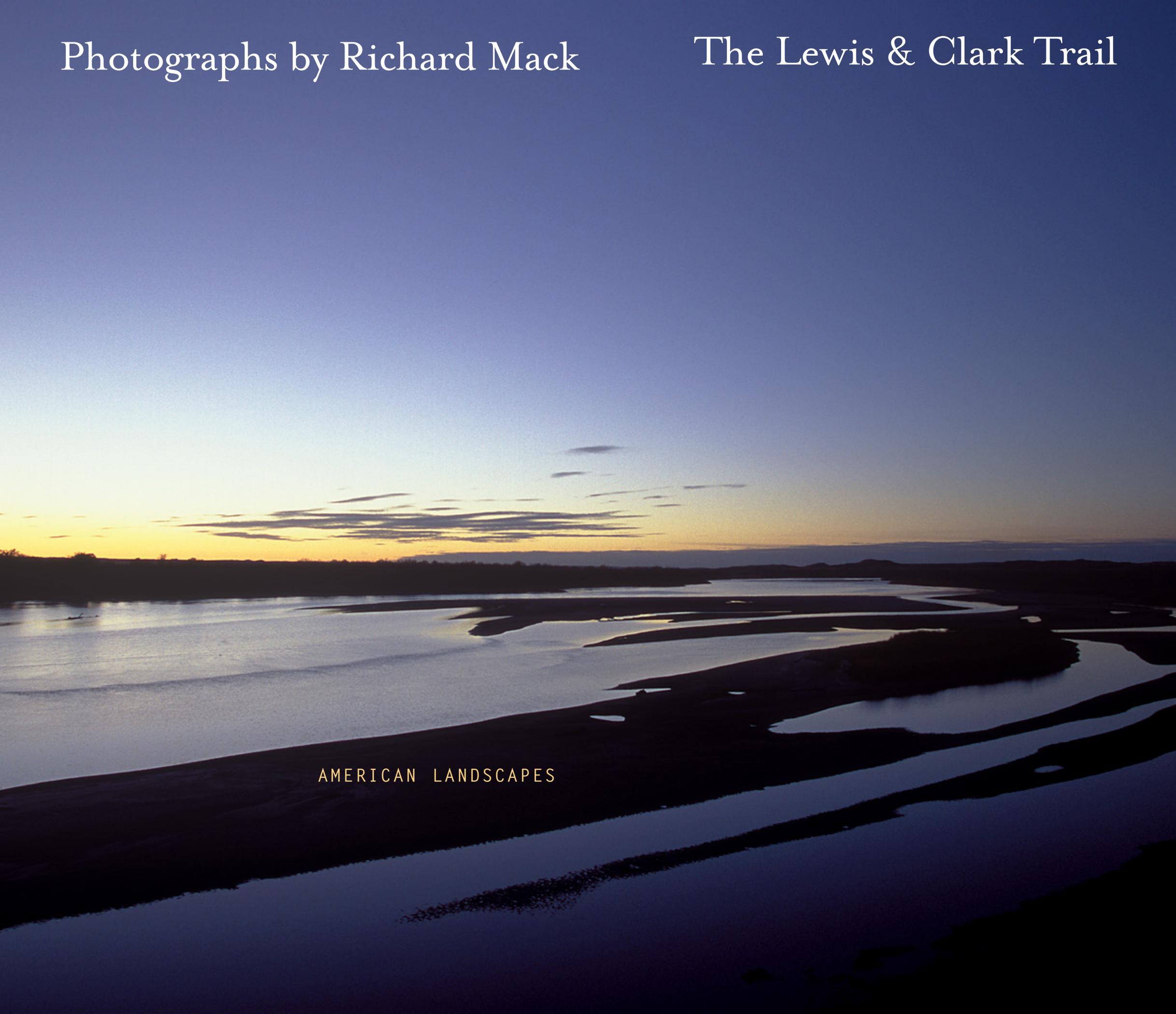


Photographs by Richard Mack

The Lewis & Clark Trail



AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

The Lewis & Clark Trail



RICHARD MACK

Richard spent two years along the Lewis & Clark Trail making images of the landscape the way the Corps of Discovery might have seen it. His travels had him crisscrossing the American landscape several times in his quest for the perfect photographs.

Richard specializes in location photography for a wide variety of clients. From travel & resort clients to agricultural equipment, steel manufacturing and financial institutions. Since opening his doors in 1980 he has worked with large agencies, small design firms, big corporations and even offers his services to charities he believes in.

He prides himself on giving his clients award-winning work. His assignments are for both advertising and corporate communications. One week he may be at the Kennedy Space Center, the next in farm fields in North Dakota - on a beach in the Caribbean or in a factory in Chicago. He has shot assignments in all 50 states and many countries around the world. His approach to the creative image is for bold striking images which convey the client's message.

He shoots with a Canon EOS-1v 35mm system and the Canon 1Ds for digital imaging, Hasselblad for 2 1/4, a Cambo 4x5 and for panoramic images he uses a Fuji 6x17 pan camera. He also uses specialty camera's for things like Digital Imaging, 360 degree panorama's or grabs his Grandfather's 35mm Leica from the 1940's for fun or a specific look. While each film choice is specific to the project, in general, he uses Fuji Provia or Velvia for color work and Ilford films for black & white.

Originally he started out shooting architectural projects, having been an architectural student before majoring in photography at Columbia in Chicago. Currently he shoots more people and life-style assignments for brochures and advertising, or annual reports for a variety of advertising agencies, design firms and corporations.

Currently he is also working on two book projects. American Landscapes - Images from the Lewis & Clark Trail, a book of landscapes from St. Louis, Missouri to Astoria, Oregon along the path of the expedition in preparation for the 200th anniversary of their voyage and Grain Elevators - Skyscrapers of the Rural Landscape, a book of images celebrating the beauty of grain elevators and there role in the American farm community.

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The Lewis & Clark Trail

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As I looked upon the depressions in the ground at the Double Ditch Historic Site, a soft snow began to fall. I knew from reading the journals of Lewis & Clark that as they passed by this place in October of 1804 there was a light snow falling. So while this was not “the right time of year” according to my personal parameter of shooting within a few weeks of when they had passed, the scene here had so thoroughly captured me that I had to record my impressions. Though I had come to photograph their winter camp of 1804-1805 a few miles upriver at Fort Mandan, I nevertheless set up my camera and made several photographs through the light snow.

With great care I wandered the hillside and shot across the depressions in the ground back toward the river, or across to the hillsides. The subtle shapes of the depressions almost withdrew into the landscape in the flat light of the afternoon. Geese and sandhill cranes flew overhead and occasionally passed low over the hilltop prairie. Quiet reigned supreme as the snow began to cover the grass allowing me to hear the air coming off the wings of the birds as they flew by. Finally, after spending many enjoyable hours with my camera and my thoughts of what Lewis & Clark and their men might have seen here, I reluctantly left and made my way up to the reconstructed fort.

“passed 2 old Villages at the mouth of a large Creek L. S and a Small Island at the head of which is a bad place, an old Village on the S. S. and the upper of the 6 Villages the Mandans occupied about 25 years ago the village was entirely cut off by the Sioux & one of the others nearly, the Small Pox destroyed great Numbers”

WILLIAM CLARK, 22nd October 1804

As I walked across the North Dakota prairie toward the Missouri River, what struck me most was how the men of the Lewis & Clark Expedition, the Corps of Discovery, had toiled for five months to get to this exact point. It had taken me only a day and a half to arrive. I was approaching the Missouri River for the very first time on my own expedition. As a landscape photographer, my goal was to capture the trail during the proper seasons in order to portray what the Corps of Discovery likely saw and experienced, as well as to convey the challenges they faced over 200 years ago. My expedition would take me to the same locations they had traveled to and within a few weeks of when they had passed by.

It was March of 2001 and there was a low cover of clouds that looked as if it could drop snow at any moment. The forecast called for a big snowstorm the next day, which was one of the reasons I was here now. The grass on the hilltop had the brown color of late fall and winter. I left the car behind and walked across the Double Ditch Indian Historic Site and had my first view of the river from the very spot Lewis & Clark mentioned in their journals. As the Missouri River came into view I could imagine the men of the expedition slogging their way up the river, poling, pulling, paddling or sailing their boats against the current. I could envision Captain Lewis and his dog Seaman walking along this same grassy hill I was now walking, noting in his journal how he had come across this same old Indian village which even in 1804 had been abandoned.

The next day brought the expected blizzard conditions and temperatures well below zero. I headed to the On-A-Slant Indian Site, where there is a re-creation of the Mandan Village, which had occupied this area in the 17th and 18th centuries. The wind blew fiercely across the open plain and the falling snow almost immediately removed any trace of my footsteps after I made them in the 12-inch snow. I was all alone. If anyone had seen me they would have thought I was crazy to be out in such weather. I set to work capturing the spirit of the Mandan Village in winter ... the cold, the wind, the snow. As I stepped into one of the Mandan Lodges after what seemed like a long period out in the elements, I was surprised how warm it was and could only imagine what it would have been like filled with the comforts of the Mandan way of life and a nice warming fire.

These were my first two of many days to be spent along the trail of the Corps of Discovery over the next two years. I could not have imagined at that time the expanse and beauty which I would experience, much as I think the Corps of Discovery could not have imagined what lay ahead of them. And yet, the landscape was waiting to reveal its story to me.

The voyage was led by Meriwether Lewis, who became the first person known to have traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean by land. Lewis left Washington, DC, in the spring of 1803 and went to Philadelphia where he studied and bought supplies. He oversaw the building of the keelboat in Pittsburgh, which he then sailed to Camp Dubois in the summer of 1803. At the request of Lewis, Captain Clark joined the group in Kentucky and together they recruited 43 other men who made up the Corps of Discovery. They departed Camp Dubois, near St. Louis, on May 24, 1804. They were charged by President Thomas Jefferson with the job of finding a water route to the Pacific for trading purposes and recording their scientific and geological findings along the way. In the end their mappings, while not absolutely accurate, were extremely detailed and would be within a few hundred miles of the actual mileage we know it to be today. Their 28-month exploration took them through country never before seen by white men.

Since the expedition set out 200 years ago the rivers have been tamed by massive dams, the prairie has been turned into the farmland that now feeds half the world, and great cities have emerged as we tamed and settled the West. Yet there still are places one can visit to get the sense of what these men faced as they made their way west and back again. Places where you can feel the power of the river flowing past, the heat and humidity of a summer day, or the bitter cold of a clear winter night. Locations where you can stop and think about what it must have been like to come to a place by boat and foot, not by car. Places where you can sit on the same banks of the river, or on top of the same mountain, and realize these men, and one woman with her child, stepped here, as part of their journey that spanned three summers and two winters. Some of these places might be close to your home. Some take a bit of planning to reach. All are worth the effort. The landscape from St. Louis to the Pacific Ocean is one of vast and changing country. So vast and so diverse there is no other place on earth with such a wide diversity along one continuous route.

The trail starts on the Mississippi River across from the mouth of the Missouri River at Camp Dubois in Illinois, just north of St. Louis, Missouri. The expedition followed the Missouri River as it winds along through the woodlands of Missouri and along the border with Kansas before winding its way north and dissecting the Iowa-Nebraska border. The landscape breaks from the deciduous woodlands out through the Loess Hillsides and onto the prairie, cutting up through the Great Plains of South and North Dakota and then begins its long trek across the state of Montana. From eastern Montana and the confluence with the Yellowstone River, the Missouri cuts across the Great Plains and into the hill country before winding through a two-hundred-mile stretch that includes the Charles M. Russell National Wildlife Area and the Missouri Wild and Scenic River area known as the Missouri Breaks. In this section the river runs wild and looks much as it did 200 years ago when Captain Clark wrote in his journal:

“as we passed on it Seemed as if those Seens of Visionary enchantment would never have an end; for here it is too that nature presents to the view of the traveler vast ranges of walls of tolerable workmanship, So perfect indeed are those falls that I Should have thought that nature had attempted here to rival the human art of Masonry had I not recollected that She had first began her work.”

WILLIAM CLARK, May 31st Friday 1805

From here the expedition climbed over Lemhi Pass and Lolo Pass in Idaho and across the ridges in the Bitterroot Range of the Rockies. A trek they had calculated to take only a few days had become an exhausting three-week forced march through snow and the steep ridges and thick forest of the Bitterroot Mountains. After days without food and near starvation they finally saw prairie stretching out below them near the Clearwater River. Now with the river's current at their backs for the first time since leaving St. Louis, the Corps of Discovery made good time, traveling 20-80 miles a day down the Clearwater to the Snake River, and from there down the Columbia through the pine forests and cliffs of inspiring beauty which make up the Columbia River Gorge and on into the Pacific Ocean in December 1805. Here they spent a wet winter camped in the woods just off the Columbia at Fort Clatsop, which they named after the local Indian tribe. They made salt from the ocean by boiling sea water at Salt Camp along the Pacific, repaired and made new clothes and footwear, catalogued their scientific findings, and planned and prepared for the trip back to St. Louis.

They left Fort Clatsop on March 23, 1806, and made their way back, parting on the east side of the Bitterroots as planned during the winter. Captain Lewis and his party would explore a route through the mountains they had regrettably been unaware of on the westward trip (at the cost of several months' time to the party). Lewis would then take his party and explore the Maria River in Montana to see if this river held any promise of a water route to the Pacific. The Maria flows northwest from what is now known as Decision Point, where on the outbound trip the party took nine days to determine which river was the Missouri. Captain Clark meanwhile would return over the same route to Three Forks, then take some of the cached supplies and head overland to the Yellowstone River and explore its course through the lower half of Montana where it flows across the Plains and through areas of Badlands. A third party would break from Captain Clark at Three Forks and bring the remainder of the supplies back down the Missouri, across the Great Falls portage and meet up with Lewis's party at the confluence of the Maria and Missouri rivers. Together they would continue down the Missouri and rejoin Captain Clark at the confluence of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers in North Dakota. This would be the first time the expedition had split up and not traveled the same route.

I am not a historian. I cannot tell you more than a few stories about how hard it was for them to make this incredible trip. I cannot relate to you their immense good fortune in having Sacajawea with them, not just because she could help translate with numerous tribes, but because of what she and her son represented to the Indians as they passed - that they came in peace. A symbol not lost on anyone. Besides, there are plenty of scholarly works written that have described in great detail the trip and the experiences of the Corps of Discovery.

After trekking up all three shallow and rocky rivers as they meandered through the valley, Lewis & Clark decided to follow the Jefferson River as it held the most promise for getting them to the mountains and toward their goal of finding a water passage to the Pacific Ocean. In the valley south of Three Forks, along the Tobacco Root Mountains, the Beaverhead, Ruby, and Big Hole rivers come together to form the Jefferson. Here the expedition eventually chose the Beaverhead because it was more navigable. At the headwaters of the Beaverhead River in a now-flooded valley called Clarks Reservoir, they negotiated with the Shoshone Indians to supply them with horses and guides for their trip across the Bitterroot Mountains. Today you can only gaze down upon the island in the middle of the lake and wonder what it looked like when this small group of explorers spread out their tons of equipment on the shores of the river and hung up their sails for shade as they prepared for a meeting with the Shoshone chief. It was during these negotiations that one of the truly amazing stories of the expedition unfolded. Sacajawea, the only woman on the expedition, was the wife of a French guide and interpreter who had been hired in Mandan the previous winter. The negotiations were not going well when she suddenly recognized her long-lost brother, now the chief of the Shoshone Tribe. The incredible luck and timing of this unexpected reunion saved the negotiations, enabling Lewis & Clark to get the needed supplies and guides and keep the expedition moving west at a time of year when they could not afford any more delays.

What I have attempted to do instead is give you a sense for the beauty of the landscape they encountered along this swath of land known for the last 200 years as the Lewis & Clark Trail. I have used selected entries from the journals of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark when I think they can help to explain the location of a group of images or to put into words how they saw these sites. Sometimes these entries will correlate with what you can see in an image, other times they point to the changes that have come over the landscape as a result of man's hand since their passing. My intent is to have used only enough of the journal entries to help you understand the landscape and the experiences of the expedition. I have used the spelling and punctuation used in their journals because I believe it brings us even closer to experiencing their Voyage of Discovery.

There were two areas along the trail which I could not photograph at the exact time of the Corps of Discovery travels. Along the Missouri River in Montana the river runs through 200 miles of wilderness. Part of this I was able to explore during the spring as they did. However, photographs from the White Cliffs area were shot at the end of August and not the beginning of June. The changes in the 10 weeks from when they originally passed to when I finally was able to shoot should be slight in this area, with the exception of the wildflowers. Since the images I made focused on the rock walls and overall scenic wonder which remains unchanged since Lewis & Clark passed by, I reluctantly accepted this slight alteration to my original goal.

The other location is in the Bitterroot Mountains along the Lolo Trail. I spent several weeks there in the fall, about two weeks after the time the Corps of Discovery had passed through the area. While the expedition faced a combination of warm sun, freezing rain and snow conditions, I enjoyed only 70 degrees and sunny. I returned again after the snow had fallen the next winter. So while some of the images are not from a comparable time frame, I believe they convey a sense of what the expedition encountered. In the end I photographed at over 172 locations along the trail. With all but these few exceptions they were within a few weeks of when the Lewis & Clark Expedition had passed by. I hope this makes for an inspiring set of images that connect the seasons and landscape with what the members of the Corps of Discovery might have seen and endured.

It is against this backdrop of trailblazing courage and the diversity of the landscape into which I set out on my voyage to discover the trail and capture the unique beauty which this country has to offer. I quickly discovered several things. First, the Missouri River has not only naturally changed courses, but has also had its course altered and dammed by the Army Corps of Engineers to facilitate flood control, shipping and recreation. The Missouri River, the longest river in the United States, stretches from the thick woodlands of the Midwest through the spaciousness of the Great Plains, but it is dammed in many places, especially in the Dakotas, where it is now more of a recreational lake than the majestic river it once was.

Another original goal of mine was to photograph from the expedition's campsites as much as possible, yet I was thwarted occasionally by the fact that some of the original locations are under water or in farm fields several miles from the present river. My choice was to find areas, where needed, as close as possible to these lost locations which recreated the feeling of what they encountered. So I chose to follow the trail as closely as possible to their footsteps and capture a set of images which I hope relate their story and give the viewer a chance to experience what the trail not only looks like today, but what it might have looked like 200 years ago.

It also quickly became apparent that one of the additional directions I would need to venture was up into the air, to capture the beauty of the country and the breadth of the rivers. There can be no better perspective than to look down from above onto the landscape. Lewis & Clark realized this as well and climbed many hills and mountains along the way in order to scout out not only the route, but also the scenery and to describe the area in their journals. The river confluences proved especially important to be photographed from above in order to capture the reflection of the ribbons of water as they meld together and form one. The landscape takes on another look that cannot be captured from the ground, especially when capturing the golden warmth of the light and long shadows just before sunset or in the quiet light of dawn. I feel fortunate to have been able to head up into the sky and capture that spirit from a perspective Lewis & Clark could only have dreamed of.

Many times along the trail I would climb to a hilltop and wonder what it was they had seen. From their journal entries we can relive their expedition, and so we know that on some hilltops they could look out over untouched prairies and gaze upon thousands of buffalo, deer, elk, and other large animals free to roam the continent. Sadly those views are gone. The closest I could get to this experience was at the national parks near the route to capture that spirit. My trips to Theodore Roosevelt National Park in North Dakota, just a few miles' diversion from the trail, proved especially rewarding. While photographing the great sweeps of prairie and gangs of freely roaming buffalo I could almost imagine what it must have been like for Lewis & Clark to see fields covered with thousands of this once endangered species. It is quite an experience to not only watch a herd of buffalo cross the plains, but also to have them pass close enough for you to hear their breathing and their hooves pounding the ground. I photographed pronghorn deer along the trail and at Custer State Park in South Dakota, where many species that can no longer be found easily in the wild can be viewed, although in a more controlled environment than I would prefer. Nothing can equal the excitement of seeing truly wild animals in the open settings they are meant to inhabit.

Halfway through this project I realized that I was very tired of tent camping. Since many of the shots had been done in remote places, camping was the only way to be in the right location at the right time. For the first year of shooting I went from place to place and at the end of the day set up a tent on whatever ground I could find nearby. This was great for a while, but I soon tired of hard ground and cold food or easy meals which could be made quickly, especially since camping was not my primary goal but a necessity in order to get the photographs I wanted. During the winter I decided to trade my tent for a pickup truck with a slide-in camper to finish the project. This welcome addition allowed me to drop the camper at a campground and just travel by pickup truck when needed. The four-wheel drive also meant I could go places I would not normally have tried. What a difference this made. Now I essentially had a small hotel room with me where I could cook and sleep in comfort right near where I needed to be each night. It also gave me someplace to wait out storms or wait for the perfect light. In addition it served as my office on the road where I could now clean cameras without the worry of getting even more dirt into them. However, there still were places I would not dare to take it, like the Lolo Motorway.

The Lolo Motorway in Idaho is one of the many places along the trail where you find the landscape basically unchanged from what it looked like in the fall of 1805 and spring of 1806 when the Corps of Discovery passed through the area. I spent several weeks here, occasionally camping along the high line of the ridges. The road up there is only a rocky dirt path, unsuitable for most vehicles. If you travel 5 mph for more than 100 yards you are lucky, and with over 100 miles of primitive forest road the only real way to see it is by staying up along it. You can camp out on open ridges or in cool, deep, dense woods of giant pines. The choice is yours. From here you can watch the sun slide over the mountain ridges and the evening light turn a pale color or enjoy the first light of dawn and the low-lying clouds in the valleys. Besides the expansive views, you can see the details of the forest in the rocks, mosses, wildflowers, and grasses. You can almost see the Indians as they congregate at Indian Post Office, where the Indian trails crossed paths as tribes made their way across the Bitterroots. Here stones are left as cairns as a memorial to those who have come before, a tradition started by the Indians in the earliest part of the 17th century and perhaps earlier. These experiences cannot be appreciated without spending time up in the mountains.

When following along this stretch of the route of the Lewis & Clark Trail today, one can't help but wonder why they didn't just follow the Lochsa River as it flows into the Clearwater a few miles downriver instead of climbing over the Bitterroots. Despite having made many photographic trips along the Lochsa, it was a question I could not answer. After asking several folks from the area, including more than a few National Forest personnel, I learned that the virgin forests were far too dense and the river too congested with fallen timber. The expedition did try to follow the Lochsa River, yet a few miles west of Lolo Pass, about where today's Warm Springs parking area is today, they finally decided to head back up to the ridgelines where they could follow the old Indian trails over the Bitterroots.

Often as a landscape photographer one wonders whether it is more luck or careful planning and experience which allows you to capture the great shots. Many times I think I had both going for me. I had traveled up the Big Hole River valley just west of Clark's Reservoir in Montana once before, on a dark and stormy kind of day that enabled me to shoot the storms coming over the Bitterroots from the east side as I made my way up the valley. This time I was headed up to Lemhi Pass on a beautiful sunny day with a deep blue cloudless sky which seemed to stretch forever overhead. As you go west over Lemhi Pass you follow a small river up a wide and wonderful valley. Today people inhabit this valley and have homes and farms along the way, yet the trees and views as you make your way to the top of the pass show the rich valley spreading out below. At the top of the pass, just steps from the Continental Divide, you can straddle the creek as it oozes up from an underground spring called the real beginning of the Missouri River by Lewis & Clark. At the top of the pass you can look east to the lush valleys or west to mountains that are barren of trees. In the late afternoon light the grasses on these hillsides reverberated with a warmth and glow that I recorded in both tight views and expansive vistas. The west side of the pass has treeless hillsides across from hills filled with pines. As night fell I pulled into a campground just on the western edge of Lemhi Pass. With the light fading on the hillsides I made one last shot of the evening light and its warm glow on the upper edges of the ridgeline. When the light finally faded I put away the cameras and settled into my camper for a meal and a few hours of sleep before sunrise.

For me it was hard to imagine the conditions they hiked through. Not only were they hauling tons of equipment over these ridges on horses, they were now fighting the changing elements of warm sunny days alternating with days of freezing rain and snow. The Corps of Discovery crossed the Bitterroots along the Lolo Trail in the early part of September 1805 and again during their return to the east in May of 1806. Both times they ran into snow. On their westward trip this meant that by this time of the year, and with these conditions settling in on the higher elevations, their sources for food also were diminished since the elk and deer had made their way down into the valleys for the winter.

In early October 2003, I was hoping to experience similar conditions, but it stayed lovely. What for me were sunny 70 degree days made my trip very pleasant. With such weather I could wait for the sun to illuminate the side of a mountain just the way I wanted it to, or could work in the forests to photograph the dense woods and wildflowers in relative comfort. Luck was not on my side, although the clouds and moon provided many a wonderful shot and the weather allowed me to work in the area in comfort. And yet as I waited for the sunsets and sunrises and the subtlety of the light to creep across a scene I knew I would have to return later to photograph in the snow.

Upon my return home I started watching the weather in Idaho. Soon after my return the snows came all at once. They quickly accumulated 4-6 feet of snow and it seemed from afar that they never had more than a few hours without clouds. Finally in March 2004 I made my way back to Idaho buoyed by a forecast for perfect winter weather of a mix of sun and snowfalls. The snows had melted enough to enable me to gain access into a few places I wanted to photograph in the winter. The day my brother-in-law and I arrived back at Lolo Pass there was a light snowfall. We strapped on our snowshoes and went for a walk in the woods. The pine boughs held the snow and the soft light made the forest seem to radiate from within. With no wind the snow fell straight down among the pines and the click of my shutter and sound of the motor drive reverberated like thunder rolling through the quiet forest. Sunset came and went without any fanfare as the snow continued to fall. We made camp a few miles down the road from the pass and set our alarm for an hour before first light. In the morning we made our way back up to the pass and set up for the shot of the top of a mountain I had seen the day before. We waited for the first rays of sun to illuminate the tops of the ridges. The clouds were beginning to break up, but one never knows what will happen in the mountains. Would they break enough for sunrise?

As we sipped our coffee and waited, at the ready to click the shutter when that crucial moment presented itself, I began to wonder if it would happen at all. And then it quietly happened. The clouds parted and shafts of light played on the mountainside and onto the pine trees weighed down with the dusting of snow from the night before. This was one of those moments that was truly worth the wait.

The clouds provided a tapestry of light and dark patterns as they moved across the mountain and the snow-covered forest. The light areas were sparkling with light in contrast to the dark snow-laden clouds passing overhead and were made to look all the darker in the low warm morning light. This became one of those moments you can't wait to see the film to be sure the shot has turned out the way you intended it. Luck and planning.

And yet, as all photographers know, you always think you have it, you know you have done everything right, but until you see the film you always wonder, did you really capture it or is it a lost moment in history. It would be a bit more than a week before I knew I had in fact captured a fine image. With the breakup of the clouds I concentrated on the snow-covered branches of the pines and the patterns they made. Over the course of the next few hours I made many photographs before the sun melted the snow off the branches. Finally it was time for breakfast. And yet on the way down the mountain there were more photographs I couldn't resist.

The Lewis & Clark Trail

As I arrived at Cross Ranch State Park in North Dakota in October of 2003 it was the end of my journey. I had finally covered all parts of the trail. This was one place I had wanted to photograph from the beginning. In fact almost 18 months earlier, on my first trip, I had attempted to get to Cross Ranch but had been turned away by heavy snows. Now I lay in the grass of the hills and looked across the prairie. I had now been along the entire length of the trail; many areas I had visited several times. After capturing several images in the late afternoon light, I lay back and watched the clouds roll by. I remember thinking I would go back to the area near Double Ditch, where I began this trip so many months before, to shoot the sunset on the Missouri before heading for home. As I watched the sky I knew I had completed the photography. Oh sure, I still needed to get back to Idaho for the snow, but for some reason, the book felt completed.

As I lay there I also thought about all of the different places I had been over the last two years. From watching the full moon rise over the Missouri River near Leavenworth, Kansas, to the wilds of the Montana wilderness and the recreational areas of Oregon and Washington. This landscape which covers two-thirds of the United States has such diversity I cannot pinpoint a favorite place. Each area was unique. Each offered its own glimpse of nature. Then as I lay there the sandhill cranes and geese flew overhead again, as they had on my first trip, yet this time they flew high overhead with the prehistoric sounding call of the cranes washing down over me from above. I watched as they passed and circled around. They were in search of something. After a while they glided on by and only the faint sound of their prehistoric call would remain. I took this as my cue to move on as well. I went back to the place it had all started. By the Missouri River at Double Ditch I photographed the sunset. Once again, as this photographer always does, many exposures were made. Eventually I put the cameras away, sat by the river, and just looked out. As the stars appeared above, I rose, thanked the river for the abundance it had given me, and made my way back to the car. I was done. And somehow I knew one of these last images was to become the cover of this book.

Over the two years of shooting this book, I always felt that I needed more images. One cannot cover the nearly 8,000 miles of the Lewis & Clark Trail and not feel like you have missed a great deal. Especially a photographer, who sees each day, each minute sometimes, in a different light. But eventually, after traveling over 30,000 miles and crisscrossing the country several times, experiencing three flat tires, and traveling to some unbelievably beautiful sites, I have assembled a small selection of the approximately 6,000 images into one book. I hope it portrays the American landscape as the truly beautiful and inspiring place it still is. The true wilderness areas are disappearing at an alarming rate as humankind closes in on its borders. It is a testament to us that we have not consumed all of the natural beauty around us. We have used the earth for our use, and yet protected it, at times, from total destruction. Therefore, there are still many places where you can go, and if even for a bit, find solitude in quiet undisturbed areas and be taken back to a time and place where you can imagine what it might have been like 200 years ago to travel by water and by foot across one of the most diverse landscapes of the world.

River a Dubois
opposit the mouth of the Missouri River
WILLIAM CLARK *Sunday May the 13th 1804*

“ I despatched an express this morning to Capt Lewis at St. Louis, all our provisions goods and equipage on Board of a Boat of 22 oars, a large Perogue of 7 oares a Second Perogue of 6 oars, complete with Sails &c. &c. men Compe. with Powder Cartragies and 100 Balls each, all in health and readiness to Set out. Boats and every thing Complete, with the necessary Stores of provisions & such articles of merchendize as we thought ourselves autherised to precure-tho’ not as much as I think necssy for the multitud of Inds. tho which we must pass on our road across the Continent &. &.”

Latd. 38 d 55 19 6/10 North of equator
Longtd. 89 57 45- West of Greenwich



"The forepart of the day fair Took meridional altitude of \odot s U:L with the Octant and Glass Horrison adjusted back observation. The instrument gave $38^{\circ} 2' 00''$ - it was Cloudy and the Suns disk much obsured, and Cannot be Depended on."

WILLIAM CLARK June 3rd Sunday 1804





“the Situation appears to be a verry elligable one for a Town, the valley rich & extensive, with a Small Brook Meandering through it and one part of the bank affording yet a good Landing for Boats The High Lands above the Fere river on each Side of the Missouries appear to approach each other much nearer than below that plaice, being from 3 to 5 Ms. apart and higher Some places being 160 to 180 feet the river no So wide”

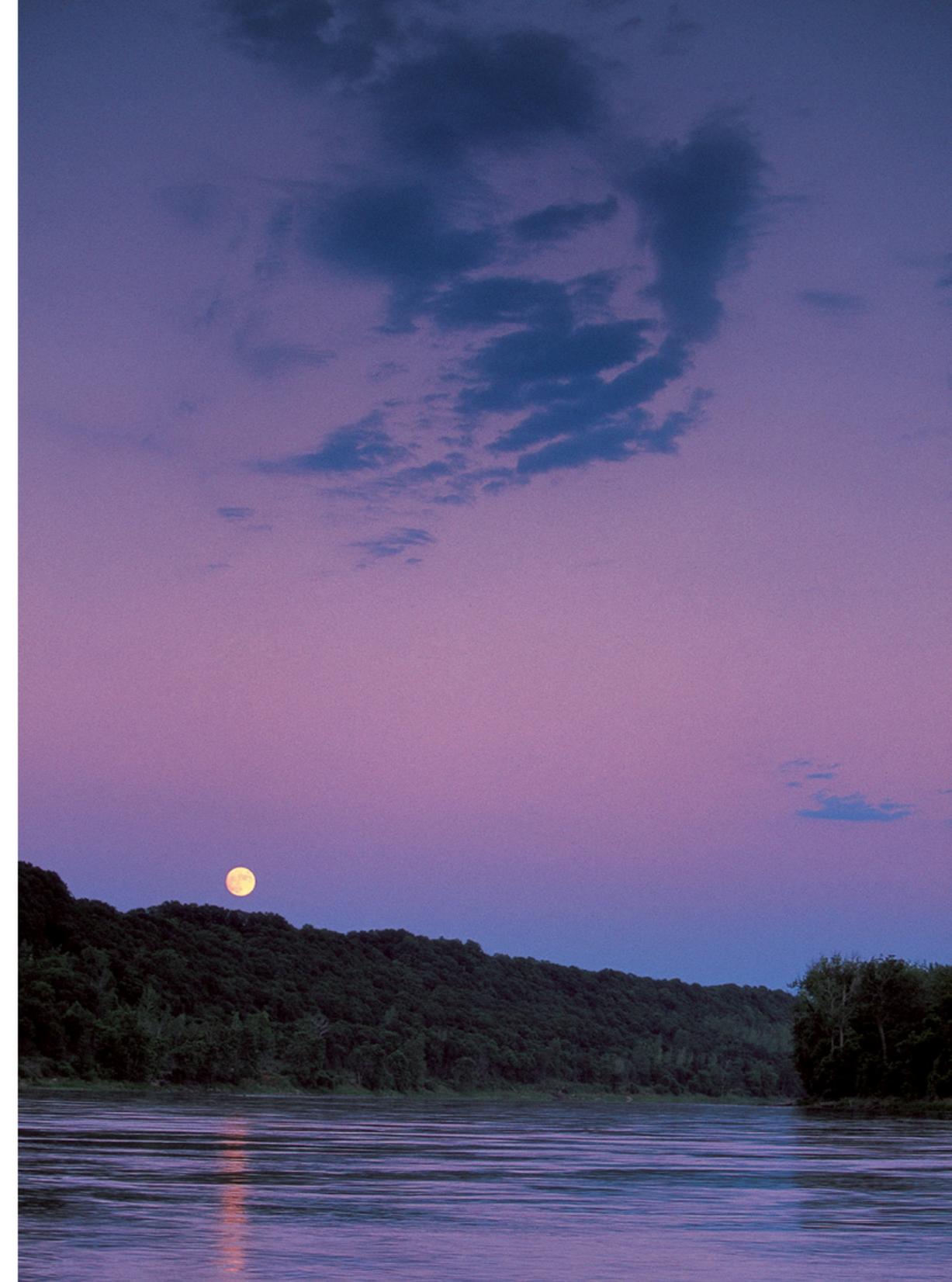
WILLIAM CLARK, July 2nd 1804





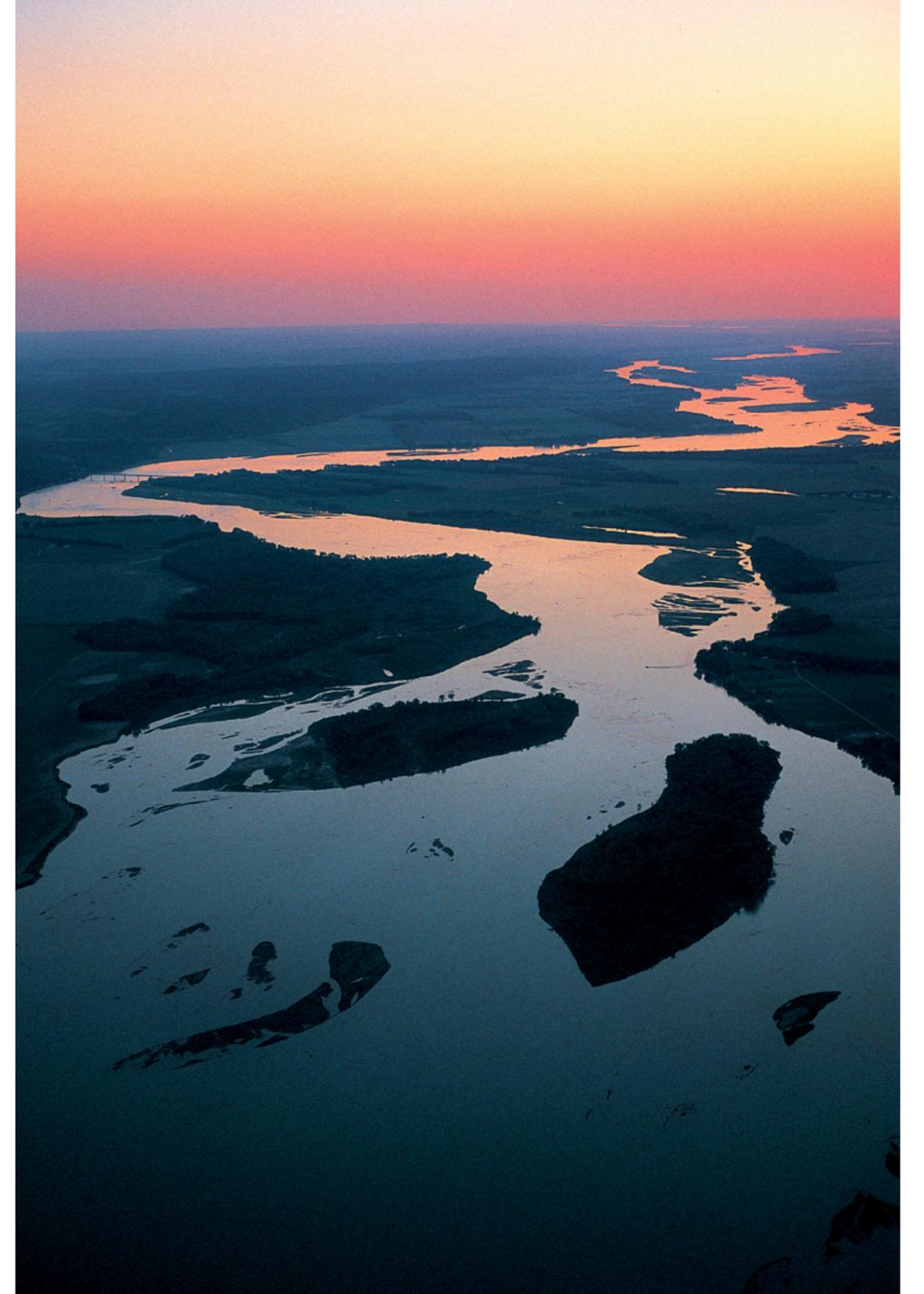
“we Camped after dark on the S.S. opposite the 1st old Village of the Kansas which was Situated in a Valley between two points of high land, on the river back of their village commenced an extensive Prarie a large Island in front which appears to have made on that Side and thrown the Current of the river against the place the Village formerly Stood, and washes away the bank in that part.”

WILLIAM CLARK, July 2nd 1804





Nebraska CLIFFS, MISSOURI RIVER
South Dakota SUNSET, MISSOURI RIVER



*“Some rain last night, a Continuation
this morning; we Set out at the usual
time and proceeded on the Course of
last night to the Commencement of a
blue Clay Bluff of 180 or 190 feet
high on the L.S.”*

WILLIAM CLARK, 24th August Friday 1804

“The hills extend thro: the gouge and is about 200 foot above the water- in the bend as also the opposite Sides both abov and below the bend is a butifull inclined Plain in which there is great numbers of Buffalow, Elk & Goats in view feeding & Scipping on those Plains We preceeded on passed a willow Island below the mouth of a Small river caled Tylors R about 35 yds. wide which coms in on the L.S. 6 miles above the Gorge of the bend, at the mouth of this river the two hunters a head left a Deer & its Skin also the Skin of a white wolf- we observe an emence number of Plover of Different kind Collecting and takeing their flight Southerly, also Brants which appear to move in the same Direction. The Cat fish is Small and not So plenty as below”

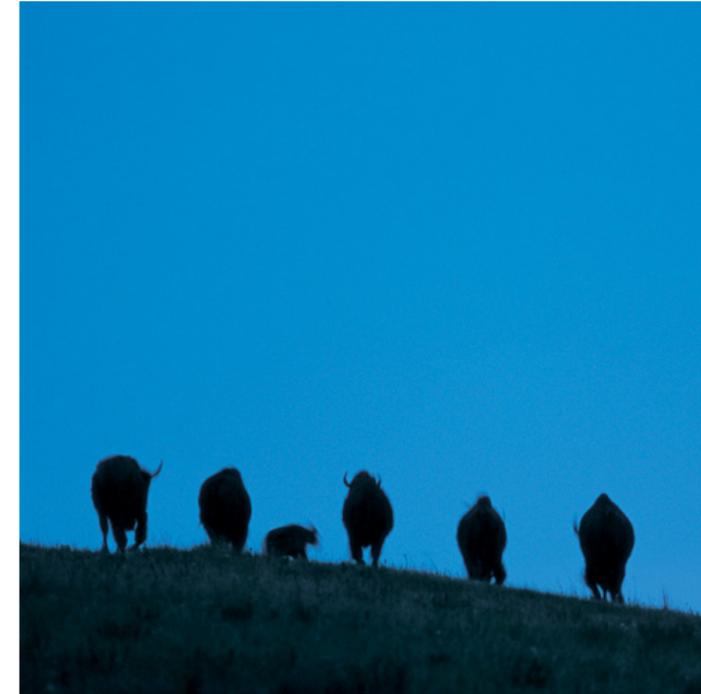
WILLIAM CLARK, 21st September Friday 1804





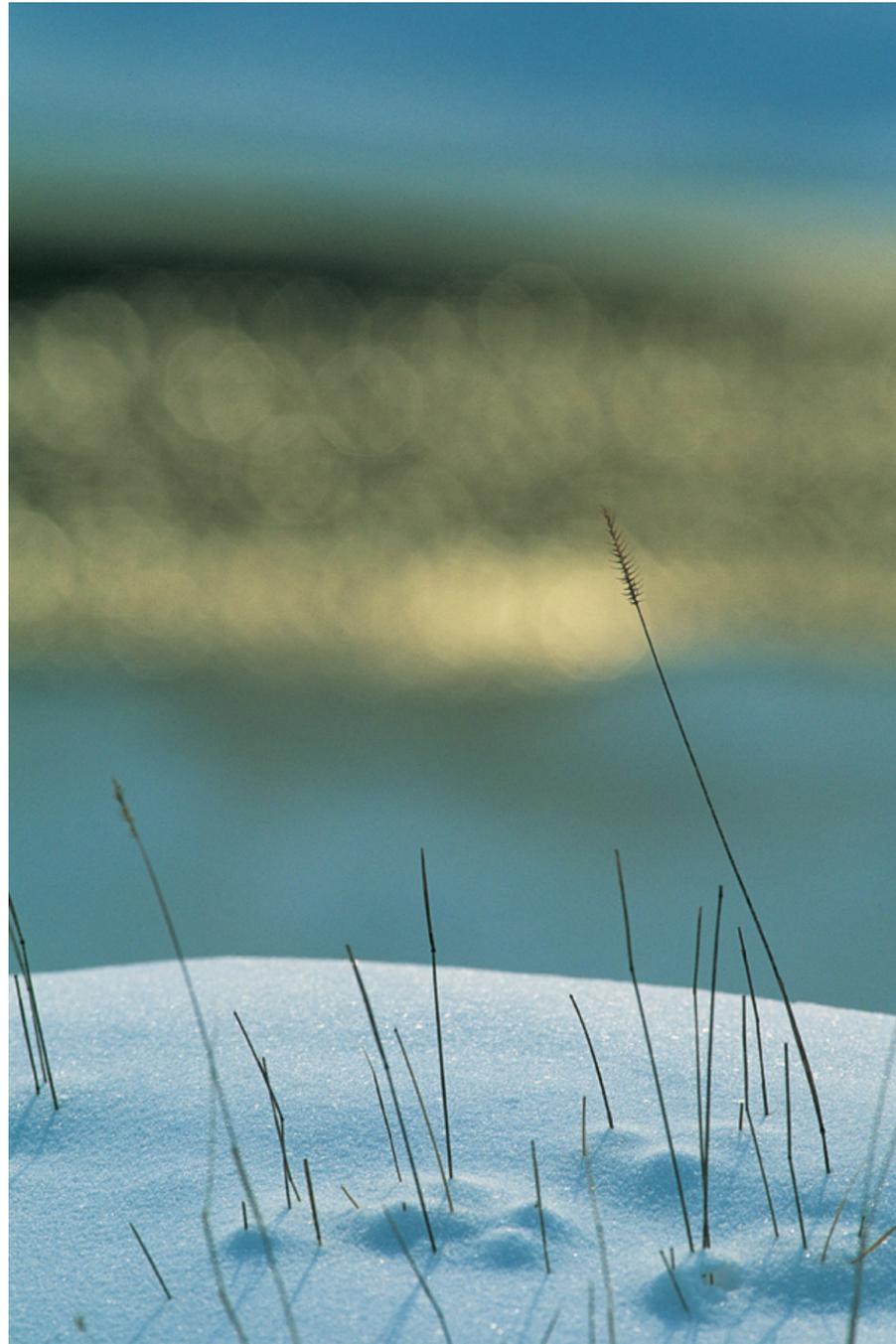
"I killed a Goat. Which is peculiar to this Country about the hite of a Grown Deer Shorter, its horns Coms out immediately abov its eyes broad 1 Short prong the other arched & Soft the color is a light gray with black behind the ears, white round its neck, no beard, his Sides & belly white, and around its taile which is Small & white and Down its hams, actively made his brains on the back of its head, his noisterals large, his eyes like a Sheep only 2 hoofs on each foot no atelrs (more like the antelope or gazella of Africa than any other Specis of Goat)."

WILLIAM CLARK, *Sept 14th Friday 1804*



“this senery already rich pleasing and beatiful, was still farther hightened by immence herds of Buffaloe deer Elk and Antelopes which we saw in every direction feeding on the hills and plains. I do not think I exagerate when I estimate the number of Buffaloe which could be compreed at one view to amount to 3000.”

MERIWETHER LEWIS, Monday September 17th 1804



*“a fine Day wind S.W. but
few Inds visit us to day the
Ice haveing broken up in
Several places, The ice began
to brake away this evening
and was near distroying our
Canoes as they wer decnding
to the fort, river rose only 9
Inches to day preparing to
Depart”*

WILLIAM CLARK,
26th March Monday 1805

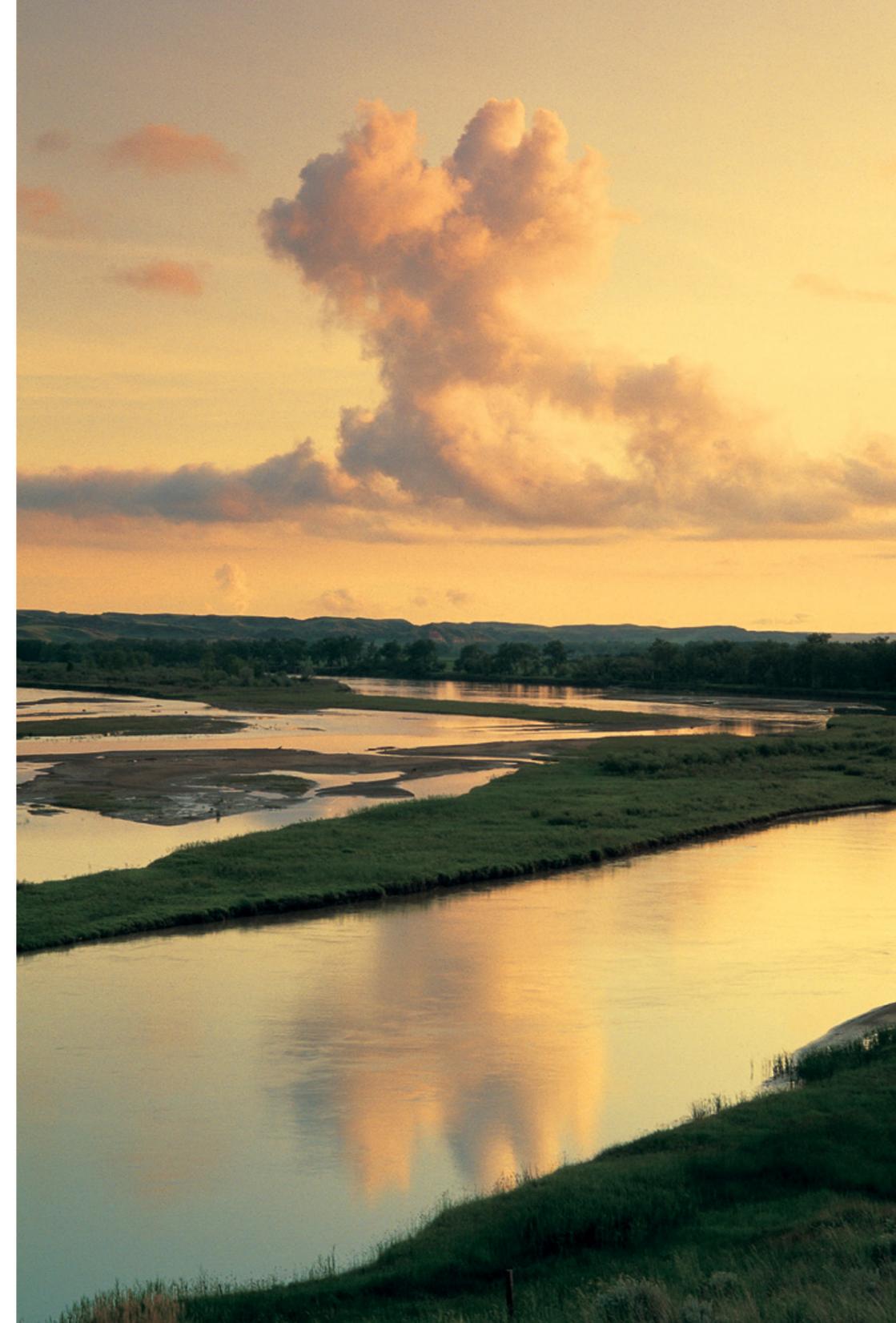
*“we were now about to
penetrate a country at least
two thousand miles in width,
on which the foot of civillized
man had never trodden; the
good or evil it had in store
for us was for experiment
yet to determine, and these
little vessells contained
every article by which we
were to expect to subsist or
defend ourselves.”*

MERIWETHER LEWIS,
Fort Mandan April 7th 1805



	miles	Course & Distance the 29th of April
N. 45° W	3	to a point of wood land on the Ld. Side opsd. to a high Bluff on the Stard Side
West	2	to a wood land on the Std Side opsd. a Bluff
N 80° W.	1 1/2	on the Std point, a high Sharp bluff
N. 45° W.	2	to a point of the wood land on the L. Side, a high bluff opposit on the S. S.
N. 55° W	3	to a point of timbered land on the Lard Side a Bluff on the S. Side
N. 65° W	1 1/4	to a Bluff point on the Stard. Side.
S 30° W.	3	to the upper point of a high timber on the L. Side in a lard bend of the river
S. 85° W	1 1/4	to a pt. of timber on Stard. Sd. opsd. a bluff
N 55° W	3 1/2	the commencement of a bluff on S.S. passg a Sand pt. at 2 1/2 miles on the Lard. S.
S 75° W.	1 1/2	to a point of wood land on the passing a Sand bar the river making a Deep bend to the South
N. 75° W.	<u>3</u>	to the enterence of a river on the Stard Side in a bend, where we encamped for the night.
	<u>25</u>	

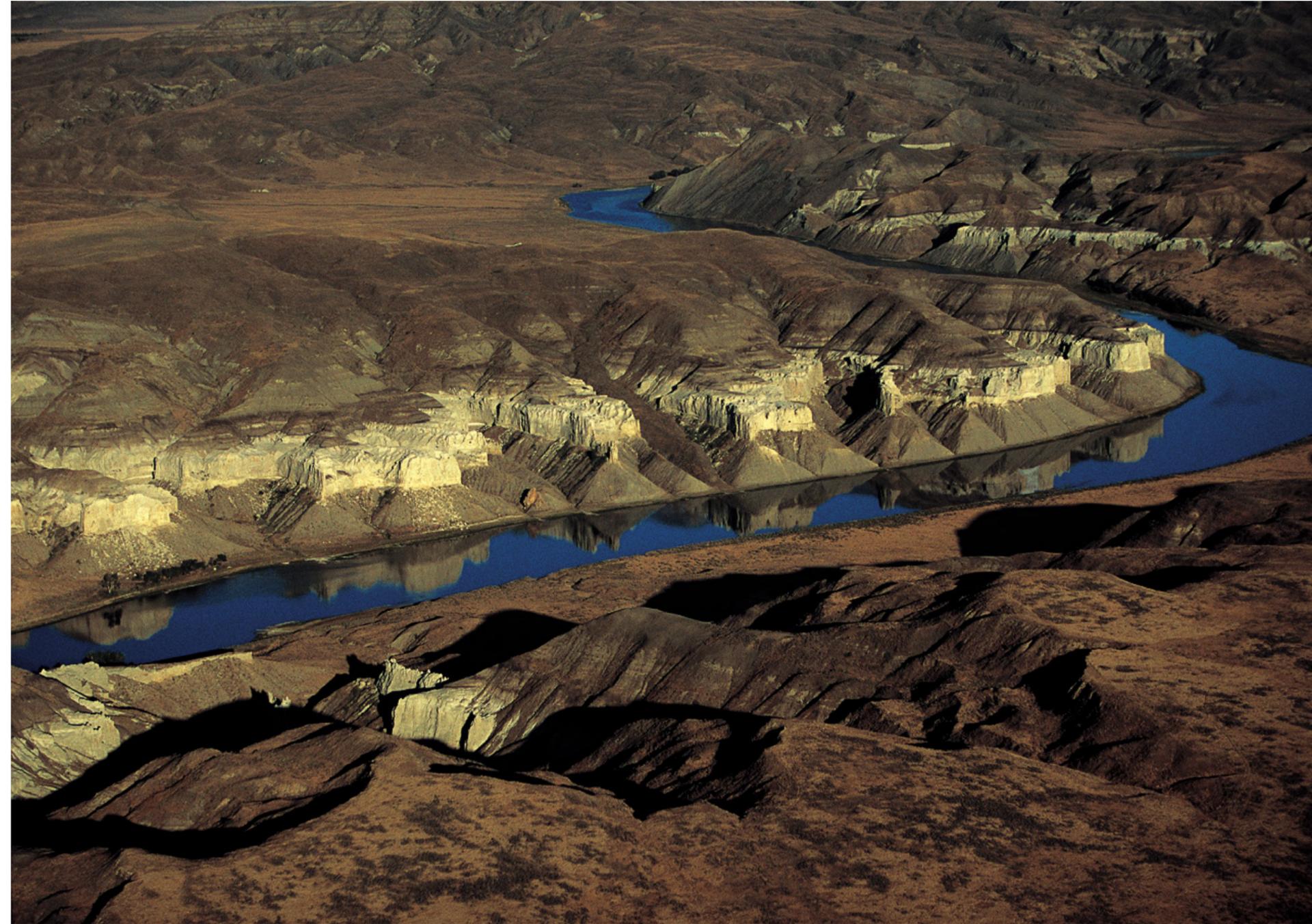
WILLIAM CLARK, 29th of April Monday 1805





“The Hills and river Clifts of this day exhibit a most romantick appearance on each Side of the river is a white Soft Sand Stone bluff which rises to about half the hight of the hills, on the top of this Clift is a black earth on points, in maney places this Sand Stone appears like antient ruins some like elegant buildings at a distance, Some like Towers &c. &c. in maney places of this days march we observe on either Side of river extraodanary walls of a black Semented Stone which appear to be regularly placed one Stone on the other, Some of those walls run to a hite of 100 feet, they are from about 1 foot to 12 feet thick and are perpendicular, those walls Commence at the waters edge & in Some places meet at right angles-”

WILLIAM CLARK, May 31st Friday 1805





“as we passed on it Seemed as if those Seens of Visionary enchantment would never have an end; for here it is too that nature presents to the view of the traveler vast ranges of walls of tolerable workmanship, So perfect indeed are those falls that I Should have thought that nature had attempted here to rival the human art of Masonry had I not recollected that She had first began her work.”

WILLIAM CLARK. May 31st Friday 1805



“This morning early we passed over and formed a camp on the point formed by the junction of the two large rivers. here in the course of the day I continued my observations as are above stated. An interesting question was now to be determined; which of these rivers was the Missouri, or that river which the Minnetares call Amahte Arz zha or Missouri, and which they had discribed to us as approaching very near to the Columbia river. to mistake the stream at this period of the season, two months of traveling season having now elapsed, and to ascend such stream to the rocky Mountain or perhaps much further before we could inform ourselves whether it did approach the Columbia or not, and then be obliged to return and take the other stream would not only loose us the whole of this season but would probably so dishearten the party that it might defeat the expedition altogether.”

MERIWETHER LEWIS, Monday June 3rd 1805





“at the distance of 3 3/4ms. further we arrived at 9A.M. at the junction of the S.E. fork of the Missouri and the country opens suddonly to extensive and beatifull plains and meadows which appear to be surrounded in every direction with distant and lofty mountains; supposing this to be the three forks of the Missouri I halted the party on the Lard. shore for breakfast and walked up the S.E. fork about 1/2 a mile and ascended the point of a high limestone clift from whence I commanded a most perfect view of the neighbouring country.”

MERIWETHER LEWIS, Saturday July 27th 1805





“ thus far 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 which issues from the base of a low mountain or hill of a gentle ascent of 1/2 a mile. the mountains are high on either hand leave this gap at the head of this rivulet through which the road passes. here I halted a few minutes and rested myself. two miles below McNeal had exultingly stood with one foot on each side of this rivulet and thanked his god that he had lived to bestride the mighty & heretofore deemed endless Missouri. after refreshing ourselves we proceeded on to the top of the dividing ridge from which I discovered immense ranges of high mountains still to the West of us with their tops partially covered with snow. I now descended the mountain about 3/4 of a mile which I found much steeper than on the opposite side, to a handsome bold running Creek of cold Clear water. here I first tasted the water of the great Columbia river.”

MERIWETHER LEWIS, Monday August 12th 1805

*“we Proceeded on Down the River which is
30 yds. wide Shallow & Stoney. Crossing
it several times & Encamped in a Small
bottom on the right side. rained this
evening nothing to eat but berries, our
flour out, and but little Corn, the hunters
killed 2 pheasants only-”*

WILLIAM CLARK, *September 6th Friday 1805*



“began to Snow 3 hours before Day and Continud all day the Snow in The morning 4 Inches deep on The old Snow, and by night we found it from 6 to 8 Inches deep I walked in front to keep the road and found great dificuelty in keeping it as in maney places the Snow had entirely filled up the track, and obliged me to hunt Several minits for the track at 12 oClock we halted on the top of the mountain to worm & dry our Selves a little as well as to let our horses rest and graze a little on Some long grass which I observed”

WILLIAM CLARK, Saturday Septr. 16th 1805





“little river in a Stard. bend, imediately below a long bad rapid drewyers river, in which the water is Confined in a Chanel of about 20 yards between rugid rocks for the distance of a mile and a half and a rapid rocky Chanel for 2 miles above. This must be a verry bad place in high water, here is a great fishing place, the timbers of Several houses piled up, and a number of wholes of fish and the bottoms appears to have been made use of as a place of deposit for their fish for ages past”

WILLIAM CLARK, October 13th Sunday 1805

“we encamped under a high projecting rock on the Lard. Side, here the mountains leave the river on each Side, which from the great Shute to this place is high and rugged; thickly Covered with timber principalley of the Pine Species. The bottoms below appear extensive and thickly Covered with wood. river here about 2 1/2 miles wide” WILLIAM CLARK, November 2nd Saturday 1805





*“the Cape is a high Partly bald hill,
founded on rock, I assended a high
Seperate bald hill Covered with long
corse grass & Seperated from the hight
of Country by a Slashey bottom 2 miles
S. 60 W of Cape- thence to a 2nd
Grassey pt is N. 50° W. 2 miles, Those
hills are founded on rocks & waves brake
with great fury against them, the Coast
is Sholey for Several miles of this Cape
& for Some distance off to the N W”*

WILLIAM CLARK, *Novr. 18th Monday 1805*





“ at day light this morning we awoke by the discharge of the fire arm of all in our party & a Salute, Shoute and a Song which the whole party joined in under our windows, after which they retired to their rooms were Chearfull all the morning- after brackfast we divided our Tobacco which amounted to 12 carrots one half of which we gave to the men of the party who use tobacco, and to those who doe not use it we make a present of a handkerchief”

WILLIAM CLARK, *Christmas Wednesday 25th December 1805*

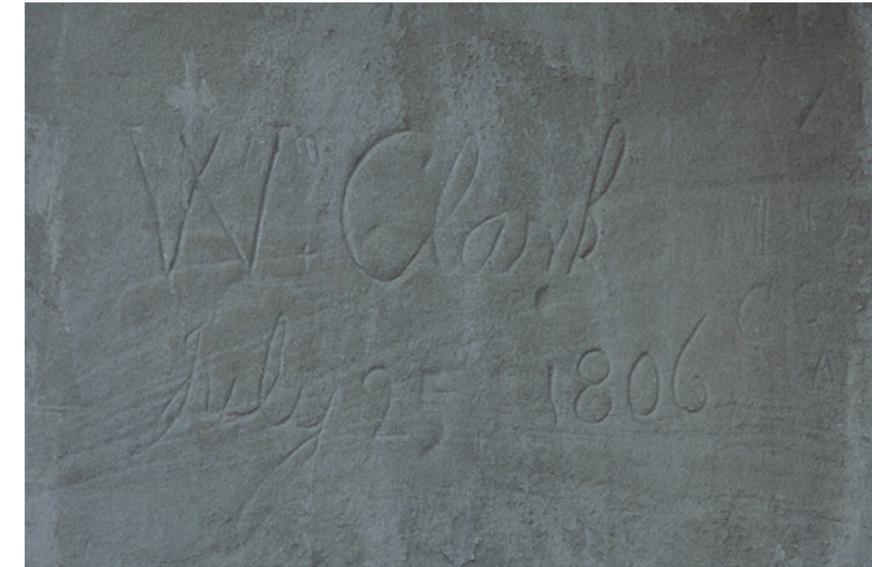




“I proceeded on about 2 miles to near the base of high Mountain where I found our Salt makers, and with them Sergt. Gass, Geo. Shannon was out in the woods assisting Jo Field and gibson to kill Some meat, the Salt makers had made a neet Close Camp, Convenient to wood Salt water and the fresh water of the Clât Sop river which at this place was within 100 paces of the Ocian they wer also Situated near 4 houses of Caltsops & Killamox, who they informed me had been verry kind and attentive to them.”

WILLIAM CLARK, Tuesday 7th January 1806





“This rock which I shall Call Pompy’s Tower is 200 feet high and 400 paces in secumphrance and only axcessable on one Side which is from the N. E. the other parts of it being a perpendicular Clift of lightish Coloured gritty rock on the top there is a tolerable Soil of about 5 or 6 feet thick covered with Short grass. The Indians have made 2 piles of Stone on the top of this Tower. The nativs have ingraved on the face of this rock the figures of animals &c. near which I marked my name and the day of the month & year. From the top of this Tower I could discover two low Mountains & the Rocky Mts. covered with Snow S.W.”

WILLIAM CLARK, Friday 25th July 1806

“the last night was very Cold with a stiff breeze from the N.W. all hands were on board and we Set out at Sunrize and proceeded on very well with a stiff breeze eastern the greater part of the day. passed the enterance of the Little Missouri river at 8A.M. and arrived at the Enterance of Myry river at Sun Set and encamped on the N E Side haveing come by the assistance of the wind, the Current and our oars 86 miles.”

CAPT. WILLIAM CLARK.

Friday 13th August 1806





"we rose early took the Chief to the publick store & furnished him with Some clothes &c. took an early breckfast with Colo. Hunt and Set out descended to the Mississippi and down that river to St. Louis at which place we arived about 12 oClock. We Suffered the party to fire off their pieces as a Salute to the Town. We were met by all the village and received a hartly welcom from it's inhabitants &."

WILLIAM CLARK,
Thursday 23rd Septr. 1806

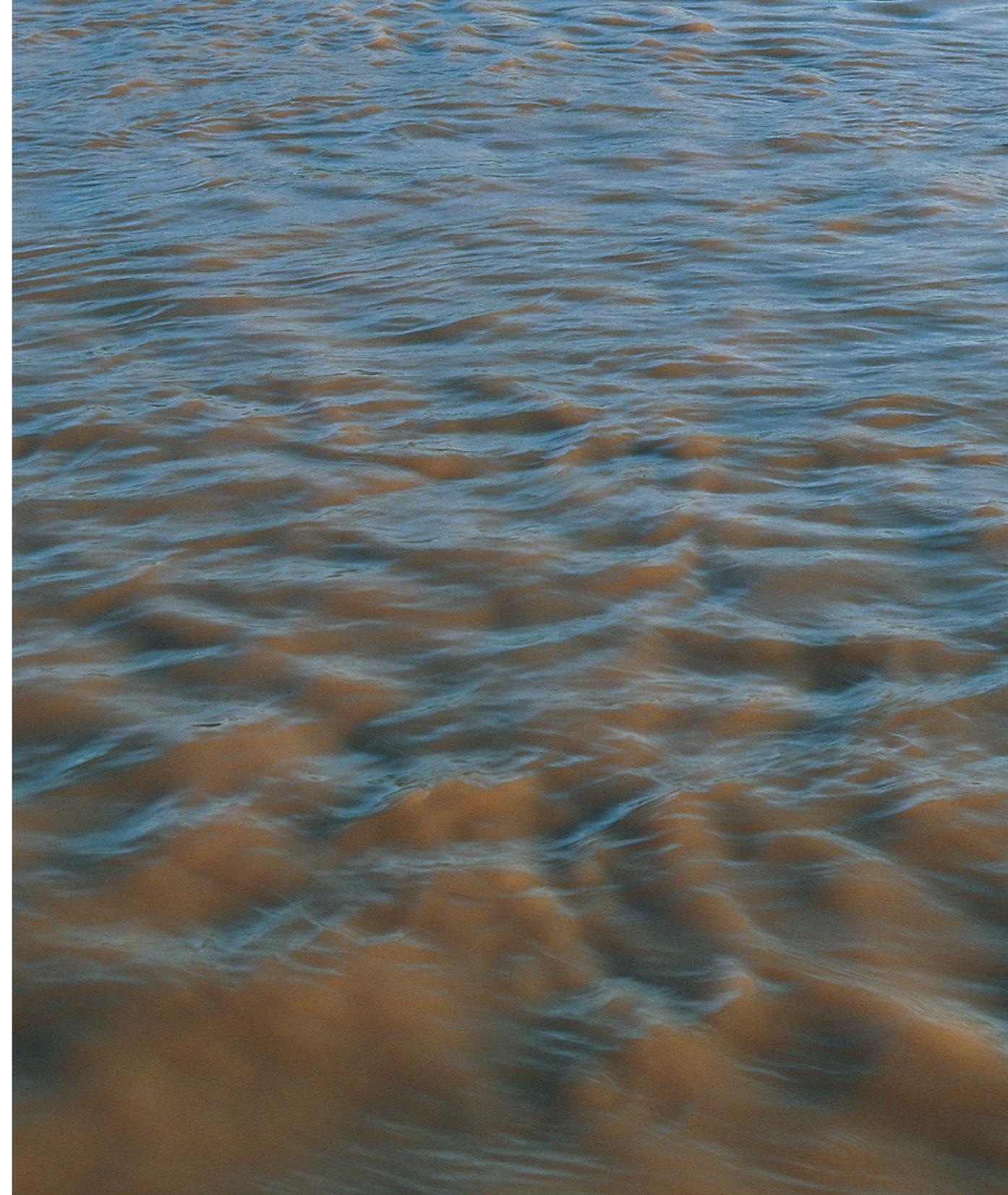


Photo Notes

It seems that almost all photographic landscape books have an explanation of the equipment used to make the images. I have always been somewhat confused by this practice since one would not think to ask a painter what brush he used. But I also find myself wondering - did you shoot that in 4x5 format? So I guess I must, in the spirit of all landscape books and full disclosure, let you know that all of these images were shot using my Canon EOS 1n 35mm camera and are on Fuji Velvia film. I occasionally used Fuji's Provia film when I needed a bit more speed for some of the wildlife images. I also entered the digital age about halfway through this project and started shooting with the Canon 1Ds camera, which shoots images digitally and renders them with file sizes up to 60MB. Both of these formats, the film and digital, make fine large prints and I enjoy printing them in 24x30" sizes. To me there is a difference in feel between the digital images and those on film and I elected to shoot the book almost entirely on film. However, a few shots of wildlife were done digitally, and as I work in this format more and more I have come to appreciate the benefits of both forms.

During the two-year project I kept a journal of my travels and have presented some of those notes here to provide background and context. I have discovered that many times people are interested in not only my vision in the images, but also in what I might have been thinking or the experience of the image-making process itself. I also have found myself telling the story of Lewis & Clark to people as they looked at the images, thus the following are intended to illuminate for readers what the Corps of Discovery encountered at each location.

ILLINOIS

P. 3 Camp Dubois, also known as Camp Wood, currently lies beneath the Mississippi River. However, there is a fine museum near the old location and a tribute to the Corps of Discovery on the banks of the Wood River, which is now a canal. On either side lie chemical plants.

MISSOURI

P. 4-5 The Muddy River lies just a few miles east of Jefferson City and is noted in the journals of Lewis & Clark as a place they camped near on May 30, 1804. The muddy banks of the Missouri indicate what kind of footing these men had when towing their boats upriver and around snags.

P. 6-9 The sunrise near Jefferson City was spectacular. However, one gentleman who came along while I was shooting said, "Too bad it's cloudy, from here it's beautiful at sunrise." I smiled inwardly, but mentioned it looked pretty nice anyway. The pipe plants were photographed just upriver at Sandy Hook, which the expedition passed on June 5, 1804.

MISSOURI / KANSAS

P. 10-19 Weston Bend State Park lies across the river from Kansas in Missouri and proved to be one of the jewels of my time on the trail. When I first arrived I thought I would not stay long, but was proved wrong in my initial assessment when I found more and more to photograph among the forests and riverside. I had come to photograph the full moon and came away with much more. The expedition passed by in early July 1804 and upriver at Atchison, Kansas, celebrated the 4th of July with a canon fire and songs.

NEBRASKA

P. 20-21 Indian Cave State Park in the southeast part of Nebraska offers nice views of the river and forest as it might have looked as the expedition made its way up the Missouri in mid-July 1804. However, 200 years ago it was about a 1/2 mile to the east, therefore, the cave with wonderful Indian hieroglyphics was never seen by the expedition.

IOWA

P. 22-23 The Loess Hills of southwestern Iowa were mostly prairie with little or no trees in 1804 and the river meandered back and forth across the wide valley below. Now the river runs in its channel and farm fields have taken over the valley floor. The hillsides have become forested in the absence of prairie fires.

NEBRASKA

P. 24-27 I shot aerials from St. Joseph, Missouri, up to Vermillion, South Dakota, and along the length of the Iowa-Nebraska border. Near Vermillion the cliffs surprised me with their white rocks in the afternoon light. Here you can see how the river winds back and forth as it did 200 years ago on a section that is part of the Wild & Scenic River system. In late summer this had to be a hot, muggy, mosquito-infested place to work, and it still can be.

SOUTH DAKOTA

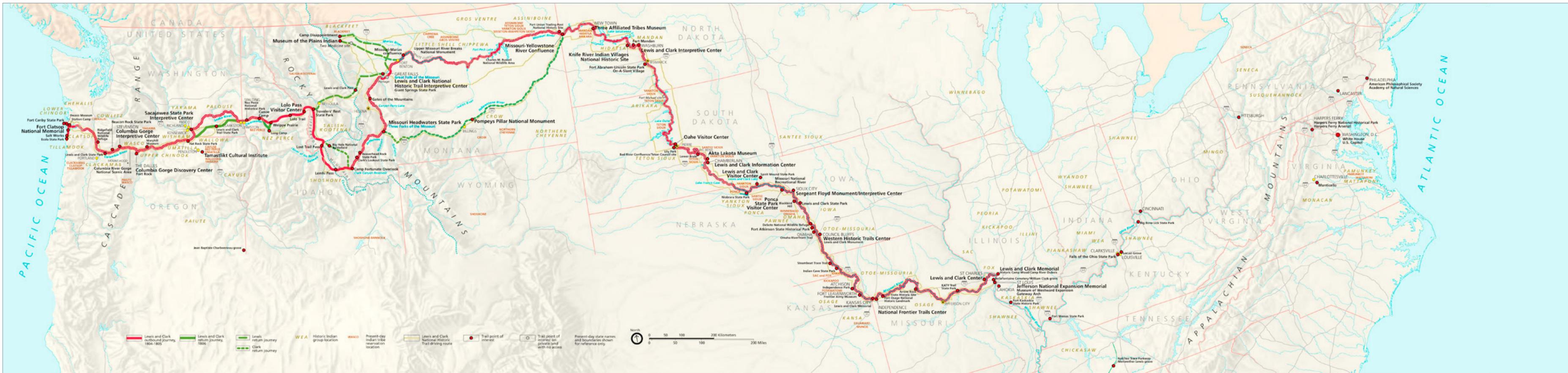
P. 28-31 Spirit Mound just outside Vermillion is a small hill in the middle of farm fields. Two hundred years ago it was thought to be inhabited by "evil spirits with large heads and only 18 inches tall" who had sharp arrows they would fling at anyone attempting to climb the hill. Lewis & Clark ventured up this hill to see what all of this was about on August 25, 1804. From there they saw the Great Plains and thousands of buffalo, elk, and deer. I had to travel to Theodore Roosevelt National Park to accomplish the same feat. It is one of my favorite national parks with its wide, sweeping prairies, but please don't tell anyone about it.

NEBRASKA

P. 32-33 Niobrara State Park offered some terrific views of the river from the hillsides. There is a fine camping area, or you can rent houses on the hilltops overlooking the river. The confluence of the Niobrara River with the Missouri made for one of the camps of the expeditions on September 4, 1804.

SOUTH DAKOTA

P. 34-37 Much of the river in South Dakota has been dammed and the river is more like a big long lake. This is great for recreational uses, but to me much of it was therefore difficult to photograph for the purposes of this book. Detailing the hills at Lower Brule or a sunrise on the river along with the hillsides and prairies became my way of looking at the fall season in South Dakota.



NORTH DAKOTA

P. 38-39 Near Huff Indian Site the river bends around in a thickly wooded area of low plains. Lewis & Clark noted the Indian village in their journals on October 19, 1804. While there occasionally are rolling hills along the river, most of the area is flat. The vistas from the hilltops of the Missouri Valley offered the Corps of Discovery fine views of the wildlife, and Lewis once noted seeing 52 herds of buffalo in one view.

P. 40-45 Double Ditch Historic Indian Site is, as I have mentioned before, one of my favorite places, perhaps because I both started and ended my journey here. The image on page 41 was shot in October 2003 while the next two images were shot on my first trip of this project in March of 2002. The image on the cover and page 45 was one of my final images.

P. 46-48 Cross Ranch State Park provides some fine campgrounds near the river. I am sure I explored only a small part of this state park on a brief stop there in the fall of 2003. It is one of the places along the trail where you can walk through the cottonwoods and feel as if the men of the expedition might step out from behind a tree at any time, or pass by on the river.

P. 49-51 Fort Mandan. This reconstructed fort is run by the Lewis & Clark Interpretive Center in Washburn and features a wonderful museum with a stunning collection of artifacts from the expedition. Down the road from the museum, along the Missouri River, they have built a replica of the original fort, now lost under water. Here the expedition members spent the winter in relative comfort among the Mandan and Hidatsa Indians. They hunted and visited with them on most days. Lewis, as the doctor of the expedition, even treated some of the Native Americans. It is here that the expedition

enlisted the services of Toussaint Charbonneau, the French interpreter, and his wife Sacajawea. The couple traveled with their son Jean Baptiste Charbonneau, born at Fort Mandan, whom Captain Clark nicknamed "Pompey."

P. 52-53 To get the feel of the Mandan lodges and villages I visited On-A-Slant Indian Site, which actually is a few miles south of Fort Mandan. There also are reconstructed sites upriver at Knife River State Park where Sacajawea and Charbonneau lived with the Mandans before the arrival of the expedition.

P. 54-57 The Missouri River near Fort Mandan. This series of images were taken from near the Double Ditch Indian site up to Fort Mandan. Finding places in the winter to get access to the river can be challenging - and cold. The day I shot the sunrise on page 55 it was -15°F with a slight breeze. Very refreshing.

P. 58-60 The river just north of Fort Mandan is now Lake Sacajawea, a huge lake formed by the Garrison Dam. The images on pages 58-59 were made a few miles from the river in the North Unit of Theodore Roosevelt National Park. I decided that in order to get the feel for the prairie Lewis & Clark described in their journals in the spring of 1805 it was useful to show some of the images from there.

P. 61-63 On April 23, 1805, the expedition arrived at the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers which became an important part of the expedition's trip. During the previous winter the Mandans and local tribes told them that the Yellowstone, known then as the Rochejhone River, would lead to a day's walk from the Missouri's most western point if they chose to follow it. The Yellowstone and Missouri confluence also served as the meeting point for the party during the return trip in August of 1806 after Captain Clark had taken a party and explored the Yellowstone from

what is now Livingston, Montana. This is also where they first saw bighorn sheep.

MONTANA

P. 64-67 The Missouri River runs through the beautiful hills of eastern Montana and winds past ranches and towns along Montana Route 2. This two-lane highway offers a direct route across the top of the Montana at times running next to the rail lines used by Amtrak's Empire Builder from Chicago to Seattle and Portland. It is easy to spend several days along the river camping at one of the many fishing access points available. The Corps of Discovery passed through this area from late April to mid-May in 1805.

P. 68-71 The Charles M. Russell National Wildlife Area is part of the Missouri River National Wild & Scenic River area, which stretches in a narrow band for about 200 miles across Montana's midsection. Here the river looks almost

exactly as it did when the expedition passed through in May 1805. Backpacking, horseback riding and canoeing are the easiest ways to get into the landscape. I took National Forest roads to get close to where I wanted to photograph. I was lucky enough to find a ridge which afforded me a wonderful view at sunset and then some spectacular views the next morning with steam rising off the river.

P. 72-77 Part of the National Wild & Scenic River area, Judith Landing is one place which is accessible by gravel road. Here the Judith River, named by Captain Clark, empties into the Missouri. It is one of the most popular spots to end a float trip through the White Cliffs area just upriver. The expedition camped here on May 29, 1805, because it was one of the only places for miles where they saw any trees for firewood. For them, as for me, it rained quite a bit while we were here.

P. 78-81 The White Cliffs of the Missouri are maybe one of the most popular destination spots along the trail and with good reason. The only way in is to either know one of the landowners up on the prairie or to float down the Missouri from Fort Benton. I chose a third way - by air. It gave me a different perspective than that gained from trips down the river. From above you can see the ruggedness of the country and understand why Clark wrote several pages in his journal about the scenery and “cliffs.”

P. 82-83 Decision Point near Loma, Montana, was literally that for the expedition. Lewis & Clark had gathered some directions from the various tribes as they went along and knew that ahead lay a series of great falls, but on which river - the one to the right or the one to the left? The expedition camped on the island in between and spent nine days in early June 1805 sending parties in both directions. Finally they took a vote. Everyone except Lewis & Clark voted to go right - up what is now the Maria River. Lewis & Clark felt that was wrong. At great risk to the morale of the party if they were wrong, Lewis & Clark decided to take the left fork. Every man said he would “cheerfully” follow. A few days later Lewis, walking ahead of the boats, saw for the first time the falls and confirmed their decision.

P. 84-85 Just north of Fort Benton is a horseshoe bend in the river. You can imagine Lewis walking across the narrows while the boats are being brought around.

P. 86-95 The Great Falls. This series of images from the lower portage to Black Eagle Falls, the last of the falls, I hope show what the men faced here in June of 1805. Though we can no longer see what they described in their journals as “the mist rising for 150 feet,” we can imagine the river as they saw it from the lower portage camp and look along the wide open wheat fields toward downtown Great Falls which lies directly in the path of their portage. They saw vast herds of buffalo, we see cars and buildings. For them it was hot and buggy. For me it was hot and buggy. Today each of the five falls has a dam sitting directly behind it providing power to Montana, regulating the flow of the river, and providing irrigation for crops. It took a month for the expedition to portage all of its equipment and ready a few new boats before they could proceed on. In Great Falls you can find one of the best museums at the Lewis & Clark Interpretive Center which is the home of the Lewis & Clark Trail Heritage Foundation.

P. 96-107 West of Great Falls you enter an area where the Missouri River runs through a steep valley. From a landmark known even by Lewis & Clark as Square Butte all the way to The Gates of The Mountains on the western end, this part of the river is populated with summer homes and is a popular site for recreational fishing and boating. The river remains in many places much as it did 200 years ago. Interstate 15 also shares this valley with the local road and river, yet there were places I could work around all of this and create images that conveyed what it looked like when they named Prewitt Creek after one of their own, Sergeant Prewitt, on July 16, 1805.

P. 108-111 Three Forks, Montana, and the headwaters of the Missouri. I came here often, stopping by on each of my trips out west. The first time I was here I shot everything from either the ground or from the nearby hillsides. Eventually I took to the air to get an aerial view of the forks. The evening we flew the forest fires in western Montana and the Bitterroots in Idaho were still in full blaze and almost cancelled our shoot because of the heavy haze. Instead we went ahead and captured this view, the sunset being magnified by the smoky haze while the mountains to the west were almost obscured. Lewis & Clark once again had to decide which river to take. After exploring each of them on the last few days of July 1806, they chose the Jefferson because it seemed to have a more direct route west.

P. 112-115 The Beaverhead and Ruby rivers join the Big Hole River to form the Jefferson River just north of Twin Bridges, Montana, in the valley west of the Tobacco Root Mountains. The expedition followed the Beaverhead River, past Beaverhead Rock, a landmark Sacajawea recognized from her childhood, and on up to a meeting with the Shoshone at what is now Clarks Reservoir. It was here that Sacajawea met her long-lost brother Cameahwait, now the chief of the Shoshone, on August 11, 1805, and with whom they secured horses and guides for their trip across the Bitterroots. No wonder they named this Camp Fortunate. The long trek across the Bitterroot Mountains essentially starts here.

P. 116-123 From Camp Fortunate the expedition made the slow ascent up to Lemhi Pass and the Continental Divide following along an Indian trail with the help of Cameahwait and the other Shoshone guides. I made several trips to the area, sometimes traveling up the Big Hole Valley along Clark’s return path and other times trekking up to Lemhi Pass. From the top of the pass you are surrounded by the

Rocky Mountains, lush and green to the east and barren looking west. As you descend you enter hillsides mixed with barren rocky landscapes and those which are forested.

IDAHO

P. 124-125 After descending from Lemhi Pass the expedition went north along the Salmon River. At the confluence of the North Fork of the Salmon and the Salmon, they found a small tribe of Indians with their fish hanging on racks to dry. Once again Lewis & Clark had to decide which direction to go. The North Fork proved the only navigable route to take. Now under the direction of a new guide supplied by Cameahwait the expedition members were about to embark on the hardest part of the trip. They climbed through the steep hills of Lost Pass where the Indian trail had turned back east. They bushwhacked over the steep mountains in the most rugged country they had yet faced. And it began to snow. It was an early September morning and 4-5 inches of snow had fallen overnight, requiring that equipment be dried by the fire before being packed for travel. In addition they were very low on food, with only a few pheasants for the entire party to split.

MONTANA

P. 126-129 After traversing over Lost Pass they came upon the East Fork of the Bitterroot River. In this valley they found deer and yet another tribe camped along the river. Near here they spent a pleasant night on September 4, 1805, before proceeding on.

IDAHO

P. 130-131 Lolo Pass on the Idaho-Montana border. The expedition followed Lolo Creek up to the pass and stopped for lunch in Packer Meadow before proceeding on to a camp a few miles further on at Glade Creek on September 12, 1805.

P. 132-133 DeVoto Grove is located along Highway 12 just west of Lolo Pass. Here the virgin cedars look much like what Lewis & Clark and their party would have seen.

P. 134-137 The Lochsa River is one of the premier white-water rivers in the area. Back in the time of Lewis & Clark it was overrun by the forest, with downed trees and snags making it impossible for the expedition to continue on its course. Instead they made their way up to the ridges of the Bitterroots along old Indian trails.

P. 138-157 The Lolo Motorway gives travelers a chance to follow some of the route the expedition took through the mountains from September 13-21, 1805. From Powell Ranger Station you can follow the road up to the high line. Here you will find many of the campsites the expedition used and can enjoy the views much as they did from such places as Indian Post Office and Castle Peak (OK, I know Castle Peak isn’t actually on the trail but you can see stunning views of the ridges they walked from there). You can also walk to the Sinque Hole where they camped on September 17, 1805, and decided Capt. Clark would move ahead with a small hunting party the next day in order to try to find food. Eventually, after three weeks of near starvation, they emerged onto Weippe Prairie where the Nez Perce were camped. The Nez Perce gladly shared their food of camas and salmon with the party, but the abrupt change from a meat-based diet to roots and fish made all of the men very sick. The Nez Perce also told the expedition of a faster route back to the Great Falls area where the Nez Perce hunted in the summer.

P. 158-159 Finally the expedition reached the Clearwater River, and for the first time since leaving St. Louis they would have the current flowing with them. They now would only be slowed down by rapids and falls. They would travel an average of 20-80 miles a day toward the Pacific, passing these locations at McGill on October 7 and just west of Lenore on October 8, 1805.

WASHINGTON

P. 160-167 Along the Snake River they made good time stopping only to figure out how to run the rapids and to camp and eat. On October 13, 1805, they discovered an old fishing village by the Palouse River (named by them the Dweyer River after one of the members of the corps) and described in their journals why they thought the Indians had been fishing there for centuries.

OREGON

P. 168-171 The Snake River runs into the Columbia just north of the Washington-Oregon border. Now they would run the Columbia to the Pacific. By now it was mid-October and they wanted to get to the Pacific and build their fort before winter set in.

WASHINGTON

P. 172-173 Miller Island in Washington was a stopping point for the expedition because they had to pass over many rapids. Today the river’s many dams control the height of the river for commerce and shipping, leaving all of the rapids underwater. On Miller Island the expedition met another of the many tribes they encountered all along the Columbia. They noted in their journals the large drying racks for their fish found along the edges of this large island.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON

P. 174-186 The Columbia River Gorge is one of the most scenic places along the river. OK, maybe I’m biased as I lived for a very short time in Oregon while in college. But the number of state parks along this stretch of the river is amazing. Recreation abounds and seems to coexist harmoniously with nature for the most part. Here Mount Hood rises majestically over the river as seen from the Washington side. The trees and cliffs form beautiful images as clouds rise up along them. Taking a walk in the woods along any stretch of this part of the river will be rewarding. On November 3, 1805, at the western end of the gorge near what is now Rooster Rock State Park, the men finally started tasting some salt in the water and could see and feel the effects of the tides, even though they were miles from the confluence with the ocean.

WASHINGTON

P. 187-199 Across the estuary from Astoria, Oregon, the expedition came to a halt for the second time on November 10, 1805, as they faced wind and rain which lasted for six days. They hove to along the cliffs and high hills of what is now called Megler’s Rest. Today it does not look that formidable, but in 1805 the expedition could go no further downriver because of the current, the wind, and the rain. They holed up against the rocks, tied their canoes together, and waited. From their spot on the rocks they could see the ocean, but could not reach it. After a couple of days a few men ventured on, looking for a better site. What they found became their furthest westward camp on the Columbia, at the mouth of the Chinook River. Here they set up camp and explored the cape for nine days in late November. In that time both Lewis & Clark made separate trips around the cape. They had hoped to see a trading ship or maybe even a fort on the coast but to no avail. They also had some unpleasant run-ins with the local Indians, the Chinooks. At the end of nine days, the dilemma of where to spend the winter was put to a vote. The options laid out by Lewis &

Clark were to return upriver to Weippe Prairie and wait out winter, stay where they were and build a fort, or cross to the south side and find a suitable location. This was the first democratic vote west of the Rockies and both Sacajawea and York were allowed a vote. It was also the first and maybe only time both a woman and a slave had a vote. They decided to venture to the south side of the Columbia.

OREGON

P. 200-211 Fort Clatsop was built in December 1805 nestled in the dense forest along a river now named the Lewis & Clark River. It rains in Oregon. A lot. And it did 200 years ago as well. It was a wet winter. Maybe because they had accomplished their goal of getting to the Pacific Ocean it seemed even wetter, but Lewis & Clark often complained in their journals about the rain. They did explore the coast, made a salt camp about 15 miles from the fort, and traded with the Clatsop Indians. Here they also drew maps of the route based on their extensive notes and drawings, logged all of the scientific specimens they had accumulated, and planned for their return home. Lewis & Clark decided they would split up the party on the return in order to explore even more territory. Lewis would split off on the east side of the Bitterroots and follow a route the Nez Perce had told them about. This route would take him back near Great Falls and allow his party to further explore the Maria River. Clark would take the rest of the men back over the old route to Three Forks, where he would split off with a small party and explore the Yellowstone, meeting Lewis back at the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri in North Dakota. The rest of Clark’s party would bring the balance of the equipment back down the Missouri and meet Lewis at Decision Point, the confluence of the Maria and Missouri rivers. On March 23, 1806, the Corps of Discovery broke camp at Fort Clatsop and started the journey back east.

THE RETURN.

Now I had to make a few decision about this book. Would I cover the return trips? After all, for most of their six-month return journey the expedition would be retracing its path. Moreover, the thought of an even longer book felt not only daunting but also redundant in many ways. I finally chose to cover only the sections which were different: Lewis's return over the Lewis & Clark Pass and his exploration of the Maria River, which I confess were shortchanged because of my time constraints, and then Clark's trip along the Yellowstone River from Livingston to the confluence with the Missouri.

MISSOURI

MISSOURI

MONTANA

P. 212-217 Lewis's Return Trip. From Travelers' Rest near Missoula, Lewis took Clark's Fork north through what is now Missoula and up to the Continental Divide. They went through what is now called Lewis & Clark Pass and descended into the plains on the east side. They were accompanied by Nez Perce guides, who took them back to their upper portage camp near Great Falls in just nine days. This saved about 400 miles and weeks of travel! Now after resting at the upper portage camp Lewis prepared to proceed on and explore the Maria River. Unfortunately, during this side trip two Blackfoot Indians they were camping with on the Maria tried to steal their guns. In the ensuing tussle one of the Indians was stabbed to death, the only Indian fatality during the entire expedition. However, Lewis and his men knew they had to flee, as the young man's tribe would be coming after them. They rode hard back to Decision Point where they were to meet the rest of their party. Luckily the other group just happened to be coming up the river at that same time. The reunited party quickly unburied their cache of supplies from the previous year at Decision Point, turned out most of the horses, and floated down the Missouri to meet Clark's party at the Yellowstone.

P. 218-233 Clark's Return Trip. Clark came down the Big Hole Valley and back to Camp Fortunate before heading up the Beaverhead and Jefferson rivers to Three Forks in just 3 1/2 days. At Three Forks the party split, after digging up the cached supplies, as some men continued on up the Missouri River to meet up with Captain Lewis's party at Decision Point. Clark's party departed for the Bozeman Pass to Livingston and the Yellowstone River. At a tower rock now known as Pompey's Pillar, west of Billings, Montana, he stopped and carved his name among the Indian carvings already placed there. This is the only place on the trail where you can still see where they marked the trail. Clark named this rock after Sacajawea's son Pompey. Clark's party continued down the Yellowstone, finding the area full of deer and wildlife. They camped at the confluence of the

MISSOURI

MISSOURI

Bighorn and Yellowstone rivers on July 27, 1806. Because they had the current at their backs they made good time and traveled 20-70 miles in a day. Near today's Miles City they saw the "conical formations" which are part of the Montana badlands. While they did not venture into them, several men did note them in their journals. Finally on August 3, 1806, they arrived at the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. They waited until August 12 when Lewis's party arrived about midday. The next day the reunited Corps of Discovery proceeded on and made 86 miles. At this point it became normal for them to log 70-plus miles in a day.

MISSOURI

P. 234-235 With only a brief stop at Fort Mandan, where they asked one of the chiefs to return with them to St. Louis, the party maintained a swift pace and arrived back in civilization around the mouth of the Osage River near Jefferson City, Missouri, on September 21, 1806. Here they came upon their first outpost of traders and were overjoyed to be close to home. The next day they put in another 48 miles to St. Charles, just outside St. Louis. Both Lewis & Clark wrote letters to family, and Lewis wrote to President Jefferson. This night they slept in houses for the first time in 2 1/2 years. At mid-morning, after visiting a store to purchase clothing for the chief, they launched what would be the final leg of their journey. The Corps of Discovery came into St. Louis about midday on September 23, 1806, and fired off their guns as the villagers cheered from shore. Wanting to end the book back in St. Louis I chose to use detail images from along the river between Fort Mandan and St. Louis.

Acknowledgements

In an endeavor which lasts as long as this one has and with such a great amount of team effort involved, the list of those who have helped me through this project is long. In the true spirit of gratitude and honesty, I must first thank my wife Kathy, whose support really made this book possible. Without her faith in me I might have felt this project was too overwhelming, lost my way and ended up never finishing. It did seem daunting at times and too expensive an endeavor, yet she could always see the value of not just the project as a whole but also the individual images as they were being shot. For that I am eternally grateful. I also want to thank my daughter Sara and son Sam for their support and interest in this venture. To them I have dedicated this book with great love.

MISSOURI

On many of the trips I traveled alone, but on two trips to Montana and Idaho I was accompanied by my brother-in-law, Bill Gunther. It was great to have someone help drive "the big rig" and I appreciated his company on those long hauls out west. But perhaps most amazing was how, on the first day of shooting with me, he just naturally started handing me lenses and film when needed as if he were an old pro at being a photo assistant. While that was not part of the plan, I got used to it pretty fast. The friendship and enthusiasm he and his wife Sandy provided during this project helped sustain me in this effort.

MISSOURI

I made two trips by small plane across the trail. Philip Prossnitz was my pilot and fellow traveling companion on these adventures. His skill with a plane was like that of a fighter pilot as he put the plane where I needed it almost every time. Although each shoot was carefully planned on the ground, we always had to make changes in the air and my hand gestures and head nods were always anticipated perfectly. Laurie Prossnitz edited the text and gave insight to the written words. Both of their friendships over the years have been invaluable.

My assistant Juana Ryan spent countless hours working with the thousands of rolls of film I shot, readying them for editing, scanning them for our use in the design process and fine art prints, and generally keeping everything in order. Her friendship and dedication has meant a lot over the years.

Not many people are fortunate enough to work with two such talented designers as Rudi Backart and Rich Nickel. I was. Rudi and I have been friends for years and have always talked about "doing a book" together, so when I launched this project it was a given that she would design the book. She also designed the fine art posters which complement this book. In the course of this project she moved from Chicago to Albuquerque, a distance that, in the end, proved difficult to overcome for a book of this kind where all the images have a certain order to them. After creating the initial concept designs, she graciously turned the project over to Rich, who expanded on her ideas and put the finishing touches on this book. Rich and I go back even further, to projects for our commercial clients in the early 1980s. His design talent, photo editing, production knowledge and, most important, patience with me, cannot be fully acknowledged here. Rich helped immensely with the arduous editing of all of the images and page layouts. What do you think - does this page work? - was often heard between the two of us. Rich also designed all of our supporting materials and kept watch over the quality issues throughout the production process. His commitment and friendship during this process will always be appreciated.

MISSOURI

In the course of producing a book on the American landscape and the epic story of the Lewis & Clark Expedition, I always felt we had to find a printer stateside to do the actual printing. This goes against the grain of the industry lately, it seems, as more and more books are printed overseas. Partly due to my personal belief that American companies need to keep production here and largely because it is a book about the great American landscape, it seemed like the morally right thing to do. So I wanted to try.

The folks at The Stinehour Press made that possible and their work in taking these images from the film to digital and then to ink on paper cannot be matched. I was glad we could keep the printing in the United States, and it was a real bonus that they turned out to be a wonderful and talented group of people to work with. I want to especially thank Warren Bingham, Ric Walter, Della Mancuso, Peter Russell, John Stinehour, Darlene Smith, Jan Ronish, Terri Monroe and Kevin Cassady.

Bryan Glaza and Don Durkes worked on the marketing and promotional work for the book. The many hours devoted to planning and implementing the launch of the book and the website were made more pleasurable by their guidance, friendship, and the fact we're all Cubs fans. Bryan also helped with reviewing the foreword and focusing my thoughts and words.

MISSOURI

Once a month or so I get together with a group of old friends. We call it "the subcommittee meeting"; but it's really just an excuse to get together in friendship. At every gathering they asked how the book was doing and were enthusiastic in their responses to my ramblings on the subject. They have no idea how important their encouragement was. Thanks Paul, Roberto, Jerry, Dan, Ernie, Mike, Tom, and Ralph. And finally, to all my friends and those whom I met along the trail while photographing the landscape, who always thought the book was a great idea and couldn't wait to see it - here it is. Thank you for your encouragement.

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THE LEWIS & CLARK TRAIL AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MACK

The pioneering exploits of the Lewis & Clark Expedition – also known as the Corps of Discovery – has been thoroughly chronicled in thousands of pages of narrative by historians as well as by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. These words have helped capture in riveting and descriptive detail the sense of discovery, and, in particular, the wonder of viewing untouched landscapes and various species of animals for the first time. Unfortunately, the only “pictures” from this expedition were those painted by the words of Lewis & Clark ... until now.

Renowned landscape photographer Richard Mack has brought the vistas and majesty of the Lewis & Clark Trail to life in a magnificent set of more than 250 photographs. The expedition of the Corps of Discovery is regarded as one of the epic stories in American history. The trail crisscrossed the American landscape ... starting in St. Louis and following the Missouri River through the woodlands of the Midwest and out onto the Great Plains before crossing Montana, entering the Bitterroot Mountains and gliding down the Clearwater, Snake and Columbia Rivers to the Pacific Ocean. Richard spent two years visiting key locations along the Lewis & Clark Expedition – by plane, truck and on foot – and capturing a set of images of specific locations at the same time of year as was originally experienced. The results are an extraordinary set of images capturing the incredible diversity of the American landscape in different seasons.

For those interested in the Lewis & Clark Expedition, specifically, and American history in general, this book is an invaluable supplement to the narrative works in their collections. For those who simply are awestruck by the splendor of nature, or the power of photography, this a once-in-a-lifetime collection of images that should be a part of anyone's library.

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