

Feb. 3, 1972
Rt. 2 Box 305
Portland, Oregon

Dear Carroll:

So happy that I could do something for you after all you have given me.

I have heard from Dad and my Grandfather ^{for years} that the 1847 train started out from Independence so I am surprised to learn that it was St. Jo instead.

Yes, you certainly did send me the copy of Aunt Kit's Diary, for which I am indeed grateful. I just hope that I thanked you for it when you sent it to me.

I talked to my father about Rant. He thinks that Rant was the nickname for Ransome. Do you think he is right? He has no recollection of Jesse's 1812 war record. Are you sure he served? He was married in 1812 you know.

Have you read Trask, by Don Berry? We found it quite interesting tho' a bit exaggerated in places.

I am enclosing my archives' account of Jonas Newton Belknap for your use and anything else I have that you ever want - just ask.

My husband and I have been 'down' with that pesky Asian Flu for over three weeks we can't seem to get over our weakness otherwise we are much improved.

Thank you again for all the material you have sent me.

Sincerely,

Claudia

Feb 7 1972

Dear Claudia:

Soldiers

Thanks for the copies of applications by Jonas -- which I'm returning after copying what I needed. The point at issue was a statement by one pseudo genealogist that Jonas had been an "in-and-outer" in his service in the Army, whereas I have said that he served continuously. The fragmentary record in Massachusetts and Sailors in the Revolutionary War would be interpreted either way; but the detail of his 1818 application makes it plain that from May 1775 to June 1783 his service was continuous (including time in hospital, said to have been three months) and the only known break was at Christmas time 1782-3 when he went back to Belchertown and married Esther Parker just before his furlough was about to end and consequently overstayed his leave by four days.

Your repetition of remembrance of Independence as starting point for the 1847 party has sent me back to the maps and I think the tradition may well be correct. Knowing that the 1848 party took only 2 weeks to reach St Jo, while the Chapman party in 1847 took 4 weeks because of its size ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (and probable lack of organization at that early stage), I didn't see how our 1847 party could have been part of the Chapman train later on unless they had joined Chapman soon after starting from SE Iowa. But now I see another way of accounting for that 2-week difference.

Perhaps our 1847 party did not know that most crossing of the Missouri was now being done at St Jo, instead of at Independence as in earlier years. Perhaps our party went due SW from Van Buren Co in Iowa, to Independence -- instead of SW by W to St Jo as Chapman did. If the 1847 party then went toward the Platte from Independence, it might well have taken them 2 more weeks to reach the vicinity of Grand Island on the Platte, where the organized formation of trains under captains usually took place. (That, Aunt Kit wrote, was where the 1848 train was organized and Jesse was elected Captain.)

and Gilberts

So tell your father I retract my earlier guess. The tradition he recalls may be entirely correct. . . After all, the only evidence that Starrs and Bellnaps were in the Chapman train comes in a late part of Chapman's narrative -- long after leaving the Platte -- and that narrative makes it plain that the train was not really organized until "later on" after St Jo. So it's quite likely that our people joined Chapman at that ~~time~~ time -- not earlier as I had guessed.

As to "Rant" -- no, could not have been Ransom who drove Jesse's wagon in 1848. Ransom was in Oregon by that time.

I haven't seen the book you mention: Trask. Will ask our library to dig it up for me.

Some day, when I've solved a bit of puzzle, I'll tell you why I asked about Jesse's service in War of 1812 (which was known to his children and some grandchildren, including Ransom's son Lewis Franklin, but all they said about it was simply that he had been in it -- no details).

Gratefully,

Jesse 1 100 From
Dev 100 Smith
to "

50 to Samuel
2 35 Clemmons

50 to Howley
3 22 Withers

63 to James R
4 35 Williams

263

192

Warren was
pleased to have
me check —

It was an
omission in
copying

1808-36

Bot

Solo

~~104 R~~ > 4

4 2 5
Thir

Eliph
W. 11 11

~~1111~~

Jesse

Second | 100 L > 2
35 L > 2
22 N 3
35 T 6
192

First | 50 M ~ 1
63 T ~~3~~
50 M
100 M > 1
173

Jones

First | 60 R 1
49 1/4 Q 4

49 V 4
Second | 60 P 2

FRANCIS -- CLAUDIA-- CLINTON

11/26/71

Please make a correction in my memo about the route followed by the first BelknapStarr party on its way to Oregon.

change

Page 2 -- 4th paragraph -- last line -- ~~ELI~~ "Lumboldt" to "Elko."

Glancing at this page this morning, I was shocked to see that my self-willed fingers had done one of their old tricks: typing a word I was intending to use in the next sentence instead of the word that belonged in the sentence I had told them to write.

Though I'm well aware of this bad habit of theirs, they still get me into trouble with it, every now and then.

April 22 - leaving the Missouri
across it by ship

End of 5th wk - ^{abt May 15} reach the Platte (prob. at Grand Island)

At Star Hollow - heard about
the whiteman murder for a week

4th of July - cross Green River ^{abt} 150 mi. from Ft Hall

Arrive Ft Hall - ^{abt 3 1/2} wks

July 27 - 23 days
July 28
Ft Hall

(Night travel, last
night before Ft Hall
"on brink of Snake River"
?)

10 Aug 1848 - Louisa Gilbert Belknap
born at Vale, Ore.

P.S. - after Ft Hall
"Several days at Ft Boise"

- Plates
- LVI - ~~Portraits on the Plate (2 of four)~~
- IV - Caravan on the Plains
- VI - " " the Plate
- I - Chimney Rock
- II - Scott's Bluff
- VII - Camp near Ft Laramie
- VIII - Ft Laramie
- IX - " " interior
- X - Independence Rock
(Inscription Rock)
- XI - Devil's Gate
- XXIX - Wind River mts
(near ~~Green~~ Green River Crossing)
- XXXIII - Camp along Green River

LXVII - Sep Portrait

Whitman Massacre Nov 29, 1847

Page 51 for Katherine
forrests acct of
after Ft Hall

Error
Gives
River p15
for N Plate

Other
Watts (slay)
Baker
Titridge
S. Jackson
Josh Webb
Brothers
Zw. Bather

John
Carr
at
Ft
Hall

Amst - 1847 - On Hist Soc 771

arrival of 2nd contingent
Oct 5 1848 - James + Jane + 2 boys
George + Retina + "little boys"
Chadman Hawley + Retina - 4 ch.
Jurgston + wife + six children
+ "the Shulton family"

departure of 1st contingent May 1847
Gilberts - 6 children
Oren - 4 "
Ransom - 2
S. Stum - 2

20 Aug 4

George - 2 yoke of oxen + 1 wagon
James - 4 " " " " " "
Hawley - 8 " " " " " "
"We have 3 horses and 10 cows"

departure Apr 10 1848 (10 AM)
James in lead on old Polly
"Rant is driving the team"
Cory on old Liza driving the loose stock
John W. Stan - 2 wagons - 2 yoke of
oxen to each wagon

next point - Ft go to cross
the mountain (over)

1847 Route

2009 Lybecker Rd.
Pullman, Wa. 99163
18 November 1971

Dear Carroll:

Surprise!! Are you still pursuing the Belknaps? You mentioned in one of your letters how they were't just a bunch of statistics, but took on real personalities after delving into their lives. I am inclined to agree with you, it certainly makes this wonderful hobby more exciting.

In going through our correspondence I find that I've several times promised you additional information on those Belknaps living in Washington, well it hasn't been done, but I did come across some info while working on the 1847 migration west that I thought you'd find interesting, so here goes.

As near as I can figure the Starr, Belknaps and Gilberts were with William Williams Chapman and family under the leadership of Mr. James Fredericks for a good part of the journey, you will note in the Chapman account (copied enclosed) they decided to take the southern route into Oregon near where Pocatello now stands. There was a Lester Hulin who was leading a group also over this same route. He seemed to be ahead of the Fredericks group. quote:

"Friday 24th Sept.. Last night Towner and Belnap of the other Co. came up and informed us 12 of their cattle had been shot that morning by the Indians they wished help from us so we sent back 2 or 3 yoke of oxen to help them up and we laid in camp withing for

(as near as I can figure this was somewhere near Black Rock or Black Mt. they had been following down Kary's River.....) I see where I am going to have to find some more of this route, I am slightly confused as to just where he really was.

Also found another interesting bit in James E. R. Harrell's account

"640 wagons crossed at St. Jo, Mo. under leadership of Captain Chapman -- later on 50 wagons elected William Jolly captain..... when they came to the division at Ft. Hall, or Raft River or wherever they split

"there were only four wagons in our train when we got to Whitman's Mission, that of Captain Jolly, old man Tobe Brawley and that of Jerry Starr"....they continued down river from the Dalles.

To me this looks as if Jeremiah Starr -- father of Mahala Starr Belknap had started with the group of Starrs, etc. but decided to go the other way. I certainly would like to find out more about Jeremiah Starr, so far have very little.

Hope this is interesting to you, and thank you so much for all the Belknap information you have forwarded to me. I am still plugging away at the Starr genealogy when I find time, which isn't as often as I would like.

Sincerely,

Frances

Mrs. H. Bayard Milne

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Frances
Mrs. E. Bayard Milne

FRANCES MILNE from Carroll Belknap

Nov 23 1971

(Copies to Claudia Marshall, E. Clinton Belknap)

(There are many others who will want a copy of this memo; so I'm sending you a carbon copy, holding the original for machine copying later on.)

Bless you for sending me that long ^{eastern} excerpt from Elwood Evans' History of the Pacific Northwest. It gives me the final link of the route followed by the Belknaps and Starrs, from SE Iowa to the Willamette Valley. So in return I'll set down that route as best I can -- and suggest where you can learn more about it.

Unquestionably the Chapman train was the one in which our first contingent made that trip, in 1847. That contingent, from Van Buren County, Iowa, included (according to Aunt Kit): Ransom Belknap and his wife Mahala Starr and their children; Lorenzo Dow Gilbert and his wife Hannah Belknap; Samuel Fletcher Starr and his wife Talitha Cumi Belknap and their children; Orin Belknap (nephew of Jesse) and his wife Nancy Starr and their children. One unreliable source says that Orin's brother Silas was also in that party, but I have no confirmation on this point.

The second contingent, in 1848, included Jesse Belknap and his wife Jane Garlinghouse and their two youngest children, Cerrington and Harley; George Belknap and ~~xxxx~~ his wife Ketura Penton and their first children; Chatman Hawley and his wife Keziah Belknap and their children; and John W. Starr (father of ~~xxxx~~ Orin's wife Nancy). But in this memo I'll confine myself to the 1847 party, for the 1848 party followed a different route after Fort Hall in Idaho.

The trail the 1847 party followed begins ^{on the Des Moines River} in Van Buren County, Iowa, (across the Mississippi River from the Mormon ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ town Nauvoo). Somewhere near, our people met and joined the Chapman party from Oskaloosa, a little farther up the Des Moines River.

Striking Southwest from that river, the train -- now numbering around 100 wagons -- crossed the northwestern part of Missouri to ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ the Missouri River at St. Jo, about 50 miles north of the beginning of the Oregon Trail at Independence.

Not long afterward, they got onto the Oregon Trail, just how I do not know. They could have done it in three ways: (1) by going south from St Jo to Independence where the trail began; or (2) by cutting across country, west from St Jo; or (3) by following the Missouri north to the junction with the Platte, and then following the Platte west to pick up the Oregon Trail about 100 miles west of the junction. Which way they did it isn't important; this was an uneventful part of the journey.

Now would begin the long, hard part of the travel. To understand it, I need to remember that they had from 4 to 8 oxen to a wagon and that they took cattle and some riding horses with them -- moving at an ~~XXXXXXXX~~ ^{average} rate of ~~about 15~~ miles a day (except no travel on Sundays) so that the trip from Van Buren County to the Willamette took six months.

In describing the route, I'm looking at a map that you'll want to see -- on pages 152-153 of Bernard DeVoto's The Year of Decision, 1846. This fine book ~~MM~~ can

be found in almost any good library. A little later, I'll have good reasons for recommending it to you, as you'll see.

Once the train had reached the Platte River, ^{and} it would follow the river week after week -- to the junction with the North Platte ~~on~~ Ash Hollow (which Aunt Kit described); then along the North Platte to Scott's Bluff and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Fort Laramie and Independence Rock; then through South Pass and on to Soda Springs and Fort Hall (near what is now Pocatello, Idaho).

Now, at Fort Hall, they would make the decision to take the new southern route to southern Oregon (instead of following the old Oregon Trail north along the Snake River and across the Blue Mountains to Walla Walla and then down the Columbia). To see why they made this ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ decision, you'll want to read pages 371 to 375 of DeVeto's book, which describe the great hardships encountered on the old ~~xx~~ northern trail.

The southern trail they chose to follow would ~~be~~ start with the beginning of the California Trail at Fort Hall -- first, about 90 of 100 miles westward along the Snake River; then southwest cross-country ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ to the Humboldt River's beginnings, a bit east of where the town of ~~Humboldt~~ now is, in ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ N E Nevada.

Humboldt River ^{Elko}

Now the trail followed the ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ("the river that dies") southwest to about 90 miles from the Humboldt Sink in which it disappears. Then, near what is now ~~XXXX~~ the town of Winnemucca, our people would leave the California Trail and take the Applegate Road -- which had been opened just one year before.

The Applegate "road" -- nothing but a rough trail, really -- struck off northwest from the Humboldt, across the waterless Black Rock Desert, ~~through~~ the Black Rock Mountains, ~~and~~ on to Goose Lake and Klamath Lake and eventually ^{through} Grant's Pass and across the Rogue River and the Umpqua River and so -- finally -- into the southern end of the Willamette Valley.

(It would be in the Black Rock Mountains, which run northward along the west ~~NE~~ edge of the Black Rock Desert in ~~NE~~ NW Nevada, that some of the train's cattle had been shot by Indians on Friday, Sept 24th, as told by Hulin. So we know where our people were at the end of that month. About 2 months later they would be in the Willamette Valley, and would then spend the winter with earlier settlers near Corvallis, before heading south down the valley in the spring of 1848 to found Balknap Settlement.)

Now let me urge as strongly as I can that you read the story of the first wagon train that went over the Applegate Road -- in 1846, just twelve months before our people did. This first train included the Thornton party. Its story, drawn directly from Thornton's own narrative, is told well in DeVeto's book -- pages 146 to 186, and then pages 371 to 380. This is the best way I know, to come to a full understanding of what it was like to make that six-month journey from the Mississippi to the Willamette.

Perhaps, in your searches, you may find a full map of the Applegate Road -- showing how it got from Grant's Pass to Klamath Lake and from there to Goose Lake and from Goose Lake to the Black Rock Desert. Looking at present day maps, I can't fill in these details.

It's impossible to tell you fully how much I've been gladdened by your discovery of the narrative of the Chapman party. I had thought I was the only one trying to get at the truth of what the grandchildren of Jesse and Jane called "the trip across the plains" -- disregarding the fact that less than half of the journey was in plains country and that the great hazards were in the mountain parts.

I still can't do much with the story of the 1848 party, which took the northern route after Fort Hall. From what survives of Aunt Kit's writings, I can go only as far as the crossing of the Snake near Boise, in early August -- a crossing dated by the birthplace of her son Lorenzo Gilbert Belknap, near what is now Vale, Oregon. Beyond that, I have only a cluttered miscellany of conflicting and unreliable family traditions, some of which seem impossible to believe -- such as one grandchild's statement that the passage of the Cascades was made by using the wagon beds as boats. So I'm hoping that you or I or anyone will run across an account of a train in which the following names occur:

Belknap -- Starr -- Watts -- Baker -- Kittridge -- Brather p- Jackson
-- Bether

Any narrative containing any two or three of these names will probably be the one ~~KNIMKANI~~ we are looking for.

I can't resist telling you about another book that I've found helpful on this subject -- another by De Voto, Across the Wide Missouri. Any library that doesn't have it can easily get it on Interlibrary Loan.

This book is unique. While it deals with the years of the fur trade and the mountain men, it's full of authentic material about the first settling of Oregon while the British still claimed it. Good reading. But its great distinction is its reproduction of contemporary paintings of the land and the people just ten years before our people got there.

Some of the paintings are familiar -- Catlin and Bodmer. What's new is the large number of paintings by a much better artist, Alfred Jacob Miller -- lost to sight for a century and published nowhere but in this book. They were painted in 1837, and what they show would not have been any different ten years later -- what, for instance, the Platte looked like then, not today, just as Jesse and Jane and Kit saw it, and so on and on, almost all the way to Fort Hall. Miller was a skilled artist. Don't be put off by his inability to draw the legs of a running horse. He drew them just as all preceding artists in the human race had done and as all artists would continue to do until the invention of high-speed photography and motion pictures showed them the truth.

Another fine thing in this book is that the end papers, front and back, reproduce something that's hard to come by: the great map of the landforms of the US, prepared years ago at Harvard -- showing every river and creek and every mountain range, so that we can see just what the travellers on the Oregon Trail had to contend with. Anyone who wants to understand what our people did must follow them on that map. There's no good substitute for it.

That reminds me. I'm giving copies of They Laughed, too to my children for Christmas, with sharp warnings about errors in genealogy. Must thank you again for lending it to me.

Legends -

- 1948 - Whitman Massacre
- Descent of Cascades
- Rescue by 47 men
- New route S. of Col. River
1947 - Separation at Soda Springs
- Sawmill - Gilbert

"The Trip Across
the Plains"

- "The Wide Trail"
only on Platte + N Platte

Jan. 9-1972

Dear Carroll -

The holidays have come and gone & now perhaps I can get to genealogy again.

Again - thank you so very much for all your help.

I am enclosing a map I have copied for you. You may have one like it. I did not put in all the towns shown on mine, but did try to put in enough so distances and routes could be ascertained. I hope it may be of some help.

Have you ever read "The Way West" by Guthrie? I believe you would enjoy it. It is in paper-back now.

The legend I have been brought up with is -

Lorenzo Daw Gilbert & wife Hannah (Bucknap) and Russell Underwood (and their children) Wattle & wife Diantha (Palmer) started out from ~~the~~ Iowa. Somewhere on the ^{upper} Platte River Carrington Gilbert was born. (They got on the Oregon Trail at Independence.)

I don't know if Carrington was born after leaving Independence or before.

When they arrived at Fort Hall - The two families parted. The Gilberts followed the Applegate Trail and the Wattle followed the Oregon Trail to Walla Walla.

You know the route the Gilberts took - The Wattle stayed for

while at Walla Walla then back to the Oregon Trail to the Barlow Trail. They had many hardships and sickness and when a coal went ahead to the Belknap Settlement and told of their plight Lorenzo D. hitched up his trusty open (they were supposed to have been strong and fast) and went to meet them ^(the party) and brought them to their home ^(the family).

I have never known how many were in either wagon-train nor who was wagon-master of either.

I was told once that those wagon masters kept a log (as ship's captains do) but was never able to find one.

We have been snowed in off and on since Thanksgiving so I haven't had an opportunity to

get De Vito's book but shall as
soon as I can get out safely.

How is your book coming
along? Will you have it ready
for print this year?

Must get to bed now.

Best wishes

Gladia

My father was 92 yesterday.

42
Paulty
left
"May 1847"

P. 26
On first
Quarrel
"5 of May
1847"

40 miles
P. 28
Near
Keosauqua
50 miles
SE of
Oskaloosa

Rant
P. 32
Rant's
place
P. 28

Came miss R
just after
noon -
day 1 traveled
- Lill +
day 2 started at
first light
day 3 got there
at noon
- 2 horses
- 1 wagon
P. 160
- Started
Oct 15

Jan 24 1971

Dear Claudia:

What a wonderful person you are, to take all that trouble to trace that map of the old trails. You must have spent hours and hours on it. I'm most grateful, for I've been eager to get at the true record of the trips from Iowa to Oregon-- both 1847 and 1848.

I'm enclosing a copy of the letter from Frances Milne and its enclosure, for I think you'll want to have them.

There's no doubt that our own 1847 party joined the Chapman party soon after starting. Our 1847 party, according to Aunt Kit, left Van Buren County (somewhere near the present day town of Keosauqua, on the Des Moines River) on May 5, 1847. The Chapman party had started the day before, May 4, from Oskaloosa -- about 50 miles from Keosauqua. Both parties were aiming for St Joseph -- which by that year had supplanted Independence as the main jump-off point for California and Oregon. ~~They must have joined soon, else would not have been together later on -- for it~~ (alone) would have taken our party only about two weeks to reach St Joseph as our 1848 party did, and if they had been two weeks ahead of the Chapman party at that early stage they'd have gone on to the Platte with other travelers.

My reference to Aunt Kit makes me ask a question. Did I make, for you, a copy of the rather lengthy version of her reminiscences put together by Kit's granddaughter Katie Christian? If I didn't, I should -- about 70 pages of it.

In that version, she mentions someone named Rant as driving Jesse's wagon, in 1848. Do you know who this could be? There's another reference to this "Rant" -- when Kit and George came back from their trip to Ohio in 1848, just before starting for Oregon, they went to "Rant's place" to stay -- as their own place had been sold. I can't identify him -- might be an error in typing by the person who typed the version I have -- but an error for what? Could "Rant" have been a nickname for Harley? Might it have been written "Bant" for "bantam" -- and then miscopied? But no -- Harley was then too young to have a place of his own. I'd better stop guessing.

Now, two more favors, please:

(1) I'm in need of information about Jesse's service in War of 1812. Does your father remember anything about it?

(2) Will you lend me, again, that long fat file of archives documents about Jonas Newton Belknap? I haven't been able to get as much as you did -- and I need to take another look at some of the papers that I didn't copy when I had your set.

Gratefully,

1847 Route

2009 Lybecker Rd.
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Inancees

Mrs. H. Bayard Milne

Evans, Elwood -- History of the Pacific Northwest; Oregon and Washington
1889. 2 volumes.

p. 256 -- Col. William Williams Chapman

On or about the 4th of May, 1847, from Oskaloosa, Mahaska county, Iowa, Colonel Chapman and family set out for their journey across the plains to Oregon. The family consisted of himself, his wife and seven children, five boys and two girls,---- Sarah Evelin, thirteen years old; Thomas, eleven years old; Arthur I, nine years old; and Houston I., seven days old. Their mode of conveyance was by two good ox-teams and wagons, one being a family wagon and one for provisions, which also served as a sleeping place for two or three of the boys. The family wagon was conveniently arranged, having a long body with a jut-over on each side, to which the springy boards were placed to serve as a support for the bed in which Mrs. Chapman and the babe were accommodated. A neighbor emigrant lady, looking upon the baby, exclaimed, "Why Mrs. Chapman, do you expect that little one will ever get to Oregon?" To this Mrs. Chapman, pressing the baby to her bosom, replied; "Yes, If I get there, it will."

In arranging for emigrating across the plains,--an unbroken Indian country from the Missouri river to the Pacific Ocean, ---the thought of danger from Indians was most prominent before entering their country, hence the large trains and consequently increased bands of stock. Before starting from the Des Moines river in Iowa, the number of wagons and teams of the emigrant train, including the Chapman family, had reached nearly one hundred, and had become such an obstacle to travel that the emigration was about a month in crossing a corner of Missouri to St. Joseph. It was customary, when about to launch onto the plains, to conduct an investigation so as to ascertain who were, and who were not, reasonably prepared for the journey, so that there should be no imposition of unnecessary burthen upon the company. Upon this occasion there was a man in the train who, with little more than himself and wife, had a splendid ox-team indeed, the finest in the company or anywhere upon the route. This man objected to many as unprepared for the journey, saying that every man must help himself and nobody else, as he would do. Notwithstanding this man's assertions, all were permitted to enter upon the journey. There was also another rule

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observed in traveling, ---- that he who traveled in front to-day must go behind to-morrow. The man with the good oxen kept half of this law; -- he went in front all the time, always joining the train in time for camp.

From St. Joe the large train moved slowly on for a short time, when it was found that the number of wagons and stock so delayed their movements that it was absolutely necessary to effect a division, and to separate the great train into small companies. This being accomplished the several parties moved on rather more rapidly, with the well-prepared independent man still in the lead. As the number of immigrants diminished, the fear of Indians seemed to grow less; and the company moved out earlier in the morning and proceeded with greater rapidity, with the independent man always ahead, to the annoyance of the whole party. After some days, the fear of Indians seemed to have vanished, although prudence required proper guards against theiving Indians, as was evidenced by the great care which an esteemed and prudent lady took of her mare and colt. Having tied a rope to the mare's neck, she carried the end of the rope into the covered wagon and made it fast to her garments. Having put down the wagon cover and lighted a candle, she sat late knitting and complacently watching the rope end when, some disturbance arising outside, she drew upon her cord; and what does the reader suppose she drew into the wagon? About two feet of rope. The Indians had cut the rope, and with the mare and colt silently stolen away.

While yet early in the period of the journey, another division took place, still further reducing the numbers of the respective parties. This time Mr. Frederick moved out; and Colonel Chapman, the Starrs and Belknaps and others followed after, but always with the man of independence in the lead. Everything moved along smoothly for days, until one beautiful afternoon on the Platte, the sun shining brightly and the train moving steadily forward, all at once one wagon came to a halt; and soon the whole train halted, fearing that an accident had happened. The truth was soon ascertained to be that the lady who had made the anxious inquiry of Mrs. Chapman had just presented her husband with a bright, young baby. And that mother and baby were doing well, the mother in the full belief that if

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she got to Oregon the babe would get there too; and so they all did.

At the crossing of Green river one small family had a narrow escape from drowning. The gentleman with the good team was of course in advance, caring nothing for those behind. The train reached across the river, which was high; and there was a deep pool immediately below the crossing. An old man and his wife occupied a wagon having two yoke of oxen. About midway of the river, something frightened the lead oxen; and they turned short around upon the upper side of the tongue cattle, and were likely to turn oxen, wagon and occupants over into the boiling flood. Colonel Chapman had a yoke of leaders which he often rode through the rivers, and seeing the danger, jumped onto the near one, threw the chain across their necks, reached the untuly team, hitched onto them, and brought oxen, wagons and occupants safely to shore. The gentleman often repeated an account of the circumstances which led to his perilous conditon, describin the situation, and always closing with the words, "And there was Polly; and she couldn't swim a lick!"

The emigration pressed forward until they reached a trapper living upon the present site of Pocatello. Here they met the Noted Jack Harris, who represented that the southern route was prefereable on account of grass and water, and that there was less danger from the Indians. He instructed the company always to keep the Indians at a distance, and allow of no close friendship, as they would take advantage of it. The company consented to take the soutenr route. On the head of Mary's or Humboldt river they suffered an attack upon the cattle by the Indians, but nothing serious resulted.

see History of Oregon

Between what is now Winnemucca and Goose Lake is a piece of very rocky road. Here the man with the good team was as usual considerably ahead and going pretty fast, when suddenly down came his wagon in the road. The rapid driving over the rocks had broken off the spindle. He sat upon the corner of his wagon presenting the most despondent appearance, while the train came up within a few minutes, and instead of stopping, passed around without a word being uttered. Immediately

the road led the train over into a deep hollow out of sight of the man. He thought he was left in the boundless wilderness, a prey to wild beasts or more savage Indians, -----a fate his selfishness richly deserved. But, under the directions of the good leader, all stopped. Mr. Frederick, being a mechanic, now took two or three other good men and went back and brought the independent man and his wagon into camp. What does the reader suppose were this man's thoughts when the train passed on out of sight? Some idea may be formed from what occurred afterwards. It was a practice with emigrants, when a wagon or any attachments were abandoned, for each to select a part that might become useful in an emergency; and in pursuance of this economy the leader, Mr. Frederick, had hung under his wagon a piece of an axletree that just suited in this case, and with which he mended and repaired the broken piece. This being done the train moved on, with the man of independence in the rear for the rest of the day. For the remainder of the journey no man was more obedient to the rules of travel, or more ready to lend a helping hand, than this man who cut such an unfavorable figure at the outset. Those whom the afflicted man at first took to be as priests and Levites, passing by on the other side, nevertheless returned as good Samaritans and made him whole, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

About the first of November the company camped just below the narrows of Rogue river, at the head of a small prairie. A great many Indians come in and were quite friendly. In the morning the company had about them crowds of Indians, men, women and children. The emigrants were yoking up their teams near to their fires and cooking utensils. An Indian came along by the spot where a man was yoking up; and near him was a skillet containing some bread. His request for bread being refused, the Indian kicked the skillet over; and the man struck the Indian ~~with~~ with his ox-bow, and straightway there was mischief afoot. The Indian women and children disappears; while it was all the old chief could do to prevent an attack at once. Emigrants were yoking up with guns on their shoulders; but the leader, Mr. Frederick, got onto his horse and rode over into the crowd of Indians; when the Indians took his horse by the bridle, compelling him to dismount. By signs,

Mr. Frederick explained that the Whites wanted to be friendly, and were going to a far country. This pacified the Indians, and peace offerings were exchanged. Who can tell of a braver act than Frederick's? After this thrilling incident, the company moved on; and the chief took Mr. Frederick down to his fish trap, and as a token of friendship gave him a salmon. He also appointed four Indians to accompany the train to the boundary between the Rogue river and Umpqua Indians. In addition, the first night after the trouble, he went into the mountains and killed deer and gave them to the emigrants. The four Indians accompanied the train, and often picked grapes and gave them to the travelers.

Arriving at the summit between Rogue river and Umpqua river, which was the boundary between the two nations, the four guards bade the emigrants a friendly good-bye and started back; and the company moved on without any occurrence of note until they reached the crossing of the Umpqua. Here they found the river too high to ford with wagons; and the Indians with two canoes were secured to ferry them over. This was done by unloading and standing each wagon lengthwise in the two canoes. The landing was opposite a high bank, and the vehicles had to be hauled up with teams. When but two wagons remained to be crossed, a wagon just reaching the top of the bank broke loose and ran back on the canoes, splitting one from stem to stern. This caused a disturbance among the Indians; and they went away, but came back in two or three days and resumed work, putting the remaining two wagons over. This same civilized Indian stole that night a horse, saddle, overcoat and sundry other things of Mr. Chapman. This horse the Colonel found six years later at Ft. Umpqua in possession of old John Garnier, the keeper of the Hudson's Bay farm, who promptly returned the horse to Mr. Chapman on learning that it had been stolen.

The company crossed the mountain into the head of the Willamette valley amid rain and snow, and made an early camp for the night. The next morning they found a small creek to cross near by. Its banks were about two feet high and filled with water. Wagons had cut a narrow way into the creek; and the off-wheel oxen of Colonel Chapman's team were passing down into the creek, when the lead oxen rushed ahead, drawing the tongue around causing the off fore wheel to go down, while the

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near wheel was on the bank, and thereby overset the wagon into the creek, filling the fore end of the wagon and the bows with water. The neighbors quickly turned the wagon back, and the water ran upon everything within. The remarkable fact was that Colonel Chapman had driven entirely across the plains without ever stalling or upsetting, and here at the head the the Willamette, upon a dead level, had upset his wagon and family into the creek. But all got out safely, and due time, on the evening of the 13th day of November, 1847, reached Mary's river, near what was then called Marysville, now Corvallis, Benton county. The small company as it was then, consisting of the Chapmans, Gilberts, Starrs and Belknaps, here came to a stop, it being substantially their journey's end.

.....In the Klamath country, Mrs. Chapman, in order to give assistance to a sick woman, entered her wagon. After a little while she made inquiry as to the cause of her sickness, and was informed that she had the measles. This was a surprise and a source of anxiety to Mrs. Chapman, since she had not had this disease herself, and that she should have it now was inevitable. Neither was there hope of escape for the little baby or any of the children; for not one of them had ever been affected. Mr. Chapman alone of the whole family escaped the affliction. This exposure was moreover needless, had the prostrated woman known her ailment, as it was in the power of Mrs. Chapman to have assisted this woman without going into the wagon; and besides this there were undoubtedly others not liable to contract the disease who would have readily, as they did afterwards, afford all necessary aid and comfort to this woman. Mrs. Chapman first indicated that she had contracted the disease, then her infant child; and passing on, the whole family of children became subjects of the pestilence. When it was remembered that there was but one wagon (the provision wagon having been left near Snake river) for all the family to crowd into, or under, for sleep or rest; that Mrs. Chapman's eyes were so affected as to be without sight for sixteen days, almost to the end of the journey; and that they must have undergone great exposure and suffering, it may well be considered almost a miracle that they all came through alive. But there was not only an unbroken friendship among the members of the company of which Mr. James Fredrick

was the leader, but there was a sealed friendship among the ladies which none but they could appreciate, making them all ever ready to aid and encourage the sick and unfortunate; and Mrs. Chapman and her children received every attention that these kind ladies could bestow.....