

Tuesday, May 9, 1961

Dear Cousin Clark:

Thank you most sincerely for your history of the Belknap-Starr-Gilbert trek over the Great Plains (I can recall when that expression was commonly used) and across many-chained Rocky Mountains following Oregon Trail to its termination -to Oregon itself, in 1847. I was surprised at its length or lack of length, and thought what a pity it is we did not acquire more detailed material on the subject of this momentous journey from our forebears. They would have been delighted to live over the longdrawn experience if encouraged by sympathetic listeners. Even reliving their most harrowing experiences would no longer be painful, if the reliving were done in a well cushioned rocking chair. What a pity none of the crowd seem to have kept a diary. Of course I have some comments to make on the history. You expect that naturally.

Comment 1. Re ox teams, there is one thing my grandmother did tell me many years ago; They, and this may have applied only to the S.F. Starr family but I got the impression that it was general with the personal of the train, they, my grandparents had not only oxen in their teams but the cows they were bringing west were also hitched therein. In telling me this grandmother said after doing their stint in helping haul the wagons the cows were milked, both at night and in the morning; that the milk was put in pails with tight covers and hung under the wagons where during the day's travel they swung to the action of the heavy wagons, and by night they were opened and a fair sized lump of butter was taken from the milk. The day's snaking had turned the butterfat in the milk to welcome butter. The baking of bread - you mention my grandmother's making bread - was a necessity. Sometimes the whole train would halt for a day or so that washing might be done and bread baked, and other cooking attended to, and during such times, she told me repairs were made on the wagons, the harness, and perhaps a little fresh meat killed. Of course the outriders that preceded the train, did bring into the train any deer or other game they were able to kill.

Comment:2. All the Belknaps stayed together until they reached the Grand Rond Valley, when, according to Tyra Stafford his great grandfather Dow Gilbert, whose wife was Hanna Belknap Gilbert, left the train and remained until the following spring and arrived in the Willamett Valley the following spring. I have been told that the Grand Rond Valley and the Umatilla Ind. Res. then occupied by Chief Joseph and the Umatilla Indians under treaty with our beloved country, which in the case of this treaty made under solemn promise that it should never be broken, though inspite of this was in 1877, thirty years later was broken; that this land represented some of the finest grazing land in all the northwest, which probably explains Uncle Dow Gilbert and his family deciding to stay there. I understand it is also a fact that this part of the country is often visited by very severe winters, which may explain why they decided to drive on to Oregon the following spring.

Comment 3: My Grandmother Tolitha Cumi was born in Kentucky in 1824. (It would be interesting to know when they left Kentucky. I asked my Aunt Mary Waltz why they left there and she said it was because of the existence of slavery, Perhaps the conditions existing there made it uncomfortable as the tension increased for residents who did not approve of slavery.) Re walking pregnant woman; Aunt Rena once told me that her mother had said 'I walked almost all the way from Iowa to Oregon. The rocking action of the springless wagons made her very ill, and she had to walk. She would become very weary and discouraged at times, she told Aunt Rena, and would sit down on a rock or any object that offered a seat of sorts, and moan; 'I cannot go any further. You'll just have to go on and leave me, but Aunt Hannah, would comfort her and say 'now don't give up dear, you will have a good rest tonight, and when we get to Oregon you'll have a fine big boy' They reached Oregon sometime after the middle of October, and her fine big ~~maxx~~ boy was born December 7th. Perhaps the first offspring of the train after their journey ended. By the way, have you any information as to where in Kentucky they lived?

order
Moses Wesley

It would be interesting to know how they came to go there in the first place. Perhaps they were attracted, I mean our more distant forebears, by Daniel Boone and those who came from the eastern seaboard after Boone had lead the way. To be sure Boone was many years in advance no doubt of the wouthern trek of our progenitors, 1734-1820, whose Wilderness Road was blazed, I think, during the early years of the Revolutionary War.

My, oh my, how this letter does grow. I must call a halt or it will soon be as long as your history.

Let me make one more ~~comment~~ comment on your history in closing: Since the coming of their first ancestor to America, the name of our Clingmans has been spelled with a 'C' and not a k. This first Clingman made the change because by coming to this country He considered himself an American, and no longer a Dutchman. Uncle Horace told me this, and Horace's grandfather, a 2nd generation American spelled his name with a Q; as did all the following Clingmans of that line. There are other Clingmans even here in Spokane who spell the name with a K (Klingman) but those of Uncle's line changed the initial letter on coming to America.

Despite these comments which might seem criticisms I will say I found the history interesting and informative, and I know that the gathering of the material took considerable time. By the way, in talking with Bertha Stafford Cowels I mentioned what Claud had told you of the Gilbert contingent going to the Whitman mission with the idea that Uncle Dow would build a mill, etc. She said all that was something she had never heard of, or that her great-grandfather Dow was a mill Wright. She asked where you got your information and I said from Claude Gilbert and she sort of snorted, 'Oh Claude'. If you knew Claude you will recall then any thing he told you was taken with a grain of salt. His reputation for truth and reliability were deplorable. I haven't known him for many years. Also she said that the Watts family was not in this train but ~~they~~ came to Oregon a year or so later. Do you remember the garbled Alldy Neal Story Jesse Gilbert was credited with giving the Spokesman-Review a few years ago. I think you write in something correcting a portion of that story. Jesse was in the Valley and though neither he or my father went to the meeting at the Judge Lewis place, he probably learned the details of what occurred as did my father and mother, but the silly diatribe he gave the paper at that time held little in common with what our parents had told us, nor was his interpretation of it at all like theirs. Jesse was apt to be very inaccurate in what he remembered.

Bertha's Grandmother Gilbert was a Watts, she had many conversations with her oldest Granddaughter-I think I referred to something like closing back there a while ago.

I'll leave the history and go a little into other phases and then really stop. My arm is coming on nicely, and healed as quickly as that of a child might have the doctor said. He seemed surprised. Of course it is not yet as good as it was just before being broken. I have done a little work, for pay which of course is why I work, but I find I can't even type too well. Arm and hand are a little unreliable yet. Myrtle is well, very well and very active for a woman 81 yrs old. She is still as active in church and social affairs, and flower growing as ever, entertains a lot of persons that drop in on her unexpectedly. She was in Spokane a short time ago - on the 22 and 23d of April; on the eve of the 22d we went out to call on the Bennison girls. They have changed a lot in appearance - seemed to us they now look older than either of us through of course they are younger. Mattie was born the same year as I and as you for that matter, but later on in the year. She seems to have a very noticable spinal curvature that effects both her left sholder and her left hip, bringing them closer together. Mary the youngest sister, who was a cripple and not yet in school when they lived on the old Ed Henderson place, now goes about on crutches, and is able to manage them well. The ladies go out quite a bit. Myrtle left her glasses at the Bennisons, and as we were to attend a certain little Japanese Methodist Church close to the part of Spokane where we used to live, the Bennison girls came to church there too and brought the glasses. I had a letter from Burt Dimmick's

granddaughter one day this week telling of the sudden death of Burt's son Elmer, and only remaining child. Elmer, about 48 or 50 years of age, had a stroke the 23d of April, and died Tuesday without regaining children. He, Elmer, was married and was the father of two children who must be almost grown now, maybe married. Burt has been in a rest home for a number of years now. His memory is bad, though when I visited him in the spring of 1959 he remembered the persons who resided in our Valley and the old friends of Spokane that we had made after leaving the valley. But he couldn't remember when Gloria, his granddaughter had last visited, nor where he had laid his hat when he came in. Just how much he has changed since I saw him I do not know. He is rather emotional, and in talking over old times he cried a lot while I was there, and wished he wouldn't cry, he felt it was not 'manly' that he was too emotional, and sentimental. I tried to reassure him, saying there was nothing derogatory about weeping when we felt like it, and no disgrace to feel warmly sentimental at times. His father always wept easily. When there were neighborhood gatherings Uncle John always insisted that we sing 'God Be with You Till we meet Again, and Always the tears came rolling down his plump red cheeks as he sang ^{that song}. He had a warm love for his friends, and his love demanded expression, I suppose. Burt is like his father. But they did not tell him of Elmer's death, nor take him to the funeral for fear the shock might be too much for him. What I wonder will be his reaction when he finds his only child died and was buried without his being told.

Now I must mention dear Connie, and her passing. Relief came to her in the form of death, as it did to my beloved brother Lynn, whom I still miss more than I can tell or need to tell. I know you will miss Connie too, as will John even more than the rest of you. It is all very sad. Even in such cases death brings relief to those that loved her best, for they are no longer to watch her suffering - suffering which they are helpless ^{watchers} for all have my deep, sincere sympathy.

Affectionately

Charlotte S. *Star*

Give my best to Mae

Here I go again: I am enclosing a copy of the Belknap genealogy made for my aunt Jane Turner, by her children (or had made) and which I copied for my Uncle Leander Janes (His middle name is Janes, which was the surname of a close friend, not James). You will note that two of our lineal ancestors fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill (which I am informed was actually fought on Breeds Hill), John and also his father Samuel, fat and aged, but filled with loyalty to a cause and anger toward his enemy, all of which combined with the heat of the day, and heat of battle and unwonted exertion proved more than his failing body could endure. And so he died for his country. He should have had a monument if his son received a medal, as this genealogy states.

1991 Madison St.
Eugene Oregon,
Jan. 15th, 1964.

Clark

Dear Mr. Belknap:

Thank you so much for your prompt answer to my letter and questions, and for the copy of the Belknap material which I will add to the Lane County Pioneer Society's file of early family records. We are always receiving letters asking us questions about these people and with such material as yours we can often answer these questions.

I am not, however, a connection of your family, altho I am an Oregonian, (a "furriner" from The Dalles). I have a great interest in history, and therefore in Oregon history, and for some years my brother, my husband and I have been gathering material on the so-called Lost Wagon Train of 1853, which essayed a short-cut across eastern Oregon from the Malheur river to Eugene. Their experiences were somewhat hard, and we have not only traced many miles of the old trail but we have also gathered a tremendous amount of material, printed, narratives and diaries, dealing with the trip. We got interested because the train went thru property we own in northern Klamath county and its been a lot of fun tracing the old trail each summer. I hope to compile the material into a book someday soon.

The reason I got into the Belknaps and the Lost Wagon Train, was that one of the people who--before me-- did some research on this train wrote, " Dr. H.P. Belknap, of Burns, Oregon, described the route of the trail from Maury mountain," THE TRAIL LED OVER A RIDGE. There were steep mountains on the south side and very steep rocky ridges on the north. Here the trail went down into a river bed from a very steep hillside. The water in this riverbed was not more than four feet deep. The lower part of the river bed after entering the valley was about a quarter of a mile above the ring (sic)? (Perhaps the meaning of this last word will someday be known.) The trail then led down Bear creek and on to Bend taking a southwesterly course south of Powell Buttes."

Obviously, and from another note saying Dr. Belknap traced the entire route of the 1853 train thru this area, he was interested in it. Very interested, for some reason. This Dr. H.P. Belknap, according to your chart, must have been Horace Preston, 1856--1936. However, from a Bible of the Lister family, (from Mrs Ida Lister McEwen, Portland 1960) the LWT 1853 connection is with a Harvey Belknap, Prineville, who married 1880, Crook county, Anne Francis Lister.

Menefee--2--

Anna Frances Lister was born March 15th, 1860, Mohawk valley, Lane county, Oregon, daughter of Thomas Lister, born England, and Mary Jeter, born Kentucky. The Listers were in this so-called Lost Wagon Train of 1853. If the "Harvey" Belknap, of the Lister Bible is the same as the "Harley" Belknap Jr. of your list, then Dr. Horace Belknap would have been a brother in law, as I see it, of Anna Lister Belknap and, living in the same country this wagon train traversed on its way west in 1853, would have been in a position to become interested in just where it went thru Crook county. All this is a surmise, of course.

I have contacted Robert Lister, of Prineville, who is a grandson of Thomas Lister, and we have corresponded over the entire matter of the LWT 1853 route, but he has never been interested in it, and had nothing to contribute.

So, you see where I now am with the LWT?

My second question, about Thomas Turner, was also based on this train, in a way. There was a ~~Thomas~~ Turner, who came to Oregon 1852. In 1853 he had a ferry at old Fort Boise, on the Oregon Trail, where the Boise and Snake meet. He had an interesting business, beside the ferry and a trading post. He bought up exhausted stock of emigrants, also their wagons. He put fresh oxen to the wagons, and delivered the pioneers to their destinations, in the Willamette valley. For 1853, at least, he did this, for he is mentioned in Dan Green's story of his trip to Oregon as doing this, and delivering the people Green was with to Corvallis.

Then, we have found Turner wintered at Corvallis, and in the spring of 1854 he started back for Fort Boise on the route taken by the LWT 1853.. From there, we loose him. I went to Corvallis. We have no first name for him. The Idaho Historical Society never heard of him. In Benton county, a Thomas Turner married a Belknap, so I at once started to get in touch with Belknaps. This led me to you. Since Turner's wife died and he married a Martha Sanders in 1866, and seems to have gone away from there, I dont know if he was the Thomas A. Turner, of Linn county, or if he was "Mr. Turner" of the Fort Boise ferry. Its surely one of these historical puzzles.

I have some Belknap material which I enclose. Perhaps you have it. I have very much enjoyed Keziah's letters, OHS Quarterly. They are delightful.

I will write Mrs Smith at once and see if she knows anything of Dr. Horace Belknap's papers.

Thank you again.

Cordially yours,

Mrs D.F. Menefee

Leah C Menefee

CARROLL YORK BELKNAP 25 Club Road Riverside, Connecticut 06878

Oct 9 1969

MEMO TO: CLARK BELKNAP
FERN MARTIN
BERTHA HANSEN

The slip enclosed will explain my long silence. . . Now that I'm starting to resume letter-writing, I'm addressing this memo to all three of you, because as descendants of Johas Newton Belknap -- my great great grandfather -- you'll be interested in one aspect of my work.

During the past twelve months, a mass of information about him and his children has been accumulating. Much has been learned -- sometimes in direct contradiction of what I used to think I knew.

So I'm now very close to the time when I can draft a pretty full story of the western migration that he started -- from Ellington, Conn. to Belchertown, Mass. -- to Cherry Valley and the Wyoming Valley and Ontario County, N Y -- to Hart and Hardin Counties, Kentucky -- to Licking and Delaware Counties, Ohio -- to Van Buren and Wapello Counties, Iowa -- and finally from Iowa to Benton County, Oregon. . . We now have the names and dates of all the children, and the names of hundreds of his grandchildren (though only a few, in some cases). We know the given name (but not yet the family name) of his second wife -- whom he married after Esther Parker died in 1801 -- and the name of his third wife, who was with him in Kentucky. . . There are some things we do not yet know, such as the parentage of the girl Diantha who was with him in Kentucky -- she may have been his daughter or possibly the daughter of his third wife's first husband. But we have most of the main facts.

As soon as I can, I'll draft that story and submit a trial version to everyone who may be able to catch errors I make, or add to what I write. . . Then, when it's in final shape to the best of my ability, I'll be wishing I knew how to place a copy of it in the hands of every adult present-day descendant of Jonas Newton Belknap -- for the story is worth knowing.

Now for individual notes to each of you.

CLARK: Before they shipped me to hospital, I had made a copy of an obituary of your brother Maynard, intending to send it to you. It's enclosed, now. What you said about him was doubtless true -- a man of very sturdy qualities -- but from a clipping somewhere in my files, taken from a Honolulu newspaper years ago and sent in by another Belknap in Hawaii, it's obvious that Maynard must have been also a man of very great personal charm. I wish I'd known him. . . Can you suggest how I can find out who now has the original of Keturah's diary? In 1960, Bertha Pitman had it and prepared a condensed version -- skipping, alas, the years in Ohio and giving only small bits about the years in Iowa. I need the whole thing, if I can track it down. (I have the piece based on Keturah's recollections, published in by Oregon Historical Society -- but it's not wholly reliable on facts, and it deals only with the years in Benton County.)

FERN: Can you give me the exact name and date of the source you quoted for death-date of Jonas -- list of pensioners living in Kentucky? . . . Have you met G M Belknap, 20120 Smith Road , Route 1, Ferris? He's a descendant of Elijah, one of Susannah's brothers. . . Thanks for telling people to write to me for help on lineage. I get lots of new material from them. By all means, keep on doing it.

BERTHA: Thanks for sheet on the Garlinghouses. It is very welcome, for I'm eager to determine the parentage of the Garlinghouses who married Belknaps. A new and incontestable piece of evidence has just reached me, giving reason for doubt that the father was an Elijah Garlinghouse. I haven't started to follow it up, yet -- but I will. Perhaps I should add, here, that my long-time belief that Jane, Catherine and Mary were sisters -- and that Gamaliel, who married Esther, was their brother -- has as yet no firmly documented proof. All I'm sure of is that Jane and Rachel Garlinghouse were sisters. I'll welcome aid.

Now, just for the fun of it, may I quote something I'm trying to live up to? It's a passage from the official qualifications for becoming a Certified Genealogist -- which I can never become:

"He should be able to evaluate published source materials and compiled genealogies, and in the case of the latter, to verify statements contained therein before using them."

How right that skepticism about "compiled genealogies" is! I've learned to distrust ~~them~~ them violently. Thank Heaven, I was taught the rudiments of evidence by the great man who wrote Wigmore on Evidence -- which is on the desk of every judge in America. . . Or should be.

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full

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Death Takes M. M. Belknap, Lifelong Resident Of Region

Maynard M. Belknap, 89, a lifelong resident of the Inland Empire and a prominent businessman at Lewiston and Cottonwood before retiring in 1960, died at 4:18 yesterday afternoon

grandfather, Ransom A. Belknap, crossed the plains in an ox-drawn wagon train in 1847 to settle in the Willamette Valley of Oregon.

His father, Webster Belknap, was born in the Willamette Valley, but later moved to Spokane. He was a state senator from Spokane County.

Belknap was born at Spokane April 26, 1879.

He graduated from Spokane High School (now Lewis & Clark High School) and from Washington State College (now Washington State University), Pullman, in 1901.

He taught school throughout north central Idaho until 1904 when he moved to Cottonwood, where he was principal of the public school. In 1907 he was one of the organizers of the Cottonwood State Bank.

He was cashier of the bank from 1907 until selling his interest and moving to Lewiston in 1927.

Bought Investment Firm

He bought the Erhardt Investment Co. here and changed the name to the M. M. Belknap Co. He operated the firm for 33½ years before retiring.

Belknap married the former Emma G. Gribbin in 1906. She died June 22, 1947. In 1949, he married Mrs. Florence M. Jasper.

He is survived by a son, Burdette Belknap, Pomeroy; a stepson, Dr. Donald Jasper of the University of California now studying at Cornell University, Ithica, N.Y.; three step-daughters, Mrs. J. T. Jones, La Grande, Ore.; Mrs. Malcolm Dawson, Joseph, and Mrs. Walter Johnson, Salem; a brother, Clark R. Belknap, Seattle; and a sister, Mrs. T. J. Dolan, Portland; 18 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

The funeral will be Saturday morning at 11 at Vassar-Rawls Funeral Home. Burial will be at Normal Hill Cemetery.



M. M. BELKNAP

at St. Joseph's Hospital. Death was due to the infirmities of age.

Belknap operated the M. M. Belknap Co. here from 1927 until his retirement in 1960. The firm specialized in mortgages and loans. Prior to coming to Lewiston in 1927, Belknap had been a school principal and banker at Cottonwood.

He was active in Lewiston civic affairs and was an active backer of the Lewis & Clark Highway (U.S. Highway 12) for many years.

Was Chamber President

He served two terms as president of the Lewiston Chamber of Commerce and two terms as a member of the Lewiston City Council. He was mayor pro-tem during his terms on the council.

At the time of his death he was president of the Lewiston chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. He was a past Idaho state president of the society.

Belknap was a member of a pioneer western family. His

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9th and Main 108 9th St.
First Sec. Bank Bldg. 743-8528

FRANK SULLIVAN

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
AS NEAR AS YOUR PHONE

Moses: father in law, Jethro, was probably the world's first great man. He did not engage in molten gods: it was while Moses was living in Jethro's household that he became aware of the absurdities of the golden calves. So he went back to Egypt to save his people from slavery, but he was goaded on mostly because they were worshipping False Gods.

And Jethro stopped Moses from wasting his time as a mere judge. He told him he could not do all that alone--he must appoint assistants TO HELP JUDGE THE PEOPLE;; Moses followed his advice. That gave him time to do his prodigious writings. Had he remained a judge he could not possibly have had the time to write anything.

Just when Moses conceived the idea of writing his version of the creation, we know not, but it was probably when he was at Mt. Sinia. Where did he get his help? He must have had a hundred men help do the printing on papyrus paper. He should have had a ~~3~~ huge Van to have been able to transport his huge bulk--hence they were lost.

Moses play it rough--killed many of his own people--BUT HE LED THEM OUT OF BONDAGE, 3, million of them--led them to the Promised Land 40 years later. Our grand dads crossed the plains--500 in each wagon train--in ten years 300,000 came. Well Moses took about 3 million in one big caravan--babies born every day--burials every day--but he got them out of Egypt.

Had they remained in Egypt, they would have remained slaves--their later great prophets would never have been born, much less been free to write; we would never have heard of "The Lord is my Shepherd"--he leads me beside the still waters...."

Moses undoubtedly picked many former bits of written history, and the stories told around the camp fires for centuries. But he was putting on a one man show--he trusted no man, and for the good reason there was no one whom he could trust. His brother Aaron was grand flop--shortly after Moses disappeared into the mids of Mt Sinia to start his writings, what did Aaron do but make a golden calf for this people to worship.

Moses was a slight of hand performer--he pulled his cane-snake trick so successfully that he caught the attention of Pharaoh. He had come in out of the desert--no one knew he was coming--his name meant nothing to any one. But he had such a strong personality that he soon took command. STOP.

Be sure and reread Exodus.



LAW OFFICES OF
CLARK R. BELKNAP
 PROFESSIONAL CENTER
 12610 DES MOINES WAY SO. SUITE 110
 SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98168

Dec. 26, 1967.

Dear Carroll;

Just received a note from Arta Anderson Bayley, of San Leandro, Calif. stating that she had written you, or was going to write you. She is the daughter of my father's younger sister, one of the twins--identical; she will be visiting you in a few months--she has a son with one of the Big Air Lines--working in New York--will be east in a few months. Arta is about 3 years older than you. She wrote that one of your grandfather's daughters, very much resembled her mother. Strange how families often have a branding iron.

When I was 17 I visited the State Fair in Salem--we were then living at Monroe. My father had been there during the summer two months earlier. I was admiring a fine world's record trotter--the attendant looked up--"Isn't your name Belknap?" I have another one. About 35 years ago, my office associate here in Seattle came up to your offices from the street--when he came in he asked me if my father was in town. I replied in the negative. Did you give your hat to any one. Again No. In a few minutes my father's immediately younger brother, Frank (LF Belknap, in whose honor a Building at Willamette is named) came into the office. My associate had seen him in the lobby down stairs. I never thought I looked like my uncle. He was about 6'4" about 1/2 inch taller than my father. I guess the tall boys got it from their mother. My grandfather was rather short. But imagine he was slightly taller than Corrington. I never saw George and Ransom together, but I imagine George was the taller of the two.

Here is a discrepancy I note in our two sets of Notes. I have had Uncle Harley as being 17 when they crossed the plains--my grandfather, Hannah and Cumi came in '47 and George, his brothers, Corrington and Harley, and their father, Jesse, came in 48. I note that you have Corrington as being born in 1831. Then, I presume Harley was born about 33. Ransom was born 1820. I merely call attention to the discrepancy. I do not recall where I obtained my data.

My Father's twin sisters were identical. When one of Addyline's boys, about 2 or 3 was sitting on he aunt's lap, he thought he was on his own mother's. The girls had long hair--when standing, and they were on the tall order--their hair hung to the floor. One of my aunts told me that when she was teaching school, she would take her hair down and hold it in her lap --it was so heavy.

Just notice that I did not properly identify Arta Anderson Bayley--her mother was Angeline--5 years younger than my father--they were born in 54. I knew George and aunt Kit quite well. Uncle George had a set prayer; I remember he always started; "Highly exalted our maker Lor, our maker,." My grand mother told me that my grandfather had a fixed prayer. I do not recall having heard what it was like. But Uncle George's was quite dignified --always the same.

Over.

Most of the Belknaps were well grounded in the use of their English--I do not recall ever having heard my father use incorrect language--they had a good school at Monroe, Belfountain--took Algebra, and many of the highschool subjects. Aunt Kit was I suppose the most illiterate of the outfit --yet she is the one who proved to be the best story teller. I have read some of her bits--they have them in Corvallis. She was quoted in the History of Willamette. The first General Conference of the Methodist Church was held in Simpson ~~Chapel~~ Chapel--Bishop Simpson had to come from Portland--it meant swimming rivers--this was about 53 or 54. BUT HE MADE IT.

Few of George's children went to college. But I presume you have heard from one of the Toziers in Los Angeles--a grandson of George's, or maybe great grand son. He comes thru Zina Tozier.

Mark

25 Club Road
Riverside, Conn. 06878
Jan. 8, 1968

MEMO TO Clark R. Belknap
FROM Carroll Belknap

My deep thanks for what you have been doing to induce people to write to me. I have heard from Maynard and Arta Bayley -- who plans to visit us when she comes East in Spring.

Hope you'll keep on doing it. I can use all the help I can get.

Have just received a thousand pages of genealogical data from our Mormon cousins in Utah -- who spell their name Belnap, but believe themselves to be descended from the Jesse Belknap who was an uncle of Jonas Newton Belknap who was our great great grandfather. So I'm swamped with work.

Plan to go back to Salem for more material that I believe is there -- as soon as Peg and I are free to make the trip.

Another question to ask of you:

Can you give me any information about the Susie (Susan, maybe Susannah) who is said to have been the twin sister of our great grandfather Jesse?

Till lately, the only indication of her existence that I had was a note made by my mother about 1917 -- with no reference to the source, though the information might have come from Cumi's daughter Elizabeth Jane Starr (Mrs. Garrison Turner) or from my Aunt Mary (Mrs. James Forney).

But in the published genealogy of the Parker family, this Susie is listed as a daughter of the Esther Parker who married Jonas Newton Belknap. So now I have some confirmation of that entry made by my mother.

And a Susannah Belknap was recorded in central Ohio (church records) at the time when our great grandfather Jesse was there.

Date of Corrington's birth? Uncertain, by a year or so. Still to be verified. Date I have used is based on family tradition that when he married Ann Aletha York he was 21 and she was 16.

Cousin Clark:

Thanks a lot for the copy of your book. I read it with delight. (I don't think I've told you that my wife, Peg, is secretary of our Republican Town Committee. Today she's up-state, at a meeting of our State Central Committee. In local party circles, I'm known as "Peg Belknap's husband.")

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Perhaps the enclosures may interest you.

I knew most of what is said in the letter from England. But wrote to Debrett's because I had not been able to trace the parentage of the John Belknap and Joan Belknap mentioned in the 1952 edition.

That Joan, perhaps, is the "Johane Bealknap" who was lady in waiting to Katherine, ~~Henrik~~ Henry the Fifth's Queen -- in 1422. That was the way the family name was spelled in those days.

Too bad we have not yet found the connection between our ancestry and the Judge. But an organization of Belknaps in Utah is working at this task. Meanwhile, I include the Judge's family in my work because I'm trying to cover all persons known to have borne our name.

1/26/68

To me, the real kicker in the letter from England is ^{on} ~~the~~ its second page. Long ago I told my son about the way in which men whom I had never met come up to me and say "Hello, Cousin, my grandmother was a Belknap."

25 Club Road
Riverside, Conn.
July 19, 1967

MEMO TO: Clark Belknap
FROM: Carrell Belknap

Now that I've completed two months of rather demanding jury service, I can get back to digging into family history.

Lately, in the process of seeking (and finding, most happily) verification of some things that Elizabeth Jane Starr (Mrs. Garrison Turner) set down on paper fifty years ago, I've been studying the records of the family of Jesse's mother, Esther Parker.

One of the things I may have found is the source of the name of your grandfather Ransom. It's a very sentimental story of close family relationships. Perhaps you already know it. But I'll put it in paper anyway and send you a copy for your comment.

My interest in the given names in our family is not mere curiosity. Much of the family story cannot be understood without thinking about these names. For example, why in the closing years of the fifteenth century were all the sons in one generation suddenly given Biblical names — instead of the Norman names that had been persistent for four hundred years? And why did the custom of using Biblical first names then continue for two hundred years? And why was this custom ended suddenly, midway in the record of Jesse's children? And why, in Puritan early Massachusetts, were no Belknaps ever given truly Puritan first names such as Constant and Content and so on — as was common in rigidly Puritan families? Not idle questions, I assure you — for the answers may help to explain why Abraham's son Samuel left Salem and why his grandsons left Massachusetts for the more liberal atmosphere of Connecticut — thus starting the trek that took Jesse to Oregon. When I finally get down to trying to write the story of our family, I'll have to deal with such questions as these.

Meanwhile, there is something I hope you can do for me — tell me (or find out) the story behind the christening of Elizabeth Jane's mother — Talitha Cumi.

I know the meaning of the name (as told in Mark 5.41). But surely there's a story behind naming a girl child "Maiden, arise" (which is the meaning of the two words). I hope you can tell me this story.

I hope, too, that you can tell me how her name was pronounced in the family — for the pronunciation I think I recall hearing in my childhood is far from the official church pronunciation of those two words and I'd like to be sure that the pronunciation I pass on to my children is the one that the family actually used.

Tuesday, May 9, 1961

Dear Cousin Clark:

Thank you most sincerely for your history of the Belknap-Starr-Gilbert trek over the Great Plains (I can recall when that expression was commonly used) and across many-chained Rocky Mountains following Oregon Trail to its termination -to Oregon itself, in 1847. I was surprised at its length or lack of length, and thought what a pity it is we did not acquire more detailed material on the subject of this momentous journey from our forebears. They would have been delighted to live over the longdrawn experience if encouraged by sympathetic listeners. Even reliving their most harrowing experiences would no longer be painful, if the reliving were done in a well cushioned rocking chair. What a pity none of the crowd seem to have kept a diary. Of course I have some comments to make on the history. You expect that naturally.

Comment 1. Re ox teams, there is one thing my grandmother did tell me many years ago; They, and this may have applied only to the S.F. Starr family but I got the impression that it was general with the personal of the train, they, my grandparents had not only oxen in their teams but the cows they were bringing west were also hitched therein. In telling me this grandmother said after doing their stint in helping haul the wagons the cows were milked, both at night and in the morning; that the milk was put in pails with tight covers and hung under the wagons where during the day's travel they swung to the action of the heavy wagons, and by night they were opened and a fair sized lump of butter was taken from the milk. The day's shaking had turned the butterfat in the milk to welcome butter. The baking of bread - you mention my grandmother's making bread - was a necessity. Sometimes the whole train would halt for a day or so that washing might be done and bread baked, and other cooking attended to, and during such times, she told me repairs were made on the wagons, the harness, and perhaps a little fresh meat killed. Of course the outriders that preceded the train, did bring into the train any deer or other game they were able to kill.

Comment: 2. All the Belknaps stayed together until they reached the Grand Rond Valley, when, according to Tyra Stafford his great grandfather Dow Gilbert, whose wife was Hanna Belknap Gilbert, left the train and remained until the following spring and arrived in the Willamett Valley the following spring. I have been told that the Grand Rond Valley and the Umatilla Ind. Res. then occupied by Chief Joseph and the Umatilla Indians under treaty with our beloved country, which in the case of this treaty made under solemn promise that it should never be broken, though inspite of this was in 1877, thirty years later was broken; that this land represented some of the finest grazing land in all the northwest, which probably explains Uncle Dow Gilbert and his family deciding to stay here. I understand it is also a fact that this part of the country is often visited by very severe winters, which may explain why they decided to drive on to Oregon the following spring.

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It would be interesting to know how they came to go there in the first place. Perhaps they were attracted, I mean our more distant forebears, by Daniel Boone and those who came from the eastern seaboard after Boone had lead the way. To be sure Boone was many years in advance no doubt of the wouthern trek of our progenitors, 1734-1820, whose Wilderness Road was blazed, I think, during the early years of the Revolutionary War.

My, oh my, how this letter does grow. I must call a halt or it will soon be as long as your history.

Let me make one more comment on your history in closing: Since the coming of their first ancestor to America, the name of our Clingmans has been spelled with a 'C' and not a k. This first Clingman made the change because by coming to this country He considered himself an American, and no longer a Dutchman. Uncle Horace told me this, and Horace's grandfather, a 2nd generation American spelled his name with a Q; as did all the following Clingmans of that line. There are other Clingmans even here in Spokane who spell the name with a K (Klingman) but those of Uncle's line changed the initial letter on coming to America.

Despite these comments which might seem criticisms I will say I found the history interesting and informative, and I know that the gathering of the material took considerable time. By the way, in talking with Bertha Stafford Cowels I mentioned what Claud had told you of the Gilbert contingent going to the Whitman mission with the idea that Uncle Dow would build a mill, etc. She said all that was something she had never heard of, or that her great-grandfather Dow was a mill Wright. She asked where you got your information and I said from Claude Gilbert and she sort of snorted, 'Oh Claud'. If you knew Claude ^{as a child} you will recall then any thing he told you was taken with a grain of salt. His reputation for truth and reliability were deplorable. I haven't known him for many years. Also she said that the Watts family was not in this train but ^{they} came to Oregon a year or so later. Do you remember the garbled Alldy Neal Story Jesse Gilbert was credited with giving the Spokesman-Review a few years ago. I think you wrote in something correcting a portion of that story. Jesse was in the Valley and though neither he or my father went to the meeting at the Judge Lewis place, he probably learned the details of what occurred as did my father and mother, but the silly diatribe he gave the paper at that time held little in common with what our parents had told us, nor was his interpretation of it at all like theirs. Jesse was apt to be very inaccurate in what he remembered.

Bertha's Grandmother Gilbert was a Watts, she had many conversations with her oldest Granddaughter-I think I referred to something like closing back there a while ago.

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granddaughter one day this week telling of the sudden death of Burt's son Elmer, and only remaining child. Elmer, about 48 or 50 years of age, had a stroke the 23d of April, and died Tuesday without regaining children. He, Elmer, was married and was the father of two children who must be almost grown now, maybe married. Burt has been in a rest home for a number of years now. His memory is bad, though when I visited him in the spring of 1959 he remembered the persons who resided in our Valley and the old friends of Spokane that we had made after leaving the valley. But he couldn't remember when Gloria, his granddaughter had last visited, nor where he had laid his hat when he came in. Just how much he has changed since I saw him I do not know. He is rather emotional, and in talking over old times he cried a lot while I was there, and wished he wouldn't cry, he felt it was not 'manly' that he was too emotional, and sentimental. I tried to reassure him, saying there was nothing derogatory about weeping when we felt like it, and no disgrace to feel warmly sentimental at times. His father always wept easily. When there were neighborhood gatherings Uncle John always insisted that we sing 'God Be with You Till we meet Again, and Always the tears came rolling down his plump red cheeks as he sang ^{that song}. He had a warm love for his friends, and his love demanded expression, I suppose. Burt is like his father. But they did not tell him of Elmer's death, nor take him to the funeral for fear the shock might be too much for him. What I wonder will be his reaction when he finds his only child died and was buried without his being told.

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CLARK R. BELKNAP

C. W. MULLINS

ATTORNEY AT LAW

ROOMS 3-4-5-6
ODD FELLOWS BLDG.

ASTORIA, OREGON

March 15, 1967. (Birthday--84)

Dear cousin Carroll;

I am delighted with your further report. You are taking your job seriously, and are doing a good job of it. This letterhead? I was in Astoria for two years durinh WW I time, and I took over the office of this Mullins. A few days ago I ran across a box of his stationary. This must have been printed before 1914. It was from Astoria that I entered the now famouse service in the armed forces of the Unitedstates, from which generals were developed. Well, who is to say that had I remained in the army I would not have become a general, and won the war single handed? I do not deny that possibility.

As before stated I had no line on Corrington's family, or his comings and goings. He certainly participated in some most important events. The land that he gave to USC would now be worth billions, and no one will ever know just how close he came to fortunes in Alaska. Having lived at the Gateway to Alaska for so many years, naturally I have heard a lot of fantastic yarns; I was guardian for a man who went to Alaska from Seattle for the Gold Rush. Ofcourse, most of the adventurers came home empty of pockets. But your grandad was in his sixties. He must have been a pretty tough customer. If you have not read the Alaska stories and poems by Robert Service, you must get them. "The shooting of Dan McGrew", I have seen queer sights in the northernlights, but the queerest sight I ever did see was that night on the marg of Lake Le Barge, I cremated Sam McGee.... Quite truthful as well as colorful. You must read them.

Well, one cock and bull story leads to another. It has been my custom for the past 20 years or so to get out my own version of the State of the Union, mixing poltics along with plenty of family gossip and personal experiences; my most exciting character, was, ofcourse, myself. This particular yarn, however, is completely true. You saw your grandfather when you were about 8. Well, I saw my grandfather at about the same time, that is, same age. Grandfather and mother came up to ~~the~~ Spokane to visit us on our wheat ranch. I recall that he was rather short, not so tall as his brother George, by about 4 inches. My grand mother was of the taller type; she was a Starr--something of a cousin, distant, to the other Starrs. My father was 6ft 3, his brother Frank, 2 years younger, 6-4. Frank was a Methodist Minister for his entite life, died at 96 by falling into a swift stream at Medford and drowned. He was in fine condition, both menttly and physically. It seemed a shame for him to come to that unhappy ending. On the campus of Willamette University, where Corrington graduted in 185__ was it 8? is a building dedicated to an old Prop. Matthews, and L. F. BELKNAP. He was on the board of Trustees for many years.

Coming back to my grandfather. He was^a thrifty man. He kept his Donation Lan Claim until he died. Well, he gave away to his boys his half, but grand other gave her half when she died to her daughters. Grandfather died in 96 at the age of 76. And I note that Corrington died at about the same age. Ransom died of urinal poisoning--prostate gland trouble--they did not know how to handle it back yonder. But I understand that he was generally in good condition; otherwise.

About their wagons. Well, about all they needed was a good wagon and oxen. I am sure that grandfather, Ransom, would have had a good wagon. He was very thrifty. George, his elder brother was more on the hill billy type, and his sons were lacking in ambition. They did not go to college, none of them, while the sons, daughters of Ransom, Corrington, Harley, and some of Cumi's did. And some of the Hawleys, but not many. The Congressman Hawley was tops in his family. He saved Willamette University from extinction back in the 90ties and early part of this century. He was very able--pres of the school for 11 years, and an exceptionally well read man. Large, and heavy. There is a well written Crossing the Plains story, in a book, MOUNTAINS AHEAD, written by a Willamette girl 24

Martha McKeown. She bases her story on the experiences of an 1847 wagon train crossing the plains; that was the year Ransom, Hannah, Cumi and Orrin came. She tells of all the trials suffered by all the various trains. But each one taken separately while not so bad, was plenty so. She has some leading characters. The man was determined to go west, and his bride came from a well established mill owned in Kentucky. They wanted the young people to stay with them, and take over the mill. But the man rebelled--he wanted to go west. So the girl's father and mother fixed them up proper. Got them the largest wagon possible; and loaded it down with all the things they would need when they got to Oregon. The mistake was --the wagon was just too heavy--their oxen had to keep up with the lighter loads. I'll bet that Jesse and Ransom knew what to take and what to leave behind. All along the western trail there ~~was~~ were hundreds of discarded bits of household equipment. Just too heavy to carry along. Like the burials of the dead, the Big Dresser had to go. Finally the big wagon had to be discarded--too heavy. But the Belknaps had long been on the move. Many were facing something new, a tremendous task. But to Ransom, Jesse et al, as my father told me "They thought but little about it; they were merely making a little longer trip, than they had made before. They knew what to take." No big iron stoves for them.

One western yarn pertains to a wagon train getting ready to leave Iowa for Oregon. The Captain was telling a local citizen- "We have a good man, Smith, to start a saw mill- we have a good man to start a grocery store- we have a good blacksmith to start our shops." The merchant looked over at an old man, leaning against a wagon, for support; "What is he going to start?" The Capt. replied, "Oh, he is going to start our cemetery."

Well, I got away from that cock and bull story. I said I saw my grandfather, with full beard, also, when I was about 8, in Spokane County; he gave us a saddle. But I had seen him long before that. When I was 3 our family went back to Monroe and stayed a year--in the house father built when he first married and where my oldest brother, Clifford, was born--on the north part of the Donation Land Claim--about 1 half mile from Grandfather's home. I ran away--over to grandfather's; father had twin sisters, 4 year his junior--exact duplicates; tall and had long hair that hung clear to the floor when standing. The twins saw me sitting on top of the gate, and took me in, and kept me for a few days, and while there made me a blue dress, probably out of some of their dresses. Apparently they did a good job--they were spinsters, about 30--I appeared in public on many occasions with that Little Blue Dress and became quite a reciter of the LITTLE BOY BLUE WHERE ARE YOU, WHY DON'T YOU COME AND BLOW YOUR HORN, etc. You no doubt know about it. My brother just older than I, Foster, who died two years ago, and on the old donation Land claim and Ransom's old home; Well, the years went by until about 1960, when on a birthday I stated my usual STATE OF THE UNION message to all the family. I had made quite a recitation of my long and immensely important career, and had come down to the story of the little blue dress--when in came the mail man--and what should he bring, but a letter from our cousin, Charlotte Starr, Aunt Cumi's grand daughter, in Spokane. She had just received a letter from Aunt Cumi's youngest child, Rene Bond Clingman. You will recall that Cumi remarried, after the death of her first husband, to a Mr. Bond (Later she married again and died as Waltz.) Rene was nearing the end of her life and she had some family pictures she thought ought to be given to the proper persons. One was the picture of Foster and Clark--sitting in, YES, THAT LITTLE BLUE DRESS. It had

for 70 years

been kicking around the world and made its appearance in my office, JUST AS I WAS RELATING THE STORY OF ITS MAKING, believe it or not." If that is not a cock and bull story, what is it?

This morning I received a birthday card from Charlotte. I had sent her your first report. She states that she hopes to write you. She will be 84 April 21. We grew up pretty close together. Her mind is very clear. I believe you have a co-worker in California. She is, Jesse, Ramsom, Webster, Clifford, Harold, CORENA MAY THOMAS. Married, with three little tots, but determined, altho, 32, to finish her college work, which had been interrupted by sickness, marriage, babies. But she is very determined to finish the business. She is worming in her school for a, I do not know, whether for a master degree or just plain work credits. But she is making a full study of the Taylor Family tree. I have not talked with her, but from reports she is delving into the Tree matter with both hands. Her address is 31 San Miguel Ave. Daly City, California. I suggest that you contact her. Just what she has accomplished, I am not able to say, but her aunt, Irene Belknap, a long time teacher in high school, and born 1902, is a most reliable person. She says that Corena May is most serious in her study of the Family tree.

I received another bit from my brother. Maynard, 929 3rd St. Lewiston. I am enclosing it. Apparently your aunt Mary Forney was quite a person. I note that she was but 4 years younger than my father; she was the same age as the twins, above mentioned; You will note that brother Maynard met her about 1900, when he was taking those teachers examinations in Grangeville, about 1900. I recall that at that time he reported meeting her and that he as a green country bumpkin had used a rather crude expression, like "a whole lot," and she restated it in a much more delightful fashion. This I can say, tho, for my father-he and those of his neighborhood used good English; he was thoroly grounded in grammer. One of his brothers, Edward, the youngest of the family, was one of the finest speakers I have ever heard. He could jump right up and let her fly.

There were many college folks in the Monroe country when I arrived there from Spokane, Oct. 1896; I was then 13. Hannah and Cumi were well know to us when we were kids. Their names were most precious--fine women and beloved by every one. Hannah was slender, and I imagine about 5-5. Cumi was quite heavy and I imagine slightly taller than Hannah. I last saw her at Monroe when I was 14. They were up from California. Cumi's last husband, Washington Waltz, was a very high grade man; widowed and had two sons, both Methodist Ministers. I knew them quite well. The Older one, Harry, married Cumi's daughter, Mary. And Mark, the younger son, married a Mary Starr, a distant cousin. Mark retired from the ministry on Account of health, and lived at Mornoe when I was there. He graduated at Willamette as did his brother. Both boys lived with my grandfather and mother for a few years. Talk about a busy life--Ransom, as I told you before, took care off Jesse and bride, and grandmother's father and mother at the same time, had a large family; at one time grandmother had 500 chicken. She was the weaver of the family--the girls did the housework. My father wore homespuns--ill fitting garments. I cannot say as to Harley and Corrington, excepting for your last letter, but I imagine that all of the family died penniless--excepting Ransom. He had his place all paid for, well stocked with sheeep 200, and 200 goats, when he died June, 1896. And he had the finest of horses. He was close to breeding the best. My father raced all over the northwest one of the colts we found on the place. He brot horses from Iowa and keep right on breeding. I agree--we had some grand dads. Now we can cross the continent in a few hours--they took six months. But I wonder if we are as good as they were.

I am sorry that I have absolutely no information relative to Ann Aletha York. I had not know that Corrington was ever in Seattle. He certainly got around for those times. That son of yours has a heavy burden--if he is to keep up the record of Wigmore, on Evidence. My, what a job he performed. I have never liked reading law in general. In writing my book I read 2,000 pages of Ickes Diary, and thousands of other pages. But WIGMORE my, my, what a job he performed--he must have burned the midnight candles at both ends. Well, send me more material--I will read all you send. I am

a great RECEIVER. I have never knowingly turned down a favor in my life.

Amid

Next time you write please give us
your zip code.

BURDETTE-BELKNAP

ATTORNEY AT LAW

408-MANN STREET 929 3rd
LEWISTON, IDAHO

March 13, 1967

Dear Clark:

A short time ago I sent you a clipping by Max Rafferty in which he deplored the ignorance of high school and college students in regard to the Bible. I presume you know who Rafferty is. He is the State Supt. of Schools of California. I see his column quite often and I think he is good.

Getting back to Uncle Corrington's daughters . Mary Forney was a lovely lady and she and her husband, Judge Forney, were quite active in the social life early day Moscow. Mrs. Holt, (I believe her name was Nellie but sure) was quite different. That might be in part at least to her having lived for years in practically isolation down on the Salmon River. But she seemed so bashful and timid like. I don't she and her husband took any part in the social life of Lewiston after they moved here. But of course they were part the years when people are active.

Snow storm hit Central Idaho a couple of days ago, but did not touch us, though could see snow on the hill all around us. Well, hope you are both fine and have a happy birthday.

Florence & Maynard.

OVER

Your letter of the 11th just came since I finished writing the above. Your comments on the Indians interesting. Yes, Chief Joseph country is all around us here. I believe I told you that Burdette's boy Ron sent me a little history of Fort Klamath. One fact I never knew before, the U. S. Government sent a detachment of cavalry troops clear from Fort Klamath up here to help fight Chief Joseph. The book said a 1500 mile trip. They returned to Fort Klamath. The book did not say whether or not they got here before the fighting was all over. Some of the fighting took place just a mile or two out of Sttonwood where I live a long time.

I don't know that there is much I can add to what I said about Uncle Harley. I never knew just when he went to the Prineville country. Chief Joseph's father "Old Chief Joseph" is buried at Wallowa Lake near Joseph, Oregon. M. M. B.

When we made our first trip to Yellowstone National Park back in 1918 we saw a number of reminders of the Nez Perce Indian War. One place where the U. S. Troops had to cross a deep canyon in the park and there still marks on the trees where they had used ropes to let the wagons down into the canyon.

MEMO TO Clark Belknap
FROM Carrell Belknap

March 10, 1967

I'm most deeply grateful for your fine letter and for the enclosures. Illness kept me from answering more promptly. I'll return your enclosures as soon as I have made copies of them.

You ask about my grandfather Corrington. One way to answer is to send you, as I'm doing, a copy of some work sheets that I drafted in January, before I had seen any of your material. I still have much work to do, before permitting myself to write the story of my family for my children and grandchildren. I prepared those work sheets both as a guide for myself and as an attempt to correct some of the many errors and omissions in the family tree that Dick Taylor had sent me. (When you see it, at Tacoma, you'll be shocked to find how little it has about Jesse and his descendants -- not even your name, which Taylor has known for some years,)

I wish I knew the full story of my grandfather Corrington. But when my father fell seriously ill a year or so after I was born, his doctors told him to move to a dry climate. So he moved from California to Arizona; and thus I was out of touch with other members of the family during my years in the West, and met my grandfather only once, when I was about 8 years old. But I have never forgotten the vivid impression he made on my mind. . . A very short man, with a short white beard, and a face full of vigor and energy.

According to our records, he entered the ministry in 1855. He seems to have served as a minister in towns in Washington until about 1870. My father, Charles Carroll Belknap, was born in Seattle in 1866 -- the last of Corrington's children by his first marriage. After about 1870, my grandfather was in California -- pastor at (I think) Santa Clara -- and Modesto -- and Santa Barbara, where the Methodist church has (or had) a memorial window for him (so I was told, in my childhood). . . For a time, he was Agent on an Indian Reservation in Central California. . . And somehow he managed to accumulate enough money to buy land at Los Angeles -- wheat fields, in the days when wheat was actually being grown in that area. Then, when the University of Southern California was being founded, he gave that land to it. It was in what is now the heart of the old downtown part of Los Angeles -- the section around Figueroa Street. . . Then, later, my grandfather accumulated enough money to buy oil options on land around Bakersfield -- and no oil was found, so he went broke. At 65, he went to Alaska to look for gold; but found none. And then, when I met him in his seventies, he was busy teaching himself the Icelandic language "to keep my mind occupied," he said. . . Quite a man. (You and I seem to have had very fine grandfathers.)

Of his children, the youngest daughter -- Cora -- was probably the most brilliant. She was valedictorian of her graduating class at the University of Southern California in 1885. . . The eldest daughter, Mary, married an Idaho lawyer, James Forney, and became one of the Regents of the University of Idaho; and a DAR vice president.

Now may I ask you another question? Do you know anything of the story of my grandmother, Ann Aletha York -- and how Corrington met her? I distrust my memory of the romantic story I ~~xx~~ think I heard as a child. But my daughter is named for her; and I hope someday to get confirmation of the story I think I remember.

*Ann died
in 1887.*

Speaking of the name given to my daughter reminds me that, as a lawyer, you may be interested to know that my son was christened John Henry for the John Henry Wigmore who wrote Wigmore on Evidence — a dear friend to my wife from her childhood on. We were married in his home — and spent many happy ~~years~~ hours there, afterward.

Reading your letter, a few nights ago, my wife said: "What a man! Don't you wish we had gone to meet him when we were in Seattle a few years ago?" Indeed I do wish just that — only more so, for I was in Seattle again and again in the late 40's and early 50's — on business, of course, but I really should have taken time to hunt up the closest cousins I possess.

Learned) Your comment about the "Belknap Neighborhood" near Corvallis reminds me to tell you of two other examples of the old-time Belknap habit of flocking together. One was (I have just ~~learned~~ at ~~Hampden~~ Honeye (pronounced honey oy) in Ontario county, Western New York — where our great great grandfather Jonas Newton Belknap and his brother Seth and his ~~three married sons~~ three married sons — Samuel and Elijah and Elisha — and all their children were settled from about 1800 to some year after 1810. ~~My~~ Jesse was married there in 1812. . . The other example is Newburgh, which you have visited. As early as 1790, there were 13 Belknap families in and around Newburgh (all descendants of Abraham's son Joseph) — with a total of about 84 Belknaps in those families. One of them, Isaac Belknap, is said to have been the Captain Townsend of Townsend's Rangers, in Fenimore Cooper's novel of the Revolution — The Spy. . . In late years, when some stranger from Newburgh came up to me and held out his hand and said "Hello, Cousin; my grandmother was a Belknap" I would reply "How could she help being one?" That Newburgh branch of the family produced two Generals. . . . And the Vermont branch ~~produced~~ two Admirals, one of whom died just a few years ago.
produced

How I gossip. But digging into family history is a fascinating joy, now that I have the time to do it.

One more thing to think about, and maybe you can help me on it. How did Jesse and his sons accumulate the money to finance all their long moves? What did it cost to ~~equip~~ equip wagons and pay the charges of the wagon train? It surely wasn't cheap. It must have taken a lot of hard work and sacrifice. I wish I knew about it.

And, back still farther, how did Abraham (a landless man in a small town in England) get together the passage money for himself and his wife and three sons? And when he died just six years after settling in Lynn, how did his wife Mary make ends meet while rearing three boys on a farm — with the oldest boy only 16 years old and the youngest only about 8? I wish I knew. . . The genealogists, with their concentration on male lines of descent, miss the boat again and again by telling us nothing about the real heroines — the women of our family.

Most thankfully and cordially,

Carroll

25 Club Road
Riverside, Conn.
Nov. 15, 1967

Mr. Clark R. Bellnap
12610 Des Moines Way South
Seattle, Wash. 98168

Dear Cousin Clark:

It has been good to hear from you and from Maynard. I had feared that you might be ill.

It's quite likely, indeed, that you passed on to someone else the note I wrote in July, for the question I was asking might not have been easy to answer. I asked if you could tell me the story behind Aunt Gumi's name — Talitha Gumi, taken from the story of the high priest's daughter in Mark 5:41. I hope that some day I'll know why Jesse and Jane named this daughter "Maiden, arise" (for, said Jesus, "she is not dead but asleepeth.")

But now I have a bigger question to throw at you.

Since I wrote to you in July, I've been fortunate enough to have ~~xxx~~ many thousands of pages of Bellnap family records placed on loan at our local Historical Society — the records assembled from 1900 to 1946 by Henry Wyckoff Bellnap, to which (I see) you contributed a lot of information. I'm undertaking to edit them and extend them to include later members of the family — for his records ended with the 10th generation in America (yours and mine).

So I'm in process of assembling for comparison all known collections of ^{Bellnap} family genealogies — and simultaneously trying to contact living Bellnaps for data on the 11th and 12th ~~generations~~ generations — and in some instances the 13th.

I'll

Some day, I hope, ~~we~~ publish something resembling a fairly complete story of the family — at least a sort of listing of thousands of Bellnaps and their spouses and their children.

It's going to be a colossal task; but it's a fascinating one, for it keeps driving me into re-reading ~~our~~ history in order to understand the Bellnaps I encounter. Just lately, for instance, I happened to turn on a TV showing of an old movie about Henry VIII — and when it showed a meeting of his Privy Council I had to remember that sitting at that council table there would have been three of our men — a brother of the first known Anne Bellnap and two of her sons — and when it showed Henry VIII meeting Anne of Cleves I had to remember that it was one of Anne Bellnap's sons who arranged that marriage. . . . But I'd better stop talking, for there's no end to what I could say — and I'd better come to the question I want to ask.

Here it is. Who, do you think, can help me by supplying ~~xxxx~~ an up-to-date continuation of the record of our own branch of the family ~~and~~ the descendants

of Jesse and Jane? I have a copy of the material that you sent to Dick Taylor in 1962 -- ending with the grandchildren of Jesse. Who might pick it up from that point, in your part of the country?

I'm going to be quite shameless in asking for aid wherever I think I might get it. I'll have to be.

Maybe no one person can give me what I need. For instance, I can supply the names, etc., of the 11th, 12th and 13th generations in my own family -- but that's all I can do. So maybe I'll have to ask a lot of Bellmaps in the Northwest to do the same thing.

I'll be grateful for your suggestions.

Carroll York Bellmap: