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## Journey’s End

The editor of the Lewis & Clark journals looks back on his 20-year adventure with the Corps of Discovery  
By Gary E. Moulton

## Lewis and Clark at the Continental Divide

Introduction to Duncan and Furtwangler articles

## “Toilsome Days and wristless nights”

In meeting the Shoshones, Meriwether Lewis did almost everything right — but self-doubt still haunted him  
By Dayton Duncan

## A View from This Summit

Reflections on history, patriotism, and Lewis and Clark  
By Albert Furtwangler

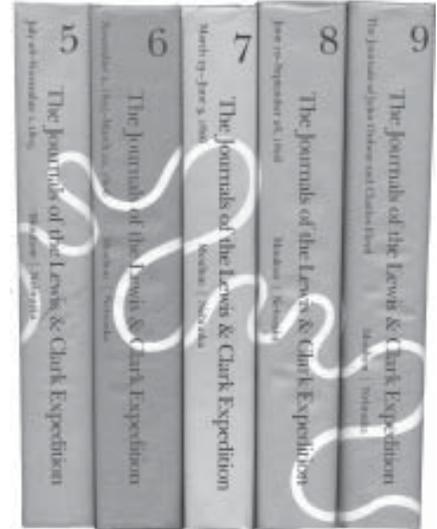
**Chapter News:** Camas gatherers; new chapters; Dillon

**Briefings:** Pierre meeting; award nominations; history frontiers

p. 38, pdf: Photo spread of August 2000 LCTHF meeting in Dillon, Montana. (Inside front cover of print version.)

### On the cover

This fragment from William Clark’s Fort Clatsop journal shows the route that he, Sacagawea, and about a dozen other members of the Corps of Discovery took to the beach to see a washed-up whale on January 6, 1806 (in the entry opposite the map, Clark misdates the episode as occurring in January 1805). Gary Moulton’s article about editing the 13-volume *Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* begins on page 9. Courtesy the American Philosophical Society.



Lewis & Clark journals, p. 9



Sacagawea and Jumping Fish, p. 18



Mandan pictograph, p. 27



*The Meriwether Murder.* We inserted “Lewis” into the title—not only in August’s Letters department but in the May issue’s too, and it also slipped into the title in the box at the top of review of the novel which appeared in the February issue (the text of the review, at least, had the title right).

The features section of the August issue has an error in the caption (page 10) for Charles M. Russell’s drawing of Manuel Lisa’s post at the Three Forks. The caption notwithstanding, the post where George Drouillard spent his last days was never called Fort Piegan, a name correctly applied to a fur-trade post built later at the mouth of the Marias River. We picked up the name from the title of the sketch—“The Fort at Three Forks (Fort Piegan)” —as recorded by its owner, the Amon Carter Museum.

Bob Doerk of Fort Benton, Montana, brought the matter to our attention. As he explains, “When Charlie Russell did this pen-and-ink drawing in 1922 it was simply titled ‘The Fort at Three Forks.’ In 1926, when Agnes Laut’s book *The Blazed Trail of the Old Frontier* was published, it included Russell’s drawing, now captioned ‘Fort Piegan.’ In the 1950s, when the Amon Carter Museum purchased the drawing as part of a collection, it parenthetically added the erroneous caption to the original title.” Adds Doerk, “This information was furnished to me by Elizabeth Dear of the C. M. Russell Museum in Great Falls. Now the fur-trade buffs in Fort Benton can relax, knowing they have contributed to setting the record straight.”

The item in the August Briefings (page 38) under the title “Genealogy Certificate” needs clarification. The Foundation’s Genealogy Committee, headed by Donna Masterson, has been working with the genealogical societies of Clatsop County, Oregon, and Pacific County, Washington, to encourage descendants of the Lewis and Clark Expedition to document their family ties to the Corps of Discovery. According to Masterson, the committee endorses these projects but does not certify lineages: “Our position is to offer guidance in doing research, but it is up to the individuals to prove their lineage to their own satisfaction.”

THE EDITOR

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WPO welcomes letters. We may edit them for length, accuracy, clarity, and civility. Send them to us c/o Editor, WPO, 51 N. Main St., Pennington, NJ 08534 (e-mail: wpo@lewisandclark.org).

## A bicentennial challenge

Simply put, I am honored, deeply honored to serve as your new president. I think William Clark must have felt much the same way when he received Meriwether Lewis’s letter of June, 19, 1803, asking him to join him “in this enterprise” which he had just described to Clark. I willingly join each of you “in this enterprise” of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, “rekindling the spirit of the Corps of Discovery.”

What a meeting in Dillon! Thank you so very much—Chuck Cook, the members of the Camp Fortunate Chapter, and the hundreds of friendly people of Dillon—for all your hard work putting together the Foundation’s 32nd annual meeting. The programs, the field trips, and the activities were extraordinary. The scenery was spectacular, albeit smoky!

I was pleased that 30 members of the “Behind the Scenes with Lewis and Clark” Elderhostel program were able to join us for the annual meeting. It is exciting to see new members like this.

This fall, we said goodbye to Sammye Meadows, our executive director. Sammye accepted a job with the National Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Council and will be working out of her new home in Colorado. She will not be far from us, as her new work will be a continuation of her interest in the stewardship of the Lewis and Clark National Historic Trail.

### L&C gravesites

I am drawn to Bob Moore’s thoughtful article, “Corps of Discovery Gravesites,” which appeared in the May WPO. It offers a challenge to each of us as members of the Foundation. Bob writes that of the 59 members of the Corps of Discovery, the gravesites of only 12 have been located, and two of these are questionable. Other members’ headstones fail to make mention of the deceased’s participation in the Corps of Discovery. Bob’s roster of the Lewis and Clark Expedition does

not include the gravesites of many of the people who aided the Corps of Discovery, including Native Americans leaders like Cutssahnem, Sheheke, and Cameahwait.

Bob’s challenge to the Foundation is simple—to use our resources to locate, mark, and document these missing gravesites. Our resources are vast, from the Foundation’s archives and the library in Great Falls, to our 29 (and counting) chapters; our teams (especially Genealogy, Archives, and Legacy); our partnerships with the National Park Service, the tribes and the Bicentennial Council; and most importantly, ourselves.

We can learn many lessons from this challenging project. Efforts such as this blend the importance of sound historical research with the value of oral histories and family traditions. It is a project for chapters, families, and young people. The project offers ideas for museums, heritage organizations, and tribal cultural centers; for secondary-school students seeking History Day projects; for college and graduate students seeking ideas for independent work and master’s theses; and for genealogists.

The project is one of the lasting legacies the Foundation can give the world during the bicentennial—to honor the men, the woman, and the child of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. It is an opportunity to pay tribute to the Corps of Discovery’s many partners.

This WPO arrives as we approach our winter holidays. If you are shopping for gifts for your own special holiday—be it Thanksgiving, Hanukah, the Winter Solstice, or Christmas—look no further than the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation. We have our warm Pendleton blanket for sale (page 36), as well as fascinating books to while away a winter evening.

Wherever you go, whatever you do, may your holidays be happy.

—Barb Kubik  
President, LCTHF

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The mission of the LCTHF is to stimulate public appreciation of the Lewis and Clark Expedition's contributions to America's heritage and to support education, research, development, and preservation of the Lewis and Clark experience.

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## From the Bicentennial Council

# New headquarters; raising national awareness

As you read this issue of WPO, the Council is now moved into its new headquarters at Lewis & Clark College, in Portland, Oregon, where we are thoroughly enjoying the atmosphere of academia and the many wonderful resources the campus has to offer. We are also on our way to building a stellar national staff with the addition of Sammye Meadows, former executive director of the Foundation, as our director of communications and development; Meredith Rapp, programs and management associate; and intern Georgette Furukawa, an accomplished senior at Lewis & Clark College who in her spare time is developing our national project inventory.

At our August board meeting in Dillon we braved fire and brimstone to make new strides with our state bicentennial partners. The Council created, in addition to its Circle of Tribal Advisors, a Circle of State Advisors, which will hold its first meeting in October in Portland. The gathering will discuss the project inventory, commemorative signature events, and cooperative tourism marketing and surveys, among other topics.

Allen Pinkham spent much of the summer either on the road working with tribal members; in Washington, D.C.; working with the Smithsonian's Museum of the American Indian; at the Indian Tourism Conference in Green Bay, Wisconsin; or planning and attending the October 10-12 Tribal Gath-

ering in Lapwai, Idaho, which brought together representatives of dozens of tribes.

Looking ahead, it's clear that one of our most urgent challenges is raising national awareness of our programs relating to the bicentennial, trail stewardship, tribal legacy, and education. We'll soon be rolling out a new public-education campaign and announcing the launch of our corporate sponsorship campaign with the Carlson Marketing Group of Minneapolis. The goal is to raise at least \$20 million in corporate sponsorships and product licensing revenues. The revenues will help fund the National Park Service's signature event for the bicentennial, Corps of Discovery II, as well as trail stewardship and education programs, commemorative events, tribal legacy projects, and hundreds of worthy trail projects. All of these efforts will leave a lasting legacy commemorating the Lewis and Clark bicentennial.

Finally, we're already busy making plans for our next workshop, which will be held next April 24-27 in Omaha, Nebraska. At that time, we'll be announcing our national calendar of commemorative signature events, a master plan for the bicentennial, congressional funding priorities, and the full scope of our corporate sponsorship, product, and public education programs. Our own Voyage of Discovery is right on track.

—David Borlaug  
Michelle Bussard



Participants at the Dillon meeting listen to Dayton Duncan speak at Clark Canyon Reservoir.

## Recalling the Louisiana Purchase; Meadows to Council; Dillon awards

The photo at right was sent to us by **Jerry Garrett** of St. Louis, the immediate past treasurer of the LCTHF, along with a story that's at least peripherally related to the Lewis and Clark Expedition, one of whose purposes was exploring the newly acquired Territory of Louisiana. Garrett is seen here presenting some Foundation memorabilia (a tote bag and a copy of the May WPO) to a certain Mrs. Wampler. He was introduced to the lady, who is 98, by her son, a fellow member of Garrett's health club. Mrs. Wampler's father was a construction worker on the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair, officially known as the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. In August 1902, when she was born, her father named her—what else?—**Louisi-ana Purchase O'Leary**. Says Garrett, "She goes by the name of Lou."

Speaking of the Louisiana Purchase, philatelist **Ruth Backer** of Cranford, New Jersey, sent us a 1953 sesquicentennial commemorative stamp of same. For good measure she also included the 150th-anniversary stamp honoring the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Both items are shown below. First-class mail was cheaper back then.



Commemorative issues for the Louisiana Purchase (above) and L&C Expedition (below).



**Jerry Garrett presents Foundation memorabilia to 98-year-old Lou Wampler of St. Louis.**

### MOVIN' ON

The Foundation's executive director since 1998, **Sammye Meadows**, recently resigned to assume the duties of director of communications and development for the National Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Council. In this new position she will coordinate all fund raising for the forthcoming bicentennial. We'll miss Sammye—not least for her unflappable style of leadership—but are pleased that she remains in the family, working for a good cause. The Foundation's board has begun a search for her replacement, whom we hope to announce in the February WPO.

### KUDOS

The Foundation presented its awards for 2000 on August 11 during the opening ceremonies of its annual meeting in Dillon, Montana (for pictures and a brief account of this gathering, see the inside front cover and pages 4 and 35). The Distinguished Service Award went to **Gary Moulton** of Lincoln, Nebraska, for his editorship of the 13-volume *Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*. Presenter Jim Holmberg lauded the University of Nebraska professor as a "fixture at our annual meetings for many years and a friend and goodwill ambassador for the Foundation." Replied the recipient, "To get an

award from your family is the best thing of all." Moulton's article on editing the journals begins on page 9.

The Meritorious Achievement Award went to the **Great Falls Tribune** for its coverage of Lewis and Clark activities and to **Jerry Garrett** (seen left with Mrs. Wampler) for his efforts over the years as the Foundation's treasurer. Presenter Jim Peterson quipped that Garrett, a history buff who has visited every known gravesite of signers of the Declaration of Independence, "should have been a professor" instead of an accountant.

The Youth Achievement Award, presented by the Foundation's Young Adults Committee, went to the honors English class of **Simms (Mont.) High School** for a project entitled "Meriwether Lewis on the Plains." The corecipient of this year's award was **Kitty Hawk (N.C.) High School** for its original production of a musical about the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

The **Camp Fortunate Chapter** was honored with a certificate of appreciation for putting together this year's annual meeting.

The Robert Betts Award, given this year for the first time, went to past Foundation president **Don Nell** of Bozeman, Montana. The award, named for the late Robert Betts, a L&C scholar whose widow, Emily, donated his research notes to the Foundation's library, recognizes individuals supporting the library. Presenter Doug Erickson praised Nell for his contributions to the library and for being the "literary conscience of the Foundation."

Following the awards presentation, a trio of Lewis and Clark scholars—Gary Moulton, Dayton Duncan, and John Logan Allen—took part in the first annual Special President's Program, a panel discussion honoring the late historian **Donald Jackson**, editor of *The Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, with Related Documents: 1783-1854*.

—J.I.M.

## Fire update; industrial site threatens Pompey's Pillar; private lands inventory

After the most serious fire season in the northern Rockies in 75 years, snow lies over hundreds of thousands of charred acres along the Lewis and Clark National Historic Trail in Montana and Idaho. By early October, most fire fighters had gone home, but there was still a large base camp at the Ravalli County Fairgrounds in Hamilton, Montana. Each day, crews rose from chilly tents, piled into vans, and headed into the Bitterroot Mountains to snuff out the last burning embers.

Fires along the Lewis and Clark Trail burned segments of Lost Trail Pass and the Lolo Trail. The Sula Basin, where the Corps of Discovery met the Salish Indians, was severely burned, and Sula Peak is now a scorched rock.

Even as forest rehabilitation begins, people living along the trail—who have survived fire and sometimes lost their homes—gathered in Hamilton at the end of September for a healing ceremony of their own. Citizens, including Foundation members in the Bitterroot Valley's Camp Creek Chapter, brought video tapes and photographs of the fires and stories of how they survived and how they will go on.

The fires and their impact will be another chapter in the trail story. Foundation members are in a special position to contribute to the record that historians and scientists will be combing in the years ahead, and I urge you to collect newspaper accounts and photographs documenting the fires' effect on people and resources along the trail. Send them to me at the address below and I will see they are eventually archived in the Foundation's library.

### Threat to Pompey's Pillar

Burned areas of the trail will recover in a few decades, but there looms a more serious, long-term threat to the only physical evidence of the expedition, William Clark's signature at Pompey's Pillar, on the Yellowstone River not far from Billings, Montana.



The sun sets in a smoky sky over a burned-out hillside near Sula, Montana.

As I write this column, the Montana Department of Environmental Quality (DEQ) has approved an air-quality permit to allow United Harvest LLC of Portland, Oregon, to build a high-speed grain-handling facility just 1,200 yards south of Pompey's Pillar. It will include four concrete silos (each at least 100 feet tall) and a loop track to handle more than 100 rail cars. If completed, the facility will mar the tremendous view of the Yellowstone Valley and distant mountains.

The *Billings Gazette* ran several articles on the proposed facility in June, but no one spoke up about it until former Foundation president Gary Leppart learned of the project in late August and alerted the current vice president, Larry Epstein.

According to the DEQ, the company started construction without the necessary permit, which was eventually granted. Work has stopped but may resume October 15 if no one appeals the decision to grant the permit. State officials say they believe United Harvest will operate the facility within state clean-air standards. But it appears to others that the DEQ was less than thorough in considering the impact on the historical and cultural values associated with this historic landmark.

We hope United Harvest will see the

potential damage to a significant piece of American history and be willing, with help from all involved, to find a new location for a project the state of Montana needs.

### Private lands inventory

The Private Lands Inventory Initiative is now underway. Various LCTHF chapters are at work identifying and interviewing trail landowners. We expect to have this survey of land ownership completed by next spring and to use it to gauge how landowners feel about the projected influx of visitors during the bicentennial. We know already that landowners hold a wide range of views. Most will welcome visitors, but some prefer their privacy, and others are rightfully concerned about ecologically fragile areas or those with cultural and archaeological resources that shouldn't be disturbed. Using the information gleaned from the private-lands survey, the Foundation will develop an education initiative to guide bicentennial visitors to places along the trail where they are welcome.

—Jeffrey Olson  
Trail Coordinator

Jeff Olson can be reached at POB 2376, Bismarck, ND 58502; trail@lewisandclark.org; 701-258-1809/1960.

## New trail maps show the Missouri then and now

### Lewis and Clark Trail Maps: A Cartographic Reconstruction

Martin Plamondon II

Washington State University Press  
\$65 hardcover/spiral-bound, \$45 paper

Of the many “objects” of Lewis and Clark’s mission as outlined by Thomas Jefferson, one of the most important was recording data for making an accurate map of the vast *terra incognita* they were about to traverse. William Clark took chief responsibility for this task, made daunting by the rough conditions of wilderness travel.

The data gathered—the daily records of courses and distances based on standard surveying methods and the information on topography gleaned from firsthand observations and Indian accounts—enabled Clark, upon his return to civilization, to create a remarkably accurate map of the trans-Mississippi West. A version of it was first published in 1814 as part of Nicholas Biddle’s history of the expedition.

Now, 186 years later, comes a latter-day Clark in the person of Martin Plamondon II, a professional cartographer whose labor over three decades has produced the first in a projected three-volume “cartographic reconstruction” of the Corps of Discovery’s route.

As Plamondon points out in the introduction, Clark—to whom he dedicates his atlas—had “a natural bent” for mapmaking. He understood the limitations of his instruments and made al-

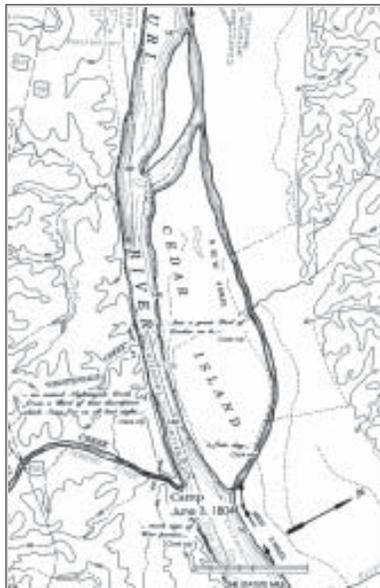
lowances for their inaccuracies. Clark’s achievement is all the more remarkable considering that his and Lewis’s celestial observations, made faithfully over the 28 months of the expedition, proved worthless. The map he created was based mainly on sighting from one point to another using a trident (a telescope with a built-in compass) and estimates of river miles traveled using a log line (a float attached to a rope of measured length). But in the Missouri’s varying currents a log line was not especially reliable—his calculations of distances were often off

by 25 percent or more. “It seems incredible that Clark could have created such an accurate map when the distances he used . . . were often far off the mark,” writes Plamondon. In Clark’s day, however, “surveyors expected errors,” and because experience had shown them that “errors tended to be consistent,” they could adjust for them.

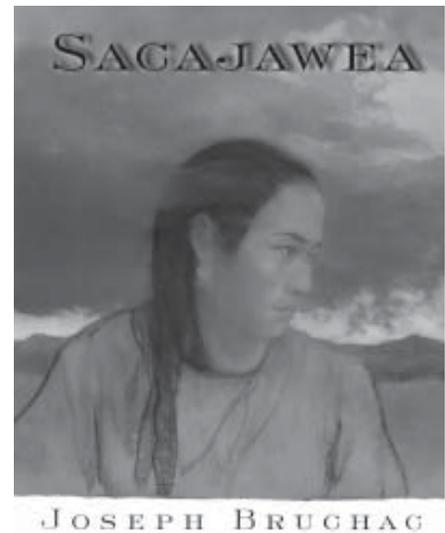
The volume’s 153 large-format maps show the route from the expedition’s starting point at Camp Dubois, near St. Louis, to Fort Mandan, north of present-day Bismarck, North Dakota.

The maps represent the Missouri as it appeared to Lewis and Clark and indicate where they probably camped and the landscape features they noticed. Overlaid on the river of 1804–6 are tracings of today’s riverbed and contemporary landmarks, including cities and reservoirs. The maps offer striking testimony to the many changes wrought by man and nature over the last two centuries.

—J. I. Merritt



Area of Moreau Creek, downstream from today’s Jefferson City, Missouri.



## Bird Woman and Clark tell the expedition story

A recent, and overdue, trend in Lewis and Clark literature is the Native American point of view. Now comes a celebrated American Indian writer and storyteller, Joseph Bruchac, with a tidy, bright little book that accomplishes several things at once.

In *Sacajawea* (Harcourt, \$17) Bruchac condenses the expedition and its consequences tightly, brings several of its characters to sympathetic life, and uses clear, simple storytelling voices that young readers, or older, should find engaging.

And one of those voices is native: Sacajawea’s, as she takes turns with William Clark in telling her seven-year-old son, Jean Baptiste, about the great voyage he took when too young to understand or remember.

Here is her Indian perception, but here also is the perception of Clark the American cocaptain. In this charming storytelling mode there is also their listener, Pomp—who is, of course, also a major character in the story he’s hearing.

That is a lot to achieve in one small book. But Bruchac, a mixed-blood Abenaki from New York State, omits none of the exciting events or the significance of the voyage. Nor does he

beat a native drum to the detriment of the explorers' historic stature. Clark and Lewis remain admirable for their respective traits and abilities; the boy's father, Touissant Charbonneau, is his usual bumbling self but not a despicable oaf by any means. Drouillard, the halfbreed interpreter and master hunter, is marvelous and important, and York, the black servant, is brave and dependable, his self-concept shaped and enlarged by the adventure.

Sacajawea is aware of the captains' naiveté as they try to impose Jefferson's uniform code upon the various tribes, whose concepts of life and honor they ignore or fail to comprehend, but she doesn't scorn them for it.

Bruchac's close study of Lewis and Clark is evident, and he is an author with a deep knowledge of the natural world, its creatures, and native notions thereof. He has also interviewed some of Sacajawea's living kinfolk.

The author doesn't quibble over the spelling of his heroine's name—either with a "g" or a "j" is fine, he told this reviewer: "Depends whether you're thinking Hidatsa or Shoshone."

Bruchac's *Sacajawea* is labeled juvenile fiction. But it is factual, wholesome and good-hearted; it is *storytelling*—something older and wiser than history or fiction. This book would be a fine Starter Kit for Lewis & Clark newcomers of any age.

—James Thom

## John Collins gets some respect

### River Walk: A Frontier Story

Rita Cleary

Five Star  
\$21.95 hardcover

Author Rita Cleary lives and breathes the West. She also writes award-winning western novels. Several years ago she turned her writing talent toward Lewis and Clark, and the result is *River Walk*, the first book in a planned trilogy about the Corps of Discovery.

In her introduction she quotes Patrick Gass who, on April 5, 1805, wrote in his journal, "[W]e ought to be prepared now, when we are about to renew our voyage, to give some account of the fair sex of the Missouri; and entertain them with narratives of feats of love as well as of arms. Though we could furnish a sufficient number of entertaining stories and pleasant anecdotes, we do not think it prudent to swell Our Journal with them; as our views are directed to more useful information."

In *River Walk*, Cleary follows the path where Gass and other journal writers chose not to go. She notes that she has gone beyond "useful information" to try to restore what could have been the "entertaining stories," and she does it very well.

She focuses on Private John Collins, a relatively unknown member of the expedition (and one of her distant kin), and creates a story of what could have happened to him from the time he joined the expedition at Fort Massac to the end of the Corps of Discovery's winter stay at Fort Mandan. George Drouillard is also prominent in the novel as Collins's friend. Cleary fills in the gaps in the record in a very readable way. She creates likely scenarios around the intrigue of the Spanish attempt to impede the expedition and the problems and successes with the Indian tribes encountered by the expedition, and she ably describes the day-in, day-out grind of going up the Missouri.

Like most of Lewis and Clark's men, John Collins was uneducated. He was an excellent hunter and cook, although people mostly remember him as a troublemaker in the early part of the expedition—he got drunk and went AWOL at St. Charles, Missouri, and later permitted a friend, Hugh Hall, to steal whiskey while on guard duty. Court-martialed for both incidents, he received 50 lashes for the first and 100 for the second. The Collins portrayed by Cleary is neither a hero nor a lump of clay. Along the trail he meets with friends and enemies, love and treachery, and deals them all.

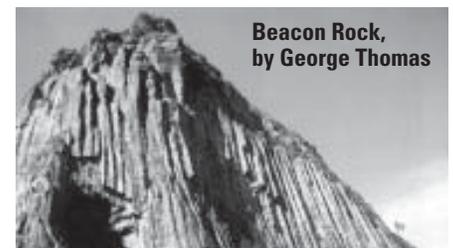
—Martin Erickson

## In Brief: L&C cookbook and a photo journal

- *Cooking on the Lewis and Clark Expedition*, by Mary Gunderson (Blue Earth Books, \$19.95 hardcover). The Corps of Discovery lived mostly off the land but supplemented its meals with provisions purchased in St. Louis; its larder included 3,400 pounds of flour, 3,705 pounds of pork, and 1,000 pounds of hominy. The author, a culinary historian, serves up a few simple recipes—for pan-fried catfish, smoked salmon soup, beef or buffalo jerky, and smoked salmon soup, among other

fare—which the expedition's mess cooks might have followed. Most of the ingredients (or acceptable substitutes) can be found on the shelves of your local supermarket. Available from History Books, 605-668-9588.

- *Lewis and Clark Trail: The Photo Journal*, pictures and text by George Thomas (Pictorial Histories Publishing, \$19.95 paper). Thomas traveled the length of the trail, from Camp Dubois to Fort Clatsop and back, photographing significant sites within three weeks



Beacon Rock,  
by George Thomas

of the month and day on which the Corps of Discovery passed them. This album is a useful pictorial supplement to any narrative account of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. ■

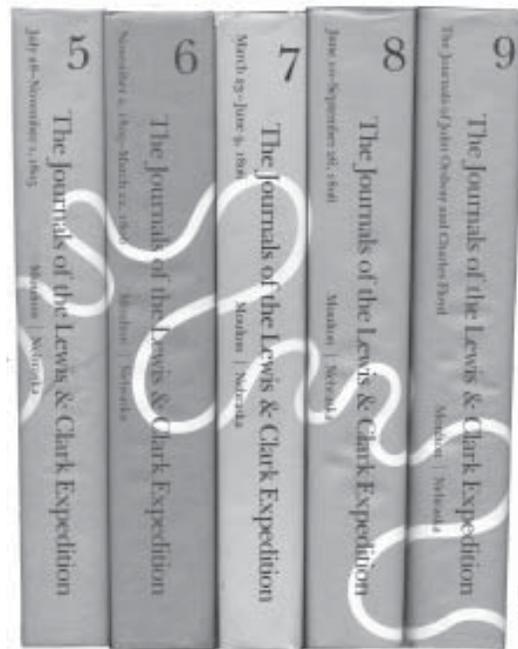
# JOURNEY'S END

*The editor of the Lewis and Clark journals  
looks back on his 20-year adventure with  
the Corps of Discovery*

BY GARY E. MOULTON

**M**eriwether Lewis and William Clark have been called “the writingest explorers of their time.” President Thomas Jefferson instructed them to keep meticulous records on the geography, ethnology, and natural history of the trans-Mississippi West they explored from 1804 to 1806. In leather-bound notebook journals they filled hundreds of pages with such observations, and the result is a national treasure: a complete look at the Great Plains, Rocky Mountains, and Pacific Northwest, reported by men who were intelligent and well prepared, at a time when East Coast Americans knew almost nothing about those regions.

A narrative based on the journals was published in 1814. Most of the journals were then deposited in the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia, but they lay largely unused and almost forgotten for nearly a century until an edition of all known materials was published in 1905. That work, edited by Reuben Gold



Thwaites, was a superb tool for studying the expedition, but over the years it suffered the kinds of erosion that besets all such editions: new manuscripts were discovered; new information became available with which to annotate the journals; and editorial procedures underwent profound changes. These deficiencies led to a project to publish an entirely new comprehensive edition of the journals.

A new and complete edition of the journals of the Lewis and Clark expedition had been a hope of scholars and enthusiasts for many years before the project I am just completing began. Donald Jackson, an expedition scholar, may have been the first to call for a new edition. In a presentation in 1967, Jackson noted what had been apparent for some time: that using the multiple published editions of the journals was difficult and that some kind of unified work was needed. At the time there were at least five versions of expedition materials, some out of print and in varying degrees of completeness. But Jackson's call

for action went unheeded for nearly a decade.

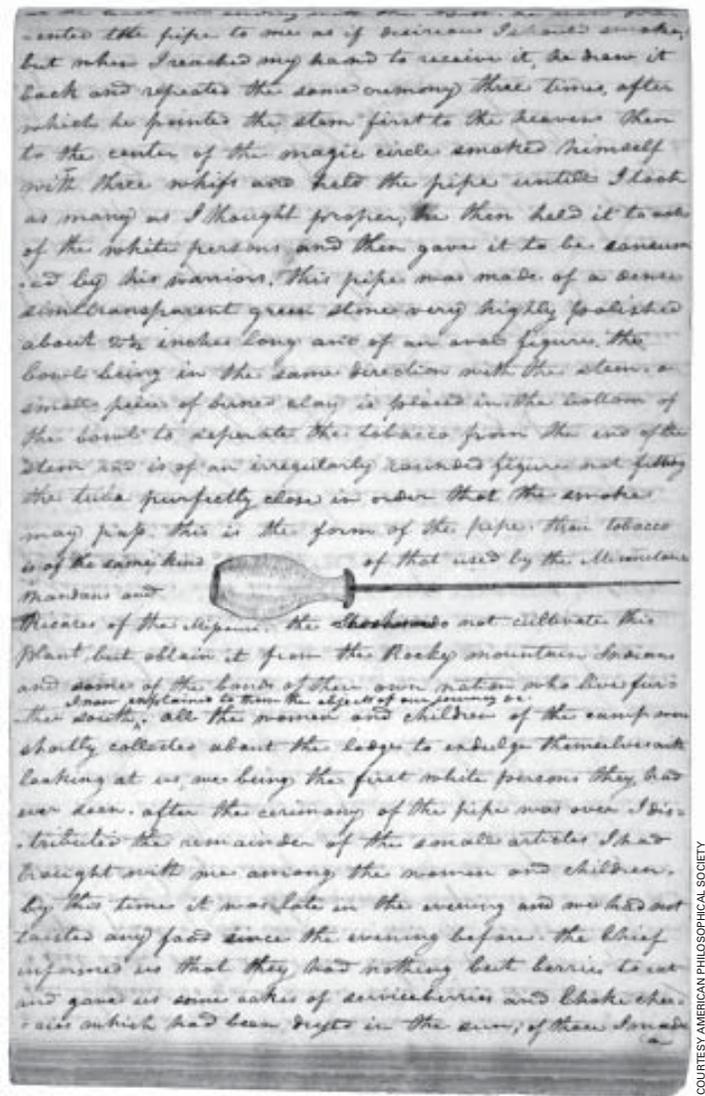
In 1977, an article recommending reissuing Lewis and Clark's epic work caught the attention of Steve Cox, then of the University of Nebraska Press. Cox turned to the university's Center for Great Plains Studies to discover the level of interest. Established just the preceding year, the center grew out of a desire of university professors to take a broad approach to studying the Great Plains. The center's board of directors embraced the idea of sponsoring a new edition of the journals immediately. They knew that Lewis and Clark were the first Americans to cross and describe the Great Plains and that much of the territory that the captains were assigned to examine lies within the region.

The center then moved to discover the feasibility of such an endeavor. Don Jackson, serving as a consultant, sought the cooperation of manuscript-holding institutions and ascertained the availability of financial support. His work was a success throughout. Not only did all the institutions with Lewis and Clark journals agree to share their material with the anticipated project, but the principal holding institution, the American Philosophical Society, came on as a cosponsor.

The next step was to hire an editor. The university showed its commitment to the plan by providing an appointment slot in the appropriate department to the successful candidate. I was the fortunate person selected as editor and came to Lincoln with a position in the history department.

My entry into the world of Lewis and Clark was quite indirect. My wife, Faye, saw an ad for the editorial position in a professional journal in 1978 and encouraged me to apply. That I was to be unemployed the next year was a compelling incentive. My professional interests in the American West, Native Americans, and historical editing gave me an edge. In fact, I was just completing editing the papers of Chief John Ross of the Cherokees, supported for four years by the National Historical Publications and Records Commission (NHPRC) of the National Archives.

I must admit that I had no special knowledge of Lewis and Clark. Indeed, at the time I probably knew less about the expedition than many members of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation (LCTHF). My greatest assets were my abilities as a historical editor—one who had proven that he could get an editorial

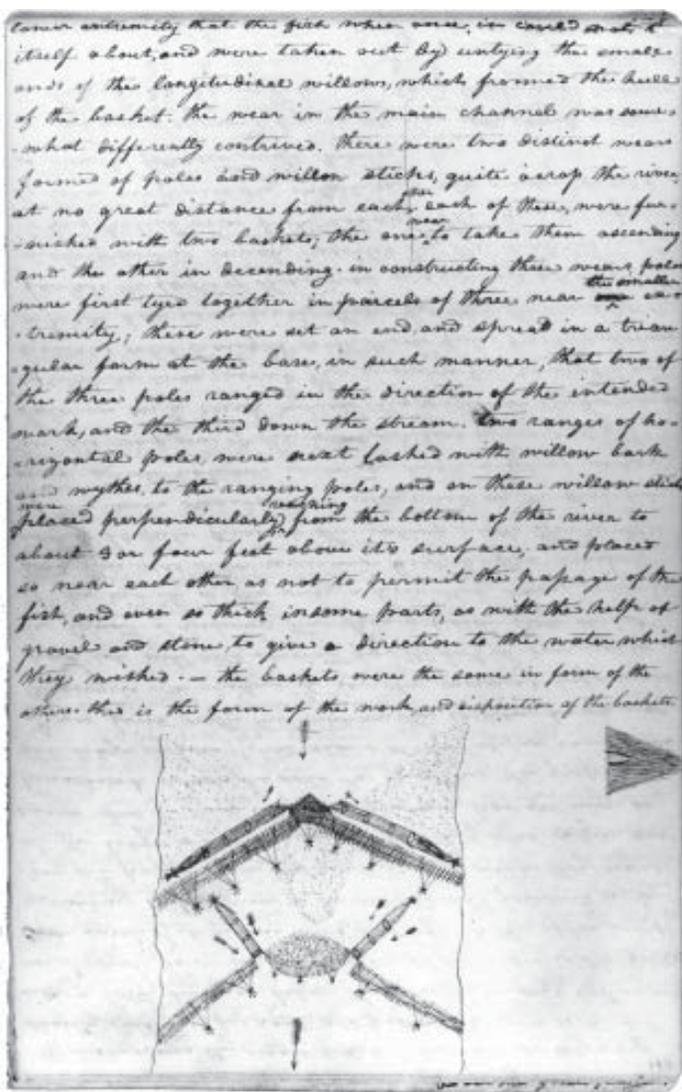


On August 13, 1805, Lewis described and drew the Shoshone pipe he smoked in friendship with Cameahwait in the upper Lemhi valley.

project launched, funded, and finished in reasonable time. I was a little embarrassed when I first met Don Jackson and he spoke on the finer points of the expedition while I cautiously nodded my head in feigned acknowledgment. He also told me of the LCTHF, an organized group of expedition enthusiasts whose members would query me closely on minute details of expedition history. He said that I better get the story straight and know the precise location of places like the Lolo Trail. Again, I nodded knowingly, although I hadn't the faintest idea where or what the Lolo Trail was. I hit the books right way.

#### FINDING SUPPORTERS

So by mid-1979 the project to publish a completely re-edited version of the journals was under way at the



COURTESY, AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

**On August 21, 1805, Lewis explained how the Shoshones caught salmon in the Lemhi River by means of fish weirs, or traps, made from willows.**

University of Nebraska with me as editor. The edition was cosponsored by the Center for Great Plains Studies and by the American Philosophical Society, with the cooperation of all the manuscript-holding repositories. The University of Nebraska Press had agreed to be publisher. The NHPRC had endorsed the project and the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH), a principal funding agency for editorial projects, had our first grant application. We were ready to go.

Lest you think that it was all too easy, let me say that our first application to NEH was turned down. It did not help my self-esteem when reviewers, panelists, and Endowment administrators liked the project but were not so sure about me. They could see I knew very little about Lewis and Clark. I could not do much about that right away, but I did rewrite the proposal, cutting the

monetary request and trying to correct some deficiencies. The new, downsized proposal, with appended letters extolling my editing skills and with extra financial support from the university, was accepted in 1980. NEH has funded the project generously ever since. That fact, along with reviewers' accolades and editorial prizes since then, have more than made up for the initial rebuke.

In later allocations NEH stipulated that the project had to find private matching money to go along with the endowment's outright award. On the second grant I had to secure more than \$42,000 in outside money over three years to tap a like amount from NEH and meet our budgetary needs. That sum was an incredible amount of money to me. The American Philosophical Society and the University of Nebraska Foundation came up with about half of it, but even then I needed more than \$20,000, still a lot of money. Fortunately, I had already begun to make friends with Lewis and Clark buffs and one, Robert Levis of Alton, Illinois, told me to drop him a line if I ever needed any help. Now I sent Bob a well thought out and carefully worded letter and was astonished when he replied that he would be happy to cover the entire amount. But that wasn't necessary because I soon met Robert Betts of New York City at the Foundation's annual meeting in Philadelphia. At a candlelight reception in Independence Hall he told me he wanted to give the project \$5,000 but then handed me a check for \$7,500, saying he'd sweetened the pot a little. These individuals and 10 other private supporters, plus the LCTHF, have aided the project financially over the years. Their gifts lifted my spirits as much as they filled the project's coffers. Ready money makes editing easier.

The new edition numbers 12 regular volumes, including an atlas of maps, the journals of Lewis, Clark, John Ordway, Charles Floyd, Patrick Gass, and Joseph Whitehouse—all the extant journals of the expedition—a volume of the expedition's botanical specimens, plus a comprehensive index. Volume 12, on the botanical specimens, was published last year, and the comprehensive index will be out later this year or early next, but for all practical purposes the venture is now complete. When Don Jackson initially proposed it, he projected an edition of nine volumes to be completed in nine years. That was unrealistic and may have been a

ploy to entice funding agencies that were beginning to worry about editing projects that seemed to have no end. By the time I was knowledgeable enough about the endeavor to make some projections, I was counting 11 volumes to be completed in 17 years. We altered that somewhat when the press suggested separating the Journals of Patrick Gass and Joseph Whitehouse into two volumes and printing the comprehensive index as an individual book. Those changes and the vicissitudes of editing added three more years.

#### FIRST CHALLENGE: THE ATLAS

The first volume of the new edition, *Atlas of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*, was published in 1983. The maps were published first so they could be used as a resource and reference tool for succeeding volumes. Not all of the 129 historic maps in the atlas came directly from the hand of Clark, the principal mapmaker, but all were closely associated with the expedition and most of them were Clark's handiwork. Being my first foray into expedition materials, I was amazed at the beauty, elegance, and precision of Clark's cartography. He had no apparent training, worked with crude and often unreliable instruments, and used dead reckoning for distances; yet one stands in awe of the accuracy and draftsmanship of his maps. They are models of cartographic excellence, admired and emulated by generations of explorers and mapmakers.

We had some difficult decisions to make concerning the publishing of the maps. I knew we did not want to have them folded up and slipcased in the way Thwaites had presented them. His atlas volume, numbering 53 maps, was the book probably most in need of revision. Working with Richard Eckersley and others at the press, we finally decided to go with a large-sized book, nearly 14 by 20 inches. Even with this big book all sorts of design problems bedeviled us—Clark's erratic orientation of the maps, the difficulties of following from one route map to another, composite maps that interrupted the route maps; gaps in maps, missing maps, multiple maps, and questionable maps—all called for decisions in areas that were entirely new to me.

I was lucky that W. Raymond Wood, a professor from the University of Missouri, was in Lincoln for a year during this time. Ray, an expert on the exploration and cartography of the Missouri River, was a great

help to me, as was John Allen, a geographer at the University of Connecticut and the leading authority on expedition geography. Also, Richard Eckersley was remarkable at finding ways to solve the most vexing design dilemmas. He also came up with the idea to put a wavy blue line across the *Atlas* cover and then a trailing wavy line across the spine of the journal volumes.

#### JOURNAL VOLUMES

The journal volumes presented their own set of challenges. I decided to keep Lewis and Clark's materials together and to publish the diaries of the enlisted men in separate volumes. This follows the plan adapted by Thwaites and for many reasons seemed the most sensible approach. I also kept Thwaites's chapter divisions except for some small modifications. His chapters followed those of the 1814 edition and were now quite familiar to readers. I thought readers might want to compare text from each of the three major editions and this would facilitate such a study. Journal volumes 2 through 8 cover the diaries of Lewis and Clark and were published between 1986 and 1993. Volumes 9, 10, and 11 comprise the enlisted men's journals—they were published in 1996 and 1997—and volume 12, the botany book (titled *Herbarium of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*), in 1999.

From the start, the principal goal of the edition was to present users with a reliable, definitive text. We worked from microfilms of the journals but routinely went back to the original texts to get the most accurate reading possible. Earlier editors, pressed for time and working virtually alone, were not able to make multiple and careful readings of their transcriptions against the original. Perhaps that explains why one editor had Clark struggling to the top of a hill near the Pacific Coast and saying, "I cue my hare [hair]," when the captain actually wrote that he had cut his hand. We made every effort to prepare an accurate transcription that is nearly identical to the original text. The new edition also gives readers a thorough explication of the journals. Scholars had been hampered by the paucity of notes in earlier editions, and users complained about inaccuracies and obsolescence. We aimed to be thorough, accurate, and complete in our annotation, but we understood that we were preparing source material to be borrowed from and enlarged on and we were not

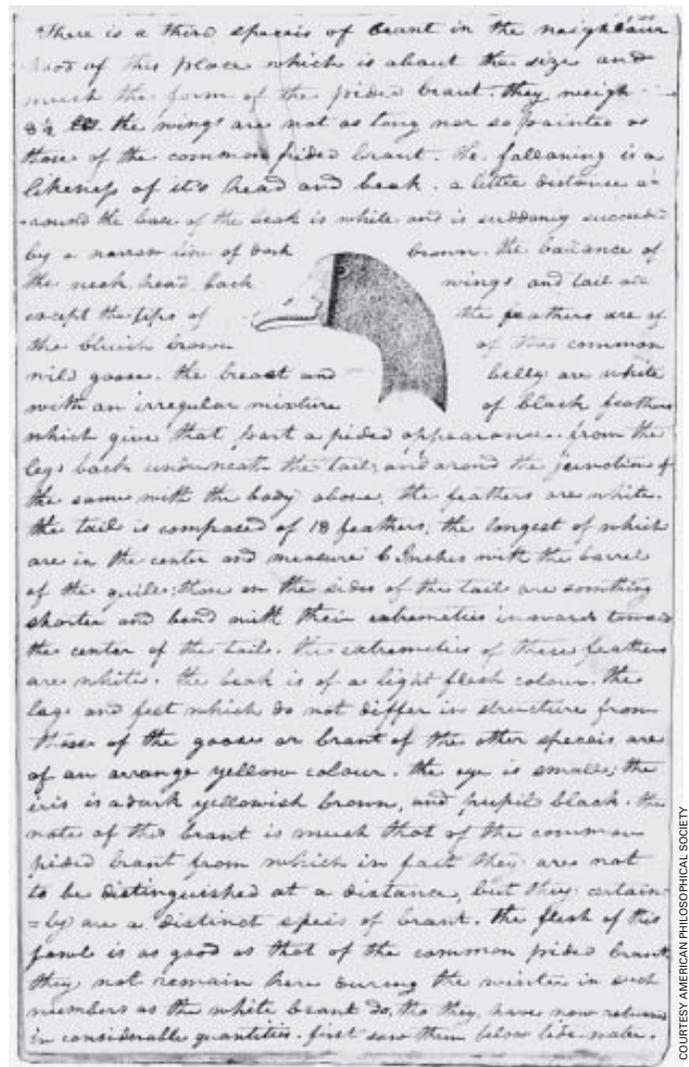


peated many times and across all the disciplines with which I was unfamiliar.

Linguistics, another field of study for the captains, proved the most demanding and time-consuming for me. Following Jefferson's instructions, Lewis filled numerous loose sheets with vocabulary notes as he passed through an incredible array of native languages. These notes are now lost and what is left are incidental and irregular jottings in the journals of native terms. I initially resisted assuming the task of annotation and had the support of some linguists who thought the small amount of linguistic material in the journals did not call for the efforts that we would have to expend to explain them. Truth is, I was looking for a way to extricate myself from the morass of science, not seeking to add another branch.

A conference of specialists convinced me otherwise. Moreover, I obtained a promise of assistance from Raymond J. DeMallie of Indiana University, one of the nation's leading linguists. As the expedition passed from one language family to another and took notes on native terms, I followed the procedure I had developed for geology and botany. Ray served as the clearinghouse for linguistic matters. He determined the language family, forwarded the material to language experts (who provided transliterations and translations of the native words), and then he rewrote the material and sent it on to me. Again, I did a bit of rewriting and a sizable amount of correspondence ensued, with the added chore of going through an intermediary. I knew just how the captains felt when they had to go through five languages to speak to the Salish people in the Bitterroot Mountains of Montana, but they did not have to deal with linguistic symbols and diacritical marks.

One of the more interesting results of the linguistic work was when we uncovered a phantom tribe of Indians. When Lewis and Clark met native peoples they always asked for their tribal name and the names of nearby tribes. In notes we brought these names up-to-date, using the latest terminology. In this work we did not have to turn to experts but could find the information in available literature. Often, Lewis's western tribal names were the starting point for synonymies that traced the names up to the present designation. In October 1805, when the party met Chinookan speakers along the Columbia River, one informant identified a



Lewis's portrait of a brant (greater white-fronted goose) graced his entry of March 15, 1806, near the end of the explorers' stay at Fort Clatsop.

neighboring downriver group as the Chil-luckitte-quaws. We found them identified as such in American Indian literature with a reference to an expedition passage but with no modern name. Linguistic work unraveled the mystery. The term translates from Chinookan to the phrase, "he is pointing at him." Lewis or Clark must have pointed downriver and asked the name of neighboring people and got a reply to the action rather than to the question. A nation of native people vanished in the light of linguistic analysis.

The project also had the assistance of persons right on the job. Tom Dunlay, a doctoral graduate of the University of Nebraska, did a great deal of the editing chores over the years—writing notes, proofing text, checking journal transcriptions, and indexing volumes. Tom did most of the general annotation—determining the party's location and identifying native peoples—

while I took care of the science and explained textual problems and journal-keeping procedures. Working full-time for many years, Tom came in on an irregular basis for a while and toward the end retired from the project altogether. Several persons over the years have attended to secretarial, clerical, and word processing duties. The staff at the center kept track of the financial aspects and serves the project in countless ways. We also had undergraduate and graduate students working with the project over the years, and we occasionally brought in people to assist with other editing tasks, such as indexing the volumes.

#### COMPLEXITIES OF INDEXING

Had I realized the enormity of the indexing task when I began this work, I might have been as much concerned with it as I was about science. Here again some ignorance and naiveté helped me through the early days. Also I had a short reprieve since I could publish the *Atlas* without an index. By the time the first journal volume was completed, the first book to require an index, we were into word processors. It was a dedicated word processor, a real relic by today's standards, but still it had functions that would make the indexing easier. I had already indexed two works the old way and was committed to doing something different than assembling hundreds of three-by-five-inch notecards, the way I am sure historians have done it since the days of Thucyclides.

I already knew the basics—index all proper names and geographic terms. Easy enough, I thought. But some of these indexing basics about which I felt so confident were frustrated by the ambiguities of the journals. Thankfully, we did miss some glaring blunders. For instance, we did not index the party's barking squirrels under "Squirrel, barking," but put it in its proper place under "Prairie dog." But I wish I could explain how we ever came up with an entry like "Bird, black" for "Blackbirds" or "Snake, rattle" for "Rattlesnakes." At least we never had an entry, "Fish, cat."

But what about indexing subjects, themes, ideas, and concepts? I made lists of what I considered the most important of these and then combed the indexes of expedition literature for more. The final list included terms like arms and ammunition, astronomical observations, clothes, discipline, equipment, journal-keeping meth

## ODE TO GARY MOULTON

When Lewis got home from his trip  
In Eighteen Hundred six,  
He had a messy manuscript  
No editor could fix.

He had a pile of research notes  
And scientific data,  
And tales of horses, men and boats  
He promised he'd write later.

The nation did his praises sing  
With parties, honors, headlines.  
Jefferson gave him everything . . .  
But publication deadlines.

So Lewis procrastinated,  
Marched into history;  
How his opus would have rated  
Thus remains a mystery.

Named by Clark as editor,  
A dilettante named Biddle  
Spelled Sacagawea with a "j"  
And changed some facts a little.

Over the next two centuries  
There were editors galore:  
Coues, Thwaites, Quaife, DeVoto,  
They worked those papers o'er.

But no one got the details right,  
A matter most revoltin' . . .  
Till came a Footnoteman of Might:  
Professor Gary Moulton!

For years Moulton did his lone work,  
Then at last presented to us  
That tardy piece of homework  
Jefferson assigned to Lewis.

*Read August 13, 2000, at the annual meeting of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation in Dillon, Montana, during the presentation of its Distinguished Service Award to Gary Moulton for his editorship of*

ods, medical problems, provisions, and weather conditions. Then we added cross-references. For instance, in addition to a general entry on boats, we also pointed readers to specific types of boats mentioned in the text, such as bateaux, bull boats, canoes, keelboats, pirogues, and the iron-frame boat. When entries became too long, we added subcategories. Under canoes, for instance, we had accidents, construction, loaded, navigational problems, obtained, portaged, problems with, repaired, and unloaded.

I eventually established 20 general policies for our indexing guidelines, then added 15 pages of examples and addenda over the years. Even these elaborate rules did not save us from errors other than those I have already mentioned. When indexing Lewis and Clark you have to be prepared for the unexpected. Realizing that Clark spelled the Indian tribe “Sioux” 27 different ways, we knew we faced some real oddities. Idiosyncrasies abounded. For instance, in the journals carrots are not vegetables and cows are not bovines. “Carrot” was the contemporary term for twists of tobacco, and “cows” (spelled as such in the journals) is actually the plant cous (pronounced “cows”), an important foodstuff of Columbia River Indians.

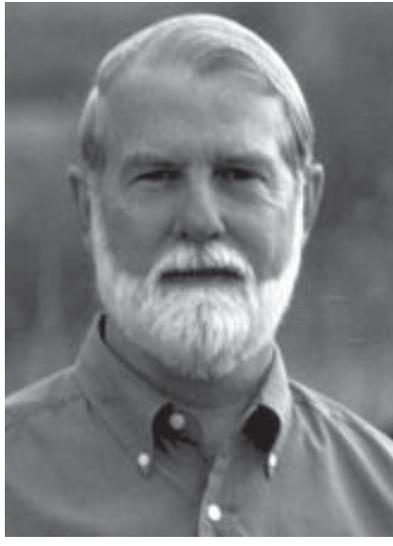
I wish I could say that the current great interest in Lewis and Clark has come as a result of my work, but that would not be true. Many of the important published works on the expedition that have come out in recent years were either underway or were in print before I started getting books out. John Allen had already completed his study of the expedition’s geographic endeavors, James P. Ronda was well into the book that became *Lewis and Clark Among the Indians*, and even *Undaunted Courage*, Stephen Ambrose’s biography of Lewis, was in planning, although he was not able to devote time to the writing until the early 1990s. What the new edition provides for recent writers (Ambrose among them) is easy access to the complete corpus of expedition journals and annotation that touches on the full range of the diaries’

discussions. It also expedited the production of Ken Burns’s and Dayton Duncan’s 1977 PBS documentary on the expedition.

#### NEXT: A ONE-VOLUME ABRIDGMENT

What is left to be done on the Lewis and Clark expedition? Now that the edition is essentially completed I have begun developing a one-volume abridgment of the journal volumes. I believe that I can add important scientific and cultural matters to a condensed version that are missing in existing treatments, but I will not ignore the dramatic story the diaries tell. Despite the extensive literature on Lewis and Clark and the rush of publishing in the last two decades, one large area remains overlooked. There is no comprehensive study of the enlisted men on the expedition. We have a book of brief biographies (*The Men of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*, by Charles G. Clarke), now outdated, but no one has told us what it was like to soldier and serve with Lewis and Clark. Certainly we need a modern biography of Clark and a book-length study of the Charbonneaus. Without such works, real deficiencies in the literature still exist.

It has been my privilege and great honor to serve the Corps of Discovery for this generation. My Lewis and Clark colleagues and I stand as the fourth generation of expedition scholars. I hope that I can pass on the love and joy of working with these materials as I received the same from Nicholas Biddle, Elliott Coues, Reuben Gold Thwaites, Milo Milton Quaife, Ernest Staples Osgood, and their contemporaries. May my work and theirs inspire future students of the expedition to new areas of study and help to keep the story alive for another 200 years.



RICHARD WRIGHT/NEBRASKA MAGAZINE

**Gary Moulton: “From the start, the principal goal of the edition was to present users with a reliable, definitive text.”**

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*Gary Moulton, a member of the Foundation since 1978, is editor of The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and Sorensen Professor of History at the University of Nebraska–Lincoln. This article has been updated from one that appeared in the Summer 1998 issue of Montana: The Magazine of Western History.*



J.K. Ralston. *Into the Unknown*. Courtesy, National Park Service, Jefferson National Expansion Memorial, St. Louis.

**Their canoes banked near the Missouri headwaters, Clark and the main party are greeted at Camp Fortunate by the Shoshones.**

## LEWIS AND CLARK AT THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

The following two articles—the first by Dayton Duncan and the second by Albert Furtwangler—have been adapted from talks they delivered at this year’s annual meeting of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, held August 13-16 in Dillon, Montana.

The meeting took place not far from Lemhi Pass, where the Corps of Discovery crossed the Continental Divide in August 1805. It was here at Camp Fortunate, at the head of the Beaverhead River, that the westbound explorers cached their dugout canoes and continued their journey on horses supplied to them by a band of Shoshone Indians led by Cameahwait, the brother (or possibly cousin) of Sacagawea.

Echoing the motto of the local LCTHF chapter that organized the event, the theme of this annual meeting was “Canoes to Horses.” The 10 days the explorers

spent in the area were fraught with uncertainty and tension. Foremost among the captains’ concerns was finding the Shoshones, then convincing them of their peaceful intentions in order to acquire the horses they so desperately needed for crossing the mountains. Neither for the first time nor the last, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark proved their mettle by successfully negotiating new terrain, both geographic and cultural.

Dayton Duncan’s talk, “‘Toilsome Days and wristless nights,’ ” was delivered near the site of Camp Fortunate, now under the waters of Clark Canyon Reservoir. It sets the scene and reflects on the burden of command shouldered by Lewis during this critical period. Albert Furtwangler’s talk, “A View from This Summit,” uses the Corps of Discovery’s crossing of the Continental Divide to explore some historical implications of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. ■



Looking west from Lemhi Pass, Lewis saw, instead of an easy portage to the Columbia, “immense ranges

**D**uring a long day’s drive on a recent road trip with my family, we passed the time listening to a book on tape as the miles whizzed by. It made me wonder what the Lewis and Clark expedition might have been like if the Corps of Discovery had brought along such modern traveling “necessities” as a tape deck or CD player for everyone’s enjoyment.

Would it have made the interminable ascent of the “heretofore deemed endless Missouri” seem a little shorter and a little more bearable? Would there have been difficult negotiations—and occasional arguments, as there are in my family—about which tape was going to be played next? You can hear some of the men complaining, “Not *another* voyageur’s song!” when it was

Charbonneau’s or Labiche’s turn to choose. Perhaps they would have listened to one of the first English novels, *Tom Jones*, running and re-running some of the more lusty chapters. Would the captains have insisted on a regular playing of Jefferson’s tape-recorded instructions, just so everyone was reminded of “the object of your mission”?

Or maybe each member would have come equipped with his own personal Walkman and headphones—in which case all of our statues and paintings of them would be totally different: Instead of pointing ahead to the next horizon, our heroes would be bobbing their heads out of sync with each other to 33 different melodies. Some would be reaching into their packs for a new compact disc. Others would have

# *“Toilsome days and wristless nights”*

*Meeting the Shoshones in August 1805,  
Meriwether Lewis did almost everything right,  
but self-doubt still haunted him*

BY DAYTON DUNCAN



of high mountains.” The peaks in the distance are part of the Salmon River Range. Photo by Brent Phelps.

their eyes closed in rapture to the beat of their own drummer. The captains would be looking back, shouting at them to turn down the damn volume and pay attention to the trail.

I won't belabor this any further, except to say that my own family found at least one day of peaceful travel listening to a wonderful book, *Walk Two Moons*, in which the young girl at the center of the story learns the valuable lesson that gives the book its name: “Never judge a person until you've walked ‘two moons’ in his mocassins.”<sup>1</sup>

And that's what I want to do with you today, here at Camp Fortunate. Let's walk in Meriwether Lewis's mocassins for awhile—reaching this place in the late summer of 1805, leaving it and returning to it, all in less than “one moon”—and see what we can learn.

## FROM THREE FORKS TO LEMHI PASS

On July 27, 1805, at the Three Forks of the Missouri, a juncture Lewis called “an essential point in the geography of this western part of the continent,” he wrote something in his journal that's equally essential for us to understand and remember if we're to put ourselves in his place and his state of mind:

We are now several hundred miles within the bosom of this wild and mountainous country,” he wrote, “where game may rationally be expected shortly to become scarce and subsistence precarious; without any information with respect to the country; not knowing how far these mountains continue, or wher to direct our course to pass them to advantage, or intercept a navigable branch of the Columbia; or even were we on such ‘an one, the probability

is that we should not find any timber within these mountains large enough for canoes, if we judge from the portion of them through which we have passed.<sup>2</sup>

What he's admitting—to his journal at least—is this: (1) These western mountains are slowly revealing themselves to be more formidable than he and Jefferson had anticipated back in Washington (more formidable even than he and Clark had imagined at Fort Mandan); (2) They've reached the edge of the Indian information they had gleaned from the Hidatsas the previous winter and are now more unsure about the route ahead than at any point in the journey so far; and (3) even if they can find a navigable stream to the Pacific—the other part of the Northwest Passage—they should not expect to find trees suitable to make canoes.

Some 2,500 miles from their starting point at the Missouri's mouth, that's a sobering admission to make.

Understandably then, Lewis wrote, "We begin to feel considerable anxiety with respect to the Snake (Shoshone) Indians. If we do not find them or some other nation who have horses I fear the successful issue of our voyage will be very doubtful."

The "object of their mission" has not changed: to follow the Missouri to its source, find the Northwest Passage to a tributary of the Columbia, and take that river to the Pacific. But now a more immediate, more crucial objective has crowded in: finding the Shoshones and their horses.

In the captains' minds, a simple equation had emerged. No Shoshones, no horses. No horses, no success. And there's nothing like the prospect of impending failure to concentrate the mind.

For several days, they had been seeing signs of Indians—smoke signals in the distance and occasional abandoned campsites, some of them only a few days old. *Signs* of Indians, but no Indians.

Just beyond the Three Forks, as the expedition pushed up the Jefferson, Sacagawea provided a spark of hope when she showed the explorers the exact spot where the Hidatsas had kidnapped her five years earlier and told the captains they were at last nearing the land of her people. On August 8, she pointed south at a rocky bluff projecting over the river. The Shoshones called it Beaverhead Rock, she told them; their summering grounds were just beyond it, on a river flowing west.

"As it is now all important with us to meet with those people as soon as possible, I determined to proceed [ahead] tomorrow with a small party to the source of . . . this river and pass the mountains to the Columbia; and down that river until I find the Indians," Lewis wrote after hearing this tantalizing news. "In short," he added, "it is my resolution to find them, or some others who have horses, if it should cause me a trip of a month."

Note the urgency in his words. It's finding Indians with horses that is "now all important"; all-important enough for an unprecedented one-month reconnaissance. The fact that he would also be crossing the Continental Divide—and presumably discovering the Northwest Passage—seems to have taken a back seat to discovering Indians with horses.

Early the next morning, Lewis wrote out some instructions, presumably for Clark, "lest," he says, "any accident should befall me on the long and rather hazardous route I was now about to take." Then, immediately after breakfast, he slung his pack on his back and set off on foot with Drouillard, Shields, and McNeal. In his weather journal, Lewis called this small band of four his "party of discovery." They made 16 miles that first day, camping northeast of modern-day Dillon and dining on the meat of two antelope they had killed on their way.

On August 10, the four men set out "very early" in the morning, according to Lewis. Some of us would consider the five miles from their campsite to Dillon a good day's hike. Not this "party of discovery." They were through Dillon by breakfast.

After passing a large creek which Lewis named for McNeal (today's Blacktail Deer Creek), they followed a well-worn Indian trail south to Rattlesnake Cliffs—a name applied by Lewis that has survived to this day (as have the descendants of the rattlesnakes he described there).

They saw some bald eagles and two osprey, ate a hasty lunch of freshly killed deer, and sometime in the afternoon arrived at a fork. Lewis described it as "a handsome open and level valley where the river divided itself nearly into two equal branches. . . . Immediately in the level plain between the forks and about 1/2 a mile distance from them stands a high rocky mountain, the base of which is surrounded by the level plain; it has a singular appearance."

Because of the shallowness of the two streams diverging here, Lewis concluded that this place was as far as



BOB SANDON

**When the Corps of Discovery reached Beaverhead Rock, a Shoshone landmark, Sacagawea knew they were nearing her people's country.**

the expedition's canoes could go. Seeing snow on some nearby mountain tops, he was amazed, he said, that the Missouri had provided such a gentle ascent to so high an elevation. "If the Columbia furnishes us such another example," he wrote, "a communication across the continent by water will be practicable and safe"—though already he had some misgivings about that prospect.

His more immediate concern was horses, so he needed to keep moving.

Lewis scratched out a note to Clark, saying to wait here for his return, attached it to a dry willow pole which he placed at the forks, and, after a brief confusion over which stream to follow, set out along the one leading west—what we today call Horse Prairie Creek.

He and his three companions covered another five miles before setting up camp for the night in a valley Lewis called Shoshone Cove, "one of the handsomest coves I ever saw." They killed a deer for supper and cooked it over a fire of willow brush—there being only four cottonwoods in the entire valley, according to Lewis's count.

After covering 30 hard miles since morning, they must have eaten heartily and slept soundly.

The next day, the 11th, began an extraordinary week for Meriwether Lewis. It would become an uninterrupted emotional roller coaster for him—a week in which his literal crossing and re-crossing of the Continental Divide would be mirrored by the peaks and valleys within his own inner geography: moments of great anticipation followed quickly by profound disappointment; brief satisfactions crowded out by constant worries; soaring heights of supreme achievement plunging into the darkest despair.

His journey out and back from this spot would be, perhaps, the young captain's most mentally fatiguing

and challenging week of the entire expedition. It would demand his utmost in concentration and quick thinking. It would repeatedly test his personal courage. It would challenge his inner fortitude, his ability to move forward in the face of repeated discouragement. It would rub his nerve endings raw.

And in the end, this psychological crucible would strip everything away to reveal his soul.

On the morning of August 11, five miles up Horse Prairie Creek, Lewis looked through his spyglass and saw a Shoshone approaching on an elegant horse—the first Indian the expedition had seen since North Dakota.

"I was overjoyed at the sight," Lewis wrote. But when the explorers got within 100 paces of the Shoshone, according to the captain, "he suddenly turned his horse about, gave him the whip leaped the creek and disappeared in the willow brush in an instant."

It may have been Shields, advancing on the flank, who frightened the Indian off; it may have been Lewis's shouts of "tab-ba-bone," which he understood to be the tribe's word for "white man," but which probably meant "stranger."

Regardless of the cause, the Shoshone was gone—"and with him," a crestfallen Lewis wrote, "vanished all my hopes of obtaining horses for the present."

"I now felt quite as much mortification and disappointment," he added, "as I had pleasure and expectation at the first sight of this indian." In the space of a few minutes, Lewis had plunged from pleasure, expectation, and hope to mortification and disappointment of equal proportions.

The true measure of his disappointment came out in his uncharacteristic response. Lewis bitterly upbraided his men, particularly Shields, blaming them not only for the Indian's flight but also for leaving behind the spyglass which, in truth, he had forgotten a mile back in his excitement.

They tried to follow the Shoshone's trail, but a heavy rain, mixed with a little hail, quickly made tracking impossible. Wet, miserable, and having covered 20 miles, they made camp under the small American flag Lewis had attached to a pole.

That night, I imagine, the men gave their captain a little wider berth around the campfire.

Monday, August 12, provided an even greater expectation and an even greater disappointment. After some

searching, Lewis and his party came upon a well-worn Indian trail. It led them past some recently abandoned wickiups—a hopeful sign—and then turned abruptly west toward a low saddle in the mountains. Lewis’s spirits picked up.

“I therefore did not despair of shortly finding a passage over the mountains and of tasting the waters of the great Columbia this evening,” he wrote. At the base of the ridge, McNeal straddled Trail Creek and “thanked his god that he had lived to bestride the mighty & heretofore deemed endless Missouri.”

They hurried forward to the source of the creek, a small spring bubbling up just a few hundred yards from the crest of the ridge—“the most distant fountain,” according to Lewis, “of the waters of the mighty Missouri in search of which we have spent so many toilsome days and wristless nights.”

#### THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

“Toilsome days and wristless nights.” From St. Louis to Lemhi Pass there had been too many of both to count. Lewis needed only to think back 24 hours to refresh his memory: the disappearing Shoshone and the dreary camp after a mountain rainstorm had surely made for an unforgettable “toilsome day and wristless night.”

But those were now behind him. “Thus far,” he wrote, “I had accomplished one of those great objects on which my mind has been unalterably fixed for many years, judge then of the pleasure I felt in allaying my thirst with this pure and ice cold water.”

This was the moment Lewis had been dreaming of for more than 12 years—dreaming of, from the time in 1793 when he was only 18 years old and had brashly approached Jefferson (unsuccessfully) about leading what became instead the abortive Michaux expedition; dreaming of, throughout his two and a half years at Jefferson’s side in the White House, where for who knows how many evenings the President and his young protégé had excitedly discussed a Northwest Passage beckoning at the Missouri’s farthest reach; and dreaming of, every “toilsome day and wristless night” since leaving Washington in 1803.

Finding the Missouri’s headwaters and—just beyond it—the Northwest Passage was the “object of the mission.” It was the expedition’s North Star, upon which

Lewis’s mind had been “unalterably fixed.”

And now, with the taste of pure, cold water from those headwaters still in his mouth, as he climbed the last few remaining steps toward the long-dreamed-for passage, it’s hard to imagine Meriwether Lewis thinking about Shoshones and horses.

With each step he must have been anticipating the transcendent accomplishment of discovering the great prize that had eluded every explorer since Christopher Columbus. Only 30 years old and burning with the same ambitions that had prompted him to volunteer for this quest as a teenager, he had to be thinking about fame and his place in history. He would have been thinking about . . . himself.

But what he saw from the crest of Lemhi Pass gave him something much different to ponder. Because spread out before him was not a Northwest Passage, the fabled water route across North America, but, in his words, “immense ranges of high mountains still to the West of us with their tops partially covered with snow.”

If Lewis paused to drink in that deflating vista and contemplate its profound consequences, he doesn’t mention it in his journals. He doesn’t tell us what was running through his mind as the great dream literally vanished before his eyes. Maybe the surprise left him speechless. Perhaps the disappointment was simply too great for words. Or maybe—and I personally think this is more likely the case—the forbidding panorama from Lemhi Pass not only snapped Lewis out of any reverie about fame and history and personal achievement, but instantly refocused his mind on the fate of his men and his expedition.

Within the officer corps of the military are three words that remind every commander of his responsibilities. In order of importance, those three words are “Mission, men, self.” The “self” comes last, behind the mission and the men.

At Lemhi Pass, with those immense and snow-clad mountains stretching out endlessly before him, threatening not just the success of his expedition but the survival of his men, Meriwether Lewis quickly had to put his priorities back in proper order. Which is to say, he had to put his personal feelings aside and direct his energies once more to finding Shoshones and horses. If they had been “all important” before, they

were immeasurably more essential now.

To judge from the journals, Lewis paused only briefly on the ridgeline before descending its western slope. In passing (and without exultation or elaboration) he mentions tasting “the waters of the great Columbia river,” hiking several more miles down the mountain and stopping to make camp near a spring. This was their first campsite beyond the recently expanded boundaries of the United States, on the Pacific side of the continent, but Lewis made no note of it that night. Instead, he recorded the lack of fresh meat to eat and coming across a “deep perle currant”—the Hudson gooseberry—that seemed to him a new species. Its flavor, he wrote, was “ascid & very inferior.” Those words probably also described his mood.

Back on the Indian trail the next morning, August 13, Lewis’s party saw some Shoshones a mile away, but they fled at the strangers’ approach. Hopes raised and dashed once more—and then raised again when the explorers rounded a corner and surprised three Shoshone women who didn’t have time to flee. Lewis gave them presents and had no sooner persuaded them of his peaceful intentions when 60 mounted warriors galloped up “at nearly full speed,” armed head to foot and ready to fight off what they presumed was an enemy attack.

In a moment fraught with peril, when his heart must have been pumping pure adrenaline and his mind must have been racing through every conceivable possibility, Lewis did a remarkable thing, proving both his quick thinking and, most of all, his undeniable courage. He dropped his gun, picked up the American flag, and approached alone.

That—and the excited talk of the women showing off their new presents—persuaded the chief, Cameahwait, to receive the strangers as friends. He led them to his village on the Lemhi River, put them up in the only leather tepee that had survived a raid by the Atsinas that spring, and shared what meager food the Shoshones had to offer: cakes of chokecherries and service berries, and a bit of roasted salmon which confirmed to Lewis that he was, indeed, on a tributary of the Columbia.

The bad news of August 14—“unwelcome information,” in the captain’s words—was that Cameahwait said the nearby rivers were unnavigable, even though they did eventually lead to what he called the “stinking lake” of “illy-taisted waters” far to the west. The good news

was that the Shoshones had a herd of 400 horses, some of them as fine as the best in Virginia, and Lewis went to bed that night assured that his expedition would have the use of some of them.

On the 15th, that assurance was punctured. The Shoshones were reluctant to leave with Lewis for the forks of the Beaverhead, where he promised that Clark and other white men would be waiting. They feared he was in league with their enemies and was planning to lead them into a deadly ambush. “I told Cameahwait that I was sorry to find that they had put so little confidence in us, that I knew they were not acquainted with whitemen and therefore could forgive them,” Lewis wrote. “That among whitemen it was considered disgracefull to lye or entrap an enimy by falsehood.”

It’s worth noting that, even though the Shoshones had never met white people before, they didn’t buy that argument for a second. But when Lewis tried a different approach—questioning the Indians’ bravery—Cameahwait and a dozen more agreed to accompany him, and they all set off while the women of the village wailed a death song in their honor. They crossed Lemhi Pass and reached Shoshone Cove by sunset. Near evening of the next day, the 16th, they finally arrived back at the Forks. To Lewis’s great “mortification,” Clark and the rest of the expedition were nowhere to be found.

The Shoshones grew nervous and increasingly suspicious that their fears of betrayal had been correct. Some of them complained to Cameahwait that he had unnecessarily endangered the tribe by trusting the word of this white man.

Reading the journals, you can feel the young captain’s mind kick into overdrive. “I knew that if these people left me,” he wrote, “that they would immediately disperse and secrete themselves in the mountains where it would be impossible to find them . . . and that they would spread the allarm to all other bands within our reach & of course we should be disappointed in obtaining horses, which would vastly retard and increase the labour of our voyage and I feared might so discourage the men as to defeat the expedition altogether.”

Earlier, he had given the chief his cocked hat and feather in return for a Shoshone tippet—an exchange which they both understood to mean that if this was a trap, the attackers would have trouble discerning



J. MERRITT

**Camp Fortunate was at the base of this rock, now under the waters of Clark Canyon Reservoir, where the Beaverhead River divided.**

friend from foe. Lewis's men did likewise. Now, he handed Cameahwait his gun, declaring that if an ambush occurred the chief could shoot him. Once more his men followed his courageous and quick-witted example.

Then he did the very thing he had promised Cameahwait that white men never do: he told a bald-faced lie. Retrieving the note he had written and left at the forks, he claimed instead that it was a message from Clark saying that the expedition would arrive soon. Whether it was this deception or the act of considerable bravery in handing over the guns that impressed the Shoshones, they agreed to wait another day. But they were still wary.

"My mind was in reality quite as gloomy as the most affrighted indian," Lewis admitted, "but I affected cheerfulness to keep the Indians so who were about me."

To pique their curiosity, he told them a woman of their nation was with the expedition, as well as a man whose skin was black. But as darkness fell, Cameahwait laid down as close to Lewis as possible, and most of his tribe hid themselves in the willows in case of a surprise attack.

Of all Lewis's nights on the long trail, this was his most "wristless." "I slept but little as might be well expected," he wrote, "my mind dwelling on the state of the expedition which I have ever held in equal estimation with my own existence, and the fait of which appeared at this moment to depend in a great measure upon the caprice of a few savages who are ever as fickle as the wind."

He's not being entirely fair to the Shoshones in that passage. Thus far in their existence, every armed stranger from the east had been an enemy bringing death and destruction. They were as legitimately concerned as

Lewis about what the morning would bring. But his words convey how agitated his mind must have been all through the night. The Indians had his guns as well as their horses—and if Clark didn't show up soon he was running out of tricks to keep them pacified. It's hardly surprising that he couldn't sleep.

#### CLARK AND THE MAIN PARTY ARRIVE

At dawn on the 17th, Lewis dispatched Drouillard and an Indian escort downriver to find Clark as quickly as possible. Meanwhile Lewis, Cameahwait, and the others waited nervously here at camp. One hour went by. Each minute must have seemed an eternity. Another hour passed.

Then an Indian galloped up with jubilant news: white men were on the way! Minutes later, Clark himself appeared, with Charbonneau and Sacagawea. And finally the rest of the expedition heaved into view, pulling the canoes.

You can imagine the scene—the shouts and the laughter and the buzz of activity as the tensions on all sides suddenly let loose. The Shoshones, according to Lewis, were "transported with joy" and sang as they accompanied Clark into camp, where Cameahwait tied pieces of shell into his hair.

"Every article about us appeared to excite astonishment in ther minds," Lewis wrote—knives and beads and mirrors, and the first lyed corn they had ever tasted. York and Seaman elicited the Indians' admiration; Lewis's air gun was "so perfectly incomprehensible," he said, "that they immediately denominated it the great medicine."

The men of the expedition were, in Lewis's words, "much elated" too. For several days they had been complaining to Clark about dragging their canoes against the swift and shallow waters of the Beaverhead, and no doubt worrying about when—or if—they'd see Lewis again. Now here he was, surrounded with horses and a band of friendly Indians. For the first time in four months they would have someone other than themselves to share a campfire with.

Sacagawea was particularly joyful. Upon arrival she had been reunited with Jumping Fish, a girl who had escaped the Hidatsa raid five years earlier that had ripped Sacagawea from her people. And then, when she was brought in to translate for the captains as they be-



COURTESY GILCRESE MUSEUM, TULSA, OKLA.

**Cameahwait greets Clark, who in this detail from a Charles Russell painting appears more interested in the reunion of Sacagawea and Jumping Fish. A bemused Charbonneau gestures toward his wife and her childhood friend, who had been separated years before.**

gan negotiations for the Shoshone horses, she slowly realized that the chief was none other than. . . her brother. The emotional reunion had a powerful effect on both captains. “She instantly jumped up,” Clark wrote, “and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket, and weeping profusely.”

Clark himself must have been greatly relieved—not just at the incredible luck of having returned the chief’s sister, but at his own reunion with his good friend and fellow commander after what had been their longest separation since leaving St. Louis.

And Lewis? He would have been the most relieved of all. All the anxieties of a week’s worth of “toilsome days and wristless nights”; all the constant worries about finding the Shoshones and then struggling to keep them and their horses from disappearing; all the daily up-an-down emotions he had gone through as each expectation had been dashed to pieces; all the adrenaline that had been sustaining him through every danger and all the inner reserves that he had called upon to get beyond each new, unexpected obstacle—all that would have drained through his mind and body like a spring flood.

To cap the day, the hunters brought in four deer and an antelope for a proper feast. Is it any wonder that the captains named this spot Camp Fortunate?

The rejoicing couldn’t go on forever. There was still much to do. The next day, Sunday, August 18, the men were ordered to open and air out their baggage and

begin separating things between what would be cached at Camp Fortunate and what would be taken by horseback across the mountains. At 10 o’clock Clark, 11 men, the Charbonneaus, and all the Indians except four departed—Clark to scout the Salmon river to see if it was as impassable as the Shoshones claimed, and Cameahwait to his village to bring back more horses.

The bargaining was already going well. For an old uniform coat, a pair of leggings, a few handkerchiefs, and three knives—articles worth less than twenty dollars back in the states—Lewis purchased three “very good” horses and sent Clark off with two of them.

That evening at Camp Fortunate would have been much quieter than the festive night before. The Indians and more than a third of the expedition were now miles away. A cold wind swept in from the southwest. A cold rain began to fall. I imagine the remaining men huddling near their fires to ward off the chill, perhaps talking quietly among themselves after their meal of venison and beaver tail.

#### A TIME FOR REFLECTION

With the departure of his usual mess partners (Clark, York, Charbonneau, Sacagawea, and baby Baptiste), Lewis would have been alone once more, with just his thoughts to keep him company. Only this night, the immediate concerns that had occupied his mind throughout the previous tumultuous and exhausting week no longer pressed in upon him. The faint mur-

mur of his men or the low snort and hoof-pawing of a Shoshone horse would have reminded him that he could rest—at least briefly—from worrying about the expedition’s survival.

It was Lewis’s 31st birthday and now, in quiet solitude, he finally had time to reflect—on his life, and on the week just past, especially, I think, that daunting, dream-busting view from Lemhi Pass. All those mountains . . .

At the time he first saw them, he had no choice but to shunt their meaning aside in his single-minded pursuit of horses. Now there was nothing to keep him from dwelling on their significance—to geography, to Jefferson’s hopes, and to his own place in history.

He had not been sent merely to cross the Continental Divide but to find the Northwest Passage. Instead, he had found . . . all those mountains.

And so, with his good friend Clark absent (and approaching the discouraging vista himself), an older companion of Meriwether Lewis’s silently slipped in and joined him at the campfire: self-doubt. This companion could usually be counted on to make an appearance at solitary moments like these. It’s as if he guided Lewis’s hand for the concluding passages of that day’s journal:

This day I completed my thirty first year, and conceived that I had in all human probability now existed about half the period which I am to remain in this Sublunary world. I reflected that I had as yet done but little, very little, indeed, to further the hapiness of the human race, or to advance the information of the succeeding generation. I viewed with regret the many hours I have spent in indolence, and now soarly feel the want of that information which those hours would have given me had they been judiciously expended. but since they are past and cannot be recalled, I dash from me the gloomy thought, and resolved in future, to redouble my exertions and at least indeavour to promote those two primary objects of human existence, by giving them the aid of that portion of talents which nature and fortune have bestoed on me; or in future, to live *for mankind*, as I have heretofore lived *for myself*.

There’s a poignant sadness in that final self-exhortation, knowing what we know of Lewis’s ultimate fate. I don’t think he was ever able to dash gloomy thoughts completely. And while we shouldn’t doubt his resolve to redouble his exertions to live for mankind instead of for himself, we also suspect he would somehow never consider himself successful enough at it.

In Clark’s absence, we’d like to reach across time and place a gentle, brotherly hand on his shoulder and try to ease his mind on this most restless of nights.

We ache to tell him not to judge himself so harshly and assure him that, regardless of how much longer he might live in this “Sublunary world,” he had already done much, very much indeed, to further the happiness of the human race and advance the information of succeeding generations.

We yearn to tell him that he and his expedition would leave behind many lessons for succeeding generations—about courage and leadership and perseverance in the face of adversity. And in particular we wish to tell him that, even though he failed to find a Northwest Passage, the overriding lesson of his Corps of Discovery is the discovery that “you can’t do it alone.” It takes friends and teamwork and a sense of community to succeed.

But it’s too far a distance for us to reach. We have to surrender to history and leave him here alone, struggling with his own demons, failing to learn the very lesson he so eloquently taught us.

Eighty years later, when he, too, was a young man, Teddy Roosevelt came west in 1884, in part to deal with his depression and grief over the death of his mother and wife on the same day. In the measureless expanses of the West, Roosevelt found a personal solace—and eventually returned to the East refreshed and ready to embark on a brilliant career. “Black care,” he wrote, “rarely sits behind a rider whose pace is fast enough.”

But here at a place he had ironically named Camp Fortunate, after an emotionally frenetic week, Meriwether Lewis slackened his pace for a well-earned rest on his birthday. He rested, but he could not find peace. I don’t think he ever did.

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#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Sharon Creech, *Walk Two Moons* (New York: HarperCollins, 1994).

<sup>2</sup>Gary E. Moulton, ed., *The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986-99, 12 volumes), Vol. 4, p. 437. All quotations to journal entries in the ensuing text are from Moulton, Volumes 2-11, by date.

# *A View from This Summit*

## *Reflections on history, patriotism, and Lewis and Clark*

BY ALBERT FURTWANGLER

**T**his year's conference has had two themes: the movement from canoes to horses and the simultaneous recognition of a convergence of cultures. I want to reflect on these themes and relate them to larger questions of American patriotism—especially as Thomas Jefferson understood that complex term.

From canoes to horses, from the Missouri basin to the mountains beyond and the first steps down the slopes toward the Pacific—these were momentous turns in the course of the expedition. So were the meeting with the Shoshone people and the frank admission, in word and deed, that the explorers' lives would now depend on their support. Common soldiers pushed on despite hunger, disease, injuries, and exhaustion. The captains made bold choices for the route ahead, and chose right. The whole party fulfilled Jefferson's orders, reached the sources of the Missouri, and felt a surge of conquest. Sacagawea returned to her homeland, recognized its landmarks, and was reunited with her people. Lewis and Cameahwait grew from wariness to daring exchanges of clothing, weapons, and respect. Horses



**In a sartorial conversion of cultures, a buckskinned Meriwether Lewis poses in the otter-and-weasel-fur tippet, or cape, presented to him by Cameahwait.**

appeared, as if summoned just in time, and the explorers moved on west.

But from this elevation and with the benefit of history, we need to see these incidents as little elements in a wider sweep of change. By sinking their canoes and saddling their horses, the party was enacting an enormous shift in the ways Americans then and later would think about America.

In the first place, the captains were acknowledging an astonishing change in perception. Lewis and Jefferson were good geographers. They knew as well as anyone could what lay on every side of the Missouri watershed. They knew the contours of the continent. But both had supposed that the Rockies were a mild barrier, close to the Pacific. Jefferson ordered a portage of the party's canoes. But here on the scene, the captains saw that horses were not

just a convenience but a dire necessity from this point on. The Missouri had become a creek with impossible shallows, and Clark had scouted only rough, steep, impassable rivers ahead, beyond the divide. The captains had to change their minds, and thereby change Jefferson's mind, and our minds as well, about the Mis-

souri, the Rockies, and how steep, strange, and grand this continent gets.

If we stand back further, to look beyond a single continent and the period of Jefferson, we can also observe the work of centuries leading to this moment. Since the 15th century, explorers from Europe had been pushing out across the waterways of the world to reach into every continent. Europeans had also been developing new means of managing empires. They had improved the technologies of warfare, shipbuilding, and navigation. They had worked out political and commercial institutions that could sustain control over far-flung outposts. They had grown resistant to some dreadful diseases. Most important, they had developed a deep habit of invention, to improve and refine their advantages as they came upon unforeseen challenges. Once before there had been a European world empire, when the Romans had dominated all the lands around the Mediterranean Sea. For centuries, Rome had ruled much of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Now the stakes were higher. The Romans had sailed just one great sea; now Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, English, and Russian vessels were charting every ocean.

And by 1805 a crucial further step had occurred. One chain of colonies had broken away, become a separate nation, and entered the race for empire in a new way. An American ship had entered and claimed the Columbia River. American negotiators had purchased Louisiana from Napoleon. But most important of all, American statesmen had claimed independence on new terms, asserting high principles of human liberty and equality. And they had invented new refinements of government to that end. A large part of this continent would be held in defiance of European powers, and cultivated by sturdy defenders of popular sovereignty.

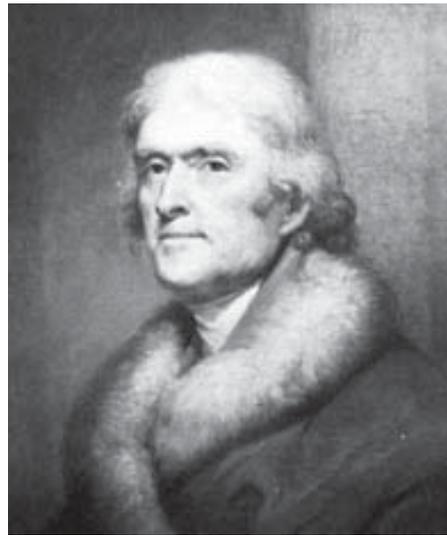
In the eastern states, this political difference could be accurately expressed as a contrast between canoes and horses. Canoes were the medium par excellence of an older, extractive colonialism. They traversed Canada very handily, to pick up and transport furs for ship-

ment back to Europe. Fur imperialists were like Spanish gold imperialists or British tea imperialists in India. They commonly sailed out as bachelor adventurers to amass some raw product that could be turned into luxury goods at great profit elsewhere. Then they pulled out, went back across the sea, managed things at a distance perhaps, and enjoyed their riches. The fur trader and explorer Alexander Mackenzie, for example, left Canada in 1805 and lived out the next 15 years in very comfortable circumstances in London and Scotland.

American colonists, on the other hand, commonly came to the New World to stay. They cultivated the land as farmers and planters. Their daily bread and income came from lands within their view, where they would stay, sink roots, rear their children, and provide for further generations. Fur traders and their workers skimmed the surface in canoes. Symbolically, settlers kept horses, and so lived in a different relation to the land even as they moved across it. Horses need good grass or other provisions, they need water, they need daily care and long-term attention as they breed and nurture their young. The man who rides is bound to land that supports all these animal necessities, just as his horse is.

In the Far West, however, the shift from canoes to horses carried more dangerous implications. Lewis and Clark's men had struggled, hauled, poled, and bruised themselves to drag their vessels uphill. But in this part of the world European navigational thinking came to a halt. It literally ran aground. Months earlier the captains had seen that the western plains were dominated by men on horseback. To go on, they would have to mount horses, too. And here before them were Shoshones, who were evidently decades ahead of them in coming to that understanding.

The Shoshones had helped introduce horses to this region in the course of the 18th century. Their achievement remains a marvel of quick intelligence and adaptation on their side. The captains saw Spanish brands and equipment here, evidence that these people were still trading horses north from Spanish-American settle-



**Thomas Jefferson thought the West would ensure the continued expansion of a democracy of yeoman farmers.**

COURTESY NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ments. The Shoshones were thus engaged in a different sort of social revolution. They were fostering the rise of *armed* men on horseback: the Indian hunters and warriors, the cavalry soldiers, pony express riders, and cowboys that we still think of as typical Western figures. Horses of the European steppes were now established on the American steppes by way of Spain, Spanish Mexico, and Shoshone trade routes, and with them came a new translation of European warfare and aristocratic thinking. If anyone paused to consider the matter, here was just the kind of military social organization that Jefferson had hated in his soul.

The aristocrat of feudal Europe was the man on horseback, the leader who had means to supply his own horse and arms and ride into battle above common foot soldiers. This was the cavalier, the chevalier, the knight at arms. And chivalry was his entrenched way of thinking. Literally, *chivalry* meant horsemanship, but it exfoliated into a code of aristocratic privilege, courtly manners, and the dynastic management of wealth.

Here in 1805 Lewis and Clark simply needed horses to carry their goods across the Rockies. But they could not help observing that for the Shoshones as for every Plains Tribe the horse was an element of military power. The captains also became directly involved in these military calculations. They had been sent to make peace among the warring nations. But they found themselves promising that American traders would soon bring guns to the Shoshones and so give them arms as good as their enemies'. That was the one effective promise they could use in order to get horses for themselves. In the end they paid for many of their own horses with battle axes, guns, and ammunition.

Against this background, we can see another of Jefferson's preconceptions running smack into hard reality. The president dreamed of a perpetual nation of yeoman farmers sustaining a vital democracy. Then he acquired Louisiana. In this vast new territory, the indigenous people lived another way. Horses, guns, and cunning warfare were flourishing in this geography. Horses provided a brilliant means to hunt buffalo across arid grasslands. And every able-bodied Shoshone male had a horse at hand at all times, to fight off a sudden raid. Jefferson might plan on annexing the West into a peaceful, harmonious republic. What Lewis and Clark saw before them was feudal warfare,

with buffalo skins shaped into shields and armor.

#### PLAINS INDIAN HORSE CULTURE

In fact, Lewis saw deeply into this situation. He, for one, did pause here to consider how deeply ingrained horsemanship and warfare had become. His reflections dated August 24, 1805, tell Jefferson directly that the West had a very different way of life:

Among the Shoshones, as well as all the Indians of America, bravery is esteemed the primary virtue; nor can anyone become eminent among them who has not at some period of his life given proofs of his possessing this virtue. With them there can be no preferment without some warlike achievement, and so completely interwoven is this principle with the earliest elements of thought that it will in my opinion prove a serious obstruction to the restoration of a general peace among the nations of the Missouri. While at Fort Mandan I was one day addressing some chiefs of the Minnetaris who visited us and pointing out to them the advantages of a state of peace with their neighbors over that of war in which they were engaged. The chiefs who had already gathered their harvest of laurels, and [had] forcibly felt in many instances some of those inconvenience attending a state of war which I pointed out, readily agreed with me in opinion. A young fellow under the full impression of the idea I have just suggested asked me if they were in a state of peace with all their neighbors what the nation would do for chiefs, and added that the chiefs were now old and must shortly die and that the nation could not exist without chiefs—taking as granted that there could be no other mode devised for making chiefs but that which custom had established through the medium of warlike achievements.<sup>1</sup>

This, of course, is a sharp insight, characteristic of Lewis at his best: a bold new synthesis built up from months of close observation. It also has its edge of daring, for it reports yet again that President Jefferson's instructions were grounded on deep misunderstanding.

We should also pause here to make one further reflection about the arrival of horse culture on the high plains. For the Indians it spelled disaster in a developing global economy. It flourished for a couple of centuries and gave the world indelible, romantic images of exciting mounted buffalo hunts, not to mention brilliant tactics in warfare. But a century after Lewis and Clark, the buffalo hunts were long gone. Andrew Isenberg's recent book, *The Destruction of the Bison*, provides the full details.<sup>2</sup> In essence, the problem lay in

overspecialization. Tribes that kept diversified means of livelihood—that hunted and fished and gathered and farmed—survived and resisted white invasion much better than peoples who gave themselves to horses and hunting buffalo. When the beaver market was exhausted, a new market developed for buffalo robes and the profits were high, for a time. Meanwhile, horses were multiplying, grazing, and competing with buffalo for scarce resources through seasons of drought. Within decades the buffalo was nearly extinct, and so in fact were some of the distinctive horses Indians had used in their pursuit.<sup>3</sup>

We come very directly from these matters to the theme of converging cultures. Here, too, we can see small figures in the foreground representing much larger forces. The creation of European empires implied the eventual converging and mingling of people from every continent. With our current concerns for equal rights and racial integration, we may be tempted to celebrate the Corps of Discovery as a special early experiment in American cultural democracy. In fact, descendants of people from Asia, Africa, and Europe had long been facing and depending on each other in the Americas. Before Columbus and Magellan set sail for the New World, they learned from sailors who were coasting Africa regularly, trading with the Far East, capturing and transporting their native people, and colliding with other strangers from Europe. When we stumble over the pronunciation of names like Drouillard, Charbonneau, Sacagawea, and Cameahwait, we are reenacting some of the puzzlement these figures had with each other—not to mention York, whom the Shoshones apparently spoke of as a black white man.<sup>4</sup>

#### AN EXCHANGE OF CULTURES

Even here at the crest of the Rockies such worldwide changes were already being felt. Lewis and Clark made the first known encounter in this region between Euro-Americans and indigenous people. But long beforehand both sides had been silently preparing. They had been absorbing each other's ways, laying groundwork for common understanding and meaningful exchange.

To get this far west, the explorers had to learn to live like Indians. It was not enough to employ voyageurs to manage their boats and interpreters to negotiate on

their behalf. They had to learn the land for themselves and gain daily subsistence from it. They had to fashion new clothing, improvise shelters, and plod over unforgiving terrain. Meanwhile, the Plains Indians were adapting to European influence. Just to stay here, they had to acquire horses, guns, and other trade goods. People who had these things could wield new power; those who lacked them risked losing everything.

James Ronda has pointed out that the Shoshones were still living in very traditional ways in 1805. They had been small-game hunters and fishermen until recent times, and they were near starvation when the party encountered them, hardly venturing into buffalo country for fear of powerful enemies. But it is easy to exaggerate a contrast between civilized white men, on one side, and starving barbarians on the other, who just happened to have valuable horses. The journals tell a very different tale.

Lewis was immediately impressed by the horses these traders had in their herds. "Most of them are fine horses," he wrote. "Indeed many of them would make a figure on the south side of the James River or the land of fine horses."<sup>5</sup> Lewis was even more extravagant about their mules, calling them "the finest I ever saw without any comparison."<sup>6</sup> By the time their trading was over, the captains also realized they had been dealing with very sharp adversaries, who know what they had, and what a gun or other trade goods were worth in comparison.

From their angle, Cameahwait's people observed the approach of people much like themselves. How else can we explain Lewis's long entries about his frustrating first encounters? He kept trying to call out that he was a white man and rushing forward while baring his flesh to prove it. But to no avail. His face and hands had been constantly exposed to the sun, he wrote, and "were quite as dark as their own."<sup>7</sup>

The journals report that Shoshones were astonished by the arrival of the whole party, with novelties like their canoes, air gun, and Newfoundland dog. There are telltale remarks about the Indians' inferior possessions and habits. But both captains quickly grew to admire them. Despite their extreme poverty they stood out (in Lewis's famous phrase) as "frank, communicative, fair in dealing, generous with the little they possess, extremely honest, and by no means beggarly."<sup>8</sup>



INDIANS DISCOVERING LEWIS AND CLARK BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL. COURTESY MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MACKAY COLLECTION.

**Mounted Indians, presumably Blackfeet, observe the Corps of Discovery ascending the Missouri. The arrival of Spanish horses a century before had transformed most plains tribes into nomadic hunters dependent on buffalo. Those that retained a more diversified food base, the author argues, fared better in the long run.**

(5:119). Day by day, both sides took the other's measure. They took risks together. They exchanged information. They hunted together and shared their rations openhandedly. They traded gifts. Lewis and Cameahwait subtly probed each other's minds, and each found depths he had to respect.

None of this would have happened, I think, if they had not met on well prepared ground of shared experience and cultural convergence. Trust emerged because horseman met fellow horseman; hunter met fellow skilled hunter; men who had faced grizzlies met their peers. Both sides had come through recent hardships and privations and knew how to share what little they found in a day.

#### PATRIOTISM AND PRINCIPLES

Now we must weave our themes together on a different plane and question our own perspective. Doing so leads us inevitably to issues of patriotism, or love of country.

Patriotism is an idea that gets battered and tattered

in seasons of war and national politics. It also gets a bad name when it amounts to a claim of the superiority of one's own ways over all others. But American patriotism has been a very tricky matter since 1776. At one extreme, it is like other common loyalties, a feeling of close affection for familiar things—one's own place, neighbors, family, and way of life. Yet at another extreme, it rests on a global perspective, not a local one. It rests on what Jefferson and his fellow revolutionaries declared to the world—a list of high principles or self-evident truths, worth fighting for, that apply to all human beings and all governments everywhere.

Between these extremes there are two other forces we need to mention. One is religious zeal. Jefferson was a declared enemy of church establishments, of a binding of church and state. He wanted it inscribed on his monument that he wrote the Virginia statute for religious freedom. But without an established or common church, a new problem emerges. Feelings of religious devotion can be transferred to the state alone, especially when citizens shed their blood and make other sacri-

fices for their country and its ideals. The state itself can become the holy cause.

Another force is the value of historical development. Jefferson's generation fought British tyranny, but in the name of regaining hard-won British liberties and political safeguards. They saw themselves furthering a great cause in history, not abandoning it. They saw patriotism as a developing feeling for developing freedoms—not as a finished doctrine.

But let us return to safer ground by noting Jefferson's patriotism in practice. He put strong emphasis on both the extremes of patriotism we have mentioned. As a lofty philosopher and international statesman he wrote ringing endorsements of human rights and helped create ingenious laws and policies to protect them. He also kept up daily devotions to the land itself. He took pains to learn the rocks, trees, plants, birds, animals, and people of Virginia and every adjacent state. Here we see him literally touching the earth and loving it.

Yet Jefferson's love of country has an intellectual dryness to it. I think we must acknowledge that frankly, too. He often distrusted strong feelings and urged strong, investigative reasoning in its place. To love his country meant to know his country, to learn it. I find it hard to imagine him simply standing, as we do, and drinking in the enormous 360-degree Montana horizon. More likely he would have taken note of the bearings to salient landmarks and trotted off to write up his experience, perhaps in a letter to a learned correspondent.

Is it possible to emulate Jefferson—to ascend to the contemplation of high principles and geopolitical developments and yet stoop to down-to-earth practicalities with equal aplomb? Certainly it is hard to keep looking at the world from a global perspective. It is hard to attain such an outlook, first of all. How many of us commonly see local events in the light of international changes? How many reflect on a year's happenings in the light of centuries?

Jefferson was not unique but he was an uncommon

thinker. And like other farsighted Americans, he rose to look far and wide in part because he was forced to. Like the Adamses, Hamilton, Madison, Lincoln, and Wilson, he was stirred by a crisis in his time. For the founders it was a crisis of British redcoats ruling Boston. For Lincoln it was the crisis of seeing territories west of the Mississippi being settled and claimed by slave holders. For Wilson it was the crisis of a new imperial Europe, when Germany was triumphing over the exhausted Allies and threatening the world's sea lanes with a stunning new technology, a fleet of submarines. Each of these crises has obvious direct links to the moment we have been revisiting here, when the Corps of Discovery stepped from one disputed territory into another by crossing the Rockies. And in each case, our noblest thinkers were forced to think harder and to de-

cide again to put everything at risk for clear, high principles.

And for Jefferson, as for the others, lofty thinking could lead to colossal errors of perception. We all remember his notions that mammoths might still be roaming the West and that the Rockies could be crossed in a single portage. These seem rather innocent

mistakes. In a large democracy a worse problem always threatens. The lofty thinker risks losing touch with his or her roots and with the feelings, loyalties, and realities of ordinary life. That problem is not so visible in Lincoln, at least not to Northerners and Westerners, but it destroyed Wilson and has bedeviled his successors.

It is tempting to lose heart about lofty patriotism, to leave high questions to the professional politicians and hope that providence will somehow deliver one or two rare statesman in each generation. But the Founders in fact thought differently, very differently. They understood that America from the first would be caught up in global politics of greed and exploitation, and they boldly committed themselves to other values. Government of the people must also be government by the people—by a multitude of educated, thoughtful people,



**Warrior on horseback.** This Mandan pictograph is a detail from a buffalo robe collected by Lewis and Clark during the winter of 1805.

COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

vigorously re-examining their history, their resources, and their ideals. Global thinking may be hard to attain, but when ordinary citizens stop reaching for it we risk falling back into an empire under a Caesar.

Here I must pause to grasp another nettle. “What about Shoshone patriotism?” What about the love of land, simply as their land, of the indigenous peoples of the West? My direct answer is that in 1805 empire was engulfing the West in ways we have been tracing. If Lewis and Clark had not come, others soon would have reached and crossed the Rockies and claimed their western slopes for America—or Britain or Spain. The sweep of change would still require that Indians acquire horses, then guns, and eventually cars, money, literacy, education, and the sophistication to stand up to a sophisticated invasion. Centuries of American settlement have been catastrophic for Indians. Is American empire better here than other empires we can imagine? If not, we need to ask precisely why, and aim some of our hardest questions directly at Jefferson.

The study of Lewis and Clark is, to my mind, a rewarding way into practicing both extremes of American patriotism. The journals force us to notice both the daily particulars of a path across the continent and the widest thoughts of Jefferson and his contemporaries. At the daily level, we see resourceful people surviving, pushing on, and closely observing each place they touch. Sometimes the intensity of their gaze is overwhelming. Many a man has been shot dead for staring at a woman the way Lewis often looks at a new bird or plant. And yet the minds of these men never stop here. Their minds hold a day’s travel, then frame it with memories of a continent, then mine it into catalogues with promises of later review for fuller understanding. By their own studious example Lewis and Clark press us to ask, and keep asking, “What should we notice close at hand?” and “What is the most comprehensive map or atlas we can draw?”

As we have seen, their questioning also has its sharp edges. On the way from the Three Forks to the Continental Divide, the explorers paid tribute to Jefferson by naming a river for him, and then naming two of its tributaries the Wisdom and the Philanthropy. They knew the idealist side of his nature. They knew how to flatter him with exactly the right terms. But they also knew how to answer his own practical curiosity. They

knew that they must tell Jefferson he was wrong, when his idealism did not match the plain facts of geography and human history.

I know that this gathering is deeply sympathetic to these points. They touch a truth about our own motives in meeting each year along this trail. Most of us have some definite local interest in the Lewis and Clark project. We live near the Missouri or the Columbia, or we have an ancestor named in the journals, or we grew up near some important landmark named by the expedition. But our own curiosity has pushed us to look out to a wider horizon. And so we keep traveling to further sites and returning to our own, working to learn our own place in a depth of history. At each site we have the benefit of local patriotism when we meet interpreters proud of their region, eager to show it off and impart their own feelings for it. Yet we all go on pursuing a larger world view and eventually find ourselves confronting the mind of President Jefferson. If you find that mind intimidating and puzzling, you are not alone. He was a puzzle to his own generation and has baffled many a biographer and historian right down to the present. No matter what you say about him, if it is a generality, it is wrong.

#### LEWIS, “OUR BELOVED MAN”

Fortunately, between us and Jefferson we can trace the revealing thoughts and actions of Meriwether Lewis. In early 1806, back in Washington, Jefferson addressed a delegation of visiting Indian leaders, and he spoke of Lewis warmly. “I . . . sent our beloved man,” he said, “Captain Lewis one of my own family, to go up the Missouri river, to get acquainted with all the Indian nations in it’s neighborhood, to take them by the hand, deliver my talks to them, and inform us in what way we could be useful to them.” Whatever else we make of this speech, the words about Lewis stand out in it: “our beloved man, Captain Lewis one of my own family,” sent to take people directly by the hand, learn from them, and thus inform and change the president’s thinking. What better praise can we imagine? Lewis had earned Jefferson’s trust and respect through months of close companionship in the White House. By the time Jefferson spoke these words, Lewis had also earned Cameahwait’s trust and respect, under close scrutiny, alone, through days of high tension, hunger, and self-

doubt on the trail. Now in page after page in the journals, Lewis and Clark pull us between these extremes. They take us by the hand, too, from coast to coast.

I think it is wise to close with two quotations. These are words that have haunted my mind for months as I have been rehearsing thoughts and preparing sketch drafts for this talk. Now I believe they should stand on their own. They make better sense as lines to ponder than as passages I should take apart and discuss. They may pull together all that I have been saying, and say it better in short compass.

They have a common motif, for they both refer to horses and what they imply.

The first is a Cheyenne Indian legend about a warning they received when Comanches first introduced horses to them on the northern plains. I came upon this quotation in *The Destruction of the Bison*. Cheyenne priests prayed and fasted for four days, then heard this warning from their oldest priest:

If you have horses everything will be changed for you forever. You will have to move around a lot to find pasture for your horses. You will have to give up gardening and live by hunting and gathering, like the Comanches. And you will have to come out of your earth houses and live in tents. . . . You will have to have fights with other tribes, who will want your pasture land or the places where you hunt. You will have to have real soldiers, who can protect the people. Think, before you decide.<sup>5</sup>

The second quotation comes from Jefferson. It was printed in a Washington, D.C., newspaper on July 4, 1826, to mark the 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson had been invited to speak on the occasion but he was too frail to make a public appearance; in fact, he died at Monticello just before one o'clock that afternoon. Nevertheless, he wrote this message a few days earlier and sent it off. In it, he drew on a famous passage from history, a reminder about horses and aristocracy. A British Protestant leader had been convicted of treason in 1685 and cruelly executed. But he went to his death defiantly protesting against tyranny, and his words about aristocrats were often reprinted. Jefferson knew them by heart and included them in his own final message to his countrymen. Jefferson wrote:

All eyes are opened, or opening to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the

mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God. These are grounds of hope for others. For ourselves, let the annual return of this day forever refresh our recollections of these rights, and an undiminished devotion to them.<sup>11</sup>

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*Adapted from the keynote address delivered at the August 2000 annual meeting of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation. Albert Furtwangler is a professor emeritus of English at Mt. Allison University, in Sackville, Canada, and the author, among other works, of Acts of Discovery: Visions of America in the Lewis and Clark Journals (University of Illinois Press, 1993). He lives in Salem, Oregon.*

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Gary E. Moulton, ed., *The Journals of the Lewis & Clark Expedition*, 12 vols. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1983-2000), 5:159-60, edited for obvious errors. Hereafter cited as Moulton.

<sup>2</sup>Andrew C. Isenberg, *The Destruction of the Bison* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2000).

<sup>3</sup>John C. Ewers, *The Horse in Blackfoot Indian Culture*, Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 159 (1955; reprint, Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1980), 34-35.

<sup>4</sup>Moulton, 5:131, n. 6.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, 5:92.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, 5:123.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, 5:78.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, 5:119.

<sup>9</sup>Donald Jackson, ed., *Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and Related Documents*, 2d ed., 2 vols. (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1978), 1:281.

<sup>10</sup>Alice Marriott and Carol K. Rachlin, *Plains Indian Mythology* (New York: Crowell, 1975), pp. 94-98; quoted in Isenberg, 41. John C. Ewers quotes other Indian myths about the origin of horses, and notes that to many the appearance of horses was a wonderful change, literally a godsend: "It is significant that the five recorded Blackfoot mythological accounts of the origin of horses credit the first horses either to sky spirits or to underwater spirits. In this respect the horse origin myths follow the tribal pattern of imputing the origin of their most sacred possessions to one or the other of these spirit sources" (Ewers, 297).

<sup>11</sup>Thomas Jefferson to Roger C. Weightman, June 24, 1826, in Thomas Jefferson, *Writings*, ed. Merrill D. Peterson (New York: Library of America, 1984), 1517. Jefferson's imagery recalls the famous words of Richard Rumbold, that "there was no man born marked of God above another; for none comes into the world with a saddle on his back, neither any booted and spurred to ride him." For a full discussion, see Douglass Adair, "Rumbold's Dying Speech, 1685, and Jefferson's Last Words on Democracy, 1826," *William and Mary Quarterly*, 3rd ser., 9 (1952): 521-31, reprinted in Adair, *Fame and the Founding Fathers*, ed. Trevor Colbourn (New York: Norton, 1974), 192-201.

## Camas gatherers; new chapters



RON LOGE

In the photo above, members of the Camp Fortunate (Montana) Chapter pose with more than 600 camas flowers and bulbs they collected on July 7 in the valley of Grasshopper (Willard's) Creek. Almost exactly 194 years earlier, William Clark described evidence of Shoshone Indians digging for "quawmash" roots in the same general area. The dietary staples, distinguished by their purple flowers and onionlike roots, were placed on display at the Foundation meeting in Dillon.

### NEW CHAPTERS

The Lewis and Clark Society of America, a national organization whose chartering predates by several years that of the LCTHF, has officially joined the Foundation as its newest chapter. Based in Wood River, Illinois, it joins the Manitou Bluffs Chapter of Rocheport, Missouri, as one of the four new chapters established this year. The Foundation now has 29 chapters.

### DILLON CONFAB

In the photo below, the Carolinas Chapter gathers at Western Montana College in Dillon during the Foundation's annual meeting. From left: Aubrey and Marie Gay, Taylor Haynes, Jack Weil, and Carol Arnold. ■



TAYLOR HAYNES

## Memberships are partially tax deductible

It's time again for our annual giving campaign. Watch the mail to learn how you can help support the Foundation. All year-end gifts are fully tax deductible. In addition to donations, membership levels are tax deductible in the following amounts:

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## CLASSIFIEDS

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**MOULTON VOLUME.** I am seeking a first edition, with dust jacket, of Volume 5 of *The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*, edited by Gary Moulton. 518-692-7039 or write to H. H. Howard, 166 Riddle Road, Greenwich, NY 12834.

CLASSIFIED RATES: 50 cents per word for Foundation members; 75 cents per word for nonmembers; \$10 minimum. Address, city, state, and Zip code count as one word. Payment must accompany ads. Goods and services offered must relate to Lewis and Clark. Send ads with payment (checks only, please) to Jim Merritt, Editor, WPO, 51 N. Main St., Pennington, NJ 08534.

1/12 page  
Greyhouse Inn

## Pierre gathering: "Encounters"

"Encounters on the Prairie" will be the theme of the Foundation's 33rd annual meeting, to be held August 5-8 next year in Pierre, South Dakota.

Highlights of the meeting (the Foundation's first in South Dakota) will include a field trip on the Native American Scenic Byway, with stops at the "Narrows" on the Missouri River and the new Lewis and Clark Information Center in Chamberlain. Attendees will also visit Pierre's Cultural Heritage Center to view the *Oyate Tawich'an* (Way of the People) exhibit.

Scholar James Ronda, author of *Lewis and Clark among the Indians*, will headline the event, and will be joined by Clay Jenkinson in his role as Thomas Jefferson and by Lakota flutist and storyteller Kevin Locke.

Registration forms and other materials are enclosed in this mailing of WPO. A list of Pierre accommodations can be found on page 6 of the August WPO.

### AWARD NOMINATIONS

The National Lewis and Clark Council is seeking nominations for its annual Harry Hubbard Founders Award and Outstanding Service Award. The Hubbard prize recognizes outstanding efforts by an individual or organization in promoting the bicentennial through a project, publication, or special event. The Outstanding Service Award recognizes significant service to the council by an individual or organization. Nominations should be in writing, 1,000 words or less, and be accompanied by two testimonial letters. Send them c/o the council at 0615 SW Palatine Hill Rd., Portland, OR 97219 (888-999-1803; bicentennial@lewisandclark200.org).

### FRONTIERS IN HISTORY

The organizers of National History Day 2000-2001 are working with the Web site lewisandclarktrail.com to help students conduct research on Lewis and Clark. A goal of the joint venture, says

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Tel: 406-454-1234/fax:406-771-9237.  
E-mail: membership@lewisandclark.org.

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## on the Prairie”

coordinator Diane Norton, is to encourage curriculum coordinators at secondary schools to integrate Lewis and Clark themes into their classrooms. For more information, check [www.nationalhistoryday.org](http://www.nationalhistoryday.org) or [www.lewisandclarktrail.com](http://www.lewisandclarktrail.com).

### MANDAN ENCAMPMENT

Slots remain for a winter encampment at the Fort Mandan Historic Site, near Bismarck, North Dakota, the weekend of January 20-21. Participants will work with representatives of the Three Affiliated Tribes to recreate the experiences of the Corps of Discovery during its stay at Fort Mandan during the winter of 1805. Humanities scholar Clay Jenkinson, noted for his portrayals of Meriwether Lewis and Thomas Jefferson, will be on hand. Activities will include exploring the environs with local experts on natural history. Space is limited to 20 people, and conditions are primitive—sleeping bags and snowshoes provided. For more information, contact the Education and Interpretation Division of the State Historical Society of North Dakota (701-328-2666; [www.state.nd.us/hist](http://www.state.nd.us/hist)).

### WEB UPDATES

New topics on the Web site Discovering Lewis & Clark ([www.lewis-clark.org](http://www.lewis-clark.org)) include “Eulogy for the Eulachon?” (about the “candlefish” described by the captains), and an interactive comparison of Rocky Mountain geography demonstrating the difference between what the Corps of Discovery expected to find and what was there.

### CAMP CLARK

The U.S. Bureau of Land Management has acquired land on the Beaverhead River 15 miles south of Dillon, Montana, that was the August 15, 1805 campsite of William Clark. The site is located just downstream of Gallagher Creek, which on his map of the area Clark labeled “bold run.” ■

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# Dillon, Montana: August 13-16, 2000

The worst forest fires in half a century obscured the view but failed to dampen the spirits of more than 460 participants at the 32nd annual meeting of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, held in August in Dillon, Montana. Our thanks to Chuck Cook and other members of the Camp Fortunate Chapter for organizing the four-day event and to Western Montana College for hosting it. ■



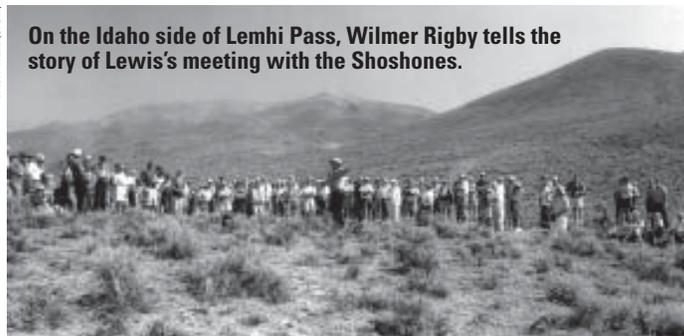
L&C adventurers survey the Beaverhead Valley from Clark's Lookout, in Dillon.

Fire crests the ridge overlooking Lost Trail Pass, in Idaho. The group's traveling Portapotties are parked by the road.



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JACK WEIL (IGONI)



On the Idaho side of Lemhi Pass, Wilmer Rigby tells the story of Lewis's meeting with the Shoshones.



J.J. MERRITT



At the start of a marathon day, latter-day explorers pause on Lemhi Pass, where Lewis and Clark first crossed the Continental Divide.



BOB HARNDEN

- Above, from left:
- Mountain Man reenactor "Doc Ivory" (Scott Olsen) regales listeners in Jackson, Montana.
  - "Meriwether Lewis" (Steve Morehouse) shoots a bearing for photographer Tim Jewett.
  - Dayton Duncan and son Will at Clark Canyon Reservoir, the site of Camp Fortunate.



J.J. MERRITT