motels and four RV camps. Additional lodging will be at the college if needed.

During the convention we will have two major field trips. Each trip will occur on consecutive days, with the participants switching to the other trip on the second day. One trip will proceed to Lemhi Pass, into the Salmon, Idaho area and on to Lost Trail Pass. From Lost Trail Pass it will proceed to Jackson (Clark’s berling springs) for dinner and return to Dillon. The other trip will travel to Twin Bridges, the Beaver’s Head, Clark’s Lookout, the Lewis and Clark Diorama, Camp Fortunate and return to Dillon for dinner.

Several seminars and break-out sessions are planned for the convention. The banquet speaker will be Dr. Albert Furtwangler of Salem, Oregon. Dr. Furtwangler is the author of several books about the expedition, including one titled Acts of Discovery. There will also be a presentation by Dr. Barry Gough of Ontario, Canada. His appearance was arranged through the Alexander MacKenzie Voyageur Association. He will talk about the relationship of the MacKenzie Expedition and the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

LUCK
Cont. from p. 12

END NOTES
1Eldon G. Chuinard, M.D. Only One Man Died, the Medical Aspects of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, Western Frontiersman Series XIX, Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, Washington, copyright 1979 by Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, Bozeman, Montana, Fourth Printing 1980, p. 24. The only man who died was Sgt. Charles Floyd, early in the voyage, August 20, 1804, near present-day Sioux City, Iowa, presumably from an attack of appendicitis, i.e. not a result of an accident.
2Where italicized words appear in quotations from journals or other sources in the foregoing text, the italics have been added by the author of this paper.
6Gary E. Moulton, ed., The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London 1986, Volumes 2-11. All quotations or references from the journals noted herein are from Moulton, by date indicated in the text, unless otherwise stated in these notes.
7This compilation of life-threatening situations does not include sicknesses or maladies where medical attention was applied by the “Captain-physicians” while survival or recovery remained in question—as, for example, Sacagawea’s illness at the Great Falls. For these situations the reader is referred, of course, to Chuinard, Note 2 above.
8Wm. Privates Goodrich, Howard, Labiche, LaPage, Shields and Werner.
9Clark wrote that York’s “feet also frosted & his P—s a little...”
The CHIMNEYS of Fort Mandan

Over 25 years ago, Gate City Savings and Loan Association gave the McLean County Historical Society a $10,000 grant for the completion of the Fort Mandan reconstruction going on at that time at Washburn, North Dakota. The grant was the grand prize in a “Better Way of Life” contest for community improvement projects.

Fast forward to 1999, and Fort Mandan, now under the care of the North Dakota Lewis & Clark Bicentennial Foundation, is about to begin a transformation into a more historically accurate replica. Enter now Gate City Federal Savings Bank, with a grant of $35,000 to pay for the addition of fireplaces and chimneys.

Gate City Federal President Bob Anderson was on hand June 5 as those fireplaces were lit for the first time, in a formal dedication during Washburn’s annual “Lewis and Clark Days.”

“We were glad to be there for the McLean County Historical Society a quarter of a century ago, and we are thrilled to be part of the Lewis and Clark Foundation’s efforts today, to help bring this wonderful fort to life,” said Anderson during the dedication.

Author and film-maker Dayton Duncan gave the keynote address to a crowd of hundreds at the fort that day. In introducing Duncan, Foundation Chairman David Borlaug referred to him as the “soul of the Lewis and Clark Trail.” He went on, “Dayton knows the trail, but more importantly, he knows the people of the trail, and he has come to love them as much as he loves this great story.”

With smoke billowing out of Fort Mandan for the first time in 195 years...with a background choir of songbirds exulting from the cottonwoods...with an eagle, flying overhead. Dayton delivered the following address to an audience caught on his every word. It was a very special time at Fort Mandan, along the Missouri River in North Dakota.

It has been nearly 200 years since smoke last rose from the chimneys of Fort Mandan—since cottonwood logs popped and crackled and blazed on the hearth, illuminating the small rooms with a fickle, dancing light and casting a warm embrace toward the farthest wall.

There’s something about a fire that tends to bring out stories from those gathered around it, and so today, after 194 years of absence, as fires-burn once more in Fort Mandan, let us gather around and tell stories of the Corps of Discovery and of the time long ago when those stories were told for the first time.

We tend to think of Lewis and Clark and their Corps of Discovery on the move, under an open sky, following the sun on its daily westward journey, camping under the stars, and then pushing on again at first light; embarked, Lewis explained to every Indian tribe he met, on “a long journey to the Great Lake of the West, where the land ends and the sun sets on the face of the great water.”

Over the course of 863 days, as they crossed the West from St. Louis to the Pacific and back, the Corps of Discovery made roughly 620 separate camps—the vast preponderance of them for only one night. They would arrive after a toilsome struggle that had moved them perhaps 12 miles, set up their tents, cook a meal, fall into a much needed sleep, and then set off once more in the morning toward the next horizon.

But for five solid months, this was each day’s starting point and this was each day’s destination.

On November 2, 1804, Lewis noted that the captains had picked a site—and a name—for the fort; on November 3, Clark wrote, “we commence building our cabins;” and on the 4th, he scribbled the words “Fort Mandan” next to the date of his diary entry for the first time. (Those were two of the few words William Clark never misspelled. He spelled “mosquito” 19 different ways in his journals, and once spelled “cherry” three ways in a single sentence. But “Fort Mandan” he never got wrong.)

On April 7, 1805, he would write those two words, “Fort Mandan,” as his temporary address for the last time.

November 2 to April 7: five months in the same place. Along the entire 4,000-mile trail, no other site would make such a claim on the restless band of explorers.

To them, this wasn’t just another campsite. And despite its name, to them—hardened soldiers that they were—it wasn’t just another military fort, either.

No, Fort Mandan was something more to the Corps of Discovery. During the long, epic voyage that would take them so far from their friends and families, so distant from what all of them referred longingly in their journals as “back in the states,” Fort Mandan would become the closest thing to home.
And like all homes—especially in those days—and even more especially in winter—its life naturally centered around the fire and the hearth.

But first, the chimneys and fireplaces had to be built.

Sergeant John Ordway tells us that work on the chimneys began right away—November 7—and the next day, he wrote, "we continued building with as much haste as possible in order to Git [inside] before winter sets in."

By the 13th, snow was falling and ice was running in the river—"considerable fast," according to Ordway. Lewis and six men took one of the prorogues upriver, through the flowing ice, to collect stones for the backs of the chimneys. Let Ordway recount the story:

"Capt. Lewis returned with his party much fatigued. They got [stuck] on a Sand bar & had to be out in the water about 2 hours. the ice running against their legs. their close froze on them, one of them got 1 of their legs frost bit. it hapened that they had some whiskey with them to revive their Spirits."

Eight days later, the men were still searching for more stones, still working feverishly on their fort. On November 22, the chimneys were finally complete—and just in time, as it turned out.

The wind shifted to the northwest, and temperatures began to plummet. By the 29th, ice had closed the river near the Mandan villages upstream and the snow was already 13 inches deep in the wooded river bottoms.

December brought even colder weather—"colder," Ordway wrote, "than I ever knew it to be in the States."

And consider: Ordway was from New Hampshire! For the Virginians and young men from Kentucky, it must have seemed unbelievably frigid: 12 below on December 8, according to Clark; 21 below on the 11th; a mind-boggling, body-numbing 45 degrees below zero on the 17th.

So cold, according to Ordway, that the guards were relieved every hour—then every half hour—to keep from freezing. So cold, he say, "that we did nothing but git wood for our fires."

But thank God for those fires.

"Our Rooms are very close and warm," Ordway noted with some relief in the midst of the December onslaught, "So we can keep ourselves warm and comfortable."

"Warm" and "comfortable"—and, he might have added, "alive."

During their time at Fort Mandan, the explorers would record 49 sunrises when the mercury was below zero. And when you add in the constant winds—"winds of astonishing violence," as Clark called them—those temperatures were even colder still.

In the simplest, starkest terms—in terms that each member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition understood in ways that we today cannot; and in terms that they never forgot, nor should we—the fireplaces at Fort Mandan meant survival.

Without the chimneys and the fires they made possible, life here for the Corps of Discovery during the brutal winter of 1804-1805 would not have been merely unpleasant or uncomfortable; it would have been impossible.

But the chimneys were built in time; the wood was cut; the fires were kept blazing—and life at Fort Mandan became not just possible, but, to quote Ordway again, "warm and comfortable."

On Christmas morning, the yuletide logs burned particularly bright. Private Joseph Whitehouse tells it best:

"We ushered [in] the morning with a discharge of the swivel [gun], and one round of small arms of all the party. Then another from the swivel. Then Captain Clark presented a glass of brandy to each man of the party. We hoisted the American flag, and each man had another glass of brandy. The men prepared one of the rooms and commenced dancing. At 10 o'clock we had another glass of brandy, at one a gun was fired as a signal for dinner. Half past two another gun was fired to assemble at the dance, and so we kept it up in a jovial manner until eight o'clock at night, all without the company of the female sex..."

By my count that's three glasses of brandy and a dance party before 10 a.m.; then dinner (and who knows how much more to drink with that); then another six hours of dancing (with, one can imagine, something more to drink during that time).

The hearths of Fort Mandan would have witnessed it all—in fact would have been the center of the celebrations. And their fires would have been the last sound the men heard that night when they went to bed, as Ordway wrote, "all in peace & quietness."

On the other hand, think of everything the fireplaces heard during those five long months.

First of all, they heard a multitude of languages. With a population of 4,500—more people than lived in St. Louis or even Washington, D.C., at the time—the Mandan and Hidatsa villages were the undisputed "big city" of the Northern Plains in the early 1800s—a natural gathering place of many peoples, a "trade mart" for dozens of Indian tribes, an intersection of international commerce and intrigue.

I like to imagine it as something like the scene in "Star Wars," when ObiWan Kenobi brings young Luke
Skywalker to rent a space ship in a crowded bar whose dizzyingly diverse patrons come from every corner of the far-flung galaxies. The same diversity could have been found at Fort Mandan.

Here were the Mandans and Hidatsas, of course, “our friendly neighbors,” as Lewis called them; but that winter Arikaras and Cheyennes, Assiniboines and Crees gathered around the fort’s fireplaces as well—all speaking different languages, all wearing their own distinctive clothing, all pursuing their own agendas with the strangers from the East.

Scotsmen like Hugh McCracken and Charles Mackenzie would have rolled their “R’s” as they conversed with the captains about the trade policies of the North West Company and Hudson’s Bay Company. Francois Antoine LaRoque, Jean Baptiste LaFrance, and Joseph Gravelines would have added their French to the rich linguistic brew.

In front of these fires, Toussaint Charbonneau applied for a job as interpreter—using his Shoshone-speaking wife, Sacagawea, as his principal recommendation—then backed out of the deal, then begged once more to be hired on.

In February of 1805, these fires heard Sacagawea gasping in pain during a painful first childbirth; heard René Jusseaume patiently explain to Meriwether Lewis the use of rattlesnake rattles for inducing labor; heard the potion being ground up and then swallowed—and minutes later, heard the very first sounds to emerge from one of North Dakota’s most famous native sons when Jean Baptiste Charbonneau—half Indian, half French Canadian, 100 percent American—drew his first breath and cried for his mother.

Who knew then that one day Sacagawea would have more statues in her honor than any other American woman in history? And who would have guessed that she and her baby boy would one day grace a new dollar coin minted by the United States government?

It was in front of these fires that Black Cat—a Mandan of “integrity, firmness, intelligence and perspicuity of mind,” according to Lewis—recounted what Clark called “Indian anecdotes” during his 17 visits to the fort.

Here it was that the generous Sheheke told the captains, “If we eat, you shall eat,” and another Mandan chief, Little Raven, arrived to trade bushels of much-needed corn and buffalo meat for an iron pot and an axe. The same fires would have cooked the kettle of summer squash, beans, corn and chokecherries that Little Raven’s wife presented as a gift outright, which the captains pronounced quite “palatable.”

These fires listened to Hidatsa warriors explaining the landmarks the Corps of Discovery could expect farther west, drawing rough maps on the floor as they talked, even trying to describe the powerful sound of the great falls of the Missouri.

And despite the famous Charlie Russell painting to the contrary, it was in front of these fires—not in an earth lodge—that the proud Hidatsa Chief Le Borgne arrived to test the skin of Clark’s slave, York.

“The chief observed that some foolish young men of his nation had told him there was a person among us who was quite black, and he wished to know if it could be true,” Clark wrote in his journal. “We assured him it was...and sent for York. Le Borgne was very much surprised at his appearance, examined him closely, and spit on his finger and rubbed the skin in order to wash off the paint; nor was it until [York] uncovered his head and showed his short hair that Le Borgne could be persuaded that he was not a painted white man.

Le Borgne had not been impressed by the captains’ array of
telescopes and mirrors, and he had boasted that his warriors could handle the soldiers of the expedition like "so many wolves" on the prairie.

But York was something else entirely. To the men from Virginia, he was a slave, something to be owned. To Le Borgne and the amazed Indians, he was someone to admire; he was "Big Medicine."

Around these fires, other types of medicine were discussed and practiced—"medicine" of all kinds. The hearth of Lewis's fireplace became the Fort Mandan outpatient clinic. Two men cut themselves in accidents with their axes. John Shields suffered from rheumatism. Nathaniel Pryor dislocated a shoulder, requiring four attempts to pop it back in place.

Lewis treated his men for sunblindness by holding their face over a hot stone and tossing on snow to make steam. He treated them for venereal disease with injections of mercury. He lanced one Mandan boy's abscess and gave another one a dose of that powerful laxative, "Rush's Thunderbolts," for a fever. Yet another Mandan boy was brought in, so severely frostbitten that Lewis had to amputate his toes without the benefit of anesthesia or a surgical saw.

Over in the enlisted men's quarters, the talk around the fireplace was of a much different type of "medicine." It's easy to guess how the conversations went, late into the night, when some of them returned from the Mandan buffalo calling ceremony, that great "Mandin Dance," as Clark called it, designed "to cause the buffalo to come near..."

And the talk would have had a different tone, when the topic changed to a report that filtered up from the Arikara villages in February—news that the Teton Sioux were planning a springtime war against the Mandans and their new friends.

"They Say if they catch any more of us they will kill us," Ordway wrote in his journal, "for they think that we are bad medicine."

I'm sure the men shared other stories around these fires. When the days are so short, the nights so long, and the temperatures so cold, there's plenty of time and plenty of reason to sit near a hearth and just talk.

They surely discussed all the new experiences here in North Dakota to talk over—a brilliant display of Northern Lights, double suns appearing over the frozen prairie, a total lunar eclipse on January 15, frost coating the entire grove of cottonwoods on the river bottom, the fatigue—and exhilaration—of hunting buffalo in the snow, and of course, just how damn cold it really was only a few feet from the fires' warmth.

As the days wore on, and those stories got stale and worn out from the retelling, the sounds around the fire would have become more mundane: the ring of the blacksmith's hammer near the charcoal kiln; the whisper of needle and thread making mocassins for the road ahead; the scratch of a quill pen on the rough paper of a journal or a letter home; the call of the magpie and the whistle of the prairie dog in their cages, waiting to be shipped back to President Jefferson; perhaps an old familiar tune played on the mouth harp or Pierre Cruzatte's fiddle.

And then, I think, they would have started talking some more, this time about themselves perhaps or their families "back in the states."

It happens that way on long winter nights in North Dakota—or anywhere on earth where the sun goes down at 4:15 in the afternoon and doesn't reappear for another 16 hours. Talking around a fire can become absolutely necessary to a different type of survival. It's either talk and grow closer, or surrender to "cabin fever" and splinter apart.

This is especially true for a large group in close quarters, like the Corps of Discovery and the five months they spent here at Fort Mandan, 1,609 miles—Lewis noted with great specificity—from what had only recently been the farthest border of their native land.

But just how far they had come could be measured in something other than miles.

On February 10, Thomas Howard was court-martialed for climbing over the walls of the fort when he returned after hours from one of the Mandan villages. He was found guilty and sentenced to 50 lashes.

During their trip up the river in the summer and fall of 1804, the punishment would have been automatically meted out. Their first winter, at Camp Dubois, had been a disciplinary disaster, with disorder, drunken brawls, and open disobedience, and for the next nine months the captains had employed the lash with a certain regularity to enforce their rules.

But this time, the court of Howard's peers recommended mercy—and Captain Lewis decided to forgive the punishment. Significantly, this would be the last time a court martial was convened during the entire expedition—even though there were still thousands of miles and 20 more months to go.

Something had obviously changed. Something was different now and would never be the same. And it had happened around the fires here at Fort Mandan.

My friend Jim Ronda has written that during the winter here the Lewis and Clark Expedition changed from being an unruly group of soldiers and frontiersmen to becoming something of a family.
I believe that's true; that, and something more. Here, I believe, for the first time they truly became a Corps of Discovery in every sense: fully prepared to move forward into what to them was the complete unknown, capable of taking on any challenge and overcoming any obstacle because now they were ready—without coercion or even admonition—to work together.

The captains understood this change that had occurred during the winter, and Lewis expressed it best in the letter he sent to President Jefferson in the spring:

"At this moment, every individual of the party are in good health and excellent spirits; zealously attached to the enterprise, and anxious to proceed; not a whisper of discontent or murmurs is to be heard among them, but all in unison act with the most perfect harmony. With such men I have everything to hope, and but little to fear."

He wrote those words by the light of one of Fort Mandan's fires—the very same fires that had helped forge this "most perfect harmony" in the first place.

It's said that travel changes a person. But in the case of these peripatetic travelers, whose most common phrase was "we proceeded on," I think it may have been the five months here, in the same place, that changed the Corps of Discovery the most.

More than any other spot on their long trail, they had made this place a home. Here they had talked for hours and drawn closer together. The fires, the hearths, and the chimneys had made it all possible.

April 7, 1805, dawned with a fair sky and the temperature at 28 degrees; warm by Fort Mandan standards, and set to rise to a balmy 64 degrees by mid-afternoon.

According to the captains' weather journals, ice had stopped running in the big river on the first of the month. A flock of brant had passed northward on the 4th, followed by an even larger flock of cedar waxwings on the 6th. The ducks and swans they had seen flying south when they first started building the fort had already come back. "All the birds that we believe visit this country," the captains noted, "have now returned."

So had the bugs: troublesome gnats they began noting with increasing displeasure. I suppose the smoke in the fort's quarters might have provided at least a little relief from those pests—one last parting gift from the fires that had seen the men through an uncommonly harsh winter.

It was time to move on.

At 4 p.m., the big keelboat pushed off downstream for St. Louis, carrying the prairie dog and the magpies, the collection of skins and skeletons that would reach the East Coast four months later and thrill Jefferson—and others in Washington as great curiosities from this newest section of the young nation; there was Arikara corn Jefferson would plant in his garden at Monticello, Mandan tobacco he would turn into cigars; maps and Indian vocabularies; and a letter from Lewis to his mother, describing the verdant beauty of the Missouri River valley and telling her not to worry about his safety.

At the same time that the keelboat headed downstream, Clark and the rest of the "permanent party" headed upstream in six freshly carved dugout canoes and the two pirogues.

Lewis was the last to leave the fort. He needed some exercise, he wrote in his journal, and so he intended to walk to the expedition's first campsite in five months.

If there was any tinge of sadness about leaving their temporary home behind, no one mentioned it. Far from it. This was a day of looking forward, not back.

Lewis—after comparing himself to Christopher Columbus—captured the palpable sense of anticipation in words:

"CHIMNEYS continued on page 18"
Second Jefferson Document Displayed at Lewis & Clark Center in Washburn

U.S. Senator Byron L. Dorgan (D-ND) brought another piece of American history to North Dakota in June when the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center in Washburn unveiled a second rare and historic original document from the Lewis and Clark Expedition. This document loan, which Dorgan requested from the Library of Congress, is a handwritten draft of President Thomas Jefferson’s original instructions to Captain Meriwether Lewis that set in motion a voyage of discovery symbolic of America’s spirit and initiative.

Dorgan said he is pleased to see another treasured document from the expedition on display for North Dakotans and visitors to the state. “Once again, the public will have a chance to view a document that has never before been available,” he said. “Displaying such artifacts near the Lewis and Clark Historic Trail is important to educate and attract visitors.”

Last year Dorgan persuaded the Library of Congress to loan the interpretive center an original letter written to President Jefferson by Captain Lewis reporting on the progress of the expedition while they wintered in North Dakota. This newest document display will add further dimension and historical context for those interested in following the progress of the Corps of Discovery.

Written in early 1803, President Jefferson’s handwritten draft, which is a part of Thomas Jefferson’s Papers in the rare documents section of the Library of Congress, shows the many revisions Jefferson made to his final instructions for the expedition, based on suggestions from his cabinet officers. In addition to scientific exploration, Jefferson added commercial instructions and requested the expedition gather information on the Native American tribes. Of further interest, the letter was drafted by Jefferson before the U.S. acquired the Louisiana Territory, clearly showing Jefferson’s certainty in anticipating American control of the Missouri valley and its gateway to the Pacific.

“Last year’s display, made possible by Senator Dorgan, resulted in an increased attendance at our interpretive center—remarkable, since we were tracking against our grand opening season. This treasure of American history will very likely do the same for us again. We are especially pleased to have this exhibit for the national annual meetings of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation here this summer,” said David Borlaug, chairman of the North Dakota Lewis & Clark Bicentennial Foundation. “Senator Dorgan shares our passion for telling the story of Lewis and Clark in North Dakota. We continue to be astounded at the remarkable letters he is acquiring for us, and we are very grateful.”

CHIMNEYS
Cont. from p. 17

“We were now about to penetrate a country at least two thousand miles in width, on which the foot of civilized man had never trodden; the good or evil it had in store for us was for experiment yet to determine... Yet entertaining as I do, the most confident hope of succeeding in a voyage which had formed a dauntling project of mine for the last ten years, I could but esteem this moment of my departure as among the most happy of my life.”

Did he check to make sure the fires were out before closing the door for the last time? Did he look back over his shoulder as he walked toward his destiny? We don’t know. The words, “Fort Mandan” essentially drop from the journals on that day.

More than a year later, on August 17, 1806, after departing the Mandan villages to begin the final, headlong rush to St. Louis on the return trip, Clark at least stopped very briefly—“to view the old works,” as he now called this place. Their real homes were beckoning, so this temporary home had been relegated to a lower standing—“the old works”—and there was no need for the entire group to delay for a prolonged visit simply out of nostalgia.

Some pickets by the river were still standing, Clark reported, but most of the rest of the fort was gone. All but one of the rear huts had burned down by accident.

The chimneys had done their work—and done it well—when they had been sorely needed, but with the fort abandoned they apparently had given up once they no longer felt a sense of purpose.

But now the chimneys are back and the fireplaces are in good working order and with a new sense of purpose—a purpose much like their original one.

The purpose is this: that generations gather once more ‘round the hearths of Fort Mandan and tell the stories of the Corps of Discovery and the winter of 1804-1805, the time when a band of United States soldiers lived as friends and neighbors to the Indians surrounding them; when a black slave was treated with reverence and dignity; when an unknown Native American girl could give birth with the president’s top assistant acting as midwife; and when the prospects for the future were as boundless as the western horizon, because the group of individuals who stared across these fires at one another finally saw in the embers’ glow the faces of America, ready to act in unison and live in a “most perfect harmony.”

As the rising smoke is my witness, that is the story of the fires of Fort Mandan. It was a true story then. It can be true again.
BURNING DAYLIGHT WITH THE CAPTAINS

by Stephanie Ambrose Tubbs

Before the New York Times book review cover page, before #1 position on the Times bestseller list, even before Burns and Duncan, there was a University of New Orleans history professor/biographer and his family and their plan to do some serious discovering in the summer of 1976. Each of his five children, ages 16 to nine, and an 18 year old friend would be given a blank journal and charged with writing down their thoughts and feelings along the way. Lewis and Clark would be their guides, their teachers, their inspiration. It was the beginning of the family’s lifelong love affair with the Corps of Discovery and a trip which would change my life forever.

As millions of readers of the introduction to Undaunted Courage know, I met the man I would later marry at a little-known spot along the trail called Gates of the Mountains. We were both 16 at the time and he barely remembers the day, June 25, but thanks to my journal I know that my future father-in-law, Bob Tubbs, played matchmaker, and that I followed his son John around as he smiled at me and performed his duties as gas boy at the Gates’ boat launch. Seven years to the day later we would be married at the same spot.

Truthfully, and in all deference to John, he wasn’t the only teenage boy I made goo-goo eyes at that summer. After all, ’76 was the summer of Bicentennial, a cross country bike trek with hundreds of hunky young men who also caught my wandering eye as we encountered them along the way. But John was the one who made it into my journal and into my heart.

People often ask me if the introduction in Undaunted Courage is true. Could a family really enjoy themselves and survive thousands of miles of extreme closeness? How could a teenage American girl traveling with her parents and four younger siblings across the country find romance, historical perspective and a place to call home all in one three month time frame? Well, it is true. I did find all of the above but as I reread my journal it occurs to me that I was definitely looking for something. Yearning is more accurate. I read the ramblings of my 16 year old heart with a sense of pride and humor as I tried to express my feelings of wanting to be a grownup, of feeling out of place, of admiring Lewis and Clark and Sacagawea, of wanting to live up to my parents’ expectations and realize what a wonderful trip to have taken and how lucky I was that we had such adventurous folks.

Looking back, I realize I am one of a few Lewis and Clark enthusiasts who can say I have been both child and parent on portions of the trail at different stages of my life. I believe following Lewis and Clark can teach you many things about your strengths, your country, responsibility, and yes, about courage. Of course as a teenage girl I readily identified with Sacagawea—both her passive and active roles and her hard work to be an important member of the corps. Later, I would identify with her role as a mother and marvel at the memory of the young woman with her son on her back searching the horizon on her way up the Missouri with a crew of sweaty men.

Years later, taking our two sons, Riley and Alex, aged 3 and 6, over the Lolo Trail on horseback, on the Missouri Breaks, albeit with experienced outfitters, did take a certain amount of courage on a mother’s part. After all, there is no local emergency room when you are on a 150 mile stretch of wild and scenic river or on a mountain trail miles from a town of any legitimate size. I did pack a first aid kit capable of handling any emergency and eliciting comments of envy and praise from Larry and Bonnie Cook, our Missouri River outfitters. I also had a faith, a kind of blind faith, in my father’s leadership abilities similar to the faith of the young men of the expedition in their leader Meriwether Lewis. Perhaps it was his traditional wake-up call, familiar on all of our trips, “Get up! We are burning daylight!” We were responsible for wrestling our sleeping bags into their stuff sacks, packing down our tents, packing our gear into the truck as quickly as possible so as not to waste any precious day time. We had miles to go before we slept.

Yet even my father’s confident leadership could not erase all of my motherly concern, especially in

(BURNING continued on page 22)
WE PROCEEDED ON 20 AUGUST 1999
A young Stephen Ambrose in 1976 (above left) makes sure everyone carries their share of the load. 1993 sees Alexander Ambrose Tubbs (above right) carry on a family tradition—pack it in, pack it out. 16-year-old Stephanie Ambrose (left in picture on right below) at Lee Creek Campground, Lolo, Montana, in 1976. Stephanie Ambrose Tubbs is pictured (left below) in 1993 performing a familiar campfire ritual.

Page 21—Stephen Ambrose (above left) at the Missouri River Breaks reading to his crew from the Lewis and Clark journals in 1993. The 1976 photo (at right above) pictures the crew patiently waiting for dinner to cook at the Lee Creek Campground. Andrew Ambrose (below left) takes on the Lolo Trail in 1976. Harlan Opdahl saddles up Alexander and Riley Tubbs for the Lolo Trail in 1993.
1993 when I realized Riley would be riding his own steed over the Lolo. I suppose I thought he would be riding double with another horseman the whole time. It worked out fine though, even when his saddle slipped. Our guide, Harlan Opdahl, assured me when his saddle slipped, "he rode the saddle clear to the ground" and landed safely in a clump of bear grass. Riley and Harlan became friends forever on that trip because when his little head became limp and I could see from behind he was falling asleep in the saddle, Harlan and his wonder horse Kid came to the rescue. Harlan simply put Riley in front of him on the saddle and carried him in his coat while he took a short nap.

For families considering making the trip I can relate the main preoccupation of the sum of our trips was, as with Lewis and Clark, the weather. My '76 journal is filled with pleas to the heavens for more sun, more warmth, more dryness. In '93 our photos reveal the Breaks trip to be a fashion statement—layering. Clothes, clothes and more clothes. Even layers of hats were worn during that particularly wet and cold year. Needless to say, a constant concern was laundry and laundromats as well as an overwhelming desire for warm showers.

I recall spending 90 percent of one trip in the Breaks swimming in the muddy Missouri because of the searing heat. On that trip a friend ended up with third degree sunburn. 1993 was a whole different story. We spent much time drying out by the fire as we listened to my father read to us from the journals. Yet, somehow it remained an exciting adventure, especially for the kids who never seemed to mind the weather, good or bad.

Entertainment was not a problem. Aside from listening to and discussing the journals and composing in our own, we had many things to do. In '76, before the advent of the Walkman, I carried my battery powered radio to quench my teenage desire for America's Top Forty. We also listened to countless tapes of our favorite musicians and read many books to pass the time in the car. My journal reveals plenty of humorous incidents wherein my brothers' and sister's desire to make mischief ended up with mixed results. Once we were camped next to a Boy Scout troop in Iowa and my brother snuck out at midnight to cut all of their tent ropes, leaving us all to get the evil eye from the troop leader the next morning. Another time, when my parents, our captains as I referred to them—were out on an overnight paddle, we made so much racket at night that the forest ranger made us move camp next to his station the next day.

We ate a lot of burgers and beans on those trip. Spaghetti, barbequed chicken, tuna and rice, and, being southerners, red beans and rice were also high on the menu. We had cheese and summer sausage frequently. We enjoyed a bit of an advantage over Lewis's portable soup but anyone who has ever tasted freeze dried backpacking food would have to admit it wasn't much of one. On backpacking trips trail mix or gorp was a favorite for us youngsters. I vividly remember picking out all the M&Ms long before the end of the hike just to satisfy my sugar cravings, but I was not the only one. M&Ms became a valuable item of currency on the trail.

So you see, we did have fun, enjoyed ourselves, made good friends with each other and people we encountered along the way. We learned more than we ever could in a traditional classroom, despite the endless highway miles and miserable wet mornings in the tent. We always found a reason to laugh, even the dogs gave us reason to smile. I remember our lab catching a frog in his mouth, and I will never forget an episode when my father gave our adopted mascot mutt "L.C." worming pills in the morning when we broke camp. Driving on a bridge over the Columbia the pills took effect and without going into detail you can imagine the results.

As a "city girl" my journal frequently mentions the charms of small towns like Fort Benton, Montana and Niobrara, Nebraska. Their public swimming pools, museums, festivals and fairs offered a welcome relief to miles of mind-numbing highway. I picked up on the friendliness of Montanans right away. I recorded conversations with park rangers and their jokes about the weather and the bugs. One told me in Montana the mosquitoes get so big you could hear them arguing outside the tent whether to eat you there or carry you home for later.

Our trip had its moments of sourness and pain, too. I recall hiking the Lolo in '76 and cursing my father for going on ahead, insuring that we would have to follow if we wanted dinner, and sending back messages of, "just one more mile...one more switchback." I deeply appreciate the advances of today's hiking footwear, especially when I remember removing my never quite broken in hiking boots (weighing about five pounds each) and backpacking barefoot on the gravel logging roads of the Lolo.

My parents gave us the chance to grouse and to grow. My mother often sided with us when she felt my father was getting a bit too authentic in his demands. She was a great model for me to follow, never sweating the small stuff. Some nights when our sons' eyes were (BURNING continued on page 23)
glazing over and they would cry, "Aw, Mom!" when I would say time to hit the sack, I would imitate her example and let them stay up for one more campfire story. Our boys pride themselves on being Montanans, on chilly days when they insist on not zipping up their coats they tell me and their grandparents, "we aren't cold, we were born in Montana!" Like my brothers, sister and I, they know the true meaning of burning daylight and they try not to do it very often. My advice to parents considering the trip, get everyone a journal to write in, pack plenty of warm, waterproof clothing, lots of books, maps and tapes, and don't forget the M&Ms!

The first Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation Bicentennial activity has been presented at the University of Scranton in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Bud Clark, Jon Stealey and Bob Weir from the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation brought together Clark family and period artifacts; 1904-1905 Portland Exhibition Lewis and Clark memorabilia; and modern photographs of unspoiled landscapes viewed by the Corps of Discovery.

The response to these combined exhibits has been overwhelming. The exhibits attracted more attention from the public and media than any other exhibition in the university's history.

Lewis and Clark and the Corps of Discovery are America's epic. And, not surprisingly, people gravitate to it.

Presently, the combined exhibitions are in storage awaiting their next venue. If you or your organization wish to sponsor the exhibits in your area, please contact, Bob Weir, P.O. Box 104, Fleetville, PA 18420. Summer 2003 is already reserved for Philadelphia.

Yes, there are costs. Insurance, transportation, security, etc., are being evaluated in terms of financial burden. Every possible cost cutting measure is being explored.

We look forward to your response that we may proceed on.

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Clark’s Fort Osage Journal

by Ann Rogers, Ph.D

Clark’s Fort Osage journal was found among the Biddle papers when Milo Quaife began preparing in 1914 to edit John Ordway’s journal. Unable to find a major portion of the sergeant’s account, Quaife asked the grandsons of Nicholas Biddle to look again through the family papers. Their search yielded not only the remainder of Ordway’s journal and Meriwether Lewis’s previously unknown “Ohio Journal” but also a small journal kept by William Clark during his 1808 trip to western Missouri for the purpose of establishing Fort Osage.

The 44-page diary, now at the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, covers the period from August 25 to September 22 and describes Clark’s overland trip from St. Charles to a point near present-day Independence, the initial construction of the fort, his treaty with the Osage, and his return by boat.

Written four years after the Corps of Discovery’s westbound crossing of Missouri, it has many similarities to Clark’s 1804-06 journals, even to the phrase “we proceeded on.” There is the same terse style, the faithful recording of each day’s events, and Clark’s abiding appreciation for the Missouri landscape. Edited by Kate L. Gregg, the journal was published in 1957 under the title Westward with Dragoons.

Leaving St. Charles on August 25, William Clark, Indian agent and brigadier general in the territorial militia, rode at the head of a column of dragoons, mounted troops from the St. Charles area. Volunteers for this mission had swelled the company’s number to 80. Beside Clark rode their pilot, Nathan Boone, youngest son of Daniel Boone.

The first 20 miles of the route were along the Boonslick Road, through land Clark described as “Butifull high rolling Country interspersed with plains of high grass Most of them rich & fertile.” Their camp two nights later was at a large but overused salt lick claimed by Nathan Boone. Clark’s entry for the day contains several references to “butifull” prairies, where turkey, partridge, grouse, and deer abounded. The following day, elk were seen near the headwaters of the Loutre River.

On August 29, Clark “marked a Birch tree Gen. W. Clark 100 m.” Eighty of those miles had been without roads, but since leaving St. Charles the troops had averaged over 22 miles a day, an impressive pace. They were not far from present-day Jefferson City, Missouri’s capital, near the center of the state. In 1808, it was a region of elk, buffalo, and deer. Cedar Creek, passed that day, was known to Clark from his 1804 journey.

Moniteau Creek, named for the Indians’ Great Spirit, was also noted by Lewis and Clark in 1804. Lewis had followed the creek about three miles to “Licks or Springs of Salt Water,” while Clark had observed near its mouth “Several Courious Paintings and Carveing in the projecting rock.” On the 1808 journey, it was Clark who saw the licks, leading him to write: “This Country is full of salt.”

The last day of August, the party reached another stream familiar to readers of the expedition’s journals: “Good Womans River.” Clark so admired the terrain that his entry for the day has four references to “delightfull lands.”

That afternoon, more than 170 miles west of St. Louis, the party “crossed a Cart Road leading from Boons lick,” which was two miles to the north. Scouts sent out by Clark found men working the lick. Nathan Boone and his brother had established on land leased from James Mackay, the surveyor whose maps and knowledge of the lower Missouri had assisted Lewis and Clark in 1804.

The troops camped for the night near Arrow Rock. For seven days, since leaving St. Charles, they had been traveling north of the Missouri River. The next morning they would cross to the south, at a place long used by Indians and later to be used by settlers moving west. This spot, Clark wrote, provided “a fine landing on a Rocky Shore...and a gentle assent.”

They would be assisted in the crossing by a pirogue left there by Captain Eli Clemson, who was bringing a flotilla from Fort Bellefontaine, near St. Louis. Aboard six keelboats were supplies and trade goods headed for the Fort Osage site, along with 81 soldiers commanded by Clemson. Accompanying him were George Sibley, who would be a factor at the trading house, and Reuben Lewis, younger brother of Meriwether Lewis, who would be...
come sub-agent at the post.

Along with the pirogue, Clark found a letter from Reuben Lewis, dated six days earlier, saying they expected to reach the site by September 4.

At the crossing point, Clark marked a hickory tree "155 miles." After the men had cleaned and checked their guns, they "proceeded on." He continued to record their progress on the trees he blazed, including five more that day, and in his journal. For three days after crossing to the south side of the Missouri, he dated his entries as October, before realizing the new month was September, but his descriptions of the landscape remained careful. Between the Mine (or Lamine) River and the Missouri, he admired a "most allligant" prairie, where the Little Osage once had a village. Nearby was a salt spring he regarded as "equal to Boons and very far Superior to those in Kent[ucky]."

After a 247-mile trip that had taken 11 days, they reached the Fire Prairie, a place known to Lewis and Clark from their earlier crossings of Missouri. When the War Department decided early in 1808 to build a fort and trading house on the Osage River, both men had written to the Secretary of War suggesting a location higher up the Missouri River and closer to the current Osage villages. Meriwether Lewis's letter specifically mentioned the Fire Prairie, a recommendation Secretary Dearborn accepted.

On September 4, the overland party was greeted by Captain Clemson, who was waiting at "a point," Clark noted, "on which I had Contemplated on buildings."

Rising early the next morning, Clark observed "the River could be completely defended" and deemed the "Situation elegant." He wrote: "This Situation I had examined in the year 1804 and was delighted with it and am equally so now."

Strangely, there is no mention of the site in either his field notes or his journal. Clark's entries for June 23, 1804, tell of strong headwinds preventing the expedition's boats from moving and of his decision to leave the keelboat and walk about six miles past a wide bend in the Missouri. Realizing the boats could not reach him before dark and he had walked too far to return, he "Pealed Some bark to lay on" and prepared to spend the night.

A detailed description of the Fort Osage site appears in the journals as edited by Biddle and later by Coues:

Directly opposite, on the south, is a high commanding position, more than 70 feet above high-water mark, and overlooking the river, which is here of but little width. This spot has many advantages for a fort and trading-house with the Indians.

Reading the passage, one could easily assume Lewis or Clark had written it in 1804. In fact, the description is based on notes provided to Biddle by Clark in 1810, two years after the fort was built. A footnote in the Biddle edition adds: "The United States built, in September, 1808, a factory and a fort at this spot, which is very convenient for trading with the Osages, Ayaouways, and Kansas." It seems evident that Clark wanted the published account of the expedition to include a description of the "commanding position" and a reference to the fort he had established there.

Just as there is no mention of the site in his June 23 entries, there is also no mention of the site in the list Clark drew up during the winter of 1804-05, in which he included rivers, creeks, and other "remarkable places" along the route traveled between Wood River and Fort Mandan. However, the name "Fort Point" appears at the Fort Osage location in Clark's very similar but undated postexpeditionary list.

If Clark wrote any remarks in 1804 regarding the future site of Fort Osage, they have apparently been lost. His maps for this portion
of the journey are missing, and it is at least possible that his notations regarding the site were made on a map of the area. In any event, it seems unlikely Clark would have noted in his private diary that he had previously studied this area if he didn't believe he had.

On his first full day at the site in 1808, he determined the placement of the blockhouses and other structures. While the militia worked to clear a parade ground in front of the camp, other men unloaded supplies, and Nathan Boone set off with interpreter Paul Loise to tell the Osage of Clark's intention to build there. Before nightfall a “strong Redoubt” stood at the point with a guard of 20 men.

The next day, as men cleared trees, Clark sent a speech to the Kanza nation. He also took time to write letters to his wife, whom he had recently brought to St. Louis as a bride, and to Governor Lewis.

By September 7, the work begun so resolutely was meeting with obstacles. Clark's journal records his complaints that there was “not a Sufficiency of axes to work with,” the “militia work[ed] reluctantly,” and the horses refused to draw wagons intended to haul logs. His brief entry for September 10 begins with a report of “violent rain” and ends with the notation that he was “not well with a kind of disentary.”

Despite the problems, construction moved forward. On the fifth day, with the men displaying “more Cheerfulness than usual,” he could write: “We got 2 Block
houses and one house for the factory to the first story."

One day, Reuben Lewis and an assistant measured the height of the promontory on which the fort was being built, providing the figures "95 feet above low water, 72 feet above high water mark," the second figure corresponding to that used in the Biddle edition of the journals. Clark, meanwhile, "took the width and bearing of the river from different points," a reminder of his mapping of the Missouri during the 1804-06 expedition.

On a page of his 6 1/4" x 4" diary, he drew preliminary plans for the fort, a pen sketch subsequently overwritten by his journal entry of September 15. On another page, more than a dozen smears of once-vivid red, green, and blue partially obscure his key to identifying by color the various structures in the final draft.13

As work began on the blockhouse nearest the river, 75 Osage chiefs and warriors arrived in the company of Boone and his interpreter. The report was that "all their villages" were on the way to the fort. While Clark prepared to address the assembly, the Indians sang and danced through most of the night.

The journal entry for September 13 tells of his council with the Osage leaders and a resulting treaty. The Osages relinquished their lands between the Missouri and the Arkansas rivers, a vast area including almost half of present-day Missouri. The benefits they received were principally the advantages of a government trading house and the promise of protection from feared eastern tribes. The chiefs expressed approval, cannons boomed, and the Indians celebrated.

Clark could not know then that this treaty would soon be rejected by other Osage chiefs and replaced with one written by Meriwether Lewis. It is likely there were language difficulties and misunderstandings. In addition, Pierre Chouteau, the Osage agent, apparently urged the chiefs to insist a treaty validate his land claims in the area. Néitière version did.

(When the second treaty was presented to the Osage by Chouteau in November, 1808, the post was officially named Fort Osage. Some continued to use its earlier name, Fort Clark, and that is the name William Clark used when he placed it on his 1810 map of the West.)14

By September 15, the fort Clark had sketched out only days before had become a reality. A blacksmith shop was finished, the blockhouses were nearly complete, two houses for trade goods were under cover, and a road was being built. The dragoons who had come from St. Charles to offer protection and assist in the construction would be leaving, but Clark, still feeling "exceedingly unwell," would not travel with them.

On September 16, after dining with Captain Clemson, he boarded a boat for his return to St. Louis. Accompanying him were two chiefs who had signed the treaty. Also aboard were letters the officers had given Clark for their families and friends.

From the river, he added to his journal one more description of the Fort Osage site:

We leave this Handsome Spot at 2 oClock, and did not get out of Sight untill past 3 oClock. The Situation is elegant Comdag [commanding] and helthy, the land about it fine.

Descending the Missouri, four days later, Clark challenged the trading license of Francis Robidoux, just as he and Meriwether Lewis had questioned the license shown them by Robidoux's older brother, Joseph, when the captains met him in the final week of their return journey.15 The last day of his 1808 trip found him initially ordering back another trading party with no pass. Then, weary and unwilling to delay longer, he allowed the group to continue when told the permit was with one of their hunters who had gone ashore.
To save a few miles of travel, Clark left the boat at St. Charles and proceeded by land to St. Louis, arriving on September 22, one day before the second anniversary of his return from the Pacific with the Corps of Discovery.

In 1808, Fort Osage was the nation's most western outpost; and in the next few years its history was interwoven with the lives of Manuel Lisa, Chief Sheheke, John Lutrig, Henry Brackenridge, the Astorians, and all who traveled up the Missouri from St. Louis or St. Charles. It operated one of the more successful of the government factories, held the Osage as allies to the United States, helped to regulate traders on the river, and discouraged British and Spanish encroachments.

During the War of 1812, when its troops were pulled away, Sibley moved his trading house for a time to Arrow Rock, another place Clark had designated as a good site for a fort. The end of the government factory system brought the closing of Fort Osage in 1822.

A little more than a century later, Clark's journal was instrumental in giving new life to the fort he had established. The publication of his diary in 1937 prompted the Native Sons of Kansas City to advance plans for a rebuilding of the historic post. Archaeological research uncovered artifacts and established some of the foundation lines. The sketch Clark made in his journal and later refined for the War Department showed the placement of the original buildings. In 1940, Jackson County purchased the property, located at Sibley, Missouri. A full reconstruction of Fort Osage, operated by the Jackson County Parks Department, stands on the commanding site William Clark described in his 1808 journal.

END NOTES
2 Ovid Bell Press, Fulton (Missouri), 1937. All quotations in the article are from this edition. Because the published diary is chronological and only 28 pages long, I have chosen not to footnote each phrase quoted.
4 Keeping track of dates could be a problem. Lewis, for example, had the wrong date for the first entry in his 1803 journal (Moulton, Vol. 2, 65-66).
5 Clark to Dearborn, June 25, 1808; Lewis to Dearborn, July 1, 1808, Territorial Papers of the United States, Vol. XIV, 194-203.
8 Donald Jackson, ed., Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition (University of Illinois Press, Urbana, 1978), Vol. 2, 509. I thank Gary Moulton for directing me to Biddle's note as the source for this passage.
9 Coues, I, 30.
11 Ibid., Vol. 8, 378. Fort Point does not appear on Ordway's copies of Clark's two lists that include present-day Missouri (Vol. 9, 80-81, 368).
12 While we do not have Clark's maps of Missouri, we do have copies of his 1805 map of the West, which included Missouri. Fort Point does not appear on these (Moulton, Atlas, 32a,b,c).
13 Microfilm of original diary, American Philosophical Society. This page is not reproduced in the Gregg edition.
14 Moulton, Atlas, 125.
15 Ibid., Vol. 8, 362.

About the author...
Ann Rogers, Ph.D., is the author of Lewis and Clark in Missouri and a member of the Missouri Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Commission.

**Grant Awarded to Save Expedition Plants**

A Save America's Treasures Grant of $148,779 was awarded to the Lewis and Clark Herbarium in the Academy of Natural Sciences in late May. The herbarium, in Philadelphia, holds the plant specimens from the expedition. The award requires a non-federal matching sum. The funds will be used to conserve the collection and to provide proper temperature and humidity controls in its storage facility.

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DeSoto Bend National Wildlife Refuge:

What Happens When We Stop a River’s Meandering

Editor’s Note: The following is an excerpt (Chapter 21) from Daniel Botkins’s recently published book, Passage of Discovery: American Rivers Travel Companion to the Missouri River of Lewis and Clark, published by Perigee Press.

DeSoto Bend National Wildlife Refuge is north of Omaha, Nebraska, in Iowa. From Omaha take Route 75 north to Fort Calhoun (you can then stop at Fort Atkinson on the way) to Blair, Nebraska. Go right (east) on Route 30 over the Missouri River. The refuge is off of Route 30. Turn right at the signs to the refuge.

You can also reach the refuge by taking Interstate 29 in Iowa north to Route 30, then left (west) on 30 to the refuge.

With a series ofcries and the beat of wings, snow geese rose from the icy waters and faded in and out in the falling snow, white upon white, up against down, birds swirling to the right, counterclockwise, snow angling left, clockwise, in the winter wind. An icy blast burnt my fingers and stung my eyes. Everything seemed to move and the world lost its color. It was November, but the early snow-storm and blast of Canadian arctic air made it seem like January.

Lewis and Clark had passed this spot in the late summer, but they had known this kind of prairie winter when they wintered with the Mandan Indians near modern Bismarck, North Dakota. This was my third visit to DeSoto Bend—whenever I came to Lewis and Clark country, I ended up here. This time I had come out to give a talk at the Fontenelle Forest Preserve. Gary Garabrandt, chief naturalist at the forest, had agreed to take me on a field trip to see more of the Lewis and Clark countryside in exchange for my talk.

It was my first view of snow geese and about as dramatic as I could imagine. The scene was like a Japanese watercolor—muted hues blended together. It was worth fighting upwind against a cold that made blue jeans feel like thin cotton; it was so cold that I could only take my fingers out of my gloves long enough to take two snapshots—any longer than that and the cold metal started to feel like it was freezing my fingers up to the knuckles.

We parked in a tarmac lot and walked upwind to a bird-viewing blind on the oxbow lake for which the refuge is well known. This was not wilderness, but in the winter air there was a feeling of wilderness created by the swirling images and blasting wind. A few other people braved the cold, but it was hard to see them.

The wildlife refuge had changed greatly since my first visit, the result of the 1993 floods on the Missouri River. The first time I visited DeSoto Bend had been in early spring a few years before that flood, when the work of the Army Corps of Engineers was intact and the wildlife refuge was one of the most accessible places to see effects of channelization on the Missouri. On that first visit, with Iowa State University professors Tom Jurik and David Glenn-Lewin, we saw a Missouri River very much tamed—an Army Corps of Engineers’ canal, with broken rocks set along the shores like an ocean breakwater, and the sides cut away and made uniform. On this third visit, the river’s edge was in disorder, the floods had scattered the rocks and unstraightened the channel. I thought about the great differences between the tamed Missouri, the Missouri in disarray, and the river that Lewis and Clark observed when they reached this area.

On August 4, 1804, Lewis and Clark were a little north of the present location of DeSoto Bend National Wildlife Refuge when the variableness and fickleness of the river became dangerously apparent to them. They wrote that the riverbanks were “washing away & trees falling in constantly for 1 mile.” The next day the boats followed a large meander in the river upstream. In the evening Clark walked on the shore. “In Pursuing Some Turkeys” he went on foot downstream 370 yards and found himself at the beginning of the meander, a distance he had measured to be 12 miles by river. “In every bend the banks are falling in from the Current being thrown against those bends,” he wrote. “Agreeable to the Customary Changes of the river I Conclud. that in two years the main current of the river will pass through”—it will cut off the meander. Clark recognized the river’s
natural tendency to change its channel, to meander across its floodplain, to create sandbars and then erode them away, to deposit soil on the edges and then undercut them into unstable cliffs.

It was just the kind of dangerousness that Lewis and Clark observed that the Army Corps of Engineers projects were supposed to remove—to make the river safe for people who lived and farmed on the floodplain, to provide a constant, reliable source of irrigation water from dams, and to make navigation safe and simple for boat traffic, with the belief that barges would be a major mode for transporting goods through the Midwest in the late twentieth century. But other forms of transportation—railroads, interstate highways, big trailer trucks, and air freight—interfered, and the channelized Missouri never became a big moneymaker for the transportation industry. Today barges carry only 1.5 percent of the agricultural products of the region.

At this refuge in 1960 the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers constructed a channel that cut through a meander to shorten river travel by seven miles, avoiding the DeSoto Bend of the river. They built levees to cut off the meander, thus forming an oxbow. In this case, the oxbow lake had an artificial original; but long before channelization, natural oxbow lakes were continually being formed by the Missouri as it cut off meanders. These are scattered over the countryside and many are recreational parks, such as Lewis and Clark State Park in Iowa.

A meander begins as a small bend in a river. Over time, the shape of a meander becomes more extremely arced, with more material deposited on the inside of the curve, where the river runs slower, than on the outside. The river erodes the outer, longer bank and deposits along the shorter bank nearer to the main channel. Eventually the meander takes on an extreme shape of a near circle, called an oxbow. A flood carries the waters across the short bank at the inside of the meander, cutting off the meander. This short channel becomes the path of the river; beside it remains a lake with the shape of a crescent moon, called an oxbow lake. Meanders of the Missouri have been measured to migrate across the floodplain at an average rate of about 250 feet a year.

Over the years, the meanders themselves migrate back and forth across the river valley. Over thousands of years, the river has wandered across the plains, eroding and depositing, like an artist working his oils over and over again on his canvas. On this sculpted, painted landscape, Lewis and Clark pushed their small river crafts upstream, through the meanders, through the fallen sands, through the snags. They saw the river's sandy, silty painting at one moment in time. It has become a common belief of our age that nature undisturbed by modern civilization was fixed, constant, steady, perhaps reliable and trustworthy. But the real Missouri changed before Lewis and Clark passed its way, kept changing under their feet, and changed after they left. The countryside, as a result, was also always changing.

During my first visit to DeSoto Bend, it seemed that the channelization of the river had extinguished the wonderful wild Missouri of fact and folklore. In its place was a placid, tamed stream. My reaction was not so much sentimental as it was a recognition that we had made a Faustian bargain with the river, gaining short-term stability—a chance to build and live on the floodplain, to farm that floodplain for a number of years without worrying about dreadful floods—in exchange for a loss of the renewing sediments that had created the fertile farmland in the first place, and in exchange for rarer but more dangerous floods that could occur in the future.

During that first visit we strolled from the channelized banks back to low wetlands. We saw large willows and cottonwoods, which are so characteristic of these habitats. But these willows were much larger—probably much older—than I was familiar with. There was also a dense understory of flowering dogwood. David suggested that such an understory would never have existed with the natural flooding of the river, because dogwood cannot withstand flooding and the floods would bulldoze the small trees away. He believed that the pre-settlement floodplain forests would have had a "cathedral" look—tall, arching trees, but little understory. We saw there were few dead logs on the ground. This also David thought unnatural; there would have been many dead logs on the natural bottomland, some washed there from upstream by the river, the rest from trees that fell and remained in place. Although a few floodplains trees were there, others that we expected to see were not, including elm and ash; the elimination of flooded areas seemed to have eliminated many kinds of trees adapted to those wet, frequently flooding habitats.

These images of the wetlands and tamed river I had seen before the 1993 floods came to mind as we walked through the drifting snow to the edge of the river's main channel. The well-intentioned works of human beings on the river were in disarray. The
neat, straight banks were gone, washed away; the even line of boulders a jumble of rocks.

Since the time of Lewis and Clark, the Missouri River has been teaching the same lessons, but rarely have we listened, rarely have we learned. We thought that our mechanized projects were a rational approach to the river, but it hasn't worked out that way. There is a rational approach we can take to living with the river, benefiting from its waters, conserving its living resources, enabling it to fertilize and help restore the land.

DeSoto Bend National Wildlife Refuge provides an example of how we can accomplish this today. One of 500 U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service refuges throughout the United States, DeSoto Bend is actively managed to increase production of wildlife. This management is part of the reason that DeSoto is such a good place to see many of the water birds that were here when Lewis and Clark passed this way. With much of the surrounding countryside under cultivation and many of the prairie pothole ponds and wetlands drained for farming, there are fewer places for migrating water birds to stop and feed. At DeSoto, about 1,500 acres have been planted in grasslands, including big and little bluestem, switch grass, Indian grass, sideoats grama, and wheatgrass—classic grasses of the tallgrass prairie. These are burned on a three-year rotation to prevent trees from entering, as are the loess hills. Other fields are cultivated in crops, and the crops not harvested provide additional food for birds.

The snow geese swirling in the November snow created one of the most beautiful scenes I have ever witnessed on the Missouri River. DeSoto Bend left me with a mixed message. Channelization had caused many problems, but that didn't mean all human attempts to improve nature were bad. The planting of prairie grasses and of crops that were left for the wild birds was a natural resource management action that worked. As Gary and I went on to view other natural areas along the Missouri where prairie restoration was in progress, I was convinced that we could learn the difference between those actions that can be beneficial and those that are likely to fail. This was worth the walk in the cold and the snow.

Captain Lewis Sighting the Yellowstone
April 25, 1805

By Charles Fritz

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The 2000 federal spending plan has more than doubled the amount appropriated for the bicentennial commemoration of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. In late June, the Senate Appropriations Committee approved an Interior Department bill that would include $2.6 million for the bicentennial. Last year's federal budget provided $775,000 for the bicentennial. The increased funding is to help states prepare for infrastructure improvements and the influx of tourists. The bill includes $300,000 for maintenance and development of the trail. $1.3 million will be used for maintenance activities for the commemoration and $1 million for new construction projects.

A psychologist and bass guitar player with the Critical Martini Band, in Great Falls for a weekend jazz festival, was the 100,000th visitor to the Lewis and Clark National Historic Trail Interpretive Center. Ted McKain, 50, was "overwhelmingly surprised" when Center Director Jane Weber presented him with a batch of balloons and a free annual family pass to the center. He also received other gifts from the interpretive center's store which is operated by the nonprofit Lewis and Clark Interpretive Association. He came on May 1, four days before the center's May 5 anniversary date.

The U.S. Forest Service is proposing restrictions to protect forest lands and tribal sites from an expected flood of tourists following Lewis and Clark's footsteps across the Northwest. Under a proposed Clearwater National Forest Plan, a lottery permit system would restrict access into the popular system of historic trails in the Lolo Trail Corridor during the 200th anniversary of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

The public had until June to comment on the plan. The permit system would go into effect only if safety, congestion or natural resource damage became a problem.

"...From a tourism standpoint the states are looking at it [the bicentennial] as the cultural tourism event of the millennium," said Margaret Gorski, the Missoula, Montana based U.S. Forest Service Bicentennial Coordinator. "From the federal perspective, our first priority is to protect the trail and host all those people who want to come visit."

Officials are predicting anywhere from 1 to 4 million tourists over the four-year period.

"We are dealing with issues like where are we going to park 40 tour buses a day in [the small Idaho town of] Kamiah and where are they going to go to the bathroom," Lorraine Roach, president of the Clearwater-Snake Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Committee.

There are also sites sacred to the Nez Perce tribe across the corridor, said Nez Perce Tribal Executive Committee Member Carla High Eagle.

Number 2/100 of the Atlas Second Edition Goes to...

Meriwether Hudson of Durham, North Carolina! Coincidentally, as you might suspect from her name, Meriwether is a descendant of the Lewis family. The foundation received an overwhelming response to its recent solicitation for contributions to help underwrite the reprinting of Volume I (the Atlas) of the Journals of Lewis and Clark, edited by Dr. Gary Moulton. All donations received were placed in a bag, and the limited edition numbers were awarded in the order names were drawn. Foundation Board Member Jane Schmoyer-Weber and Librarian Julianne Ruby did the honors of drawing the winning name.
LEWIS AND CLARK: VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY,
by Stephen E. Ambrose, Photographs by Sam Abell
National Geographic Society, 1998, 256 pages

Reviewed by Bob Doerk

Just when you think there is nothing else to say in a new survey book of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, particularly by Steve Ambrose who already authored Undaunted Courage and was one of the contributors to Lewis and Clark: the Journey of the Corps of Discovery, by Dayton Duncan and Ken Burns, you better think again! This book is simply a joy to read and look over the photographs in detail. Let me tell you why...

First the photos. Any time National Geographic does a book you would expect stunning photographs, taken from angles not shown before, with proper lighting and mood conveying impressions that are fresh and insightful. When you have Sam Abell taking the photographs, you have a real professional at work. I first met Sam back in 1985, when he attended a Portage Route Chapter meeting in Great Falls and was in the area doing his photography for the feature article on Charlie Russell in the January, 1986 issue of National Geographic. He has only improved with age and Steve Ambrose recounts several anecdotes about how he simply could not keep up with Sam as he scrambled up hills and to places that were almost inaccessible to get the right photograph. I had the same experience back in 1997, when I was in the White Cliffs area with Larry Zabel, a very respected western artist. Larry took literally hundreds of photos during the five day trip, up at dawn and in the hills, more like a big horn sheep than a human being and Larry was in his 60s! Lighting and proper ambiance were just too important for his future paintings on Lewis and Clark and Sam Abell is obviously of the same ilk. Knowing this background, I studied each and every photograph in the book and realized each one was not only special, but taken from vantage points and at times of the day (and year) that I would never experience myself. What a valuable record to have by a consummate professional.

Second, the layout and flow of the narrative. I won't dwell on Steve's writing style but to say he is a powerful prose writer, as most of you know who have read Undaunted Courage, Crazy Horse and Custer, and/or his many books on World War II, Eisenhower, and Nixon. I have read this book twice and can't find a boring paragraph on any page. Like Churchill, Ambrose's prose is straightforward, colorful, and emphasizes the use of single syllable words that are most descriptive and hit the mark.

The volume begins with a 14-page preamble, with photos and sparse journal notes and some brief narrative from Steve, setting the mood for what follows. The short preface relates the personal side of the Ambrose family exploration and study of the trail since 1976 and why they have stayed interested all these years. These reasons include the cast of characters, the range of experiences, the setting (two-thirds of the continent), drama/importance, and heroism/national unity. In short, Steve Ambrose explains how he and his family found America, each other, and themselves, primarily through the three-month camping trip along the whole length of the trail they took in 1976. This intertwining of the personal with what Lewis and Clark were doing permeates the book and makes it very special.

Third, there are many new insights and reaffirmations of common sense information we all know but have never, perhaps, reflected upon the way Steve Ambrose does. Here are several examples. Lewis had his priorities right when planning for the trip...enough powder and lead to repeat the trip and enough ink and paper to rewrite the journals. As long as you had a rifle, ammunition and powder you

Sacagawea is still a historical mystery. According to Rick Collins, a spokesman for the State Historical Society of North Dakota.

Did she die in 1812 or 1884? Was she buried in South Dakota or Wyoming?

"In terms of deciding which is the true Sacagawea, that's not our purpose," he said.

Mark Halverson, curator of collections research for the State Historical Society, said it is healthy for people to re-examine history.

He said, "Every generation seeks some new insight and what will change them in their lives. That's what makes it so dynamic."
could make it through almost any trial and tribulation and the ink and paper made the trip a success! Or when he says, “Shields earned dozens of bushels of corn for his axes, and it was Mandan corn that got the expedition through the winter. Had the Mandan not been there, or had they no corn to spare, or had they been hostile, the expedition would not have survived the winter” (p. 79). Or when he discusses how the late Bob Scrivner spent a year researching the expedition prior to sculpting his statue of Lewis and Clark and Sacagawea and baby Pomp, having Pomp wrapped in a blanket because his cradleboard had been lost in the river on May 14, 1805 (p. 103). This became controversial lately with the way Pomp appears in the design for the new coin, with the artist getting it right through the help of Andy Anderson and Bill Sherman. Steve Ambrose picked it up all along.

In Shakespeare, the play is the thing. In this book, the narrative is the thing. It is a must read. Examples of how it all flows...a description of their camps after leaving Fort Mandan...”The only shelter was a tepee—the tents had long since given out...in it slept the captains, the Charbonneau family, and Drouillard. The fires were small ones for cooking, not big blazes for dancing and singing. Sentries took up their posts. The men slept on the ground, with a buffalo robe below and another above. The captains had a writing table and candles in their tepee.” Or when Dayton Duncan and Steve Ambrose are sitting around the campfire discussing when Lewis and Clark did their writing: “Dayton, who used to be a reporter, figured they often wrote during the day, basing this judgment on the physical form of the journals, which are very like the notepads a modern reporter scribbles in. But, I [Steve Ambrose] objected, surely they didn’t take ink and quill with them into the field” (p. 179). We may have to get Gary Moulton into that discussion!

Does this volume have mistakes when checked in detail with the historical record? Yes it does, and some of them are surprising. Martin Plamondon II, a devoted Lewis and Clark scholar and member of the Governor’s Washington State Lewis and Clark Trail Committee, has outlined 54 errors in his 16 page attachment to a letter he forwarded to the National Geographic Society. His attention to detail and meticulous research took a month to accomplish but is just the right input appreciated by all Lewis and Clark scholars and buffs when ensuring correct information is conveyed to the reading public. Several examples of the errors needing correction in any future printing of this volume—The Bitterroot River runs through the Bitterroot Valley and not the Big Hole Valley (p. 232); there is no Mount Hood Gorge but rather there is a Columbia River Gorge (p. 193); the Salt Camp was not located at Cannon Beach, but rather at Seaside, Oregon, seven miles away from Cannon Beach (p. 200), and the 15 rifles Lewis obtained from Harpers Ferry Arsenal in 1803 were not Kentucky rifles (p. 56).

It has been my experience over the years that it is almost impossible to marry up impeccable research with a writing style that is an absolute page turner. Certainly, that is the goal, but perfection is difficult to attain. I think Jim Ronda comes closest to approximating that ideal, an example being his Lewis and Clark Among the Indians. Steve Ambrose is a story teller with a strong grounding in history. If you want the unvarnished truth, go to the journals themselves or many good aspect books on the expedition (examples being Passage Through the Garden, the aforementioned Lewis and Clark Among the Indians, Only One Man Died, Pioneering Naturalists, etc.). If you want a stimulating read, you can’t go wrong with this volume under review. It will kindle your interest, either for the first time or, if an experienced enthusiast, once again in the marvelous epic that is the Lewis and Clark Expedition!

Bob Doerk is an authority on the Lewis and Clark Trail. He lives in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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34 WE PROCEEDED ON
Music Flows from the Journals of Lewis and Clark

by Martin Erickson

“...knew the piece was going to work, but I was overwhelmed with the emotional response from the audience.”

—Gordon Johnson, conductor
Great Falls Symphony

1770 people filled the Civic Center auditorium in Great Falls, Montana, on the evening of March 23, 1999 to hear the World Premiere performance of “From the Journals of Lewis and Clark” by Daniel Bukvich. The response was absolutely overwhelming for the orchestra and choir which translated the words and action of the journals into music. A simple goal of having a commemorative piece of music to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Great Falls Symphony had turned into a world class composition that will have a long range and stunning influence on the bicentennial years of Lewis and Clark and beyond.

How did this happen?

It started two years ago when the long range planning committee of the Great Falls Symphony Association sat down to figure out how to celebrate the 40th anniversary in style. They decided to commission a composition for orchestra and choir.

“We started by my talking to composers,” the symphony conductor, Gordon Johnson, said.

“There is a lot involved in selecting a composer. Good composers are always busy. There is a time factor involved. Would a composer have the time available? What are the costs? The composers have their own questions. How long do you want it? What is the composition of your orchestra? What are its strong points? Which performers on which instruments are key ones? Are the strings strong? Who are you playing for?

“There is a whole large matrix of research involved. A major question is - Will it be ready when you want it? It is not uncommon for commissions to come in two or three years late. We needed it to be ready in about a year and a half, by January 1999. Timing was really important on this one.”

Johnson said one of the people on the planning committee asked, “What about a piece on Lewis and Clark?”

With a smile on his face, the conductor continued, “Coming from a traditional background, I thought it was a kooky idea, but they decide to go ahead and pursue it. I had three or four composers I’ve worked with. I felt comfortable with all of them.

“I called Dan Bukvich, a composer and arranger at the Lionel Hampton School of Music at the University of Idaho in March of 1998. His music has been commissioned and performed by bands, choirs, orchestras and chamber ensembles throughout the world. He was on his second reading of Steve Ambrose’s “undaunted Courage”. I had just finished it. It had become apparent to me that this concept would work. Everything was in place to make it work.

“Dan’s problem was he was really too busy. We asked for a piece maybe 25 to 35 minutes long. He thought he could do it comfortably. He had an innate interest in the subject.”

Meanwhile, in Moscow, Idaho, Bukvich said, “Gordon called me and asked if I was interested in doing a Lewis and Clark piece. My first response was I don’t think there is any music there. I don’t think I can do anything for you. Because I didn’t think anything would happen, I started getting some ideas. Fortunately, Gordon called me back.

“I hadn’t spent much time with the journals. I thought it would be five years down the road. I started reading more about the expedition. I spent many hours, days, weeks reading Moulton and all the works on Lewis and Clark. I spent all summer learning Lewis and Clark.”

“Within two weeks,” Johnson said, “Dan sent me an outline of speakers, etc. I wrote back with my thoughts like the cornerstone of the piece should be the great falls of the Missouri. I also mentioned the flow of the piece. Several months later he called and said the piece is closer to an hour. You have to give composers room.”

The more Bukvich read about Lewis and Clark, the more he found “much material for music. I was intrigued by the spelling. I thought that was a good theme. It gave me musical ideas. It gave me the inspiration to work on the project. It ended up being 56 minutes long.”

Maurice Ravel’s musical alpha-

(MUSIC continued on page 36)
Ravel's Musical Alphabet

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P R S T U V W X Y Z

[AN OCTAVE... ADD ACCIDENTALS AS DEMANDED BY KEY, CHORD, ETC.]

One of the musical pieces is titled "Captain Clark's Spelling." It was composed by taking the 29 ways Clark spelled "Sioux" and translating the spellings into musical notes using Maurice Ravel's musical alphabet shown above.

William Clark's Twenty-nine Spellings of "Sioux"
—Melodized with Ravel's Musical Alphabet—

MUSIC
Cont. from p. 35

bet also gave him inspiration for the basic theme notes. He used just five notes - D-B-C-E-A - as the basic theme. Those five notes occur in that order throughout the composition and give an identity and a flow to the music that the listeners are only subliminally aware of.

"It can be a single flow piece or eight separate pieces of five to seven minutes long," Bukvich noted. "There are multiple pieces for different occasions. Although audiences are made up of all kinds of different people, the music sends their minds in certain directions. I needed a different kind of music for Lewis and Clark. All audiences are made up of a cross section of listeners. I had an obligation to the listeners to create an appropriate crowd pleaser, tuneful and melodic."

"Dan sent me the first draft in December 1998," Johnson said. "I was overwhelmed. It was huge. He had seven or eight copyists working on it. We were able to gather all the performance materials for rehearsals in January.

"A couple of things made it successful. As improbable as the subject matter is to lend itself to a symphonic piece everybody identifies with it. When it is as powerful and emotional as music can be, it really resonates with power.

"The areas that Dan took from the expedition are right on the mark. 'Cruzatte's Fiddle' has the power to lift spirits. 'Scalp Dance' and 'Lullabye for Jean Baptiste' are contrasting examples of taking historical facts and triggering an emotional response. Composers write the music, and orchestras and choruses play and sing the music, and if they do it right they can really communicate with an audience.

"I knew the piece was going to work, but I was overwhelmed with the emotional response from the audience. Everything worked right on this one."

Note: The Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation contributed to the funding for the composition. The Portage Route Chapter underwrote the funding for the CD.
The May 14, 1804 start of the Lewis and Clark Expedition was commemorated with re-enactments, historical readings and special ceremonies on Friday, May 14, 1999 at the Lewis and Clark Memorial in Hartford, Illinois, along Illinois Route 3. The Lewis & Clark Discovery Expedition of St. Charles, Missouri, dismantled its camp while a narrator read from Meriwether Lewis's 1804 journal describing the original departure of the expedition. Discovery Expedition members presented a rowing and sailing demonstration using a reproduction boat based on one from the original journey and then sailed away.

Other activities included a color guard, flag raising, volley firing, a presentation on "Early 1800s U.S. Army Wash Women", a tomahawk throwing exhibition and a dancing exhibition.

William Clark's May 14, 1804 journal notes: "a cloudy morning fixing for a Start...many of the neighbours Come from the country mail and femail..."

Meriwether Lewis described the journey participants as "robust helthy hardy young men recommended."

The Lewis & Clark Society of America, Inc. sponsored the program.

The Travelers' Rest Campsite, a National Historic Landmark, has been designated by the National Trust for Historic Preservation as an Official Project of Save America's Treasures. It joins other threatened cultural treasures in need of support, including the Star Spangled Banner, Edison's laboratory and Louis Armstrong's archives.

A Lasting Legacies Conference sponsored by the Travelers' Rest Chapter and funded by the National Park Service was held in April on how best to preserve the campsite and the surrounding area. Representatives from the Salish [Flatheads in the journals] and Nez Perce tribes joined the other conferees in discussing how to protect and interpret the Native American sites in the Bitterroot Valley. Other panels included discussions on what role government agencies might play at Travelers' Rest as well as the nonprofit.

A Design Charette followed the conference.

The second phase of the Home Front Chapter Educational Outreach Program will be to provide speakers for area clubs and organizations. Talks will be about 35 minutes with 10 minutes for discussion. Seven chapter members have signed on for talks ranging from Thomas Jefferson and the Expedition to A Trip on the Columbia River.

An auto caravan into South Dakota to follow the Lewis and Clark Trail and also see other historic sites was sponsored by the Minnesota Chapter in mid-June. They toured the site of the expedition's confrontation with the Lakota Indians, ate lunch at the D&E Cafe in Pierre (made famous by Dayton Duncan in Out West) and toured the Pierre Cultural Heritage Center. They also saw the site where Lewis and Clark met the Arikaras and then traveled to the supposed burial site of Sitting Bull and a nearby memorial to Sacagawea.

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The Archivist Is In...

by Jane Schmoyer-Weber
Chair, Archives Committee

Julianne Ruby, archivist for the foundation library, has a new appreciation for the wonder and anticipation surely the Indian delegations must have felt when Lewis and Clark unpacked bundles of gifts under a shade awning or inside a buffalo tipi, officially opening negotiations. Uncrating the collections for the foundation’s archives library has revealed a treasure trove of books, research materials gathered over the years by past archives committee chairman Bob Doerk and stored for nearly a decade in the basement of the C.M. Russell Museum. After years in boxes, 1009 volumes have been uncrated, catalogued, and shelved in our library in Great Falls. Thanks to the generosity and commitment to scholarship of our fellow foundation members, these texts are available for serious researchers to delve and casual trail followers to browse.

Like many research libraries, the foundation’s collections are catalogued using the Library of Congress cataloguing system. Computerized, texts can be recalled by title, subject, author, publisher, and publication date. Initially bolstered by a collection from the Robert Taylor estate, the archives have slowly grown over the years. In 1997, Emilie Betts, devoted wife of author Robert Betts, donated her late husband’s personal library—over 200 volumes, periodicals, magazines, and personal papers assembled while conducting research for his book In Search of York. Amongst the foundation titles are several collectibles, most notable is the title, Lewis and Clark: Linguistic Pioneers by Elijah H. Criswell, written as a master’s thesis in 1936 and published in 1940. Paul Cutright, in his book, History of the Lewis and Clark Journals wrote, “...Criswell’s monograph deserves inclusion on any list of the 10 or 12 most valuable books yet published about Lewis and Clark.” Another gem in the collection is R.D. Burroughs’s book, Natural History of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the first definitive compilation of research about the flora and fauna of the expedition. The title is just recently back in print in paperback, but is very difficult to find today in the hardback edition owned by the library. Thanks to a donation by Great Falls resident, Margaret Warden, the foundation eventually came to own the complete collection of all published works by James Willard Schultz. The collection includes his very scarce book, Bird Woman (Sacajawea) the Guide of Lewis and Clark. The series was donated by the Warden family to the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center, Fund, Inc., the organization which led the fund drive for the Great Falls Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center. Rather than sell the collection during their fund raising, the Fund, Inc. donated the collection to the foundation for safekeeping and members’ use.

While most of the foundation’s collection is shelved and available for handling, fragile titles are stored in handmade acid free boxes to protect them from the elements. These special books are retrieved by the archivist and handled only after donning cotton gloves. To protect the resources, all archives library materials are non-circulating, and research must be conducted at the library under the guidance of the archivist. Food, drinks, pens, and bookbags are checked at the door to further protect the collections.

Since opening in February, Julianne and the library volunteers have fielded their share of interesting questions. Telephone calls, letters, and walk-in visitor inquiries vary from the easy, “Did York ever gain his freedom?” to more complex, “Was bear grease or buffalo grease used as mosquito repel-
When queried about the strangest or most interesting question, Julianne recalls a young man who asked, “How come Moulton wrote the journals?” After explaining Dr. Moulton’s diligent research of the original journals, his role in the journal reprints, and laborious work enhancing the journal text with fascinating footnotes, the gentleman then exclaimed, “...then why is Mr. Moulton’s name on them?” With newfound followers, it sometimes takes more explaining and more patience.

The library is open afternoons, Tuesday through Saturday, throughout the summer. Appointments for other visits can be arranged with a telephone call to Julianne at the foundation offices. Supplementing the one staff position are 10 volunteers indexing articles from other publications; identifying resources available in newsletters and other publications about western history; updating the list of artists with works on Lewis and Clark (the list is growing daily); developing a periodical list and index, assisting with research requests, and processing new collections. Video and audio cassettes and countless slides collected over the last 20 years require thorough review before being added to the collection. The volunteer staff receives extensive training and works alongside Julianne learning the catalogue system and scouring the collections to answer oftimes obscure questions. Underway now is the task of cataloguing thousands of personal papers filled with information documenting the history of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation. File folders of material donated by past officers and board members will require sorting and filling to retain our organization’s complete history.

Since February, nine new titled have been added to the collection:

- Acts of Discovery, by Albert Furtwangler, courtesy of the Por-
tage Route Chapter
- Sacajawea The Unsung Heroine of Montana, by Laura Tolman Scott, courtesy of Ron Laycock and Erma Gorder
- The Truth About Sacajawea, by Ken Thomasma, courtesy of the author
- Undaunted Courage, by Stephen Ambrose, first edition, courtesy of Ludd Trozpek
- The Dog Who Helped Explore America, by R.W. “Rib” Gustafson, courtesy of the author
- Renegade Tribe, by Clifford Trafzer and Richard Schueman, courtesy of Barb Kubik
- Naya Nuki, by Ken Thomasma, courtesy of Martin Erickson
- Maps of the Missouri, by the Missouri River Commission, courtesy of Bill Sherman
- Reprint of Lewis and Clark Pioneering Linguists, by Elijah Harry Criswell, courtesy of Don Nell
- The foundation’s collections have grown, thanks to the generosity and sustaining dedication of our members and friends. According to foundation secretary, Ludd Trozpek, the Betts and Taylor donations have afforded us a strong core collection of 20th century scholarly material; lacking are volumes from the 19th century. If you find yourself in the midst of simplifying your lifestyle or reducing your household and have books related to western history, consider the foundation archives library.

Give a call to the foundation offices or to me at (406) 727-8733 to discuss a single volume or your entire collection. The archives committee is currently developing a list of titles needed for the collection. A donation from you may fill a gap in the foundation’s library.

Future plans include computer links to other library facilities. The goal is to make the foundation archives a premier library attracting scholars and researchers to utilize the collections. Ultimately, the library helps fulfill our mission to stimulate public awareness and understanding of the expedition’s contributions to this nation’s heritage. The path is before us...and, for the record, we think it was buffalo grease.

Clark Letter on Display

Now on display at the Lewis & Clark Interpretive Center, Washburn, North Dakota, is “Clark’s Letter from Fort Mandan to Jonathan Clark, April 1805.” It will be on exhibit from the middle of July through December. It is on loan from the Filson Club Historical Society, Louisville, Kentucky.

This letter from Fort Mandan detailed what Clark was sending back for the president and his brother. He also sent back many gifts and these are discussed in the letter as well. Included were items such as a white buffalo skin and a pair of winter moccasins. In his closing Clark says, “When I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again is uncertain...the country before me is extensive and unexplored.” The expedition’s adventure began after they left Fort Mandan.

CLASSIFIEDS

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Capt. Wm. Clark / August 4th Sunday 1805

A fine morning cool proceeded on very early and Brackfast at the Camp Capt Lewis left yesterday morning, at this Camp he left a note informing that he discovered no fresh Sign of Indians &c. The river continued to be crowded with Islands Sholey rapid & clear, I could not walk on Shore today as my ankle was Sore from a turner on that part. The method we are compelled to take to get on is fatigueing & laborious in the extreme, haul the Canoes over the rapids, which Suckceed each other every two or three hundred yards and between the water rapid oblige to tow & walke on Stones the whole day except when we have poleing men wet all day Sore feet &c. &c