

# Epilogue

After the Lewis and Clark Trail – Portland, Oregon, to Seattle, Washington

17-19 July 2021



Emily visits the grave of her great-grandfather, Winfield Scott Moak, in Portland's Lone Fir Cemetery.

# Winfield Scott Moak

When Emily and I moved from North Carolina to California in 1985, I had already visited the state several times to see relatives in Fresno and Tulare in the San Joaquin Valley.

Emily had no California connection she was aware of and only one West Coast connection. Her grandfather, “Poppy” Moak – who died in Charlotte, North Carolina, in 1973 after retiring from a career with Carter’s Ink that began when he was a 12-year-old growing up in Boston – had always told her he was born in Oregon Territory.

Poppy’s father was fluent in German, he told Emily, and was born in one of the “i” states, either Illinois, Indiana or Iowa, meaning it was likely he was in the first generation of his family born in the United States. It’s possible the Moaks were homesteaders, whom I wrote about earlier in this series.

Several years ago, when genealogy research was becoming much easier because of internet resources, Emily was able to track down Poppy’s father’s (her great-grandfather’s) grave in Lone Fir Cemetery in Portland. When she decided to join Julie and me at the end of our cross-country trek in Portland, she said “The only thing I’d like to do for myself is visit that grave.”

The morning after we reached the Pacific, we checked out of our hotel in Portland and made Lone Fir our first stop before hitting the road for Seattle. The first burial there, in a part of the city east of the Willamette River, was in 1846, 13 years before Oregon became a state and only 40 years after Lewis and Clark passed through on their way back to Saint Louis. More than 25,000 people are buried there now in what still is an active cemetery and on the National Register of Historic Places.

With the cemetery’s online maps, we found Winfield Scott Moak’s grave in about five minutes, marked with a small obelisk listing his key dates: born January 7, 1861 – died September 13, 1902. His obituary in the Portland Oregonian said he survived two days in Good Samaritan Hospital after being kicked in the face by a mule, circumstances of the accident unknown. But he had worked for Portland’s streetcar railway, which was pulled by horses.

Two days after his father died, Poppy had his eighth birthday. Before his eighth year was over, his pregnant mother had moved her family of five to Boston, near where she was born, to run a boarding house. Poppy went to work in a turkey processing factory that year. He’s buried in Charlotte and his mother, Carrie Lewis Duntlin Moak, is buried in Decatur, Georgia.

“I wonder if we’re the first member of our family to visit his grave since he was buried,” Emily said as she and our friend Maureen scrapped old pieces of moss that encrusted the grave marker.

## Acknowledgments

I want to thank two women who helped me in researching the newsletters for this trip.

**Heather Henry** is an Oregonian who was a member of our church in San Jose when her husband Ken was our pastor. Her family is from near the mouth of the Columbia River and owns a museum there, the Knappton Cove Heritage Center on the river’s Washington side, which once was a quarantine station for immigrants arriving on the West Coast. The museum hosts an annual Lewis and Clark Days event each

summer. Heather and Ken are now at a church in Charlottesville, Virginia, where she told me about the University of Virginia online history classes on Lewis and Clark, which I attended.

**Jackie Jacobs** owns a public relations firm in Seattle and is an author of the *Indian Country Stylebook for Editors, Writers and Journalists*. She was born in Lumberton, North Carolina, grew up in nearby Hope Mills and is a member of the Lumbee Nation. She began her PR career when she was a student at the University of North Carolina at Pembroke, which was founded in 1887 as the Croatan Normal School at the insistence of the Lumbee, who wanted trained American Indian school teachers. Jacobs connected me with Indian sources who were also doing online education through the American Indian Alaska Native Tourism Association. We first connected when I covered the 2016 U.S. Olympic Gymnastics Trials in San Jose where I wrote about another Lumbee, Ashton Locklear. She competed in the trials and is from my hometown, Hamlet, North Carolina. My newsletter about her is Grace Under Pressure.



**The city of Portland spreads eastward from a north-south ridge that squeezes downtown against the Willamette River. Mount Hood, normally visible on the center horizon, is enveloped by clouds.**

On our drive from Portland to Seattle, we went through Mount Rainier National Park. Rainier is an active volcano and the tallest mountain in the volcanic Cascade Range, which stretches from northern California into British Columbia, at 14,411 feet / 4,392 meters. Twenty-five glaciers flow down the sides of the mountain and are the largest in the United States outside Alaska. The most recent eruption lasted 34 years between 1820 and 1854. The most recent Cascade Range eruptions were at California's Lassen Peak, which is contained within its own national park, in 1915, and Washington's Mount St. Helens, which exploded in 1980 and has had several smaller eruptions since, the latest in 2008. Lewis and Clark were aware of Pacific Northwest volcanoes and reported sighting snow-capped peaks that likely were Mount Hood, Oregon, and Mount St. Helens.



Julie and I on the campus of the University of Washington in Seattle. That's Mount Rainier poking up in the background between us. Photo by Maureen Chandler.

