

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECTION 1: History and Coat of Arms

Belnap History	1	
Record of Belnap or Belknap Family	2	
Coat of Arms	4	
Heraldry and Coat of Arms	5	
To Those We Love (poem)	7	,
Dedication		

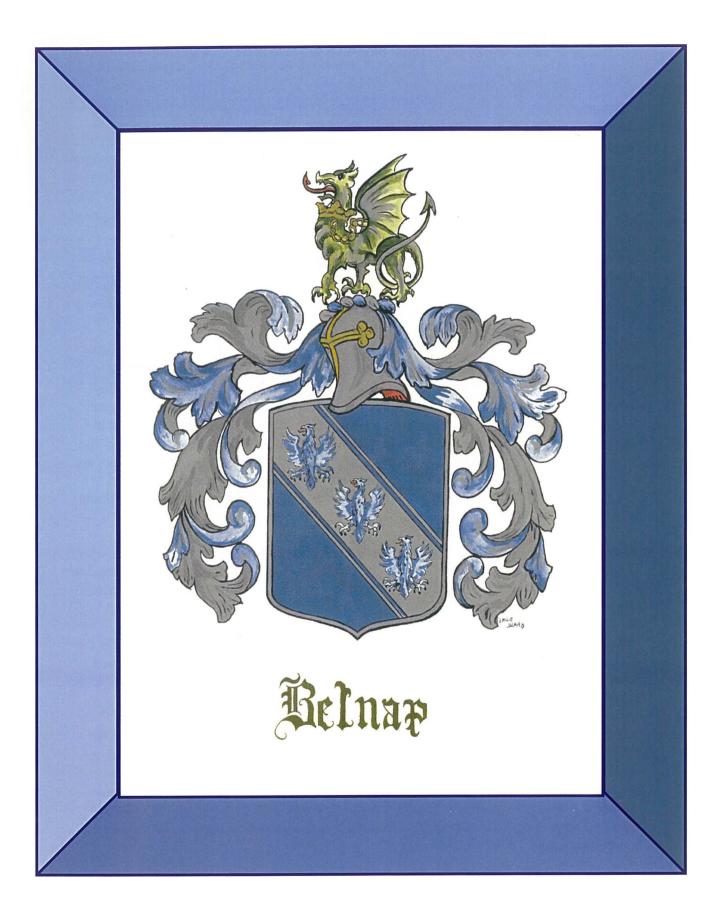
SECTION 11: Augustus Ruben and Olena Nettie Anderson Belnap

Augustus Ruben Belnap
Pedigree chart10
Family Group Record11
My Birthright: Augustus Ruben Belnap14
Olena Nettie Anderson
Pedigree Chart
Family Group Record
Nettie's Brothers and Sisters
My Life Story
Gus and Nettie Through the Years
Our Married Years
Gus and Nettie Leave Idaho44
50 th Anniversary
Favorite Poems

SECTION 111: The Children

Children of Gus and Nettie	79
Pedigree Chart	80
Family Group Record	81

The Children
Augustus Denis
Oscar Newel
Lenard Ivan91
Berneice A
Martell A
Delma A
Delsa A
We Remember
We Remember Mother (Berneice and Delsa)
I Remember Mother (Delma)
I Was Taught By My Mother (Martell)
I Remember Father (Denis)
I Remember Father (Newel)
I Remember Father (Delma)
We Remember Father (Berneice and Delsa)
I Was Taught By My Father (Martell)144
Born of Goodly Parents146
Father and Mother (Berneice and Delsa)
Childhood Memories (Martell)
Called to Serve
Acknowledgements



RECORD OF BELNAP OR BELKNAP FAMILY

This history of Orange County, New York contains the following by E.M. Buttenber: "The Belknap family or Belknappe as the name was originally written is of Norman origin and can be traced back to the time of William the Conqueror who fought at Hastings. Preserved in Battle Abby, 52 miles Southeast of London, England is the famous Roll of Battle Abby with the names of the leaders of Norman invasion."

Families of this name were to be found at early dates in the English counties of Kent, Warwick, Hertford, Sussex, and London. Some of the families mentioned were Sir Robert Belknap of County Kent before 1377; Joan Belknap, Shakespeare's Great-greatgreat-great Grandmother; perhaps the same Joan Belknap, or a different one (we are not sure) was maid of Honor to the Queen in 1422; Phillip Belknap, Mayor of Canterbury, who died 1457; and Symon Belknap of Kent and Essex counties about the same time.

It seems at the times of Bennet Belknap there was a mix-up in the spelling of the name. According to "English Ancestry of the American Belknap", Bennet Belknap's Will was listed under the name of Bennet Beltoft. His Will, proved 15 June 1624 by his widow Grace and his son Josias in the Commissary Court of London for Essex and Hert, was entered in the Probate Act Book for 1623-1626 under the name of Belknapp, while it appeared in the Calendar of Wills under the name Beltoft, which is the form used in the Will. These facts were brought to the attention of the authorities at Somerset House, and both in the Calendars and in the Probate Act Book, the entry has been made to read "Belknap otherwise Beltoft". Because of this, some have put Beltoft wherever Belknap appeared or vice-versa.

Originally it was: "Beltoft." Toft meant knap or knoll of the hill. As the English language softened and matured many of the family exchanged knap for toft so we find in 1589 Belknap instead of Beltoft. Bel, of course, came from "Belle" meaning beautiful. "People of the Beautiful Hill" this is their name and their heritage.

Others found the letter "k" confusing and often we find "Belnap." Although there is the oft repeated story about the son who so greatly hated his father (because his widowed father woo'ed and won his son's fiancé) that he changed his name by dropping the "k" so as not to honor his father's heritage.

The beginning of our Belknap record starts in Sawbridgeworth, Herts, England, 1558-1709. However, according to Bank's "Topographical District of English Emigrants to New England 1620-1650" Abraham Belknap, wife Mary and sons came here from Epping England about 1635. As the gangplank lowered and the last cinch ropes were secured Abraham Belknap and his two sons looked with wonder upon the New World they were entering. Soon they would settle in Lynn, Massachusetts, with dreams of a prosperous future. Abraham's son, Joseph Belknap, grew to manhood in America and through his efforts the "Old South Church" was founded in Boston in the year 1658.

In 1638, Abraham Belknap had a grant of land in America.

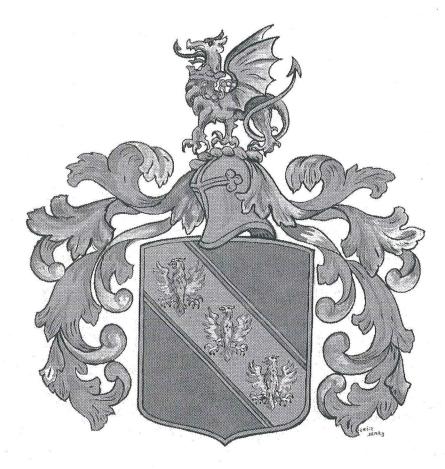
Their home lay far to the East over miles of traveled yet uncharted Atlantic Ocean. Correspondence to friends and relative in distant Sawbridgeworth, England, was intermittent at best. Thoughts of home and surrounding pastoral scenes came and went. There was too much to do in their new environment. (See: Volume 68 & 85 Genealogical Register, New England Historical and Genealogical Society, Boston.)

When Elizabeth and Henry Beltoft were married in a rural and isolated village of England circa 1510, no thoughts of the skyscrapers and bright lights of New York City, the extravagant shows or gaming tables of Las Vegas, Nevada, nor the modern hotels on the romantic beaches of Honolulu, Hawaii, passed through their minds.

But now, 450 years later, their descendants make their home in these and many other cities of the world. And in the many years that have passed the progeny of this couple has made their mark on the pages of history.

BELNAP COAT OF ARMS

Az fimbriated argent, three eagles langued gules, displayed in bend cottised arg. Crest: A dragon vert statant langued gules, gorged with ducal cornet and chain or, reflexed over the back.



Belna?

AN EXPLANATION OF HERALDRY AND COAT OF ARMS

Beluny

In Feudalistic Europe, and elsewhere, the need for fighting men to distinguish between friend and foe made it necessary to have special identifying markings. Modern day military men still wear heraldic insignia to identify their branches of service, their achievement, etc. Heraldic design has as its purpose: to call forth in thought through an immediate and overall recognition the appropriate association of ideas.

In times of war or on the high seas, such direct recognition could have been a matter of life or death: allowing for due preparation of attack or defense, or might have meant the relief of discovering allies. Thus, it became the medium of social solidarity as well as the challenge for social conflicts.

When heraldry lost its predominantly military function and uniforms successfully displaced it, the coat of arms assumed another social role. It became a status symbol designating the bearer's standing. Here, simplicity had to be abandoned and gave place to more complicated, compositions. No one cared any longer about immediate recognition and instead, heraldry posed a challenge of identification, a sort of crossword puzzle represented by accumulated quarterings. The psychological effect was the same as that nowadays achieved by a fashionable address of the latest model of car. From military recognition to the expression of social standing, the same traditions continued linking both ideas in a unique search for identification.

Contrasting of colors, a strict simplicity of composition and a clean tracery of lines thus became the essentials of proper heraldic representation. The obligatory alternate use of "tinctures" and "metals" is based on the contrasting effects of complementary colors; the "partitions" correspond to a geometric harmony; and the representational figures called "devices" evoke immediate associations, sometimes in connection with the name of the bearer, as for example the castle of the king of Castile, or the lion of the king of Leon. A total absence of shades, shadows or tridimensional representation serves the same purposes of easy and rapid intelligibility.

The standard western European representational techniques for heraldry were based on the application of five "tinctures," two "metals" and a limited number of "furs" combined with the different "charges," either "ordinaries" or "sub-ordinaries," depending upon whether it was a single image or a repeated one, as well as with the "partitions' of purely geometric character and the, "devices" inspired by flora, fauna, human beings, celestial bodies or by instruments, represented entirely or in parts. The external decoration of the heraldic shield can also be considered as expressing the purpose of variation. Helmets and crests, crowns and torses, lambrequins and mantles, supporters and compartments, have their psychological implications as do the charges of the fields, and they can express social standing as well. All this varies according to countries and ages.

THE SHIELD: All through history, men in combat have adopted and used various types of shields to protect them from injury and death. Various civilizations adopted different shaped shields. The early Greek favored a round shield, the Romans the oblong and the Crusaders used a tapered shield. The shield was shortened in length as the centuries wore on, gradually evolving to the modern shapes seen today. As the art of Heraldry developed, the shield was used as the foundation of the coat of arms. In many instances noted families chose the shape of shield which most appealed to them.

<u>CREST</u>: The uniformed have a tendency to refer to the crest in heraldry as the complete "coat of arms." This is wrong. The term "crest" should be used to represent the part attached to the crown of the helmet, when the helmet is shown, or placed on top of the torse when a helmet is not used.



TORSE: The torse sometimes called the "Wreath" represents the fastening device which secured the crest to the top of the helmet. Two pieces of cloth, each with its separate tincture twisted together so as to show six alternating metal and color sections. These two tinctures were often used in the great houses. "A torse (or wreath) of colors."

HELMET: In relation to the helmet and the shield, the helmet should overlap the shield, thus assuming the position when worn by man on horseback. In England certain types and shapes of helmets, position of visor whether open or closed, metallic structure of the visor and direction of helmet (whether it is in profile or facing the observer) are indicative of rank or position. (1) The royal helmet is featured frontal with visor closed. (2) The knight's helmet is featured frontal with visor closed. (3) The squire or gentleman's helmet is featured facing dexter (profile) with visor closed. The helmet's color is steel. In democratic America, rank is not emphasized.

MANTELING: The manteling was worn by the medieval warrior to protect his helmet and other parts of his metallic armor from the sun. Conventionally its outer surface reproduces the dominant color of the arms. Its inner surface, the subservient color. To show both tinctures it is necessary to have the manteling double back in place. Mantelings are generally shown as long and stringy; it is generally thought that heraldic artists wished to depict a lambrequin torn and cut in many combats. It has become a device of decoration.

MOTTO: Ancient practice has been that heraldic motto was one of individual taste. Mottoes did not always express one's noblest aspirations, but battle cries of the individual warrior. Our family motto, "Prudentis etanimis deo Juvante" appears to mean "Foresight and courage (or knowledge and strength) with God's aid."

With the demise of feudalism and the gradual growth of private ownership of land in England, there occurred in 1390 A. D. the law case of Scrope-Grosvenor, the most renowned of all cases involving the use of armorial bearing; it was adjudged that arms were inherent in descent but did not follow the title to real estate; however, the ownership of land implied the right to arms. If a purchaser lacked arms, he could petition the king for arms grant.

The use of coat of arms became the mark of the hereditary landowners and distinguished between the gentleman and peasant. "Benefit of Clergy" and the right of trial by canonical courts in preference to the king's bench was the sacred right of the bearer of arms.

In Democratic America, the position on armorial use is much like that in Scotland and Ireland; the clansman claimed the armorial bearings and its regalia as his own. The family name determines armorial use in United States. Family arms are for members of the family.

A person or family rightfully displaying their family Coat of Arms announces to the world two things: (1) They have identified their family (clan). It brings to remembrance noteworthy family struggles, successes, and failure: the family's past, present, and future. Your coat of arms represents an appraisal of how well you bear your name. (2) The bearing of arms helps to bring into view your family status, your gentile attainments and family loyalties.

TO THOSE WE LOVE ...

When special people touch our lives, Then suddenly we see How beautiful and wonderful The world can really be. They bless us with their love and joy, Through everything they give. When special people touch our lives, They teach us how to live

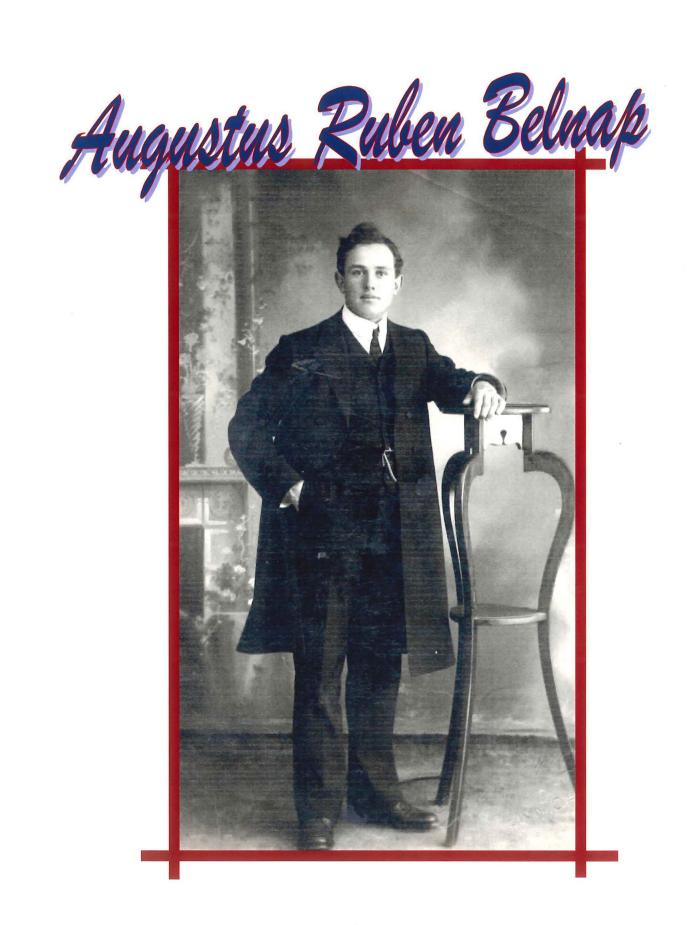
Dedication

This collection of stories and pictures is dedicated to the memory of our parents - Gus and Nettie Belnap and to those family members who honor their name—



Back Row: Denis Belnap, Newel Belnap, Martell Belnap, Berneice BelnapFront Row: Delsa Belnap, Gus Belnap, Nettie Belnap, Delma Belnap

Stories and poems compiled by Berneice Belnap Wilde and Delsa Belnap Robison daughters of Gus and Nettie Belnap



Pedigree Chart

2 Augustus Weber BELNAP B:25 Mar 1860 P:Ogden,Weber,Utah M:21 Apr 1886 P:Logan,Cache,Utah D:15 Mar 1948 P:Salem,Madison,Idaho



1 Augustus Ruben BELNAP B:7 Aug 1887 P:West Weber,Weber,Utah M:16 Mar 1910 P:Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah

D:20 Jul 1963

P:Corvallis,Benton,Oregon

Olena Nettie ANDERSON (Spouse of no. 1)

3 Mary READ B:21 Jun 1866 P:West Weber,Weber,Utah D:15 Jun 1925 P:Salem,Madison,Idaho



12 Jun 2001

4 Gilbert BELNAP B:22 Dec 1821 P:Port Hope,NCD,Upper Canada M:21 Dec 1845 P:Nauvoo,Hancock,Illinois D:26 Feb 1899 P:Hooper,Weber,Utah



5 Adaline Knight B:4 May 1831 P:Perrysburg,Ctrgs,New York D:10 Jun 1919 P:Salt Lake,Salt Lake,Utah



6 Thomas READ B:16 Oct 1821 P:Ampthill,Bedfoshire,England M:1853 P: D:Oct 1899 P:,Weber,Utah



7 Jane ROWLEY (ROLLEY) B:31 Jan 1830 P:Abley,Sharpshire,England D:28 Jun 1917 P:Hooper,Weber,Utah



8 Rosel BELNAP B:4 Jan 1789 P:Cayuja,New York M: P: D:2 Dec 1832 P: Whitby,New Castle,Canada

9 Jane RICHMOND B:1790 P:Vermont D:3 Mar 1833 P:Whitby,New Castle,Canada

10 Vinson KNIGHT B:14 Mar 1804 P:Norwich,Hampshire,Conn M:6 Jul 1826 P: D:13 Jul 1842 P:Nauvoo,Hancock,Illinois

11 Martha MCBRIDE B:17 Mar 1805 P:Chester,Washington,New York D:20 Nov 1901 P:Hooper,Utah

12 Henry READ C:10 Mar 1793 P:Ampthill,Bedfoshire,England M: P: D:16 Oct 1844 P:Ampthill,Bedfoshire,England

13 Mary PARNSWELL B:Abt 1794 P:Ampthill,Bedfoshire,England D:Abt 1847 P:

14 William ROWLEY B:7 Feb 1796 P:Middleton,England M:29 Dec 1822 P:Middleton,Shorps,England D: P: 15 Elizabeth BOWEN

B:9 Mar 1796
P:Claverly,Shorps,England
D:2 Dec 1877
P:Hooper,Utah

10

Hus	sband Augustu	is Web	per BELNAP		
	Born 25 Mar		Place Ogden, Weber, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
	Christened		Place	Baptized 7 Aug 1870	
	Died 15 Mar	1948	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Endowed 21 Apr 1879	
	Buried 17 Mar		Place Salem, Madison, Idaho, Witford Ccm.	Sealed to parents	
	Married 21 Apr		Place Logan, Cache, Utah	Sealed to spouse 21 Apr 1886	LG
	Husband's father	lbert BE		2174/11000	
	Husband's mother	laline Kr			
Wif			ngn	W	
	Born		Place West Weber, Weber, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
	21 Jun Christened	1 1 800	Place	Baptized	rempie
	Died		Place Solom Modison Idoho	7 Oct 1875 Endowed	
	15 Jun Buried		Salem, Madison, Idano	21 Apr 1886 Sealed to parents	
	17 Jun Wife's father		Place Salem, Madison, Idaho, Wilford Cem.	BIC	
	Wife's mother	iomas RI			
_			LEY (ROLLEY)		
Chi	ildren List each chi	ild in orde	er of birth.	LD\$ ordinance dates	Temple
М	Augustus Ruber	n BEL		Destand.	
		g 1887	Place West Weber, Weber, Utah	Baptized 7 Aug 1895	
	Christened		Place	Endowed 15 May 1907	SL
	Died 20 Jul	1 1963	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon	Sealed to parents BIC	
	Buried 24 Jul	1 1963	Place Oaklawn Cemetery, Corvallis, Benton, Oregon		
	Spouse	ena Nett	ie ANDERSON		
	Married16 Mar	r 1910	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 16 Mar 1910	SL
М	Charles Willian	n BEL			
	Born 12 Jul	1 1889	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 12 Jul 1897	
	Christened		Place	Endowed 31 Aug 1968	
	Died 2 Mar	r 1967	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho	Sealed to parents BIC	
	Buried	1 1 907	Place	i bic	
	Spouse	illa UMF	PHDEV	in serves	
	Married 4 Dec 1927		Blace	Sealed to spouse	
	Spouse		POULSTON		
	Married		Place	Sealed to spouse 31 Aug 1968	IF
	12 Mar		NT A D	1 31 Aug 1968	IF
M	Thomas Gilbert		Place	Baptized	
	13 Jul Christened	1 1892	Salem, Madison, Idaho Place	Child	
	Died		Place	Sealed to parents	
	3 Feb Buried	b 1893	Kana I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I	BIC	e e a
			Place		
	Spouse		Place .	Cooled to anourse	
	Married		Place	Sealed to spouse	
М	George BELNA	AP			
		g 1894	Place Salcm, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 7 Aug 1902	
	Christened		Place	Endowed 17 Jan 1918	
	Died 25 Mar	r 1980	Place Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho	Sealed to parents BIC	
	Buried	r 1980	Place Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho	70 X X X X	

12 Jun 2001

7

11

Wife M	lary READ		
Children List	t each child in or	der of birth.	LDS ordinance dates Te
M George I	BELNAP		
Spouse	Laura Edi	ith LOVELAND	
Married	5 Dec 1915	Place	Sealed to spouse 17 Jan 1918
M John BE	LNAP		
Born	27 Sep 1896	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized Child
Christened		Place	Endowed Child
Died	27 Sep 1896	Place	Sealed to parents BIC
Buried		Place	
Spouse			
Married		Place	Sealed to spouse
	AD BELNA	Р	
Born	21 Aug 1897	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baplized 21 Aug 1905
Christened		Place	Endowed 11 Nov 1919
Died	4 Sep 1974	Place Holladay, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to parents BIC
Buried	7 Sep 1974	Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, Holladay Memoria	
Spouse	Myrtle F.s	ther SHIRLEY	
Married	4 Oct 1922	Place	Sealed to spouse
M Joseph F	Francis BELN	NAP	
Born	28 Oct 1899	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 28 Oct 1907
Christened		Place	Endowed 20 Dec 1923
Died		Place	Sealed to parents BIC
Buried		Place	
Spouse	Mabel Ca	therene HIRSCHI	
Married	21 Dec 1923	Place	Sealed to spouse 21 Dec 1923
M Ezra Leo	onard BELN	AP	
Born	21 Jan 1902	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 2 Apr 1910
Christened		Place	Endowed 21 May 1949
Died		Place	Sealed to parents BIC
Buried		Place	
Spouse	Lina Mae	HANSEN	ter an an
Married	6 Oct 1927	Place	Sealed to spouse
M Elmer D	urlin BELNA	AP	
Born	4 Jan 1904	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized Jun 1912
Christened		Place	Endowed 28 Jun 1935
Died	4 Sep 1960	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to parents BIC
Buried	1	Place	*
Spouse	Viola Ma	ud WINMILL	
Married	28 Jun 1935	Place	Sealed to spouse 28 Jun 1935

5 May 2001

Hu	Augustus W	Veber BELNAP				
W	Mary REA	D				
Ch	nildren List each child in	order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple		
F	Mary Adaline BELNAP					
	Born 5 Oct 190	5 Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 5 Oct 1913			
	Christened	Place	Endowed 3 Apr 1931			
	Died	Place	Sealed to parents BIC			
	Buried	Place				
	Spouse Orrin B	lackburn JEPPSON				
	Married 3 Apr 193	1 Place	Sealed to spouse 3 Apr 1931			
F	Lola Ethel BELNA	P				
	Born 2 Dec 190	7 Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 4 Dec 1915	LG		
	Christened	Place	Endowed 5 Dec 1929			
	Died 25 Oct 197	3 Place Rexburg, Madison, Idaho	Sealed to parents BIC			
	Buried 29 Oct 197	Place				
	Spouse Hyrum	SOMMER				
	Married 5 Dec 192	9 Place Logan. Utah	Sealed to spouge 5 Dec 1929	LG		

12 Jun 2001



AUGUSTUS RUBEN BELNAP

MY BIRTHRIGHT By Augustus Ruben Belnap

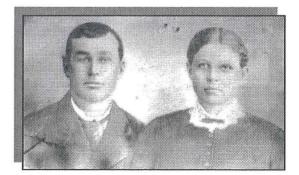
I was born on a farm in West Weber, Utah. My Grandmother, Adaline Belnap, was a midwife and also had some training as a doctor. She took care of Mother when I was born – August 7, 1887.



I was a very healthy, strong baby. I was blessed November 3, 1887 by my Grandfather, Gilbert Belnap.

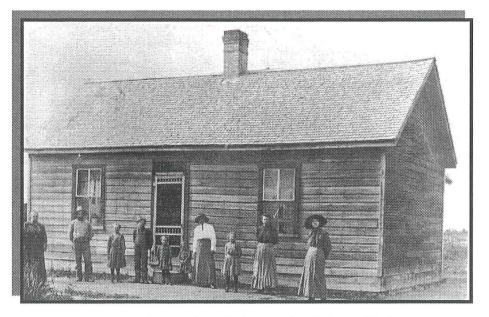
My father's name is Augustus Weber Belnap and my mother is Mary Read.

Sometime in midsummer, father and Uncle Amasa went to Idaho to visit Uncle Ruben who lived in Wilford, Idaho. While there, they each filed on 160 acres of land in North Salem, 1 mile long and ¼ mile wide.



They returned home to Utah, harvested the crops and then packed all their belongings in a wagon and started for their new home in Idaho, 160 acres of sagebrush land, no fences, no roads, no water. The trip took them 6 days.

At first we lived in a cabin on Uncle Ruben's homestead. We lived here for the winter. Father fed cattle for Uncle Ruben. He also helped with farm work. He built a cabin for us on the other part, which was our own homestead. We moved in our 1-room cabin in 1889. My Father and Mother lived a real pioneer life. That was something all the settlers had in common. They all had a lot of sagebrush to clear away before they could raise crops of any kind.



Grandpa Belnap's house in Salem, Idaho.

Taken one day when two girl friends came to see Aunt Orpha— (from left to right) Grandma Belnap, Grandpa Belnap, Fern Osman, Elmer Belnap,Addie and Ethel Belnap, girl friend, Rachel Osman, Aunt Orpha, girl friend.

Photograph taken about 1912.



They all worked very hard and soon there began to be patches here and there that was planted to wheat, potatoes, etc., --a few fences, a Church house, a school house. They began to make trails through the sagebrush that turned into roads. It was a hard life to live, but we enjoyed gathering at neighbors for dinner, etc. There were the Andersons, Larsens, Dillies, Barbers, Harris, Nelsons and others.

I have 7 brothers, 2 sisters and 1 adopted sister. Two brothers passed away in very young childhood.

- 1. Augustus Ruben (me)
- 2. Charles William (Charley)
- 3. Thomas George (died at 7 months)
- 4. Orpha Gertrude Stephens (adopted)
- 5. George
- 6. John (died at birth)

7. Earl Read
 8. Joseph Frances
 9. Ezra Leonard
 10. Elmer Durlin
 11. Mary Adaline
 12. Lola Ethel

The family was a very healthy family working together with love for each other. I grew up with every advantage the country afforded. I earned good marks in my schoolwork. I attended church regularly and was advanced in the Priesthood. First, my father baptized me in the Teton River when I was 8 years old. Holding the Priesthood always meant a great deal to me. I was promised in one of my ordinations that I would be given the gift of healing. This I prized very highly and saw this promise come true many times. When I was about 7 or 8 years old my brother Charley, myself and Father took a trip to Market Lake (now called Mud Lake) southwest of Salem, Idaho. We took two wagonloads of grain. A railroad had been built into Southeastern Idaho. The nearest siting was 30 miles away.



The wagons were loaded, food prepared for the horses and us, and bedrolls were made up. Preparations that in talk and planning took several days, and we were very excited. This would be the greatest trip we had ever been on. This trip would require us to be gone for six days. Father would drive the lead wagon and we would be driving the second wagon and be responsible for a load of grain, which represented half the crop for that year.

So you can well understand the feeling of excitement we felt. We left early in the morning just as the sky started to turn a little gray. We could still see one or two stars as we waved goodbye to Mother and our small brothers.

The wagons were loaded so heavy that it was going to be slow travelling. We would have to stop and rest the horses often, then stop at noon, feed and water the horses, prepare our own lunch. By dark we would stop and take care of the horses. Then we would prepare our evening meal and get to bed so we could be up early to feed and water the horses, prepare breakfast, pack everything back on wagons and be ready to leave again by daylight.

If everything went well at the end of two days travel, we should be at the railhead. Everything did go well. We had planned just right to arrive just before dark at the railhead. There was great excitement as we pulled over the last hill and caught a view of all those horses, wagons and men that had arrived and were still arriving.

This was the largest number of teams and men we had ever seen.

Now this railhead at Mud Lake did not have a lot of homes, stores and etc. There were just one or two buildings where the stationmaster lived and one or two other buildings. So again, it would be necessary for us to sleep out under the stars. Of course we already knew this and had planned on it.

As we neared the crowd and railroad, Father stopped and we talked about a good place to make camp. We selected a place about 200 yards from the railroad tracks on top of a small rise in the ground. Having arrived at this location we took care of the horses and prepared our evening meal. Then we retired to our bedrolls because it had been a very long two days and we were asleep almost before we got in bed.

The train was scheduled to arrive early the next morning. We would have to be up early to get a place in line so we could get unloaded. If we were late in line, it looked like it would take two days before everyone could get unloaded.

We were sleeping soundly after an exciting and exhausting two days. We were shocked awake by the screaming of some terrible wild and undoubtedly the meanest thing on earth. The horses that had been tied to the wagons were pulling back so hard and rearing up on their hind legs and whinnying in fear until they broke their ropes and they ran away. Father was up and ran after the horses and other men went running after



their horses and all the time we could hear that terrible monster screaming at us. We could not stand it any longer. We just had so see what terrible thing could be coming after us. So we crawled out from under the wagon and up the rise just enough to be able to see over the hill and look out in the direction the sound was coming from.

Then we saw it. A monster coming right at us across the desert screaming and flame and fire shooting from it and with its one big eye shining so bright we were sure it was looking right at us. With our minds filled with panic and hearts pounding so hard, we took off running and didn't stop until we had run over the top of a hill and down the other side. There we found a large sagebrush to hide behind. Hoping and praying the monster would not find us, we stayed until daylight and then Father came looking for us.

As we were asking Father what kind of a monster was after us last night it was with a great deal of relief to find that it was now quiet. Father explained to us what a train was and after some encouragement, we were willing to go take a look at the train that had arrived in the night with it's whistle blowing and it's light shining.

One of our neighbors was Oscar Anderson. His oldest daughter was about my age. Her name was Nettie Anderson. We went to the same school and the same Sunday school. Seemed as though she was always around even to the same parties and candy pulls. One afternoon we were at a candy pull, a honey candy-pull, when I made a big ball of candy. I threw it in her direction and it hit her on the side of her head making her fall down. I sure was afraid wondering how badly I had hurt her; and if she would ever speak to me again. I wouldn't have blamed her if she hadn't. Was I ever surprised when she got up with a big lump on her head and when I told her how sorry I was, she said, 'That's all right. You didn't mean to hurt me."

From then on I thought she was a very special girl, so understanding, kind, and she was a very pretty girl to me. In fact, she was the prettiest girl in the whole town. We went to many, many parties, shows, dances, etc. together. In a few years we grew to love each other. We finished our school in the Salem School District, then we went to Rexburg College which was located four miles south of Salem. I was taking the missionary course, preparing to go on a mission.



My father, Augustus W. Belnap, ordained me an Elder.



My call came to go to Australia. I departed May 19, 1907. I was set apart for my mission by Seymour B. Young. The ward gave me a party just before leaving and a donation of money to help us with the expense of my mission. These parties consisted of a talk by the Bishop telling us how many young men were out on missions. There were several musical numbers and I gave a talk.

Petten of Appointment

Elder Augustus R.Belnap

DEAR BROTHER,

This is to certify that you are appointed to preside over the South Australia Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

It is your duty to preach the Gospel, administer in all the ordinances thereof that pertain to your holy calling, and preside over all the interests of the work of the Lord within your jurisdiction, subject to the counsel and direction of those presiding over you.

It is your duty to call the attention of the Saints to the importance of regulating their lives in accordance with the principles of truth and righteousness, while to the Elders over whom you preside, you are expected to be an example of humility, intregrity and jeal in the cause of Truth.

You are also to see that there is a proper dissemination of the printed works of the Church and do all that lies in your power, with the help of the Lord, to spread tha truths of the Gospel throughout your Conference.

Finally, dear Brother, be humble, be vigilant and faithful in your labors, praying always that the Holy Spirit and the power of the Priesthood may attend your ministrations; and the hearts of the people will be open to receive your counsels and to supply your wants, while you will be made a Minister of Eternal Life unto them.

C. alvin Orm

President of the Australian Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Lattor-day Saints.

"Victory "Pemell Street

Emagre Sydney, 1) 60 1911, 1908

I was proud to be going on a mission and was determined to do my best by telling the people of the Lord's work.

Toward the end of the party there was a short time turned to dancing, giving the people time to contribute to the fund. They were very generous, \$180 was given to me.

My Mother went with me as far as Salt Lake City, Utah.

After the necessary preparations, we were on a train leaving the U.S. We arrived in Vancouver on May 22, 1907. On May 24, we were on the ocean. The ship was called the Bloodhound, or the Mukary. We started our long trip across the Pacific Ocean. We arrived in Victoria, had a fine trip – one of the finest rides I had ever had in my life. The ship was detained for some time. We were all very glad when the ship was on its way again. We ate a very good supper. In about an hour, everyone began looking very white. I was one of them.



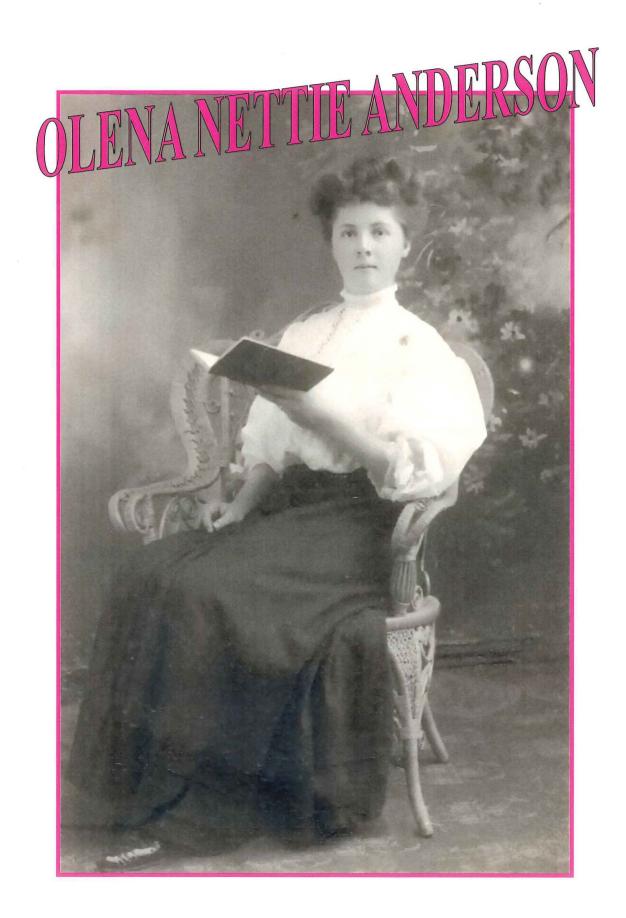
We fed the fish a lot and stayed on the deck feeling very queer. The next day, May 26, I was very sick. The seasickness did not go away. I had an orange, biscuit, and toward night, a cup of tea. I didn't get over feeling sick. This lasted most of the trip. Reading how to put on a lifejacket didn't help the sick feeling. The sea seemed very rough.

June 1, 1907, we landed in Honolulu, Hawaii about 10 am. It was an interesting sight – natives, etc. We found the Elders home and went on a sightseeing tour through the main part of town. When we came back the people were celebrating Brigham Young's birthday.

We were on our way again passing a few small Islands. The sea was calm. Then we came to the Fiji Islands. The people were so very different with dark skin and their hair standing straight up and bleached white. We saw coconuts and bananas. Shells and flowers soon covered the wharf. Just as we left, we bought a bunch of bananas for 35 cents. We then left for Brisbane.

June 15, 1907, was my first look at Australia. I got up and ate breakfast. I was sick at the end of our trip. We landed at Floods Wharf. It was the largest city I had ever been in. In a short time we were in our new home, Victory Pensells St., New Town.

My mission was very interesting and I enjoyed it very much. I arrived home on the Arangi ship. December 22, 1909, I arrived in Sugar City, Idaho. Most of the family was there to welcome me home. I went down to Harris & Co. store to meet Nettie. She was working there. We were so happy to see each other again. We were engaged to be married before I went on my mission. So March 15, 1910, Nettie and I got on the train in Sugar City on our way to Salt Lake City to be married.



Pedigree Chart

Hakan ANDERSON
B:21 Mar 1826
P:Tirup,MImhs,Sweden
M:2 Nov 1863
P:Mt. Pleasant,Sanpete,Utah
D:31 Oct 1892
P:Salem,Madison,Idaho

5 Cecelia SVENSON B:23 Feb 1841 P:Gryt,Krstnd,Sweden D:3 Jul 1924 P:Rexburg,Madison,Idaho



6 Peter ANDERSEN OLSEN (OLSON) B:8 May 1827 P:Tronnor,,Sweden M:19 Jul 1864 P:Hyrum,Cache,Utah D:1906 P:Salem,Madison,Idaho



7 Christine HENDRIKSEN B:23 Apr 1829 P:Pedersburg,Soro,Denmark D:21 Sep 1903 P:Salem,Madison,Idaho



8 Anders HAKANSSON
B:24 Jan 1789
P:Billberga,Malmohus,Sweden
M:12 Feb 1826
P:Tirup,Malmohus,Sweden
D:15 Mar 1860
P:Tirup,Malmohus,Sweden

9 Bengta ANDERSSON B:24 Feb 1806 P:Tirup,Malmohus,Sweden D:19 Feb 1868 P:Helmohus,Sweden

10 Lars SVENSON B:15 Sep 1815 P:Gryt,Kristianstad,Sweden M:8 Dec 1840 P:Gumlosa,kristianstad,sweden D:27 Jun 1895 P:Smithfield,Cache,Utah

11 Magnel OLSSON B:27 Oct 1814 P:Gumlosa,Kristianstad,Sweden D:16 Mar 1898 P:Smithfield,Cache,Utah

12 Ole Boal ANDERSEN B: 1774 P:Ruding, Walmo, Sweden

M: P: D:1842 P:Sweden

13 Bodle MONSON B: P: B:Abt 1831 P:Sweden

14 Hendrik JENSEN B:2 Sep 1789 P:Petersburg,Denmark M: P: D:15 Jan 1864 P:Petersburg,Denmark

15 Karen JESPERSEN B:7 Oct 1798 P:Lynge,Denmark D:25 May 1859 P:Petersburg,Denmark

2 Hakan Oscar ANDERSON B:9 Mar 1866 P:Mt. Pleasant,Sanpete,Utah M:25 Nov 1887 P:Logan,Cache,Utah D:14 Nov 1904 P:Salem,Madison,Idaho



1 Olena Nettie ANDERSON B:27 Oct 1888 P:Salem,Madison,Idaho M:16 Mar 1910 P:Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah D:26 Mar 1985 P:Corvallis,Benton,Oregon

> Augustus Ruben BELNAP (Spouse of no. 1)

3 Olena Emma Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) B:11 Jun 1865 P:Hyrum,Cache,Utah D:16 Oct 1947 P:Salem,Madison,Idaho 7



12 Jun 2001

¢

Born	***************************************	ANDERSON		
Christene	9 Mar 1866	Place Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah	LDS ordinance dates Baptized	Templ
Died		Dia a c	3 Nov 1887	
	14 Nov 1904	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Endowed 25 Nov 1887	LG
Buried	17 Nov 1904	Piaon Rexburg, Madison, Idaho, Rexburg Cem,	Sealed to parents BIC	
Married	25 Nov 1887	Place Logan, Cache, Utah	Sealed to spouse 23 Nov 1887	LG
Husband	Hakan AN	DERSON	¢	
Husband	s mother Cocolia St	WENSON		
ife	Olena Emma	Margaret OLSEN (OLSON)		
Born	11 Jun 1865	Place Hyrum, Cache, Ulah	LOS ordinance dates	Templ
Christene		Place	Baptized 3 Nov 1887	
Died	16 6200 38647	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Endound	3.65
Burred	16 Oct 1947		25 Nov 1887 Sealed to parents 13 Apr 1885	<u>1.G</u>
Wife's fat	19 Oct 1947 her	ALADIEL, MICHSON, RABBE, READIEL CON.	15 Apr 1885	LG
Wife's mo	niner	DERSEN OLSEN (OLSON)		
	Christine	HENDRIKSEN	T	*******
hildren l	ist each child in ord	ler of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Tempi
	Nettie ANDER			
Born	27 Oct 1888	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 31 Jul 1897	
Christene	d	Place	Endowed 16 Mar 1910	SL.
Died	26 Mar 1985	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried	30 Mar 1985	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial		
Spouse		Ruben BELNAP		
Married	16 Mar 1910	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 16 Mar 1910	SL.
***			10.00.00.00.00.00	
Born	Linda ANDER	¹ Web	Baptized	
Christene	10 Aug 1890	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	1 Jul 1898 Endowed	
Died		Diara	15 Sep 1911	
Buried	5 Feb 1970	Idaho Fails, Bonneville, Idaho	BIC	
1		Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho		
Spouse	James Lor	renzo EDDINGTON	1	
Married	15 Sen 1911	Place	Sealed to spouse 15 Sep 1911	
Evyler	In ANDERSON	Ň		
Born	10 Feb 1893	Place Salem, Madison, Idabo	Baptized 6 Jul 1901	
Christene		Place	Endowed 23 Aug 1978	
Died	25 Jun 1977	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried	2020 33883 3 7 / /	Place	I DR. j	
Spouse	90.54 CC	1		******
Married		Leid FULLMER	Sealed to spouse	
	4 Oct 1911			
Bom	Dean ANDER	Distor	Baplized	
Christene	<u>3 Sep 1895</u>	Naiem, Madison, Idaho	5 Sep 1903 Endowed	
	N	Place	4 Oct 1922	
Died	5 Dec 1945	Piace Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried		Place		
Spouse	Melinda J	ane BELL		
Married	4 Oct 1922	Place	Sealed to spouse 4 Oct 1922	

12 Jun 2001

lusban	^{1d} Hakan Oscar	ANDERSON		
Vife	*****	Margaret OLSEN (OLSON)		***************
Shildrei			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
V Lee	e Earl ANDERSO!	V		
Born	6 May 1897 stered	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place	Bapfized 5 Aug 1905 Endowed 14 Oct 1926	
Burie	23 Feb 1971	Place Place	Sealed to parents BIC	
Marn	Afton McC ied 14 Oct 1926	Place	Sealed to spouse 14 Oct 1926	
Bear	ton Estus ANDER: 3 Jul 1899 stenod	SON ^{Place} Salem, Madison, Idaho Place	Baptized Child Endowed Child	
Died Burie	16 May 1901 ed	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spou		Place	Sealed to spouse	
1 Dai	tus Cervantus ANI	DERSON		
Born		Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place	Baptized 6 Aug 1910 Endowed 18 May 1966	
Died Burie	23 Jan 1983	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spou Marri	Alice Lovi	na LARSON Places Idaho	Sealed to apouse 18 May 1966	IF
· Nac	omi ANDERSON			
Born		Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place	Baptized 6 Jul 1912 Endowed 8 Sep 1961	
Died Burie	26 Jun 1958	Place Place	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spou Marri	Ariel Davi	d ROCK Place	Sealed to spouse	

12 Jun 2001



Olena Nettie



Mary Linda



Evalena





Earl



Anton Estus died at the age of two years old.



Dean



Vantus



Naomi

MY LIFE STORY By Olena Nettie Anderson Belnap



I am the first child of my parents Hogan Oscar Anderson and Olena Emma Margaret Olsen. They were born in Hyrum, Utah. Their parents were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Grandfather and Grandmother Anderson were from Sweden and Grandfather and Grandmother Olsen were from Denmark.

My parents were pioneers in the Snake River Valley of Idaho. They were married on Thanksgiving Day the 25th of November 1887 in the Logan Temple, Logan, Utah. The next day they left for their new home in Idaho. Father was disappointed in getting paid for some work he had done of grading a road in Montana, so he borrowed a pair of pants to wear the day he was married. When he did get paid for his work I am sure there were many places to put it. Father had homesteaded 160 acres of land at Salem, Idaho. They traveled to their new home in a new covered wagon and a team of horses.

There were quite a few Indians moving around the area on horseback when my Mother was a young girl in Idaho. She was actually kidnapped for about 30 seconds by the Indians one day. The Indians would ride from place to place and ask for food. She just loved the Indians. She went out there to meet the Indians coming down the trail and one of them reached down and grabbed her and swung her up on his horse (I guess) just to tease. She grabbed the rifle and shot it in the air. He dropped her in a pile of dust and she cried because she couldn't go with the Indians.

Father built their new one-room log cabin home. Their furniture consisted of a small cookstove, a table, two chairs, some shelves Father had built for a cupboard, a box for a wash bench, a mirror hanging over the wash bench, a comb case under the mirror, a wash dish, water bucket and dipper, a bed, a shelf in one corner for a clothes closet with a red curtain hanging in front of it. Father's accordion had its place on top. His violin hung just under the red curtain. For a dresser they had a big box with two shelves inside. The coal oil lamp stood at one end of the dresser, the pin cushion, workbasket and family album completed the dresser.

Mother's homemade carpet, white curtain on the one window, white bedspread and pillowcases and always a spotless white tablecloth; this with a few pictures and a calendar on the wall made up the furnishings of their house. Father's old coat and hat hung on a nail near the door. Mother's large shawl hung on another nail nearby.



Father loved music. He always kept his violin and accordion handy. He loved music and prided himself on being able to play most instruments. Some of his playing was by ear. He often played for the Church ward dances. I was born October 27, 1888. I was a small baby weighing six and a half pounds, dark eyes, and dark hair but at the age of three months, I was without my hair. When it came in, it was light. I was born on a Saturday and the day was cold. I was nineteen inches long at birth. I grew as normal children do. Before I was two years old, I had a little sister named Mary Linda.



Lena holding Mary Linda Oscar holding Olena Nettie

A third brother Anton Estus passed away before he was two years old with Scarlet Fever. Next a small baby brother was born and they named him Datus Cervantus, a cute little boy. Father said he would make a Storekeeper out of him because he was too small to farm. Next a lovely sister, her name is Naomi, was born. She had blue eyes and light hair and was a large baby. She was a real joy to the family, I think because there were four boys in a stretch. We were a very busy, happy family with Church work, school, etc. and Father clearing sagebrush to increase farming acreage.



Olena Nettie Anderson Belnap

The next sister was very small, her name being Evalena. Next came a brother, his name Oscar Dean. He was a big baby weighing eight pounds. Another brother was born his name Lee Earl, also weighing eight pounds.



Linda and Evalena Dean, Nettie, and Earl

The one room cabin had gotten too small so Father built an addition. Then, when Vantus was the baby, Father built a new seven-room house. It was really a pleasure to live in a new house with new furniture, rugs, etc.

The first I remember seeing Gussie was when I was about six years old. His mother came to visit with my Mother one afternoon. She brought her children and one of them was Augustus, or Gussie, as they called him. The other boy was Charley, and also a baby.

My sister Linda and I had a playhouse out in front of the Granary. They told us children to go out and play and we went to the playhouse. Charley knocked it all down but Gussie helped me fix it up again so I thought Gussie must be a nice boy.



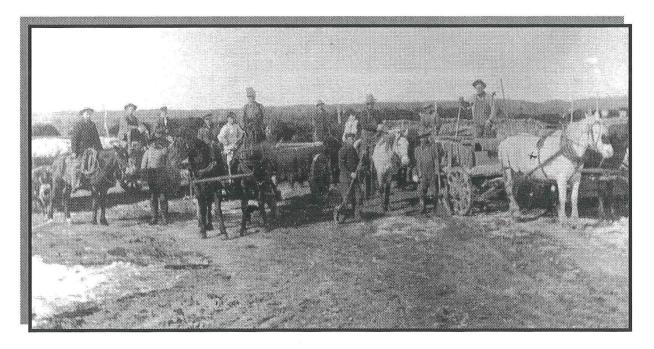
Then when I started school, I noticed Gussie was in the same school and so it was that way from then on. We were in the same Sunday School class and we always spoke to each other. He was a gentleman wherever he went and we saw a lot of each other.

Eight grades were taught in the old school house we attended in Salem, Idaho. When the school district joined Sugar City, this building became Salem's social hall. Many nice Ward parties were held there.

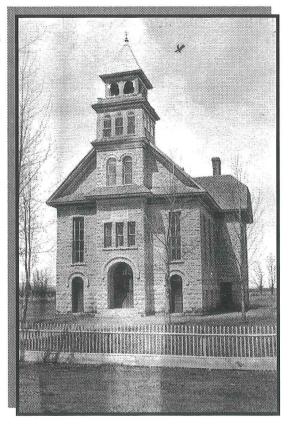
After we were older, whenever there was a party in the little town where we lived, Gussie and I were both there.

In the early 1900's a new rock church was built in Salem, Idaho. Charley helped haul the rocks to build the new church house. Gussie and Uncle Jim Olsen hauled all the long rocks (six feet long) that are under the windows, etc.

This is the Church where all our children were blessed and where they attended Primary, Sunday School, MIA and all ward activities. This church was replaced with a new one in 1959.



Soon we were larger and big enough to go to dances and shows. One day Gussie asked me if I would go to the dance with him. I was glad to say yes. You see I liked to dance very much. My father taught me how to dance. After that, we went to many dances, shows and parties.



In 1904, at the age of 16, I was chosen to teach a class in Sunday School. Father didn't have much time to enjoy Naomi. When she was 13 months old Father passed away with Typhoid Fever. He left Mother to care for 7 children and 80 acres of land to farm. We all felt the loss of our Father very keenly, but Mother did a wonderful job in raising and providing for us children.

She also managed the farm. We all did our share of Church work.



Mother roomed and boarded schoolteachers to help send Linda and I to Ricks College in Rexburg. We attended for one year 1906 – 1907. We all took active parts in church work, schoolwork, and running the farm. She was a very busy Mother and we all loved her dearly.



I was chosen to be Secretary of the Young Women's MIA in 1907. I am in the front row, first person on the left. I was also a member of the choir from 1907 - 1910.

I am the first person on the left in the front row. Taken in the rock church house. Sacrament table is at the bottom right. I always wiped the cup off before allowing my family to drink from it.





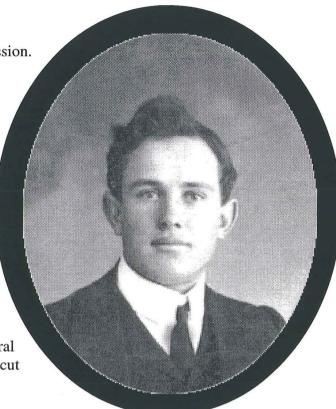
I went to work in Harris and Co. store in 1907, still being a Sunday School teacher.



Then came the time Gussie was called on a Mission. His call was to Australia. He spent thirty-two months teaching people about the Lord and his Church. Before he left he asked me if I would marry him when he came back from his mission.

He was a good boy, attending all of his Priesthood meetings. He was proud when he would tell our children he had gone through all of the steps of the Priesthood from a Deacon to a High Priest.

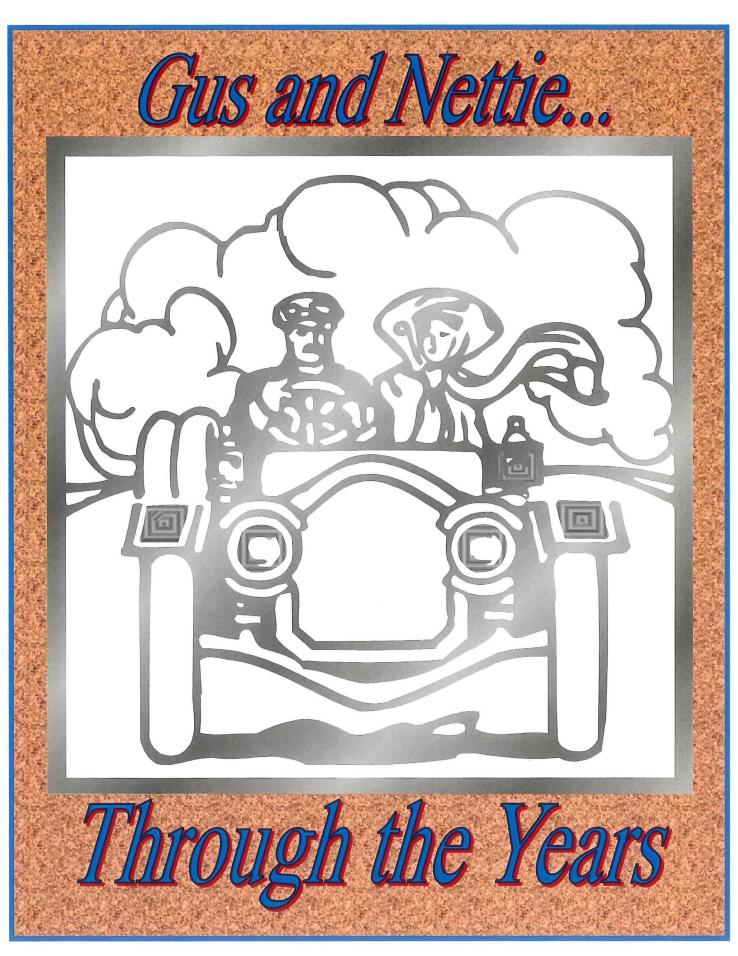
While he was in Australia, I was working in a store as a clerk. It was the Bishops store, General Merchandise. I sold everything. I even tried to cut some stakes for a customer one day.

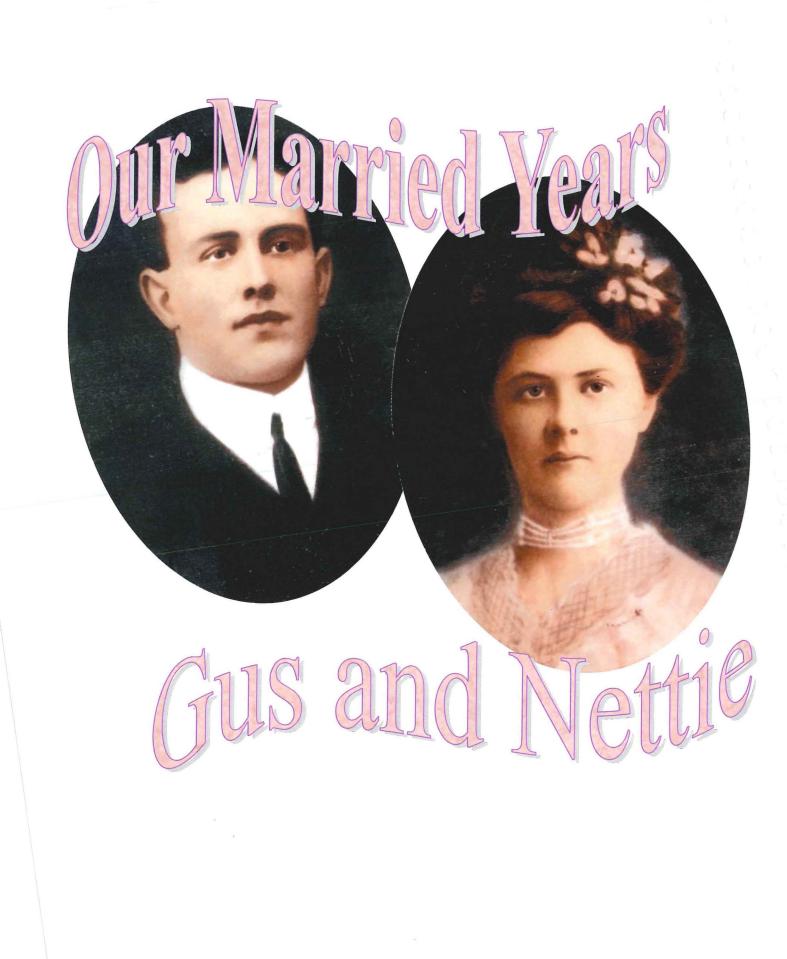


Time seemed to go very slowly but the time did come when Gussie came home from his mission and we found we still loved each other very much. Arrangements were made to go to the Salt Lake Temple to be married.

On March 16, 1910, we went to the Temple and were married for time and all eternity. Of all the men I had to choose from, I chose the best of them. It has always seemed that way to me.

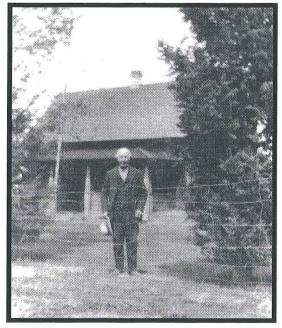
We were blessed with 7 lovely children. One of the children, Ivan, the Lord took back before he was one year old. He was such a lovely child. The other children were strong healthy boys and girls - three boys and three girls.





0 11 0 See. Frank On and K<u>anik</u> 1911 yan 1913 yan South States 10 Quandition Construction

When Gussie came back from Australia, President Anthon H. Lund married us on March 16, 1910, for time and eternity in the Salt Lake Temple. We visited relatives and friends in Ogden.



This is Grandpa Belnap's last picture. Hat in hand, he is ready to go for a car ride with Ethel Summers, his youngest daughter.

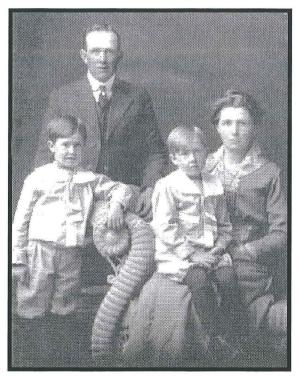
So it was two years later on March 4, 1912, another baby boy came to live with us, Oscar Newel. He was a 9 ³/₄ pound baby with blue eyes and light brown hair. He was such a nice brother for Denis and such a lovable child. They enjoyed each other very much.

About this time, Gussie and his brother bought a ranch at Kilgore, Idaho. I think it was 160 acres. There were no buildings on the place, so Gussie and Charlie went up in the hills and got some logs.

The little boys and I, some days, would take our lunch and go with them. It was such fun to see the big trees fall and sawed into lengths the right size. This year we lived on Grandpa Belnap's farm on the old homestead where Gussie helped his Father and brothers with the farming. Gussie's parents had moved in town to live.

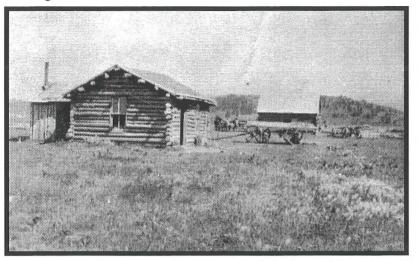
December 23, 1910, we were blessed with our first baby, a bouncing baby boy. Augustus Denis was a 9 1/2 pound baby with dark eyes and dark auburn hair. My what a lovely baby he was and such a good baby.

We were still living on the farm, Gussie taking charge of all the work. He helped Father with the farm work and picked up extra work, even going to Kilgore to help with putting up hay, etc. We were very happy in trying to make a home.



Gus and Nettie with their two sons, Denis and Newel

Sometimes we would sit and watch the wind play around in the very tops of the trees. We liked the fresh smell of the pines, wild flowers, and we loved to watch the birds and little squirrels gather nuts for their winter food. Then, when the logs were all loaded on the wagon, we would go home to the tent we lived in, feeling we were one day nearer to having a house to live in.



We did finish the house the first summer we were there. It was a one-room house with a lean-to on it. We also built a large log barn. There was room for eight horses and a hayloft. The next year, we built a granary to hold the grain. We also had a small garden and fishing was very good.

There was a stream running just back of the barn. I fished and I caught Rainbow and Trout.

Hunting was also very good. There were sage hens, other fowl such as grouse and one kind Gussie called Fool Hens and also deer. One day, Gussie came in all excited for the gun. He said there was a deer in the pasture with the cows. The deer soon sensed there was a man with a gun after him. The deer ran up on the side of a butte, such a good shot. So, Gussie took aim, with the deer broadside to him. How could he miss? He pulled the trigger and would you believe it, the bullet went right over the top of the butte. Too bad, Gussie was so excited. But, there were times that we had deer meat.

In the fall we moved down to Nettie's mothers. Gussie ran a school bus for \$35 a month. We had a lot of sickness all winter. In March we moved to the old homestead. Charley and Gussie took cattle and horses out to our ranch in Kilgore to pasture them. It was \$200 for cattle and \$400 for horses. Gussie stayed on the farm and Charley took care of things at Kilgore.



Charley, Nettie, Denis, Newel and Gussie Belnap

We lived and worked on the farm and how our two little boys grew. January 18, 1914, a third son came to bless our home, Lenard Ivan. He was a small baby weighing 6 ¹/₂ pounds with blue eyes, light hair and a light complexion. He was a pretty baby. He was so much smaller than the other boys were. I was always concerned about him even as he slept. I would go in his room to see if he was still breathing. I had a fear of losing him. The weather was very cold. The snow drifting in high drifts for several days. On November 28, Ivan was taken very ill with what seemed to be a cold. We called Dr. Shoupe. He was very concerned about Ivan and did everything he knew to do. We also had Ivan administered to but nothing helped. We had a feeling his mission was completed. On December 12, 1914, at 10 a.m., on Nettie's lap, he drew his last breath. It was a great loss and we missed him so, but we were thankful we had him for 11 months. When he was blessed, the man said Ivan's name would be a pleasant memory in the family. I wondered just why his blessing was worded that way.

The crops were very poor this year. It was necessary to borrow some money to pay some bills. So this year left us with many disappointments.

Gussie was appointed Secretary of the 148th Quorum of Seventy. In 1911, he was chosen second counselor to A.R. Jaques in the YMMIA. He was also a teacher of the Deacons Quorum. Nettie was Religious class teacher in North Salem. In the spring we moved back to Kilgore. We raised 550 bushel of oats, and 20 ton of hay.

In Kilgore, they organized a Branch of the Church and we took an active part. Nettie was a Sunday School teacher. Gussie was ordained a High Priest in 1916 and set apart as first counselor to Bishop M. Smith, Kilgore Ward, Yellowstone Stake by President Daniel G. Miller. Saint Anthony was the Stake Headquarters. We moved back and forth from Salem to Kilgore for several years.

After the hay (mostly Timothy and Wild grass) was cut and stacked, the grain thrashed and sold, and when the days began to get cold, then we would move back to Salem, where our little boys could go to school.

October 1, we moved to Dr. Shoupe's ranch to take care of a herd of cattle. This was a very hard winter. Snow covered fences and at times the temperature went down to 45 below zero. The wind blew the snow in high drifts. It was impossible to feed the cattle. On March 28, Gussie took our furniture up to our ranch. The snow was drifted over one side of our little house. April first, we went to Spencer in a sleigh. The horses and sleigh slid along on top of the snow. We took the train for Sugar City. We stayed at the old homestead until the last of May when we returned to Kilgore to care for the ranch. October we moved back to Salem on the old homestead.

January 1917, Charley and Gussie worked hauling hay for the Carston Cattle Co. Denis and Newel had the measles. Nettie worked in the YWMIA as Counselor to President Sarah Harris. In March, we bought a team of colts for \$275. Dick and Dan were their names. Hay sold for \$40 a ton. We kept moving to Salem in the winter so Denis and Newel could attend school and to Kilgore in the summer.

Gussie cut mining props for the Railroad Co. at Island Park, Idaho. It was so beautiful in the mountains. The family moved up there for two summers. We lived in tents that had a floor and was boarded up for four feet. It had a wood floor and this was our bedroom. It was a nice place to sleep. Our kitchen was a large tent also boarded up with a floor. Our range, stove had a large table the length of the tent, some shelves for the cupboard, benches on each side of the table were in there. We had such nice dinners there. Denis and Newel had a covered wagon box for their bedroom. Gussie's brother, Charley, and Elmer worked with him. Nettie's brother-in-law, Reed Fullmer and family were also there and several hired men. Nettie was very busy keeping enough food on hand.

Evalina (Nettie's sister) and her husband Reed Fullmer lived a short way from our tent with their family. Such fun the children had. We enjoyed the summer, but there were some anxious hours. One afternoon the horses strayed too far from camp. Gussie sent Denis to bring the horses back. We could hear the bell that one of the horses was wearing. Denis didn't come with the horses when we thought he should be back to camp. So Gussie went to help. By now the bell was way in the distance and kept getting fainter. So, Gussie returned to camp to get Charley to help. He told Nettie not to worry they would find Denis. By this time it was getting very dark and the timber was very thick.

Denis heard the bell that one of the horses was wearing, so on and on he went until hours later, he found them. It was dark and he was lost. Denis got on one of the horses and started toward camp in the wrong direction. It was hard to make the horses go the way he wanted them to; so he got on Dan, another horse, and let him go the way he wanted to.

Meanwhile at camp, we were listening and praying that Denis would return in safety. We built a large fire, hoping Denis could either smell the smoke or see the light through the trees, but Denis was too far away. Estus, Evalina's oldest son, had Denis' cornet and he climbed up high in a tree and blew several bugle calls as loud as he could, but no results.

So, what seemed like hours after, Gussie came back to camp and said, "Nettie, I think we better wait until morning. It really is too dark."

So after a long wait and building a large fire and blowing a trumpet that belonged to Denis, we heard a faint call, "Mamma." Charley answered, "Here we are Denis." Soon Denis was back in camp. That night in our prayer we thanked the Lord for once more answering our prayers.

Taking the cattle from Salem to Kilgore in the spring and back in the fall proved to be very exciting. In the front wagon were the two little boys and Nettie sitting up on a big spring seat. Nettie was not afraid to drive the four horses, but was concerned about her two little boys up front with nothing to keep them in the seat but a quilt tucked around them. She was to drive the four horses on the wagon that was loaded with supplies and furniture. A trailer wagon was tied behind loaded with all kinds of shovels, pitch forks, hoes, and plows, ropes and all kinds of things that Gussie and Charley would need. Oh yes, there was fencing wire and seed grain.

Then one night, the cattle stampeded. They almost ran over our camp. Such excitement, because they all started back towards home and it took until noon to get them all started back towards Kilgore.

Then the First World War was in progress. Charley was drafted and sent to Germany to defend our country. This changed our plans. Gussie could not do the farm work alone and take care of all the cattle we were pasturing for people in Salem. We decided to sell the ranch.

Gussie was chosen Junior Teacher in the YMMIA of Salem. This year ended with warm weather. We were even plowing until January 6th. This is the year Gussie signed for a questionnaire for the service of World War I. He was classified IV-A.

We were kept busy making a living. Nettie working in the Relief Society and taking care of the family.

We rented a farm east of Sugar City and bought a little place in Salem with a few acres of land. We had a good garden, berries, a cow, and the two horses, Dick and Dan that we had for so many years. Jake was an extra horse the boys used for a pony. Gussie worked at different jobs, such as roadwork, grading and making more canals. At this time, Nettie was serving as first counselor of the YWMIA from 1917 - 1918.



Myrtle (left) and Nettie Belnap

Nettie was put in as president of the Salem Primary from 1918 – 1927.

This is also the year that our first baby daughter was born. Berneice A Belnap was born January 27, 1918. A lovely small 6 pound girl born 2:45 p.m., with dark eyes and hair. Dr. Shoupe and Sister Eddington were present. She was very welcome not only because Ivan had passed away December 12, 1914, but also our home had been without a baby for four years.

Denis was going to school and his little friends would talk about their little sisters. He cried because he was the only boy in his class without a sister. So we were thankful we had a lovely little sister in our home. Newel thought she was pretty special too. Her name was Berneice A Belnap, the "A" for my maiden name Anderson. We all had so much fun playing with her and we still enjoy her so much. She is very special. We still went to Kilgore every summer.

May 25, 1921 Martell A was born. A very fine baby boy weighting 10 pounds, our biggest son. He had dark eyes and dark red hair. He was such a nice healthy good baby and a nice playmate for Berneice. They still are very good pals.

December 20, 1923, Delma A was born. She was a pretty little girl with light brown eyes and golden blond hair. She weighed 6 ½ pounds. Nettie dressed her like a doll and she looked like one. She was either smiling or crying. But, she cried more than she smiled. She had colic a lot. The doctor was puzzled about her condition. Gussie would walk the floor with her in his arms while Nettie got the meals ready. When Delma was three weeks old she got the Whooping Cough. So she took a lot of our time taking care of her. The Doctor said not to let her cry or she would cough. He was worried about her. While we were up at Island Park we received word that Gussie's Mother was not expected to live. By the time we arrived at her bedside, it was too late. June 15, 1925, Mother passed away at their home in Salem, Idaho of a heart attack. She had been sick with a heart condition. She was on a prescription for her heart condition and had run out of medication. They called the doctor, but he was out of town so his partner gave her a different medication and it did not help her heart like the other one had and she died. Everyone dearly loved her. The family felt her loss very keenly.

September 20, 1925, Delsa A was born. Another pretty little girl 6 ½ pounds. She was all smiles most of the time. She cried very little. When Delsa was 9 months old, Gussie's adopted sister Orpha passed away with Asthma, leaving 5 little motherless children. So we took care of them. As they were taking her to the hospital, she said, "Nettie, take care of the children for me." Her husband Ray Shelton worked away from home feeding cattle. He was especially grateful to me.

With our six children and Orpha's five, we were a house full of activity with 8 going to school and 3 at home (Delsa, Delma and Lorin (Orpha's little boy). Nettie was also Primary President. She was a busy lady.

Denis and Newel were both on Sugar Salem High School basketball team when Denis was taken by a pain in his side. He told the coach his side was hurting. When the doctor examined him, he put a wide tape all around him and told the coach to play him. He was the captain of the team and made a lot of baskets. They won the game. The pain was so severe Newel practically carried him to the dressing room. The doctor said it was appendicitis. He was operated on at 11 p.m. Denis was in the hospital 6 days. He was back to school in two weeks.

Gussie was Superintendent of the YMMIA. Nettie was Primary President and Relief Society teacher. Denis was chorister in Sunday School and worked in MIA with music and drama. Newel was Ward Clerk and also worked with MIA.

Our crops grew very good, mostly potatoes, and we got an early variety sold. We got a fifteen hundred dollar check for two acres of potatoes. At this rate we could see where we were really going to make some money. So, we bought a new Chevrolet and went for a trip to Montana where my sister and her family lived. They had children about the same age ours were. We took Nettie's mother with us. What a time we had! But we all felt a little sad about leaving Denis home to take care of watering potatoes and beets, milking cows, etc. We really had a wonderful time.

It was while in Roberts that Mother's big seven-room house burned to the ground. Earl, my brother was living with her. They lost all their furniture and clothing.

As spring approached, we rented a farm in Roberts in 1929. We lived there until 1932. Besides caring for the farm and Church we were very busy. Denis and Marie Robison began dating, going on picnics down by the river, going to shows, dances, etc. Marie was a lovely girl. She was a schoolteacher and the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. O. Robison. On September 29, 1930 they were married in the Robison home in Roberts, Idaho.

June 14, 1936, Berneice married Leonard Ray Wilde, a wonderful young man. They were married by Bishop Joseph Jensen in his home.

November 1, 1936, Newel married Vera Eileen Poulson. She is the only daughter of her parents – a very lovely girl. They were married in Bishop Jensen's home by Bishop Jensen.



Newel, Denis holding Denny, Marie, Delma, Gus holding Lenice, Delsa, Berneice holding Lee, Leonard, Martell

We bought a 40 acre farm in McDonaldville joining Groveland on the north. Then came World War II. Martell had joined the National Guard so now he was a soldier. He left with a lot of boys for training. Now our home was really broken up. Gussie needed help on the farm. All the young men were in the service. We rented our farm to Johnie George for one year and moved to Corvallis, Oregon, where Denis lived and needed help with his farm work. So our home was just torn apart. We sold our cows, horses, pigs, and chickens. We left the house furnished as we thought we would soon be back home.

Nettie had been Relief Society President since 1937. It was 1942. There were many things to finish up before we left.

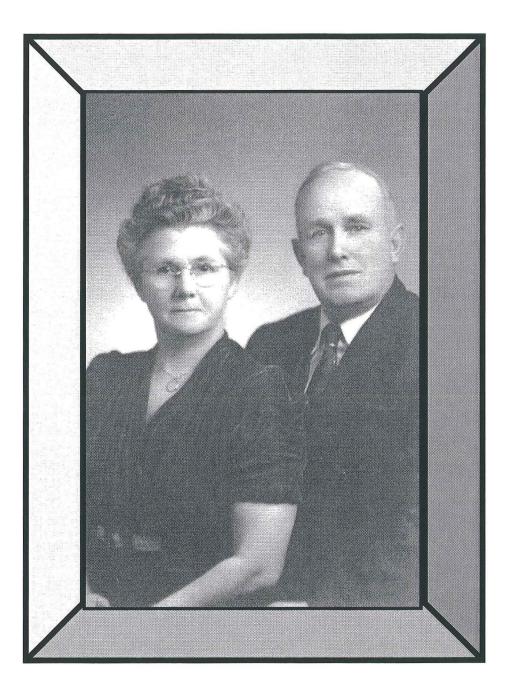
It was March 1942, when we left for Oregon. Delma and Delsa went to live with Newel and Vera in Blackfoot to finish the school year. Delma was a senior. We have always been sorry we could not attend her graduation exercises.

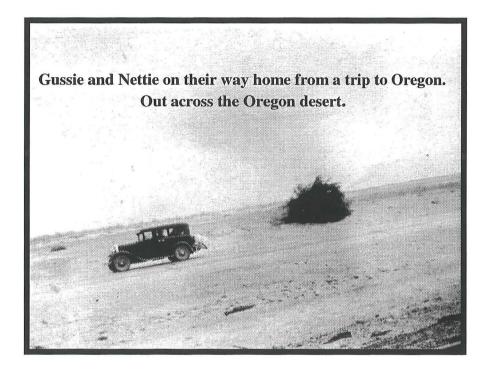
We all had a lot of adjusting to do when Martell went overseas.



Nettie, Gus holding Denny Taken soon after moving to Oregon

GUS & NETTIE LEAVE IDAHO





March 20, 1942 found Gussie and Nettie in a car going to Corvallis, Oregon. We arrived in the early evening and while we were eating supper the telephone rang and Denis answered it. It was Martell calling from Fort Lewis, Washington where he had been training for some time. He called to tell Denis they were put on alert, which meant they might go any minute. Gussie and Nettie caught a bus the next morning and arrived at Fort Lewis in the late afternoon. Martell soon found us and was so happy he had another chance to see Father and Mother once more before he left. There was not time to talk to him then. The boys were very busy with last minute duties. But we ate the evening meal with him in a very large dining room.

Martell chose to sit so he could face one of the large windows, watching it every minute. Once he almost jumped out of his chair. Nettie asked what was wrong. He said, "Oh, I thought I saw a familiar flash, but it was another light." We talked until it was time for him to retire. We slept on Army cots that night. The next morning the soldiers were all in a group in front of the large mess hall – a very sober group of boys. The buttons had been taken off their uniforms (so as not to reflect any light). The only thing they had on besides their uniforms was a chain around their neck with two dog tags on it. In case they were killed one of the tags would be removed and the other one would stay with the soldier. Martell wanted us to know this.

After all the good-byes, the boys got on the waiting busses. As Martell left for his bus he waved and said, "Bye, now I will be back." And the busses drove out of sight. There we stood, Gussie and Nettie, we had just sent our baby boy off to war.

We left Fort Lewis with a very heavy heart, each realizing we were not the only parents to send their son to war. For the first time, we thought how proud and thankful we were to have such a strong son help defend our country, the United States of America.

Moving to Corvallis, Oregon after 54 years of country living in Idaho was an emotional change, knowing they would be living in a city instead of on a farm. Nettie wondered how they would manage without a cow and chickens. These two things had been a means to a lot of their security as their milk, cream, butter, eggs and meat were derived from these sources.

Gussie was out in the field helping Denis. Nettie was putting things away in the house that Denis said we could rent for the summer. It was a house for their hired man and it was very humbling but after all it would not be long until the war was over and we would go back to our home in Blackfoot, Idaho. Nettie was sure everyone thinks their home is where they would like to be.

Dad helped Denis on his farm in Corvallis, Oregon. There were no men to hire in Corvallis and the farmers grew so many crops that needed to be hoed; crops like hops, beans, strawberries, and others. So the farmers hired ladies to hoe. Nettie applied and got a job. Soon she was going with a truck full of ladies for fieldwork. The pay was good and the work was not very hard. It was interesting meeting so many ladies. Nettie hoed in a dress. Gussie told Nettie to go buy a pair of pants to wear while hoeing in the fields. She told Gussie she would hoe in a dress. Ladies did not wear pants. Nettie also worked for a short time as a sales clerk at Montgomery Ward.

The climate seemed to agree with both Gussie and Nettie.

After Delma graduated from Blackfoot High School, she and Delsa came to Oregon

Denis never worked on Sundays, so we went to Sunday School and Sacrament meetings. They were held in Salem, Oregon. There was a Relief Society in Corvallis, but there were so few members. After leaving a Relief Society with a membership of over one hundred members, it seemed to be very empty to Nettie.

Gussie and Nettie were soon busy serving in all the necessary church work in the small branch.

The first summer in Corvallis, they traveled to Salem to attend a small branch there. The fall of 1942, a branch was organized in Corvallis. It was called the Central Oregon District. Gussie was called to serve as First Counselor.

The district territory extended west to the coast, south to Coos Bay, east to Burns and north to the then Portland Stake boundary.

The presidency spent many hours traveling this territory, visiting branches and organizing new ones. Both Gus and Nettie played an important part in helping organize it.

After Gussie was released from the Presidency, he was a great missionary and would travel around the area in his old Frazier car contacting people.



The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Captain Wesley Rampton on August 25, 1974 while serving in Germany:

"I met a fellow in Priesthood meeting today by the name of Powers. He is from Burnt Woods, Oregon and says that he was converted by a man named A. R. Belnap. When Brother Belnap was enroute to Toledo one day, his Kaiser-Fraiser car boiled over in front of Power's home. To make a long story short, Powers and his sister were converted and later the whole family. This all happened in 1951. I am not sure which Brother Belnap this is, but if he is still alive and you know his address, send it to me so that I can give it to Brother Powers.

I think I will tell you the story Brother Powers told me, as it is an interesting one and it has a good lesson to it.

One day, it was in 1950 or 1951; Brother Belnap was driving to Toledo in his car. Apparently he was low on water as the car began to overheat about in the neighborhood of Burnt Woods, Oregon. As the radiator boiled over, he stopped in front of a home belonging to a logger by the name of Powers. Powers' son was in the yard and went down to the creek to get water for Brother Belnap upon his request. The boy was eleven years old at this time, but now, 24 years later, he said to me, "T'll never forget that old blue Kaiser-Fraiser as long as I live." (There is a good reason for that, as the car was being used as an instrument in the Lord's hands.) Young Powers was surprised at the friendly smiling countenance of this man who had been thus detained on his journey. Brother Belnap thanked him, shook his hand warmly, and went to his car to return with two copies of the Book of Mormon. These he gave to young Powers and his older sister. They read the book together; the older sister reading aloud and they were both convinced of its truthfulness.

Brother Belnap returned a month later to visit, perhaps on another trip to Toledo. Powers told me he had never heard of the Mormons until the day he met Brother Belnap and was asked something like "What do you know about the Mormons?" and as far as he knew they were the first to join the Church in that small area. Powers and his sister were soon baptized by Brother Belnap in the beautiful Elk River. His father, "a typical logger", gave up his beer and tobacco and joined.

His mother, though she had never told anyone, was a member from childhood, but inactive. Now Power's mother and father have been married in the Temple and the whole family has joined the Church.



Powers went on to tell me another story of how he gave a Book of Mormon to his First Sergeant, who was a hard-drinking, cursing fellow whose marriage was about to fall apart. In short, the sergeant was converted as was his wife and all of their eight children and that changed their whole life. And who knows how many souls their lives have touched.

Well, that's all I know about that story. If A. R. Belnap is still alive, send me his address and I'll give it to Sergeant Powers. I told him I knew the Belnaps, but I was not sure which of the men it was.



Home on Fifth Street- Corvallis, Oregon

Nettie served as District Relief Society President for Central Oregon District. She traveled form Portland to the California border and from the coast to Burns. She helped the different wards and branches organize and hold Relief Society. After her release from this calling, she taught Sunday school.

It took no time at all until Corvallis was a place they called home. They enjoyed the people, the town and all the opportunities that were available.



Soon Camp Adair was opened. It was an Army training camp for soldiers from every state in the Union and a military prisoner of War Camp during World War II. It is 9 miles north of Corvallis, Oregon. They needed civilian workers so Gussie applied and got a job in one of the big kitchens. Within a week Nettie had a job in the nurses quarters. She often said of the German prisoners, "They are just young boys frightened and homesick."

Delma got a job at Quartermasters as a messenger and later as a filing clerk. Gussie's job soon changed to meatcutter and Nettie's to a cook. Nettie started working at Adair August 1942 and worked until January 1945.

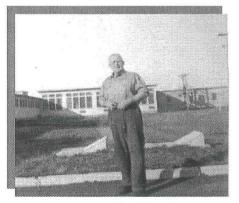
We sold our farm in Idaho in 1943 and bought property in Corvallis. We felt good there being near Denis, Delma, and Delsa. In October of 1943 we had bought a large house at 301 North 5th St. It was an old house with two bedrooms upstairs, kitchen, dining room, a large living room, one bedroom and bathroom downstairs. It was a large house and after painting it, they really enjoyed living there. We did a lot of entertaining there. We paid \$1,998 for it. There were so many pretty flowers growing around it. We lived there for 13 years, then the city wanted to buy it to put a fire station there. We sold it for \$3,000. We bought two places: 730 S. 10th with 2 apartments and another place on North 9th, that we later rented. Our home when Gussie passed away was on North 27th. We enjoyed living in Corvallis.

Delsa finished high school in Corvallis.

Since gas was being rationed and it was 22 miles round trip to Camp Adair, Gussie bought a smaller car that never used much gas.

June 6, 1943, Delma married Rolland Orville Robison.

November 14, 1943, Delsa married Lyon Keith Robison (brother to Rollie). They were married in the Mayflower Chapel, the same place that Delma was married and in the future Martell was married there also.



This left us alone in our home. It seemed so empty and Oh so quiet. The one thing that helped us was the thought that we had a lovely family. Our children were all good boys and girls. They had chosen their life companions well.

When Camp Adair closed, Gussie and Nettie transferred to a Military Naval Hospital in Astoria, Oregon. Gussie worked as a meatcutter and Nettie as a cook..

Gus in Astoria in front of Navy Hospital

Quoting from Nettie, "It was a very large hospital in Astoria for soldiers coming back from the war. Some were very sick. In the early mornings just before daylight, I was where I could see the building where they taught men to use a wooden leg or foot. The reason they tried them out just before daylight was that it seemed to be embarrassing to them. I watched this for awhile and then asked, "What is the price of War?"

What Corvallis Cooks

By GAIL GOURMET

Finale to the family feast — an old-fashioned steamed pudding. It may be dressed up with gay red cherries, balls of creamy hard sauce, or for a dramatic effect—ringed with flaming cubes of sugar soaked in lemon extract.

A favorite type of steamed pudding with experienced cooks is made with carrots. Mrs. A. R. Belnap has made her carrot puddings from the same recipe for many, many years —in fact since her teen-age days in Idaho. She is a good judge of a recipe as she has prepared food professionally most of her life.

She first came to this area to cook for the nurses at Camp Adair, and then returned to Corvallis with her husband to "retire". However, Miss Laura Cleaveland hired her for the Memorial Union staff where Mrs. Belnap has worked for the past few years.

This fall Mrs. Belnap has been busy making Christmas puddings and fruit cakes for the Bazaar given by the women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

The Bazaar, to be held Friday, December 5, in the recreation room of the church also will feature a "tasting table" with an assortment of main dishes, salads and desserts available for tasting along with a folder of recipes.

A Christmas conversation piece is Mrs. Belnap's carrot pudding as shown in the picture. Its rich spicy flavor is much enjoyed by the committee privileged to sample the beautiful puddings. This is the recipe.

I._____

Mrs. Belnap's Favorite Carrot
Pudding
2 cups bread crumbs
12 cup flour
2 ₂ cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped dates
1 ₄ cup citron peel
1 teaspoon baking powder
V2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
15 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup molasses
ta cup suet
3/4 cup walnuts
4 cup walnuts 12 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
Va teaspoon soda
12 cup grated carrots
Mix and sift flour, spices, soda,
baking powder and salt. Add bread crumbs, raisins, dates, and
bread crumbs, raisins, dates, and
suet. Beat eggs and add molasses.
sugar and grated carrots. Add
egg-sugar-carrot m'sture to dry ingredients and blend well. Fill
ingredients and bland well. Fin
coffee can 25 full and steam 112
to 2 hours.
Thanksgiving Plum Pudding
Recipe and Directions Provided
by Mrs. A. R. Belnap.
1/2 cup chopped apples
12 cup chopped suet
3/2 cup molasses
2 eggs, well beaten
V2 cup milk
2 cup slited flour (Continued from page 6)
i acommentation here of

Nettie cooked in a ward for seriously ill patients. It would fill a book to tell all the stories. She said, "I met boys and girls from every state in these United States. They were all much alike. They were homesick and they had a wonderful mother. They bet their mother was worried. The state they came from was the best state and they would be glad when the war was ended and could go home." The poor kids did not realize that when they did get back home, things and people would have changed and adjustments would sometimes be hard to make. My, they were wonderful boys and girls in the Service. She felt very close to them, probably because Martell was overseas fighting in the South Pacific. The experience she had working for the armed services was very interesting and exciting.

A year later, March 1946, the hospital closed in Astoria. Gussie and Nettie were ready to retire and just enjoy life.

Martell met a lovely young lady Eva Blanche Ayers. On November 3, 1946, they were married in the Mayflower Chapel in Corvallis, Oregon.



Gussie went to work for Oregon State College at the Co-op. They needed a meatcutter and they asked Gussie if he would help. He was happy so this proved to be a very good job. He worked there the rest of his life. The Co-op furnished meat for all the fraternities and sororities on the campus.

The boys were coming home from the war and wanted to go to College. This made a lot of work to feed all of them. We enjoyed our work at Oregon State College. We took our vacations during the summers.

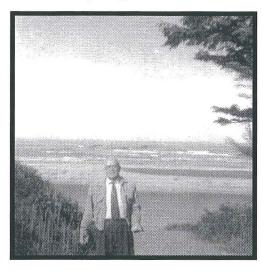
Tickets to the Oregon State College entertainment series were an essential part of their lives. They attended the Ice Follies in Portland.

Nettie went to work as a cook at the Memorial Union Building at Oregon State College and was head cook there for 6 years. Sometimes cooking for 2,500 people was hard. You see, we fed 1600 students and we catered parties too. Some parties would be 800 and there was also a public dining room. She had three other ladies to help her. It was very interesting working with so many people. We had some very interesting times for instance when Mrs. Cody sat down and by mistake missed the chair and sat into a huge kettle of red jello. She went all the way in with just her feet and head sticking out. In order to get out she tipped the kettle over and crawled out. Jello ran the full length of the kitchen. She was just covered with sticky red jello. It was a very exciting time to get it all cleaned up and try to stop laughing long enough to finish dinner. We were especially busy this day and now 30 gallons of jello to clean up.



Nettie became known for her good cooking when she cooked at the Memorial Union on Oregon State campus. She was known for her <u>CARROT PUDDING</u>.

Then Nettie cooked for a sorority house for 2 years. She took a job cooking for one of the fraternities, the Phi Delta Theta House. Nettie loved this job and her contact with the young men there. They were a nice group of boys, but a lot of hard work. The days were long and hard. She prepared breakfast, lunch and dinner for about 60 young men.



With their work at Oregon State, they had their summers free and they traveled throughout the northwest. One of their favorite places to go was the Oregon Coast. Gussie loved to collect agates. He had a large collection that he had gathered and polished. He also loved the yard at their home and loved to grow flowers and especially prize roses.



MR. AND MRS. A. R. BELNAP were honored at a family reunion attended by all six of their children. The reunion was held on the occasion of Mr. Belnop's 71st birthday on August 9.

Belnap Family Gathers On Dad's 71st Birthday

The six children of Mr. and Mrs. of Quiney, Wash.: Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Belnap gathered in Corval-Martell Belnap and Wesley, Teresa lis last Saturday for a reunion with and Donald of Ellensburg, Wash. Uteir parents and to mark the celebration of their father's 71st birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Newel Beinap and Betty, and Milton of Blackfoot, Ida ; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wilde

the rescaling half of the Latter Day Saints church with all six children and their families pres ent.

The tables were spread with white linen cloths and centered with a pink and white decorated birthday cake, covered with 71 candles. Bouquets of summer flowers added to the festive appearance.

Following the dinner a program was given by various family members with Newel Belnap acting as master of ceremonies, after which dancing was enjoyed by all under the direction of Denis Belnap. Special guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Robison, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Anderson and Bishop and Mrs. Stanley Fagg of Corvallis. Honoring their parents and grandparents were Mr. and Mrs. Denis Belnap and Denice, Cheryl, Myra Nettie and Loana: Mr. and Mrs. Rollie Robison and Steven, Roland and Carl of Corvallis: Mr. and Mrs. Keith Robison and Allen. Caren, LoAnna, Jeanne, and Alicia

Dinner was served at 6 p.m. in and Sharon of Pocatello, Ida.

In 1958 the family celebrated Gussie's 71st birthday. At the age of 65, in 1953, it was time for Nettie to retire from Civil Service and collect her Social Security. Gussie had done so in 1952.

Gussie's Social Security was \$82.00 per month and Nettie's was \$81.00. Our retirement checks were very small; Gussie's being \$7.28 and Nettie's \$6.25.

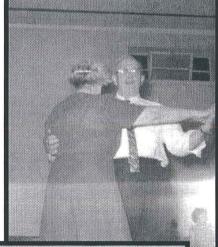
One day Gussie decided to hold a quilting party for his grandchildren. He had them all come to his home where he had a quilt already in the frames. Each child was given a needle and yarn. He showed them how to make a stitch in the quilt and then tie a square knot. He told them to be sure and make the knot square by taking the yarn right over left and then left over right. It was a fun day for all.

In 1960, Gussie and Nettie celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.



The Children of Mr. and Mrv. A. R. Belnap request the honour of your presence at the Fiftieth Annivervary of the marriage of their parents on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of March nineteen hundred and sixty at half after seven o'elock Corvallis. L. D. S. Chapel 100 North Twenty-seventh Street Corvallis, Oregon

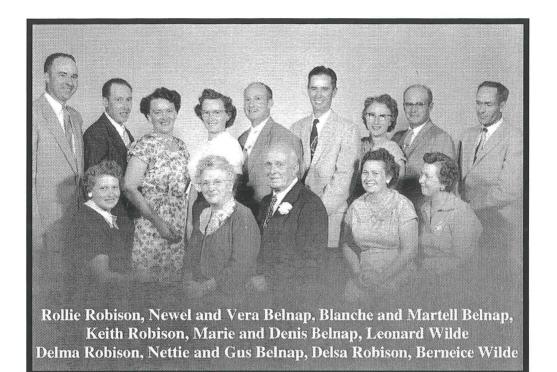






Back, Left to Right: Newel, Delsa, Delma, Martell Front, Left to Right: Denis, Nettie, Gussie, Berneice







⁴ Row: Jack Egbert, Keith Robison, Newel Beinap, Leonard Wilde, Denis Beinap, Martell Belnap, Rollie Robison 3rd Row: Lenice Egbert, Delsa Robison, Vera Belnap, Berneice Wilde, Marie Belnap, Blanche Belnap, Delma Robison 2nd Row: Steve Robison, Cherie Belnap, Betty Belnap, Nettie and Gus, Myra Belnap, Allen Robison 1st Row: Loanne Robison, Loana Belnap, Carl Robison, Jeanne Robison, Karon Robison, Roland Robison Taken March 26, 1960 at the 50th Wedding Anniversary

Then came our vacation in 1963 and our trip to Shelley. Idaho to the Anderson Reunion. Gussie got very sick. As soon as we got home, we took him to the doctor and he put Gussie in the hospital. After an examination, it was found that he had diabetes. He did not respond to treatments as well as the doctors wanted him to. Doctor Leaman suggested they do exploratory surgery. He was found to have advanced cancer of the pancreas. The doctors did everything they could to help him, but nothing seemed to be enough. He was in the hospital 22 days. On July 20, 1963, the doctor told us his suffering was ended. There were four doctors on his case: Dr. Kliever, Dr. Leaman and two others. He died of cancer of the pancreas. Nettie seemed to be expecting Gussie to die. He said so many things that sounded like his work here was finished. When he entered the hospital, she felt he would never come home.



Brothers and sisters of Gus with Nettie

Gussie's funeral was held in the Corvallis Ward on July 24, 1963, and was buried at Oaklawn Cemetery in Corvallis, Oregon.

Rollie and Delma's Toni was born while Gussie was in the hospital.

Augustus Belnap Dies On Saturday

Augustus R. Belnap, a resident of Corvallis since 1941, died in a local hospital Saturday following a brief illness.

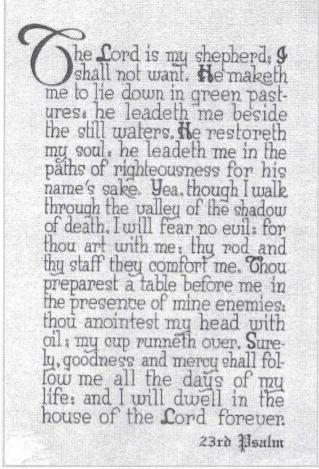
The son of Augustus W. and Mary Read Belnap, he was born August 7, 1887, at West Weber. Utah. At the age of one year he moved with his parents to Salem, Ida. He served a mission for the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints for three years in Australia. He was married to O'Lena N. Anderson, March 16, 1910, in the Salt Lake Temple. The couple moved to southeastern Idaho where they made their home and Mr. Belnap was a timber contractor and farmer until coming to Corvallis in 1941. He was employed by the army at Camp Adair and later by the Navy at Astoria. The past several years he had been employed by the Cooperative Managers as a meat cutter. He was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Besides his wife he is survived by three sons, Denis of Corvallis. Newel of Blackfoot, Ida., Martell Ellensburg, of Wash: three daughters, Mrs. Delma Robison and Mrs. Delsa Robison, both of Corvallis; Mrs. Bernice Wilde of Pocatello, Ida.; five brothers, Charles and George of Blackfoot, Earl and Ezra of Salt Lake City. Francis of Salem, Ida.; two sisters, Mrs. Adeline Jeppson of Rigby, Ida., Mrs. Ethel Sommer of Hibbard, Ida.: 25 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints Wednesday at 2 p.m. with Bishop Max B. Williams in charge. Burial will be in the Oaklawn Memorial Park Cemetery. The McHenry Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

.....i

NU 1.	MAME OF DECRASED	gustu		Ruben		Belnar		
Ser. and	A COUNTY Benton			3 UBUAL RESIDENCE If building the main strong and second s				
	E CITY TOWN IT WHILE AND	TEWN CONVAILIS 215 YEARS			C GITY, TOWN IT vestings services finits, so meetby DR LOCATION COFVEILES			
	D. NAME OF HOSPITAL OF AN AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND							
4.	BATH July 20,1963	Year	Male	4. color Whit	ROR RACE	7. MAR	ITAL STATUS	
8. 5	SOCIAL SECURITY NO. S. USUA 19-14-9107 Ment	CULT	ATION Julias asset of tites CT	Butcher	81N238 17		ank of Brouse Bana Belnap	
11	August 7,188	7	18. AGE LAB	75 Yrs	IF UNDER 1 YEAR		UNDER 24 HOURS	
	st Weber, Utah	0	WAS DECK	ABED A CITIZEN C	antry	DECEASED WAS A VETERAN. HAT WART NO		
8 · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Augustus W. Belnap Mary Re			AME OF MOTHER BELATIONSHIP TO DECEASED				
Γ	RO. CAUSE OF DEATH (ENTRA ONLY) PART I. DEATH WAS CAUSED E INMEDIATE CAUSE (A	BY.	ALCONA (H (A). (District Bast dash Dours (Tears, dash, hours, (747)	
NO	Constitutions, if asy,) DUE TO (B) : CALCINEMA OF			PANCAGE	+3		7 now mJ	
	above entry (a), ; anating the problem ;							
	PARY II: Chair Significant Control of the second se	OIADI estua is Work [Bas Bas] (investiga	and he death of the	DESCRIPTION	A VLT	ED.	Line of BB. West an annutos: BB. West an annutos: Dataset Country Country Country	
MAY BE PROPERLY CLASSIFIED	PART II. CHART Stand or Concentration The beneficial character is small the strength in the beneficial character is small the strength in An end of the strength in the strength in the strength in An end of the strength in the strength in the strength in An end of the strength in the strength in the strength in An end of the strength in the strength in the strength in An end of the strength in the strength in the strength in An end of the strength in the strengt	OIADS ACCILINATION ACCULANTIANTIAN ACCULANTIANTIAN ACCULANTIANTIANTIANTIAN ACCULANTIANTIANTIANTIANTIANTIANTIANTIANTIANTI	STO M C BID IN JUNY ABA MAN North AL Block Tot 27 and the south of the and that the costs of the costs of	PLACE OF INJURY PLACE OF INJURY PRACE OF INJURY DESCRIPTION DESCRIPTION PROFINE	С СВИЕТСЯТ (2009. LB	ED. S, (- S, (- Sen the date of Andrew) Carlon (Offer	the control of the set of th	
wig a MEDICAL	PART II. Others Represent Concernance the second disease or small line. If and and the second disease or small line. If and the second disease or small line. If and and the second disease or small line. If and and the second disease or small line. If and the second disease or small	01200	and that the south of the south	HAR OF CREMATORY OF	С СВИЕТСЯТ (2009. LB	на сія сія во сія сія сія сія сія сія сія сія	Control Parts and Alimates and	
THAT IT MAY BE PROPERLY CLASS	PART II. Others Represent Concernance the second disease or small line. If and and the second disease or small line. If and the second disease or small line. If and and the second disease or small line. If and and the second disease or small line. If and the second disease or small	01200	and that the south of the south	HAR OF CREMATORY OF	INJURY OCCURRI MULTI	на сія сія во сія сія сія сія сія сія сія сія	Control Parts and Alimates and	
TULY SUPERIOR SACRAFT	PART II. CHART SERVICE OF CONTRACT The born and the service of th	01400 ACCINENT COUR C	and the sector of the sector o	The of setury of the of	INJURY OCCUPRI INJURY OCCUPRI	чи сиу во по сиу за по сито алтион попу алтион попу суда 11: те лика лака у Солту	County Part of County	
ATTA REPORTED AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AN	PART II. CHART Shertfand Conclusion in a second disease or modified in trian the second disease or modified in trian 133. Was BEAT BRANCE OF 124. IF Arriver Barth BRANCE OF 14 Arriver Barth Bar	01400 ACCINENT COUR C	and the sector of the sector o	The of setury of the of	INJURY OCCUPRI INJURY OCCUPRI	чи сиу во по сиу за по сито алтион попу алтион попу суда 11: те лика лака у Солту	Control Parts and Control of The Control Parts and Control Parts a	
STATI COUN That s	PART II. CHART SERVICE OF CONTRACT The born and the service of th	01400 ACCINENT COUR C	and the south of t	A desired or indust Prove or indust DESCRIBE HOW A desired from us at a desired from the a desired from the	A PL-T THJURY OCCUPRI A VL-T A VL-T PM 510 A PM 510 A COPIES 100 LC OF A FRONT	NA City City ED. S. (C) San the data of San the data	Market and the second s	
STAT	PART II. CHART SERVICE OF CONTRACT The born and the service of th	01400 ACCINENT COUR C	and the south of t	The of setury of the of	A PL-T THJURY OCCUPRI A VL-T A VL-T PM 510 A PM 510 A COPIES 100 LC OF A FRONT	NA City City ED. S. (C) San the data of San the data	Market and the second s	



In Memory of

AUGUSTUS R. BELNAP

Born August 7, 1887

Passed Away July 20, 1963

Family Prayer - Keith Robison Services et

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints Coverlis: Oregon

2:00 P. M. Wednesday July 24, 1963

Officiating - Bishop Max Williams

"I Know That My Redeemer Lives " - Hale Ourtet Prayer - Dale Maddox Obituary - Mortell Belnep

"Oh My Fatehr" - Male Quartet Speakers - Lyman Moyle & Henry Rampton " Abide With Me " - Ladies Trio Pra.er - Grant Blanche

Organist - Mrs. Grant Blanche

Bearers, Grandsons Roland Rabison Milton Beinep Steven Robison Robert Belnep Allen Robison Carl Robison Lee Wilde

Dedication of Grave - Frank Belnap Oak Lawn Memorial Park Corvallis, Oragon



Back, left to right: Martell Belnap, Keith Robison, Denis Belnap, Newel Belnap, Rollie Robison, Leonard Wilde. Front, left to right: Blanche Belnap, Delsa Robison, Marie Belnap, Vera Belnap,

Delma Robison, Berneice Wilde Olena Nettie Belnap

Center:



Oh yes, there were times when the going seemed very hard. And we wondered just which way to turn for the best and we did make some mistakes. It seems that everyone does at some time.

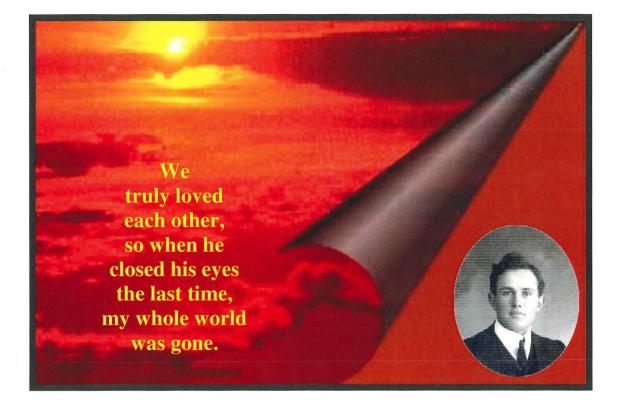
There was one thing Gussie held very near to his heart and that was his testimony that God lived.

His family was his treasure.

Many times when the day was very hard, when he came in for lunch, he would say, "How is my Queen today?" This always made things go better somehow, at least it was his way of showing how much he thought of his wife.



He was a man among men and to me there was and still is, no other. He was a good father, a good teacher, very patient and liked to see ladies act like ladies. He was honest, true, kind, brave, a good father, and a loving husband. He always treated me like his Queen.



Gussie liked poems. Here are some of his favorites ones.

THE BRIDGE BUILDER

An old man going a lone highway, Came at the evening, cold and gray, To a chasm vast and deep and wide. The old man crossed in the twilight dim, The sudden stream had no fear for him; But he turned when safe on the other side And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old Man," said a fellow pilgrim near, "You are wasting your strength by building here Your journey will end with the ending day, You never again will pass this way; You've crossed the chasm deep and wide, Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head, " Good friend, in the path I have come," he said "There followeth after me today, a youth, whose feet must pass this way: This chasm, that has not been hard for me, To that fair haired youth may a pitfall be, He too must cross in the twilight dim – Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.

---Dromgoole

WHICH AM I?

I watched them tearing a building down, A gang of men in a busy town, With a ho-heave-ho and lusty yell, They swung a beam and a sidewall fell. I asked the foreman, "Are these men skilled? And the men you'd hire if you had to build?' He gave a laugh and said, "No, indeed! Just common labor is all I need." "I can easily wreck in a day or two What builders have taken a year to do." And I thought to myself as I went my way, Which of these roles have I tried to play? Am I a builder who works with care, Measuring life by rule and square? Am I shaping my deed to a well-made plan Patiently doing the best I can? Or am I a wrecker who walks the town Content with the labor of tearing down?

FOR EVERY SMILE

In the few short years I spend on Earth, and breathe the breath of life, I want to have real happiness, and deter pain and strife. I want to find the rainbows end, Where stands the pot of gold. And, too, I want real peace of mind, To have and always hold. I want a love to comfort me, When everything goes wrong. A true and tender dream girl who, will sing loves old sweet song. But, to gain there, I realize, I must be worthy of Each and every little thing that's good and high above. And that for every happy day, I spend through the years, I must pay for with bitterness, With heartache and with tears.

IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER, THIS TALK WAS GIVEN BY MARTELL A BELNAP JULY 20, 1963, AT HIS FUNERAL.

Father was born August 7, 1887 and was named Augustus Ruben Belnap, at West Weber, Utah. He was the eldest son of Augustus Weber and Mary Read Belnap. In 1888, the family moved to Salem, Idaho.

Father's childhood was happy and he was a good boy and grew strong physically and spiritually. He was a good student in school, eager to learn and also equally eager to please his teachers. He had many friends. His education also included attending Rick's College, this to help prepare himself for a mission. He served a 3-year mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Australia at the ages 19-22. This was a great event in his life and it played a great role in his future life to help him live the life he did.

On returning from his mission he married Olena Nettie Anderson in the Salt Lake Temple on March 16, 1910. This romance and love for each other had been from childhood and the love was always with them. During their early years of marriage they lived in Southeastern Idaho and there were 7 children born.

Father worked in the timber, cutting for R.R. and Mines, and later at farming. In 1942, the family moved to Corvallis Oregon, where his eldest son had moved a few years before. He worked for the U.S. Army, U. S. Navy and was most recently employed with the Cooperative Managers Association as a meatcutter.

He is survived by his wife Olena Nettie, Corvallis, Oregon; 6 children Denis, Delma, and Delsa of Corvallis, Oregon; Newel of Blackfoot, Idaho; Berneice of Pocatello, Idaho; Martell of Ellensburg, Washington; 5 brothers, Charles and George of Blackfoot, Idaho; Earl and Ezra of Salt Lake City, Utah; and Francis of Salem, Idaho; 2 sisters, Adeline Jeppson of Rigby, Idaho; and Ethel Sommers of Hibbard, Idaho; 25 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

It has been said by many that Father was one of the kindest and most patient person they knew. If there was a difficult situation to be met he met it humbly and with quiet determined action would find the solution.

Father was always actively engaged in church work. He held all offices of the Priesthood, served in the Bishopric, President of YMMIA twice, Presidency of Willamette District of Northwester States Mission, also several times a teacher and instructor in Sunday School and Priesthood and Ward Genealogy Supervisor twice.

Father was active in civic affairs, school board, election board, and jury.

It was said by the doctor attending father that "Mr. Belnap was a good man and in all his suffering and sickness he never once lost his dignity."

Father was a believer in teaching by example and he used this principle in teaching the children. He was not only the guiding light in the lives of his family, but his influence reached and touched the lives of many people around him.

Comments by a nephew in a letter to Mother:

"How wonderfully grateful you can all be for the good life he has lived, the wonderful family he has raised and the indelibly stamped record he has made for the kingdom of our Father here in this life. The responsibility shifts all the more now on us who remain to carry on his good name; build his posterity and do all we can for our Father's Kingdom until the appointed time comes for us to meet on the other side of the Veil". Denis had a lump on the side of his neck and had it taken off. It was a cancerous growth. They did a second operation and removed the lymph gland, a jugular vein, a lot of muscle and to be sure of getting it all cleaned up, and they gave him a series of radiation treatments. It was very hard on Denis, but he is getting better and much stronger. Then, Keith had a hernia operation, so Christmas 1963 was a very sad one with Gussie gone, both Denis and Keith very sick from their operations.

After Gussie's death Nettie decided she would retire as a cook. She tried living alone for a short time but soon decided that she could not. It seemed to lose all value. She sold the home on North 27th Street and moved to Ontario, Oregon to make her home with Delsa and Keith. Nettie stayed with the other children part of the time.

Nettie moved some of her furniture to Ontario with Delsa and Keith. Just after moving here, she went with Leonard and Berneice to Pocatello, Idaho. We took a trip to Washington, D.C. to get Sharon Kay, their daughter, who was living at Lexington Park. Sharon's husband, Dick Marler was in the Navy and was going on overseas duty.

We had a wonderful time. To see Washington was like living history all over again. We went by car, the weather was ideal for traveling all the way. We saw among many interesting places, Arlington Cemetery and President John Kennedy's grave. We saw a special changing of the guard at the grave of the Unknown Soldier. The Prime Minister of Israel was visiting there and he directed the changing of the Guard. It was very impressive. It was Memorial Day 1964.

The same day we saw monuments of soldiers from the South who lost their lives in prison camps of the Yankees, over 3,000 of them. We also saw a large round monument where underneath the bones of over 2,000 unknown soldiers lay. We saw so many interesting things in the Smithsonian Building, Mr. John Glenn and Mr. Sheppard in their missiles and thousands of wax figures. It was really wonderful. Gussie and I had always wanted to see the East Coast.

Nettie enjoyed traveling so much. Leonard and Berneice took her on many trips. She often said as she studied in school that she would wonder and daydream about certain places. When she saw and touched the water of the Mississippi River, she said, "This is the Mighty Mississippi – I never believed I'd ever see it.

Other places she marveled at was Mark Twains Museum, Washington D.C., Richmond, Virginia, and Nauvoo, Illinois. The trip back east with Leonard and Berneice was one of the highlights of her life.

There was great excitement in the family the day Nettie was put on the airplane to fly to Houston, Texas. Her youngest son, Martell, was to be the new Stake President of the Houston East Stake. There was no time for any preparation for the trip. She was just hustled onto the plane. She was nervous and frightened but all went well. She loved to travel and see new things. The following is from a letter she wrote to her family while in Houston.

"May has been a very exciting and rewarding month for me. To have a son to feel he wanted his Mother with him to see him called and made the President of a Stake was something I will never forget. I know my children are very good children and I should not be too surprised when they are called to responsible positions, I expect that of them. They have the ability and have had training in taking responsibility. Nevertheless, I am very proud of Martell as I am of all of you.

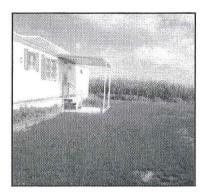
Blanche called about 4:30 Saturday afternoon saying Martell so wanted his Mother with him so she decided to surprise him by calling me. It really was a mad rush to get to a plane that would get me to Houston by Sunday morning. But with the help of the travel agency and by flying all night in three different planes, I arrived in Houston, Texas at 7 a.m. Sunday morning. Blanche and Wesley were there to meet me. Wesley coming way up the ramp to help me down the rickety steps. I was very glad to see them. Then we went 25 miles to Martell's place. Upon reaching their home I found most of the children ready to go to Conference a distance of 40 more miles. It was a good thing they served us breakfast on the plane at 3:30 in the morning, or I wouldn't have had any breakfast. Although it was the farthest thing from my mind.

Conference was about ready to commence when I caught sight of Martell coming with the other men. We were sure glad to see each other. It was a very inspiring Conference. It had been nearly two years since one of the Apostles had been there. The Stake was a very large one in miles as well as in number. As I remember, the Houston Stake was about six thousand. The new stake is Houston East Stake.

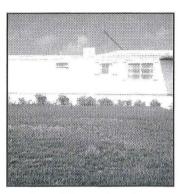
All of the buildings in Texas are very large including the stake buildings. I was very much impressed with Texas. True it is hot there but they all have air conditioning and that is very comfortable. In fact I as warmer in Idaho than Texas.

Martell took time off work to show me the buildings where he works. It is a most interesting place to see. So many big buildings. They have the framework of the housing part of the missile that will take three of our American men to the moon. We went to a beautiful park. There was a museum and a large tower. Martell got me some confederate currency that looks old and actually feels old. We saw the Battleship Texas permanently located at the San Jacinto Battlegrounds near Houston where she is serving as a monument to her valiant deeds while serving her country. The park marked the place where Texas won her freedom from Mexico.

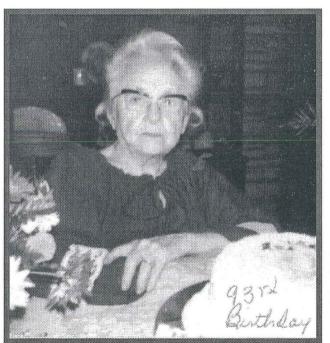
I saw the Astrodome and many other things. Among them I waded in the Gulf of Mexico. My flight home was fine except the wing on my side of the plane hung down – way down. I saw a sign telling how to open the door right by me, but that would be of no use, I would have slid right off the end. So I decided to stay with the thing and see what happened. And finally it straightened up. It was daytime and up above clouds is a beautiful sight. All together I flew on 4 different planes." When Keith and Delsa moved to an acreage in Eagle, Idaho, Nettie decided to buy a mobile home and put it close to their house. She enjoyed this and busied herself making and selling doll clothes. She loved to be busy especially when her efforts made money.



When Keith and Delsa were transferred, Nettie decided to sell her mobile home and move to Pocatello, Idaho, with another daughter Berneice, and her husband Leonard.



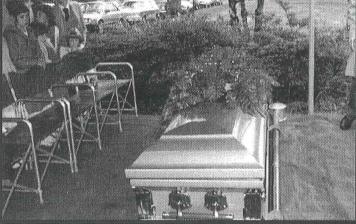
The last four years of her life was spent with her son Martell and his wife Blanche in Wichita, Kansas.



Her health was failing and she had a great desire to return to Corvallis, Oregon.



Martell made a bed in the back of their car and Mother traveled for 3 days riding there from Wichita, Kansas to Corvallis, Oregon.



Every time the car stopped for gas, she would groan and moan until the car was moving again. She knew she was going home.

She passed away peacefully the next evening after arriving in Corvallis on March 26, 1985.



Her Corvallis based family and some out-of-town grandchildren and great-grandchildren were by her bedside all that day and she knew she had made it back to where her heart was yearning to be.

STATE OF OREGON OREGON STATE HEALTH DIVISION								
DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN RESOURCES								
	120	٦	Vital	Records Unit	Г			
	Local File Nur	nber	CERTIFIC	ATE OF DE	ATH	State	File Number	
1	DECEASEDNAME	First	Middle	Last	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	DATE OF DEA	The (month day year	
1 Olena Nettie BELNAP 2 March 26, 1985 MACE While Black American Indian, etc. (specify) BEX Adde Last birthday Under 1 year Under 1 day DATE OF BWTW (month, day, year					n 26, 1985			
1	<u>a White</u>	A Female	5a 96	5b	5c	6 Octol	per 27, 18	88
CITY, TOWN OR LOCATION OF DEATH MOBPITAL OR OTHER (NOTITUTION-NAME IF HOSP OR INST Indicate DOA. COUNTY OF DEATH (If not in either, give street and number) PHOSP OR INST Indicate COA. COUNTY OF DEATH								
•	74 Corvallis	CITIZEN OF WHAT	allis Manor	Nursing Hom	1e 1c Inpa		7a Benton	
	· ime country) ·			D. NEVER MANNED, D. DIVORCED (specify i dowed	August		MAS DECEDUNT ARMED PORCES	? [Specify Yes in Ati]
	Idaho	9 USA	10 W		11 Augustu	S R.		
	541-20-7222	of working	nemaker		14b OW	Home		
-	RESIDENCE-STATE	COUNTY	CITY, TOWN, OR LO	CATION STR	EET AND NUMBER OF	R.P.D., 21P 9	7330	Inside City Limits
	15a Oregon	150 Benton	15c Corvall	is 150	160 N.E. (Conifer		(specify yes or no) 15e Yes
			OTHER-first middle	last (Meiden	Name) MPORMAN	NAME and relate	onship to deceased	
1	0scar Hogan An	derson	Olena Emma M	argaret 01s	on 18 Dels	a A. Rob	ison, Daug	hter
1	BURIAL, CREMATION, REMOVAL, MAUS. (specify)	CEMETERY OR CRE	MATORY-NAME		,	LOCATION	city or town	state
	198 Burial Instantial Park Instantial Corvallis, Oregon						egon	
1	Isonatural I - 10 IA IA							
0	To the best of my knowledge, death occurred at the time date and LOATE SIGNED JAC. Day 1/1 HOUR OF DEATH						9011 97000	
'	To the bast of my knowledge death occurred at the time diate and due to the cause(s) stated due to the						M	
1	To the basit of my knowledge, dealh occurred at the time faile and place and place and place to the cause(s) stated of the cause (s) stated of the cau							
I.	NAME OF ATTENDING PH	GRUBE	BOX 420	PHILOI	WATH. DR	97370	,	
i.	NAME OF ATTENDING PH	SICIAN IF OTHER THAT	CERTIFIER Type or Print	1				
k	[™] 8 21e							
DATE RECEIVED BY REGISTRAR (M: Cay Yr) REGISTRAR								
220 3-28-85 220 (Signetive) Put lows Result								
Ł	23 IMMEDIATE CAUSE (ENTER ONLY ONE CAUSE PER LINE FOR (a), (b), AND (c)'.)							
1	PART (a) PNEUMONIA DAVS UNE TO: OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF.					onset and death		
	(b) DUE TO, OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF: Interval between onset and d					onset and death		
1								
TCT THER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS-Conditions contributing to death but not related to cause given in PART 1(a) AUTOPSY (Specify Yes WAS MEDICAL EXAMINER NOTIFIEL						MINER NOTIFIED		
Į	CONGESTIVE HEART FAILURE, CORDEPONASCULAR ACCIDENT 24 NO 25 NO							
1	ACCIDENT (Souch Yes or AD) DATE OF INJURY (MD. Day, Yr) HOUR OF INJURY DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED							
26a NO 26b 26c M 26d					07.1 <i>1</i>			
	[Specify Ves or No] office	CE OF INJURY-At home a building, etc [Specify]	, farm, street, factory	LOCATION	STREET OR R F		OR TOWN	STATE
1	25e NO 261			269				
F	RESERVED FOR REGISTINATE US							

ORIGINAL-VITAL STATISTICS COPY

45-2 REV 12-83

This certifies that the foregoing is a correct and complete transcript of a record of death on file with the Benton County Health Department.

By Put Ones Deput Deputy Registrar of Vital Statistics (Seal) 3-28 Date , 19 85

NOT VALID WITHOUT A RAISED SEAL OF THE BENTON COUNTY HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Olena Belnap

Funeral services for Olena Nettie Belnap, a former cook for Camp Adair, will be held at 2 p.m. Saturday in the chapel of McHenry Funeral Home, 206 N.W. 5th St. Bishop Date Moss will officiate. Interment will follow at the Oaklawn Memorial Park Cemetery.

Mrs. Belnap, 96, of Corvallis Manor, 160 N.E. Conifer Blvd., died Tuesday at the nursing home. Visitation will be held Friday from 5 to 8 p.m. at the McHenry Funeral Home.

Mrs. Belnap was born in Salem, Idaho, on Oct. 27, 1888, to Oscar H. and Olena Olsen Anderson. She graduated from Ricks Academy in Rexburg, Idaho, in 1905.

She moved to Corvallis from Idaho in 1942. Mrs. Belnap worked as a cook at Camp Adair before beginning employment at the Memorial Union at Oregon State University.

She was a member of the Corvallis Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. She also enjoyed making guilts.

Survivors include three sons, Denis of Corvallis, Newel of Blackfoot, Idaho, and Martell of Wichita, Kån.; two daughters, Delsa Robison of Corvallis and Bernice Wilde of St. Anthony, Idaho; 23 grandchildren; 79 great-grandchildren; and 10 greatgreat-grandchildren.

A son and a daughter preceded her in death — Ivan, in 1917, and Delma Robison, in 1980.

She peper left our oame of the abeter of the werent has py about 2 B arch 28, 1985

Olena Nettie Belnap

CORVALLIS — Olena Nettie Belnap, 96, of 160 NE Conifer Blvd., died Tuesday.

She was born in Salem, Idaho, and moved here in 1942. She worked as a cook at Camp Adair and later at Oregon State University. She was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

She is survived by her sons, Denis, Corvallis, Newel, Blackfoot, Idaho, and Martell, Wichita, Kan.; and daughters, Delsa Robison, Corvallis, and Bernice Wilde, Saint Anthony, Idaho.

The casket will be open from 5 to 8 p.m. Friday at McHenry mortuary, where services will be at 2 p.m. Saturday. Interment will be in Oak Lawn Memorial Park.

IN MEMORIAM

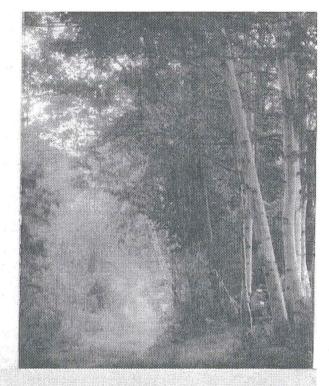
Your presence here today is both a tribute to the departed, and a ministry to the living. That these reversent and beautiful services may enderine in loving memory the character and spirit of the one when we, assemble here to honor is the primary purpose of this memorial. But we are here guite as much to give consolation, comfort and componionship to those who haracelerith shall know a laved are only in memory.

That this memory may be one of beauty, at inspiration, and solace, let us join in this last tribute not with a sense of irretrievable loss, but with the thought that out of this experience there shall come something very precises... something that shall be to all who meet here today a guiding star and a promise.

"He is not last who finds the " light of sun and stars and God".

Mc Henry Juneral Home

Mc-Henry Inneral Hom. "Our Poindy Serving Your Poindy" 206 North Stit Stread Corvallis, Oregon 97330 Phone 503 - 757-8141



In Memory Of OLENA NETTIE BELNAP

October 27, 1888 - March 27, 1985

Funeral Services At McHenry Funeral Chapel March 30, 1985 2:00 P.M.

Comducations	Dichon Dolo Moon
Conducting	Bishop Dale Moss
Family Prayer	Newel Belnap
Organist	Marjean Moore
Opening Prayer	Keith Robison
Life Sketch	Lenice Eqbert
Musical Number	Grandchildren
"Abide With M	le 'Tis Eventide"
Speaker	Martell Belnap
Poem	Myra Nettie Austin
Musical Number	Great-Grandchildren
"I am a C	hild of God"
Benediction	Steven Robison
Caske	t Bearers
Leighton Sherric	k Ronald Robison
	Allen Robison
Carl Robison	Lyn Robison
Grave Dedication	Denis Belnap

Grave Dedication Denis Belnap Oaklawn Memorial Park Cemetery

Olena Nettic Anderson Belnap married Augustus Ruben Belnap on March 16, 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Most of their life was spent in Idaho. They moved to Corvallis in 1942. Here they resided until Augustus passed away in 1963.

For the past 22 years Nettie has made her home with all her children.

She was preceeded in death by an infant son, Ivan, and a daughter, Delma.

IN MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER, THIS TALK WAS GIVEN BY MARTELL A BELNAP MARCH 28, 1985, AT HER FUNERAL

Today we pay tribute to a Royal Queen, a daughter, a wife, Mother to 7, Grandmother to 35, Great Grandmother to 79 and Great Grandmother to 10.

As a little girl, she lived in the kingdom of her Father and Mother in Southeastern Idaho in the land of sagebrush, rabbits and some Indians. She was the oldest child and was a happy little girl and healthy too. She had sisters and brothers to play with. She was a determined little girl that had a mind of her own.

When she was just a few years old, she met the boy that was going to someday be her husband. She was sitting in Sunday school being very quiet, waiting for the class to start and this handsome young boy came in and sat down behind her. She sat there fixed up so pretty and nice. This boy just had to get her attention, so he pulled her hair. She let him know she didn't like that but secretly she really enjoyed it because he was such a nice looking boy. As they grew up they were friends at church and school.

Her father played musical instruments and the children loved to sing and dance as he played. One time he was playing a really fast tune and one of her brothers was dancing so fast and hard, his suspenders came loose and his pants fell down. They all laughed and thought that was funny.

Soon she was a teenager and going to parties and having lots of fun with other young people.

When she was 16 years old, her father got very sick and one day as she was sitting by him holding his head in her arms, he died. This made her very sad but her Mother had a big family to care for and she worked hard to help so they would have food to eat and clothes to wear. She still had time to go to church and school and some teenage parties. These were nice parties. Sometimes they would make candy. They called these candypull parties. After the candy was cooked they would pull or stretch the candy. This would make the candy just right to eat.

Well, she and the young man that had pulled her hair several years before was there and again, she looked so beautiful, he had to get her attention. She was talking to some other boys. He took his candy and rolled it into a nice little round ball and tossed it at her. It hit her on the side of her head and knocked her down. He didn't mean to hurt her, he just wanted to get her attention.

Well, just about 3 more years this young man was called to serve the Lord as a missionary for 3 years. She told him she would wait for him to return – and she did. He returned from his mission 3 years later on December 22, 1909. He wrote in his journal; "My family gave me a most hearty welcome and I went down to Harris and Company and met Nettie. She also welcomed me back."

March 15, 1910, she and this young man got on the train and rode to Salt Lake City, Utah, to be married and sealed for time and eternity in the House of the Lord. They were blessed with their first child December 23, 1910 - a boy.

Denis:	very outstanding – always doing things that were right – excelling in all school activities – a natural leader – good athlete
Newel:	school was very easy for him – brought his books home twice but lost them both times – an outstanding athlete – could be an attorney – he can argue either side of a question
Ivan:	a good baby – seemed very kind – light complexion and blue eyes
Berneice:	a very welcomed baby – was very intelligent – had a sense of humor and a leader – made Denis very proud because he now had a sister
Martell:	being the baby boy, he filled a special place with his carefree happy ways when he was born, Berneice was disappointed at first because she learned Old Dan really hadn't had a colt but Mother had had a baby boy
Delma:	a very kind considerate girl – her school work was good, especially art and singing – Delma is a very special girl
Delsa:	she was always a very happy, giggly little girl and she made life very exciting in our home

"MY GRANDMOTHER"

I know a dear old lady, Whose voice is soft and low. Her face is like some picture, A dream of long ago. She is not great or famous, Nor known in realms of art. But she is rich in treasure, Which guides a kindly heart.

Her life a living sermon Of hope and gentle acts; A test of human nature, That's found in living facts. She's patient, pure and happy, In these her twilight years. Her lips are ever ready To comfort or to praise.

Her soul's a gleam of sunshine, A rainbow in life's showers. Her presence is a garden Of everlasting flowers, Which time can never wither. For recollections rare Shall bloom around her memory, And twine loves' garlands there.

--Author Unknown-

(A poem given by granddaughter, Myra Nettie (Belnap) Austin at the funeral of Olena Nettie Belnap on March 30, 1985)



Martell, Newel, and Denis Belnap Berneice Wilde and Delsa Robison



TREASURED MEMORIES OF MY HUSBAND



By Olena Nettie Anderson Belnap

It is true he was very fond of children and was very kind to them. He thought children ought to have the privilege of making up their own mind what they would do after it had been explained the right way to do and also the wrong way.

He was kind to everyone he knew. He liked people. He also liked to see ladies talk, dress, and act like ladies. He tried to live the Golden Rule – do unto others, as you would like to be done by.

One of the things uppermost in his mind was to live according to the Lord's teachings; the gospel of Jesus Christ was a guiding star in his life. It there was one thing more than any other, it was to teach our children that there is a God and he hears and answers prayers. He may not always say yes, he may say no. The answer will be according to His will. Because He rules the world.

He often spoke of Ivan, the little son we had but a very short time, eleven months, and then he was taken from us. It was very hard to see him leave, but Gussie would say I am thankful we were privileged to give him a body, and someday we will be with him again.

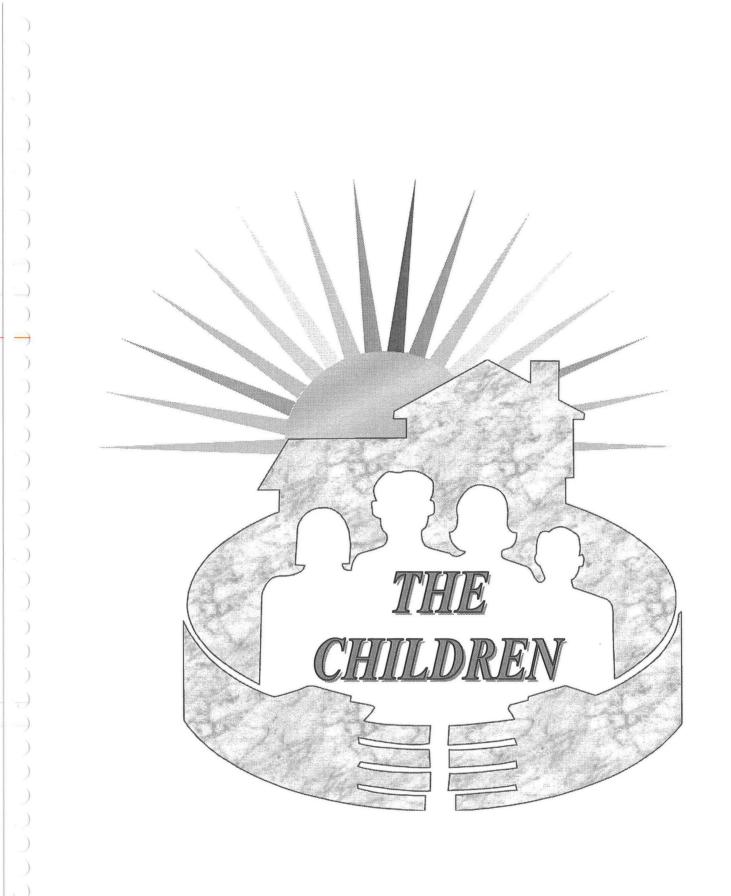
The one thing he was most thankful for was his family. Three husky boys living, and three of the most beautiful girls that ever lived and a Mother to take care of them. He really loved his family and felt that the Lord had been very good to him.

Another thing he was thankful for was that he had been born of goodly parents in this land. A land where one had the right to worship the Lord according to his wishes, and to have a vote in selecting officers of the land who he thought were honest men to make laws to govern our land.

He also had a sense of humor. He was very slow to use it, but he had it just the same.

He was honest in all of his dealings with people and expected them to be honest with him. He was truthful in what he said, and he was sure there were enough nice words in our language to express yourself without any swearing or cussing. That kind of talking he had no use for. He had the highest respect for people who loved the Lord and tried to live according to His Teachings.

He was an ideal husband and father and loved his family very much. In return we all loved him. Since he was taken from us we have missed him very much and are trying to live so we will be thought worthy to be with him again.



HUSSAND Augustus Ruben BELNAP Birth 7 Aug 1887 Place West Weber, Weber, Utah Chr. Married 16 Mar 1910 Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah Death 20 July 1963 Burial 24 July 1963 Father Augustus Weber BELNAP Mother* Mary READ Other Wives Uid any	WIFE_Olena Nettie ANDERSON Birth_27 Oct 1888 Place_Salem, Madison, Idaho Chr. Death 3/6 Triangle of 1986 Burial 21 Triangle of 1986 Burial 22 Triangle of 1986 Father_Oscar Hogan ANDERSON Mother* Olena Emma Margaret OLSEN Other Has Other Has
Ist Child Augustus Denis BELNAP Birth 23 Dec 1910 Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Married to Golda Marie ROBISON Married 29 Sep 1933 Place Roberts, Jefferson, Idaho Married Oscar Newel BELNAP Birth 4 Mar 1912 Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Married Vera Eileen POULSON Married INov 1936 Place Groveland, Bingham, Idaho	Sth Child Delma "A" BELNAP Birth 20 Dec 1923 Ploce Salem, Madison, Idaho Married to Rolland Orville ROBISON Married 6 June 1943 Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon 7th Child Delsa "A" BELNAP Birth 20 Sep 1925 Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Married to Lyon Keith ROBISON Married to Lyon Keith ROBISON Married 14 Nov 1943 Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon
3rd Child Lenard Ivan BELNAP Birth 18 Jan 1914 Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Married to (Died 12 Dec 1914 at Salem, Married Madison, Idaho. Buried at Place the Wilford Cemetery. (Died 12 Cemetery)	8th Child Birth Place Married to Married Place
4th Child Bernice "A" BELNAP Birth 27 Jan 1918 Place Salem. Madison. Idaho Married to Leonard Ray WILDE Married 14 June 1936 Place Groveland, Bingham, Idaho	9th Child Birth Place Married to Married Place
Sth Child Martell "A" BELNAP Birth 25 May 1921 Ploce Salem, Madison, Idaho Morried to Eva Blanche AVERS Morried 3 Nov 1946 Ploce Corvallis, Benton, Oregon	10th Child

Family Group Record

Died Burier Hust Vife Born Chris Born Wife Wife Wife Multi Born Chris Born Chris Son Chris Chri Chri Chri Chri Chris Chri Chri Chri Chri Chri Chri Chri	20 Jul 1963 ied 24 Jul 1963 ried 16 Mar 1910 iband's father Augustus V iband's mother Mary REA Olena Nettie 4 n 27 Oct 1888 istened d 26 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 ief father Hakan Osc olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELIN n 23 Dec 1910 istened	ANDERSON Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial car ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	LDS ordinance dates Baptized 7 Aug 1895 Endowed 15 May 1907 Sealed to parents BIC Sealed to spoyse I 6 Mar 1910 LDS ordinance dates Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	Temple SL SL Temple SL			
Burier Marri Hust Vife Born Chris Born Wife Wife Wife Mildren A Au Born Chris Born Chris Spou Marr	20 Jul 1963 ied 24 Jul 1963 ried 16 Mar 1910 iband's father Augustus V iband's mother Mary REA Olena Nettie 4 n 27 Oct 1888 istened d 26 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 ief father Hakan Osc olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELIN n 23 Dec 1910 istened	Place Onklawn Cemetery, Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah Weber BELNAP D ANDERSON Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial car ANDERSON ma Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	7 Aug 1895 Endowed 15 May 1907 Sealed to parents BIC Sealed to spouse 16 Mar 1910 LDS ordinance dates Baptized Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	SL. Temple SL			
Burier Marri Hust Vife Born Chris Born Wife Wife Wife Mildren A Au Born Chris Born Chris Spou Marr	20 Jul 1963 ied 24 Jul 1963 ried 16 Mar 1910 iband's father Augustus V iband's mother Mary REA Olena Nettie 4 n 27 Oct 1888 istened d 26 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 ief father Hakan Osc olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELIN n 23 Dec 1910 istened	Place Onklawn Cemetery, Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah Weber BELNAP D ANDERSON Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial car ANDERSON ma Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	15 May 1907 Sealed to parents BIC Sealed to spouse BIC 16 Mar 1910 16 Mar 1910 LDS ordinance dates Baptized Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	SL. Temple SL			
Marrit Hust Vife Born Chris Died Burn Khildren Marri Died Born Chris Spot	24 Jul 1963 ried 16 Mar 1910 iband's father Augustus N iband's mother Mary REA Olena Nettie A Mary REA Olena Nettie A Mary REA 0 26 Mar 1985 istened 30 Mar 1985 e's father Hakan Osc e's mother Olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELIN 23 Dec 1910 istened 31 Dec 1910	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah Weber BELNAP D ANDERSON Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial car ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	LDS ordinance dates Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	Temple SL			
Hust Hust Vife Born Chris Bune Wife Wife Mihldrer M Auj Born Chris Born Chris Spot Marr	16 Mar 1910 iband's father Augustus \ iband's mother Mary REA Olena Nettie 4 0 27 Oct 1888 istened 26 Mar 1985 d 26 Mar 1985 e's mother Hakan Osc e's mother Olena Emu en 20 Mar 1985 e's mother Hakan Osc olena Emu Olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN 23 Dec 1910 istened 23 Dec 1910	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah Weber BELNAP D ANDERSON Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial car ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	LDS ordinance dates Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	Temple SL			
Hust Vife Born Chris Burne Vife Vife Vife Born Chris Born Chris Born Chris Spot Marr	Augustus Marv REA Marv REA Olena Nettie 4 n 27 Oct 1888 istened d 26 Mar 1985 e's mother d 26 Mar 1985 e's father Hakan Osc Olena Emu e's mother Hakan Osc Olena Emu e's mother 1 St each child in ord Igustus Denis BELM n 23 Dec 1910 istened	D ANDERSON Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial ar ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	SL			
Vife Born Chris Died Burne Wife Wife Childree Childree Chris Died Born Chris Died Marr	Mary REA Olena Nettie A n 27 Oct 1888 istened d 26 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 e's mother Olena Emu e's mother Olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN n 23 Dec 1910 istened	ANDERSON Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial car ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	SL			
Born Chris Died Burne Wife Wife Chris Born Chris Died Burne Spot Marr	n 27 Oct 1888 istened d 26 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 e's father Hakan Osc e's mother Olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN n 23 Dec 1910 istened	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial car ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	SL			
Chris Died Burne Wife Chris Died Born Chris Died Burne Spot Marr	27 Oct 1888 istened d 26 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 e's father Hakan Osc Olena Emi en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN 0 23 Dec 1910 istened	Place Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial ar ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	Baptized 31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC	SL			
Died Burne Wife Childrei Chris Died Burne Spoi Marr	istened d 26 Mar 1985 e's father e's mother Phakan Osc e's mother Olena Emu Olena Emu Phakan Osc Olena Emu Denis BELN Daily 23 Dec 1910 istened	Place Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial ar ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	31 Jul 1897 Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC				
Burne Wife Wife Childreu Born Chris Died Burne Spot Marr	26 Mar 1985 ied 30 Mar 1985 e's father Hakan Osc e's mother Olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN n 23 Dec 1910 istened	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial Car ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	Endowed 16 Mar 1910 Sealed to parents BIC				
Wife Wife Wife Born Chris Died Burie Spot Marr	a) Mar 1985 e's father Hakan Osc e's mother Olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN n 23 Dec 1910 istened	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Memorial Car ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	Sealed to parents BIC				
Wife Children A Au Born Chris Died Burie Spou Marr	e's father Hakan Osc e's mother Olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN n 23 Dec 1910 istened	ear ANDERSON na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP		Temple			
Wife Children A Au Born Chris Died Burie Spou Marr	Hakan Oso Olena Emu en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN 0 23 Dec 1910 Istened	na Margaret OLSEN (OLSON) er of birth. NAP	LDS ordinance dates	Temple			
Children M Au Born Chris Died Burie Spot Marr	en List each child in ord Igustus Denis BELN ⁿ 23 Dec 1910 Istened	er of birth. NAP	LDS ordinance dates	Temple			
Au Born Chris Died Burie Spot Marr	Igustus Denis BELN 23 Dec 1910 istened	NAP	LDS ordinance dates	Temple			
Born Chris Died Burie Spot Marr	n 23 Dec 1910 istened						
Chris Died Burie Spou Marr	23 Dec 1910 istened						
Died Burie Spou Marr	istened	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 23 Dec 1918				
Burie Spou Marr		Place	Endowed 28 Mar 1992	DA			
Spor Marr	d 2 Jan 1991	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon	Sealed to parents BIC	υn			
Marr	iod	Place					
	7 Jan 1991	Place Oaklawn Cem., Corvallis, Benton, Oregon	e.				
	rind	rie ROBISON	Sealed to spouse				
1:00	29 Sep 1933	Place Roberts, Jefferson, Idaho	Sealed to spouse 20 Mar 1999	PORT			
M Oscar Newel BELNAP							
Born	4 Mar 1912	Place Salem, Madison, Idabo	Baptized 5 Jun 1920				
Chris	ristened	Place	Endowed 12 Dec 1952	IF			
Died	d 17 Dec 1994	Place Burley, Cassia, Idaho	Sealed to parents BIC				
Burie		Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, Fielding Mem Cem	and the second s				
Spor	NUSA	m POULSON					
Marr	rried 1 Nov 1936	Place Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho	Sealed to spouse 12 Dec 1952	IF			
	The second s		1 12 Dec 1952 :	n,			
M Lei Born	enard Ivan BELNA	Diace	Baptized				
	18 Jan 1914	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Endowed Child				
	ristened	Place	Child				
Died	12 Dec 1914	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Sealed to parents BIC				
Buri	ried	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho, Wilford Cem.					
Spor	ouse						
Marr	rned	Place	Sealed to spouse				
F Be	erneice "A" BELNA	AP		14			
Born		Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 5 Feb 1926				
Chri	ristened	Place	Endowed	c11			
Died	id	Place	14 Nov 1940 Sealed to parents	<u>SL</u>			
Buri		Place	BIC				
Spor							

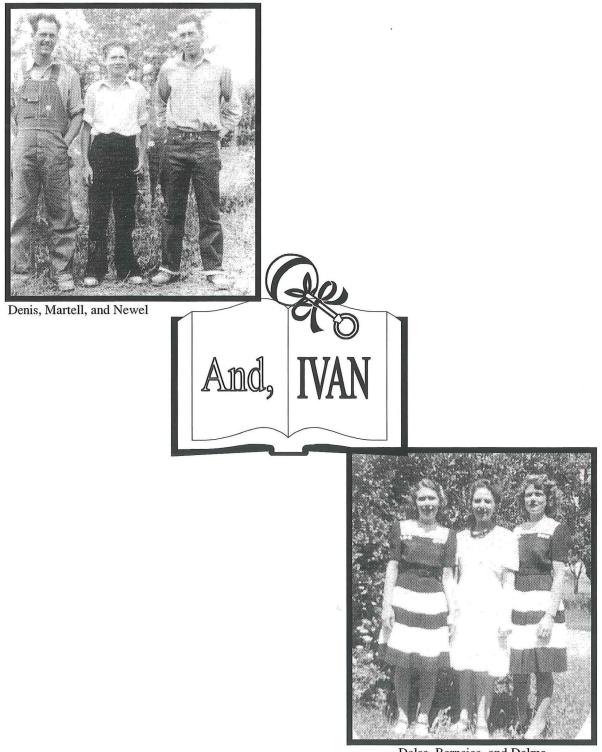
12 Jun 2001

Family Group Record

L			ben BELNAP					
۷	NK	olena Nettie	ANDERSON					
C	Chi	Ildren List each child in ord	er of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple			
5 N		Martell "A" BELNAP						
		Born 25 May 1921	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 6 Jul 1929				
		Christened	Piace	Endowed 19 Oct 1963	AL			
		Dled	Piace	Sealed to parents BIC				
		Buried	Place	- Dic				
		Spouse Eva Blanc	he AYERS					
		Married 3 Nov 1946	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon	Sealed to spouse 19 Oct 1963	AL			
1	F	Delma "A" BELNAP						
	-	Born 20 Dec 1923	Place Salem, Madison, Idaho	Beptized 4 Jun 1932				
		Christened	Place	Endowed 25 Apr 1980	OG			
		Died 30 Sep 1979	Place Ogden, Weber, Utah	Sealed to parents BIC	00			
		Buried 6 Oct 1979	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon, Oaklawn Cem,	- Die				
		Spourse	rville ROBISON	4	6			
		Married 6 Jun 1943	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon	Sealed to spouse 25 Apr 1980	OG			
1	F	and the second se						
	-	Born 20 Sep 1925	Piace Salem, Madison, Idaho	Baptized 2 Dec 1933				
		Christened	Place	Endowed 23 Nov 1954	IF			
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents BIC				
		Buried	Place	J DIC				
		Spouse Lyon Keit	h ROBISON	ter sensione en anne en				
		Married 14 Nov 1943	Place Corvallis, Benton, Oregon	Sealed to spouse 23 Nov 1954	IF			

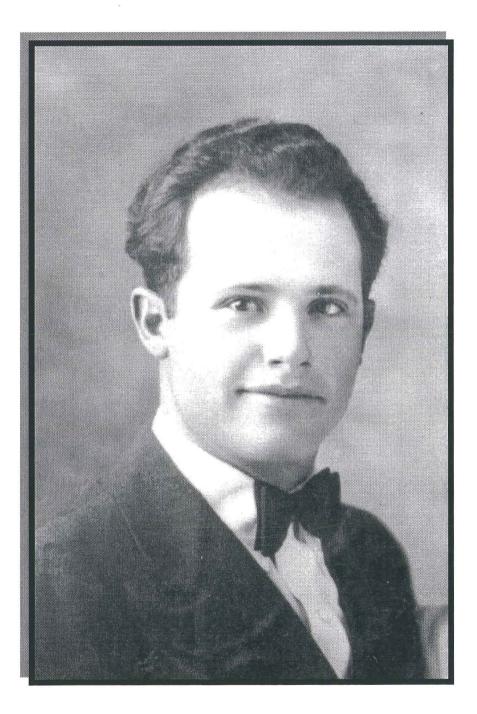
12 Jun 2001

THE CHILDREN



Delsa, Berneice, and Delma

AUGUSTUS DENIS BELNAP





Augustus Denis Belnap 1910

Augustus Denis Belnap was the first child of Gus and Nettie. He was born December 23, 1910 at Salem, Fremont, Idaho. He was a large baby weighing about 10 lbs. He had large brown eyes and thick auburn hair. Denis was always very proud of his name, being named after his father, Augustus Ruben Belnap and his grandfather Augustus Weber Belnap.

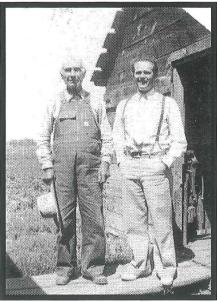
Both sets of grandparents were thrilled with Denis, their first grandchild.

His childhood was spent growing up in the Sugar Salem area. As a child he treasured the time spent with his seven Belnap uncles. He was taught, teased, and guided by them.

Many hours were spent with them over at Grandma and Grandpa Belnap's home. He would always say when Grandma would wash and clean them up you really knew your neck and ears had been scrubbed.

Denis was always very trustworthy. When he was a small boy no older than eight years the family would go up to Kilgore during the summer. Daddy could not take time off to take the money to the bank, so he would have Denis take the money to the bank for them. This was an all day trip for Denis, by himself, on horseback to deposit the money in the bank at Ashton.

His first eight years of grammar school was at Sugar Salem.



Augustus W. and Denis Belnap

Denis was always an obedient child. One time he was invited over to a friend's house to spend the night. Mother told him to be sure to eat everything his friend's mother fixed for him and thank them for everything. The next morning the mother fixed mush for breakfast. He hated mush! But remembering the words of his Mother, he ate the mush all gone and thanked the friend's mother. The friend's mother picked up the bowl and filled it up again saying, "You must be hungry, here have another bowl of mush." Again remembering the words of his Mother, he ate the second bowl of mush.

While in high school he was a star athlete in basketball and football and was the senior class president. Because of his commitment to his family farming business he declined a scholarship from Idaho State University.

Growing up during the great depression years, times were very hard. But as a young man he could always find work because of his integrity and honesty.

He loved music. Whenever the family would go over to Grandma Andersons, they would ask Denis to sing. Using his talents and creativity he decided to form a musical group and earn extra money by playing for Friday and Saturday night dances in the area. At first the band consisted of only 3 pieces – piano, drums and saxophone, but it soon grew and became a 6-piece band. The band was always popular and in great demand.

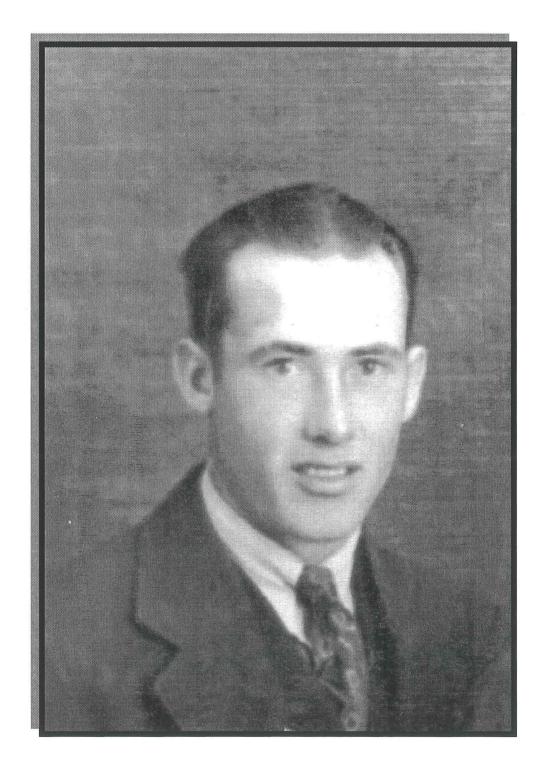
Sunday was always a day for attending church. Sunday School was at 10 am and Sacrament meeting was at 8 pm. Primary was held Tuesday after school, with Scouts and Mutual Tuesday night.

Denis was very involved with Scouting, MIA and his Priesthood activities. He served in many church positions including ward chorister at age 17, Sunday School Superintendent at 18 and teacher and leader whenever needed.

On September 29, 1933 he married Golda Marie Robison at Roberts, Idaho. They are the parents of 4 daughters:

Denice Marie Belnap Cheryl Dee Belnap Sherick Myra Nettie Belnap Austin Loana Robyn Belnap Morfit February 6, 1937 April 5, 1945 May 7, 1947 October 4, 1950

OSCAR NEWEL BELNAP



Newel was the second son of Gus and Nettie. He was born March 4, 1912, at Salem, Fremont, Idaho. He was an average size baby about 7 lbs., with blue eyes and blond hair.

Denis, his older brother, was his favorite pal and playmate. One of his favorite toys was a rag doll his mother had made for him. He named his doll Greasy and it went with him every place. Mother made one for Denis and he named his Pete.

Newel attended twelve years of school at Sugar Salem. School was very easy for him. Mother said he brought his schoolbooks home to study only twice and lost them both times.

He was an outstanding athlete in both basketball and baseball. He was always involved with others and had a way of being in the center of things.



It was often said of him that he would be an excellent attorney – he could argue either side of any question. In fact he would take the opposite side just to see what you really believed.

During his high school years he not only pitched for the baseball team, but also found an added interest and love of literature and especially old English poetry. He loved to read and memorize these poems and stories. He was always ready to have a special story to tell you.

Along with the family Sunday was a day for church. He was very active in Scouts, MIA activities and he enjoyed helping with fund raising activities for the church.

He continued to be an avid reader and especially church history and gospel principles.

On November 1, 1936, he married Vera Eileen Poulson. They were married at Groveland, Idaho. They are the parents of two sons and two daughters:

Nola Eileen Belnap Curtis Robert Newel Belnap Betty Bea Belnap Winmill Milton Frances Belnap September 27, 1938 January 14, 1941 December 6, 1942 October 19, 1945 Newel wrote this story for our history book:

In the early days, the road ran northeast from Rexburg to St Anthony due to the fact that the Teton River was wide and not so deep. So when Grandpa Belnap homesteaded, he got land next to the road and built his home there. As more people came there they built a bridge on the river straight north from Rexburg on the Section line, closed the old road leaving Grandpas home $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the main road. He had land from his home to the main road.

He then got some land south of the river next to the Salem Ward town site and moved there.

So when Dad and Mother married, they rented the old Homestead.

One Monday morning in the middle of June 1913, Dad was plowing in the field and Mother was washing. She had boiled some potatoes to make some yeast. She poured it into a 10-pound lard bucket and set it on the table to cool while she washed. I was just tall enough to reach the bail of the bucket and tipped the boiling water and potatoes down my right arm. I suppose I folded my arm and got some of the potatoes caught in my elbow. When I yelled, Mother saw what happened and picked me up and put me in a tub of cold water she had there. She held me there a few minutes then took me out.

She grabbed a white cloth and ran outside and waved it until Dad saw it. He knew something bad had happened so he unhooked the three horses, jumped on one and headed for the house. When he got there, Mother had me wrapped in a sheet ready to go to the doctor. Dad hooked the horses to the buggy and they took off as fast as the horses could run. It was 3 ¹/₂ to 4 miles to Sugar City where Dr. Shoupe had an office. When he looked at my arm he said it would have to come off at my shoulder. When Mother took my shirt off, the skin from my fingertips to my shoulder stayed on my shirt. All the skin left was in the center of my arm, a piece about the size of a dime.

The doctor said it was impossible to grow that much skin back, so to prevent blood poisoning, the arm would have to come off. Dad said NO. Anyway, they took a piece of the sheet and put on ¹/₄ inch of salve and wrapped up my arm. The doctor said come back in 3 days and we will take the arm off as he will have blood poisoning by then.

When they looked at it again in 3 days, the doctor said, "I'll be damned, I don't believe it." To make a long story short, the skin grew back – no blood poisoning. Dad gave me a blessing and I am sure all the family members on both sides of the family done a lot of praying for me.

Every night Dad would get me on his lap and rub Olive Oil on my arm. When I started school, old Dr. Shoupe stopped me one day and said, "Show me your arm." When he saw it, he said, "I'll be damned."

89

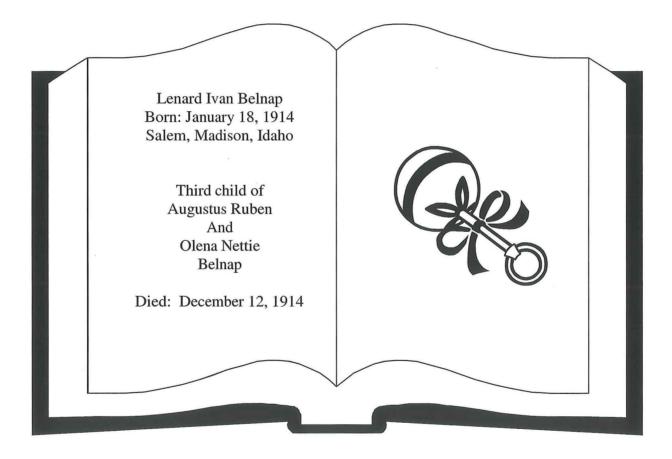
About that time, my older brother Denis decided he wanted to be a baseball catcher. He wanted me to throw the ball to him so he could learn to be a great ball player. The cord that ran from my shoulder to my hand had knots in my elbow so I couldn't hold my arm straight. We decided to straighten it so one morning he sat down, laid my arm across his knees and he pressed down on my hand.

It hurt so I started to cry so he cried but still pressed down on my hand. Mother heard us and made us stop. So after that we would go out back of the barn to finish the job. We got it done. In school and after school in the Ward we lived in, Denis done the catching and I the pitching. I didn't have great speed or many curves but he was a good catcher and watched how the batter stood when they batted. He would hold his mitt where I was to throw the ball. I got good control and if I put the ball where he wanted it, we did real well.

It was the blessing Dad gave me and the family Prayers that healed my arm.



LENARD IVAN BELNAP



	Certificate of Blessing No. 244
C	This Certifies the ranged duran Belande
	born / Jan 19/4, at Clive Town County State of Nation
	was blessed <u>5 (1/mil</u> 19.14; by Elder <u>Jaccory</u> <u>Harrise</u> of the Clurch of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.
Č	Signed Bannice P. Harris Bishop. Signed G. Jacks. Clerk. Recorded in the Salars Ward Record of Children, Book J., No. 1271
	CACACACACACACACACACACACACACACACAC

Ivan was the third child of Gus and Nettie. He was born January 18, 1914 at Salem, Madison, Idaho. He was a small baby weighing about 6 lbs. He had a light complexion with blue eyes and blonde hair.

He was a very good baby most of the time, but wasn't a real strong baby. Whenever he was picked up or held he would pat your shoulder as if to say "thank you". By the time he was eleven months old he said several words – Dada, kitty and chicky. Mother said that he was very good and displayed a lot of tenderness and love. He was able to take a few steps alone.

On December 1, 1914, he seemed to develop a cold. Nothing Dr. Shoupe did seemed to help. He seemed to get worse and acted like he was choking. On Sunday morning Daddy and the Bishop administered to him. The Bishop commanded that he live. After about one hour of Ivan struggling so hard to live, Mother said he needed another blessing and to ask this time that the Lord's will be done. He soon passed away while Mother held him on her lap, December 12, 1914. The doctor said his death was due to gloiters on the larynx.

As a family in later years we always felt the place Ivan had in our family.

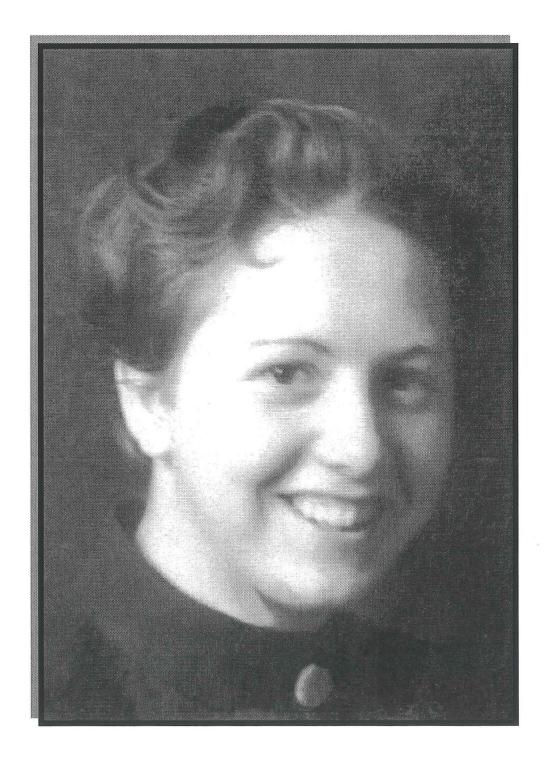
One day Newel looked at the table as it was set for a meal and asked if we weren't a place short. We had a very quiet and spiritual meal that day.

A. J. Hansen, the Patriarch, blessed him and gave him his name. In the prayer he said his name would be a pleasant memory to his family.

His memory has been kept alive to all the family and has certainly been a pleasant memory.



BERNEICE A BELNAP



I AM ME

Of my young childhood I remember all the happiness, love, and security one could ask for. I was the first girl in our family. I had two brothers – Denis was 8 years old when I was born and Newel was 6 years old. I remember them teasing me but they also looked after and protected me.

Our house was in the townsite of Salem. We called our place the "little blue house." It was blue and it was little. It was two rooms. Then as the family grew our Father built two rooms on to it. So then we had a big kitchen family type room, a bedroom for our parents – a room for the two boys and a room for the 4 youngest.

Our days were full of play. We had numerous cousins living close by and many neighbor children. There was really no traffic on the roads so we had the whole townsite to run and play. The roads were all of dirt, so after a rain we would run and slide in the mud barefoot. On one road by our house there was a bog that was always muddy. It was here we spent hours chasing poly-wogs and trying to catch them.

There was one big ditch running through the townsite. From this, small ditches were made to each home to water yards, gardens and pastures. Everyone had animals such as cows, pigs, sheep and a few chickens. Those animals, a garden, a few fruit trees and berry bushes provided us the food we needed.

The big ditch was the place of my first heartbreak. I was only 4 or 5 years old. To this point in my life nothing had prevented me from tagging around the neighborhood with my brother Newel and his friends. No doubt they had tried to get rid of me. This one day they found a big metal barrel and took it up to the bridge over the big ditch. The road sloped down from the bridge to Aunt Orpha's house. After the boys explained how fun it

would be to go down the road in the barrel, I crawled in. The barrel bumped and banged. Everytime the barrel hit a rock it rang like a big bell – so did my ear. Finally we stopped over against a fence. I crawled out so dizzy I couldn't stand up – bruised and dirty and bawling as loud as any 4 year old could howl.

It was then that I KNEW that my brother no longer loved me.



LaRue and Berneice Delma, cousin, cousin, Martell Delsa

Sunset time was my favorite time of day. Mother would be sitting on the front steps or in the flower garden and she would call to us to come and look at the sunset. Then she would tell us to watch as the colors changed places and different forms and pictures would form.

I liked our flowers on the east of the house. Climbing upon strings were the morning glories. It was the beginning of my summer days to run out and see them open in the morning. And then in the afternoon the four-o-clocks would come awake. The holly hocks were open all day for us to pick and make dancing girls. There was always beautiful pastel cosmos by the ditch bank for us to watch moving about in the breeze.

Although I had never seen Ivan – he died 3 years before I was born – I would think he would play with me if he were alive.

When I was three and a half years old, we got a new brother, Martell. He was a very welcomed member of our family. Denis and Newel were getting too old to be any fun. When Daddy came to Grandma Anderson's to pick us up, he said, "Guess what we have at home?" I was so excited, I just knew our horse, Dan, had a baby colt. So although I was disappointed in not getting a new colt, I soon accepted with love our little red-haired brother. We were very good friends all of our growing up years. Our baby Martell was fun and as he grew we got to be real good friends – a feeling we have enjoyed all our lives.

I remember waking from a frightening dream. I was crying and screaming because those men in funny cars were coming after my baby brother. Growing up I had a problem to keep that dream out of my mind. When World War II broke out and I saw pictures of the JEEP car and the uniforms of the Japanese soldiers I recognized them as the ones in my childhood dream.

Martell did go to war for 5 years and fought in the jungles of the islands of the South Pacific against the Japanese. He was shot and wounded severely.

Our Father was a hard working man. He and his brother owned a ranch at Kilgore, Idaho. His days were long. The log house on the ranch was small but mother and we kids would go out there during haying season so she could cook for the men. We also spent a few summers in the Island Park country where our father contracted to cut and make railroad ties and also mining poles. We would spend a month or so up in the hills living in tents. This was great living as some of our cousins were also there.

The evenings were so special as Mother busied around our Father – we called him Papa. He would sit in the big wooden rocking chair -- Martell on one knee and me on the other. Martell and I would climb onto our Father's lap. He would rock – talk to Mama and sing songs. He had a great-deep-soft soothing voice and then as if by magic we would wake up the next morning in our own beds.

95

Grandma Anderson lived a mile and a half north of us across the Teton River. Every few days we would walk to her place as she depended on Mama for so much. The river area was full of willows and swampy stagnant water. This was alive with mosquitoes so Mama would wrap paper around our legs and pull our long stockings up over the papers. To hold the paper on to our arms and backs, we had to wear sweaters. She had made us bonnets with a ruffle on the back to protect our neck from bites. Martell did not like his bonnet.

Age six – this was the big age. The time I looked forward to. The time I could go to Sugar City to school. The time I could read books and write on the chalkboard and take a lunch in a little syrup bucket and play with lots of kids.

Although it was 2 ¼ miles from our house to the school, we had to walk because the van (bus) only ran in the cold months. It fell my brother Newel's lot to take me to school the first day. I was excited in my new dress, shoes and first haircut. I carried my new tablet, crayons, pencil and lunch bucket. As we left Mama said to go on the road and not the railroad track even if the tracks made our walk shorter.

As soon as we were out of sight Newel headed for the tracks. I protested but he said if I wanted to go with him, I would have to go on the tracks. I couldn't walk on the rails and he wouldn't help me, so I jumped from tie to tie. When the tracks went over the subwater I was terrified. I knew if I missed a tie I would fall down into the water so the only thing I could do was crawl from greasy dirty tie to greasy dirty tie in my new dress – carrying my tablet, crayons, pencil and lunch bucket. I cried all the way.

When we got to the school grounds, Newel showed me where to crawl under the fence so we wouldn't have to go clear around the grounds to the front of the building. I drug my poor dirty little self through the dirt under fence and when I got up Newel was gone.

It was then that I knew what being the BIG SIX meant. I quit crying and wiped my tears away with my greasy dirty hands and marched myself into the school building. Some kind teacher took me to the rest room and tried to clean me up.

From that time on, I didn't have much to do with my brother for about 8 years. That was when he was in a car accident and broke his back. Then I knew how much I still loved him.

My first year of school was so much fun. I seemed to know how to enjoy what we were learning. Mother and Dad had taught me to read and write and do addition so school was easy.

Second grade was boring. Our readers were stories like The Three Little Pigs, Goldilocks and The Three Bears, etc. When it came my turn to read out loud one day, I refused to read and gave as the reason that I did not believe those stories. The teacher made a trip to see my parents and it was explained to me that the reason for reading was to learn to read words. I still have trouble with that theory.

I went to school here in Sugar Salem through the fourth grade with two interruptions. In March of my second grade, I began to get real tired and my legs ached all the time. One morning I couldn't move my legs to get out of bed; so the doctor was called and he said I had Rheumatic Fever and would have to stay in bed for a long time. I remember being very tired and weak and Dad holding and carrying me and rubbing my legs. I didn't go back to school that year, but was promoted to the third grade.

At eight years of age, February 5, 1926, Daddy took me in a sleigh to Rexburg where I was baptized in the college swimming pool a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was confirmed the following Sunday at our Ward Sacrament meeting.

I remember my oldest brother, Denis, saving me from being gored by our family cow. I was recovering from a month in bed with inflammatory rheumatism when I was six years old. The first use of my legs was a short walk into the barnyard and old "PET" saw me and evidently thought I was going to hurt her calf, so she charged at me. Because of my bad legs, I couldn't run. Luckily, Denis was nearby and heard me scream. He came running with the pitchfork and frightened the cow away.

In March of the next year, our school and community had an epidemic of Diphtheria. Salem had a great number of deaths. Several families lost the mother and several children. All six children in our family came down with it. Dad was working in the timber down by Montpelier. Because we were quarantined, Mother had the full care of us alone. Word was sent to Dad but he didn't receive the word for a week.

Water, wood and food was brought to us and left on our porch. Because of the choking brought on by the disease, our Mother was on 24-hour duty for a week. Our Grandpa Belnap finally disregarded the quarantine and came in to help. Delma and I did not respond to the shots and the doctor said there was nothing more to do for us. I remember lying by little Delma and hoping we would die at the same time.

Dad got home that day and he and Grandpa gave us a Priesthood blessing. Mother slept and Dad and Grandpa dropped water and oil in our mouths and swabbed our throats with something. They kept wet cloths on our lips and necks. Mother had been doing this day and night for a week. Gradually we all recovered.

It was fun to go outside and see our friends and cousins. Soon we were able to go over to Aunt Evie's. Lyle wasn't feeling too well but we played there anyway and it wasn't long until we were all down with the German Measles. I did not go back to school that year either.

These serious illnesses left its toll on us. This summer seemed to be a fun time. We played in the sunshine a lot. We rested and napped on quilts on the lawn. Even Denis and Newel were playing more with us. One day a weasel was in our yard.

Here it is March 26, 1991. Some months ago I started writing in this about me. It is a task, but I plan to keep on to bring it up to date – although it isn't any easy thing to do.

I lost my eyesight 4 years ago and it is a challenge to know where and what I've written.

My school years were probably average. My grades were average. I enjoyed reading, spelling, history, geography, and math. My least favorite subjects were chemistry and biology.



Our move to Roberts in the spring of 1928 was a complete change in our lifestyles. Anyway it was in mine. We left our beloved street in Salem where I had run and played for 10 years. It was where we knew everybody. All of our aunts, uncles, and cousins lived there. So moving to a "sloppy" town into a "sloppy" house where our neighbors were all "sloppy" onto a huge 80 acre farm -- it was so sad.

Our first Sunday there was a sobering experience. We had seen two nice church buildings in town – one was Catholic and the other was a community church.

Our church building was a 2 room old building on the side of town. There were only about 20 people there and only 3 kids. They all seemed glad to see us. A big lady played the pump organ and led the hymns by nodding her head. Before summer came, at least 5 LDS families moved in. It wasn't long until a new beautiful brick LDS church was built. Soon I knew all the kids in school. A music program was introduced to the school and we soon had a beginner band of about 20 students. I played an Alto Saxophone – oh how I loved the "Sax". I started piano lessons and also a Ukulele group. Music was, or seemed to be, my life.

Our lives were all busy and happy. Living on a big farm instead of a small acreage was a real experience. Some of it was fun – mostly it was hard work. I learned right away that it took all of us – the whole family working together to get the work done that had to be done.

One day Dad assigned me and my 7 year old brother Martell, to go up the ditch and raise the headgate about 3 inches. I wasn't even sure what a headgate was, but Martell said he knew – so we went until we came to the headgate. As we were pulling to raise it, Martell yelled, "Run!" he was gone in a flash. Just then I heard a crash as the neighbors big bull crashed through the pasture fence. It seemed forever before I could get my legs to move. By then Martell had alarmed Dad who came with the pitchfork and stopped the bull and drove it back into its own home. The neighbor fixed a better pasture fence.

After we moved into a nice house close to town, Roberts wasn't such a bad place to live. There was a group of people there who were determined to drive the Mormons out. That made it a bit difficult in school, but soon so many Mormon families moved in and added so much to the community that things cooled down. After the new LDS church house was built and activities such as drama, musicals, dances, dinners, etc. got going it was the center of activity for the whole community.

We had high hopes for the harvest. Our potato crop could never have been better. Dad went to make arrangements for shipping our crop to market on the big railroad cars and was told that the market had crashed and there was no sale for any crops. 1929: that meant that we had absolutely no income at all for the winter. We never wanted for food as we had plenty on our farm. For clothing, Mother made over clothes using everything to keep us clean and comfortable. She would cut old Levi pants into squares and sew them together for quilts or old coats, skirts, pants or even dresses. Everybody lived about the same, so we soon adjusted to our situation.

When I was in the 8th grade, we moved to Groveland – a little farming community 5 miles west of Blackfoot, Idaho. Our parents bought a 40-acre farm. It was like really going home. Everyone was so friendly – the school had a good sports program so it wasn't long until my brother Martell and I was involved in all of the school activities. Our little sister could walk to school without being afraid the wind would start to blow. In Roberts our big brother or Dad would have to hold to Delma's hand and carry Delsa because at times the wind was so strong it would blow them down.

Although the work was hard on the farm, I always enjoyed working with Dad and the boys. Denis was either singing or whistling. I learned so many songs by singing with him. Dad sang a lot and taught us funny songs. Newel always had a goofy story or a poem to tell us. Martell was always running over the fields.

At the end of the day, it was so good to go to the house, get washed up and sit around the table to a good supper and laugh at our little sisters.

After supper we would all kneel by our chairs for family prayer before starting our nighttime activities.

When we would go on a date or out for an evening, Dad would tell us, "Remember who you are".

I went to Blackfoot to high school. I enjoyed this new experience. We rode the bus, which was a fun party every day.

A group of us – teenagers in our community decided to go to Yellowstone Park soon as the farm work was done in the spring. Plans were made and our parents approved – so about 20 of us spent a week in Yellowstone Park. A young married man and his wife were our chaperones. They had a big flat bed truck they put sides on. We put our tents, food, clothes and bedding in the truck and then piled in on top of the load. No one ever spent such a week. Friendships were made that will last forever.

Friday nights were great in our little Ward. There was usually a dance, dinner or some kind of a get together.

Drama was a big thing every spring. Mr. Sam Seamons was our drama director. He had a 1-act play and a 3-act play each spring. I was in one or another for 3 years. It was a hard thing to do with keeping up with school, but I enjoyed every bit of it.

Blackfoot was the town of our high school. Each day was a new experience. One hour a day I took Seminary. Our Seminary was in the LDS Stake Building across from the high school. Our teacher was a young man from Utah - G. Byron Done. He was a great teacher. He was also a musician so a lot of our lessons were enhanced with a Seminary chorus.

Our neighbors in Groveland had 2 daughters --- Louise and Izora and a son Wesley. We got to be good friends. Louise and Izora spent a lot of time at an older sister's place in Grays Lake where another of their brothers worked.

The year I was 16, I met this brother. He had come home to help his father with the spring farm work.

A group of us teenagers were thinning beets at our neighbor's place when this neighbor's son came out in the field to work. My girlfriend bet me 50 cents that she could get a date with him before I did. She really made a big play for him. I decided to just ignore him until I was cleaned up and at church or a dance or someplace instead of in a dirty beet field. It worked – but I never did get my 50 cents.

We dated off and on for a year and a half. When I was 18, I got real serious about this good-looking neighbor. This spring we decided to get married. So it was on June 14, 1936, I married Leonard Ray Wilde. We are the proud parents of:

Nola Lenice Wilde Egbert	22 March 1937
Ronald Lee Wilde	31 May 1938
Sharon Kay Wilde Marler	6 February 1943

MARTELL A BELNAP



I was born May 25, 1921 in Salem, Idaho, to Augustus Ruben Belnap and Olena Nettie Belnap. They were very good parents.

They were children of early pioneers to the Utah and Idaho area. Their parents crossed the plains with the Mormon migrations to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Salem is in the southeast corner of Idaho, located north of Rexburg approximately 2 miles and west of Sugar City about 2 miles. Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints settled these communities.

My recollection of early childhood is one of mostly pleasant thoughts and experiences. I was the 5th child in the family of 4 boys and 3 girls.

Augustus Denis, Oscar Newel, Lenard Ivan (died at 11 months of age), Berneice, myself (Martell A) followed by 2 girls, Delma and Delsa.

I was born in the family home and the family has always referred to it as the "little blue house" because of the color the board siding was painted.

My father was of English ancestry. He was the oldest child of Augustus Weber and Mary Read Belnap. I remember my father's parents were very kind, just and determined people. One of my memories of Grandmother Belnap is as a small boy I was visiting with them at mealtime and everyone was cleaning up for the meal and grandmother felt that I had not put enough energy in washing my neck and ears. She stood me up on the wash stand and when she got through, my neck and ears were clean. After that whenever I was at Grandmother Belnap's, I made sure my neck and ears were clean.

They had a building attached to the house they called the pump house and in it they always had stored such things as apples which always tasted mighty good.



Grandma knitted Martell's outfit.

They had a large house and in their attic were the most wonderful and awesome things. Uncle Charlie's WW1 souvenirs, gun, gas mask, doughboy helmet, Kizer Bill helmet, bayonets and just a world of interesting and thought provoking things for the young mind.

Grandfather always had time to say hello and take out of his pocket the sharpest knife and peel me an apple. The stories he knew were very interesting. He had a very unusual way of telling them so I could live each part as he related it to me.

I enjoyed my Grandfather and Grandmother Belnap. I missed Grandmother when she died. This I guess, was my first real experience with death.

My Grandparents on Mother's side were of Scandinavian ancestry. Grandfather Anderson had died when my Mother was only 16 years of age. Mother was the oldest child of Oscar Hogan and Olena Anderson.

I remember my trips to Grandmother Anderson's were very exciting and enjoyable. In front of her house ran a ditch of irrigation water that had the prettiest little rocks in it and it was just wide enough if I was lucky, I could jump across in one jump. There was a swarm of bees in the north side of her house and you could hit that side of the house a couple of times and hear the bees buzzing inside the walls. But it didn't take long to learn that we should not listen too long.

Grandmother had a stock pond where we could go sailing. We the grandchildren had built rafts that we rode on of old pieces of lumber and limbs from the trees and would float by the hour around the stock pond.

Grandmother Anderson lived until I was a grown man. The last visit I had with her was when I was home on leave from the army. She thought I was Charlie Belnap returning from WWI. Her mind had slipped and she was living in the past. She was a wonderful woman and raised a good family.

In my early childhood, I lived about a mile from Grandfather Belnap and about 3 miles from Grandmother Anderson. It was possible for us to visit with them often. Most of the time we traveled on foot or in the buggy to see them.

My Father was born in Utah and at the age of 2 years, their family moved to Salem, Idaho. My Mother was born in Salem, Idaho. The two grew up in the same community, went to the same school and church. They were strong children both physically and mentally. Being the oldest children of early pioneers, they learned early to take many responsibilities.

From the stories I have been told, Father was a serious but very happy boy. He had a pony that was blind in one eye and to catch this pony he would have to come up on the blind side. He had many stories about his adventures with his pony. Part of his work was herding of cows and calves on open rangeland around the cultivated fields.

The country that Father grew up in as a boy was sparsely populated and it was a rough life.

My Mother had a good childhood. I recall stories about the good times she had because of the family activities. Like the times her Father would play his fiddle and Dean, the oldest boy would do the Swedish Jig until sometimes his trousers would almost fall down.

Mother was a good athlete and she received a broken nose as she was playing as catcher on a baseball team when she got too close to the batter.

Mother was beautiful girl and her Mother schooled her in the ways a young lady should act. She won a beauty contest and it is understandable why Father put his best foot forward to win her for his wife.

Her Father died when she was 16 years of age and being the oldest child in the family, there were many trying times for her and her Mother as the family was kept together and provided for. There were 7 children to provide for. She and her Mother were strong and they grew and they were able to provide.

During those years, she had many spiritual experiences that helped her throughout her life.

Father and Mother's courtship was interesting and exciting. They grew up as friends and from what I have heard, they kind of picked each other at an early age.

At the age of 19, Father was called to serve the Lord on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was gone 3 years where he served in Australia.

During the time Father was on a mission, Mother worked in a General Store in Salem (Harris General Store). Father returned from his mission and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

My ancestors were for the most part connected with Agriculture (farmers). They were industrious, hard working people and seemed to be a very independent type people.

The land in Southeastern Idaho is mostly good if water can be put on it. To get water to the land, large reservoirs were built and then irrigation canals run to the farmlands. The climate is rather severe. Summer temperature run as high as 110 - 115 degrees Fahrenheit and the winters as low as 20 - 30 degrees below zero. The frost-free growing season would be around 100 days. The snow in the valley usually is not very deep but the foothills and mountains have several feet of snowfall in the winters. This snow fills the reservoirs with water for irrigation during the growing season. The major crops in that area were potatoes, sugar beets, several of the grains and alfalfa hay.

Each farmer would have a few head of cattle; some for milk cows and some for meat, of course horses to help do the work, a few chickens, pigs and some had a few sheep. I believe everyone had to have at least 1 dog and of course a cat or two.

My grandparents lived in this area because of religious beliefs. As members of the (Mormon Church) the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, they had been forced to move to the West. The church leaders settled Salt Lake Valley in Utah and there the members grew and groups were sent out to colonize other areas. They were asked to colonize that area of Southeastern Idaho.

As I grew up on the farm, I was taught many of the ways of life, how plants grow, how to preserve them for animal or human food. Also some ideas on how animals live and why.

My early recollection of life was one of wonderment and joy. We lived in a little blue house and there were many exciting things around it. I remember the road went by out front and most of the time it was filled with water from fence to fence, that is during the summer time. This water came from irrigation water as it ran off the fields. This puddle of water furnished me with many a happy hour. I was allowed to play in the road because at that time there were no automobiles and only once in awhile would even a horse and buggy go by, maybe as often as one a day during busy times. Frogs lived in this puddle and I would watch them swim and I would watch the polliwogs as they would grow into frogs. My, what big and wondrous thoughts would go through my mind as I would watch this process. At night I could hear the frogs sing lullabies with the crickets and other insects joining in and highlighted by the bark of a dog or the mooing of a cow. And as daylight would start to show, the night symphony would end when the roosters would start to crow and I would then realize that soon another beautiful day would start.

I could hear Father and my 2 older brothers as they would get up and go out to do the chores before breakfast. Mother would be in the kitchen making those good-tasting goodies for breakfast and usually humming or singing a soft melody. I just knew everybody was happy to be a member of our family.

I recall that everything Father did, I wanted to do and so my Father and 2 brothers built me an "A" frame derrick so I would be able to stack hay like they did only on a smaller scale and Father got me a small 3 tine pitchfork. I had much pride in my new toy and enjoyed very much in showing off to my friends.

I was showing my cousins how to stack hay and I was working with my little pitchfork so fast that I was very careless and jabbed one of the tines into my big toe. I couldn't pull it out and so, screaming at the top of my lungs, I started for the house with the pitchfork in my toe. By this time my cousins were sure that I was in bad trouble and they started to help me scream.

I am sure as Mother came to meet us she must have thought someone was seriously hurt. She pulled the fork out and I had to soak my foot in salt water to help kill any infection.

Another time my sister Berneice and I were playing hide-n-seek. Now, I was not to climb up on a building so I knew she would not look for me up there, so I climbed up on the chicken coop to hide. As I lay there watching her look for me, I was thinking how smart I was and then she headed for the chicken-coop so I laid real still so she could not see me. She walked up to the chicken coop and went inside. As she went inside I thought, wouldn't it be a good trick to lock the door. I leaned over the roof to reach down to drop the latch on the door. It was necessary for me to lean so far that I was hanging from the roof by my toes and then I slipped and down I went. My head struck a big rock that was kept by the door to keep it blocked open. Berneice heard a thud and she came out, there her little brother lay all in a pile. She picked me up to stand me on my feet and down I would go. She tried this 2 or 3 times and then she decided my legs were broke because I couldn't stand up. She had never seen a person knocked out. She called our brother Denis & Newel that were working in the field topping sugar beets and told them I broke both my legs and couldn't stand up. They carried me to the house. I was unconscious for about 30 hours. Father called one of the brethren from the church and they administered to me.

Berneice has always teased me that some of the things I have done in my life was because of the bump I have on my head as a result of this accident.

One Sunday as we came home from Sunday School, where I had a very exciting lesson about Jesus walking on water and faith. So as we approached our home (walking), I wondered if I could walk on water. As we reached the ditch in front of our house, everybody else went across the bridge. Not me: I tried the water. They pulled me out and Mother had to dry and clean my Sunday clothes. Maybe that bump on the head could have caused some of my problems? I wonder what excuse other people use?

We moved to a log house just about a half-mile away. It was during this time Father and Charlie contracted with the Railroad Company to furnish them with railroad ties. This meant they would have to work in the timber to cut the trees, peel the bark off and hew the logs in shape for a railroad tie.

We moved to the mountains during the summer in the Island Park area, which is near Yellowstone Park. We lived in tents. Mother cooked for the crew of men working in the timber. I remember it was wonderful up in the timber and lots of exciting things to do and see.

My public schooling started in a school in Sugar City, Idaho. The school was located about a mile from home and many exciting things happened along the way. I remember that is where I saw a live porcupine and it was our little dog that discovered the pain of a mouth full of quills.

There would be times when problems would show up among us kids and it would be necessary to stop and have a fight to settle it. After the fight was taken care of we could all continue on our way. I enjoyed the first few years of school. It seemed just like one big party, where teachers were there to just keep things under control. I was an average student in my studies. With an over active mind in getting involved in extra activities I soon discovered that even though I was small in size, I had the physical ability to do many things. I was the fastest runner and could out jump most all other boys my age and was fair at boxing.

It was about this time that we moved again into a house almost next door. The reason for this move was that Aunt Orpha (father's adopted sister) had died and her husband Uncle Ray Shelton needed help to take care of his family. We lived there approximately a year. I am sure this was an extremely difficult time for Mother to take care of all the children. We then moved a long way from there. It was about 30 miles away to Roberts, Idaho. I remember all the excitement of packing and getting things ready. One thing that was very impressive to me was we had 2 cows and my brother Newel was going to drive them all the way. The cows were tied together so they would be easier to drive. He got the cows there alright and he had some interesting stories to relate; such as how one cow would go on one side of the telephone pole and one on the other side.

We moved to a farm about one mile south of Roberts. The house was very small but comfortable and one small tree growing in the front yard. It was while we lived there that I was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I enjoyed life and the many experiences of family living. This is the house we lived in when I had the measles, mumps and my brother Newel was a Diphtheria carrier.

We were quarantined for several weeks. I remember the mailman and neighbors would stop out in the road and call to us and if we needed anything from town, they would bring it and leave it out by the road. Newel finally got better. It was then we had to fumigate the house. We moved out for 24 hours. When we returned, the house had such a smell it was necessary to open it up and let it air out for several hours before we could move back in.

We all worked in the fields and I remember how long some of those days were, how tired my legs would get and how hungry I would be. But we all grew strong and were happy.

The family moved to another farm near town. In fact it was just barely outside town. It was a bigger house and we had more animals and acres to take care of. By this time, I was big enough that I could be more help in doing chores and helping Father in the field. It seemed that this summer we had some real bad electric storms. A man was struck and killed by lightening as he walked in the road in front of our house.

We had a big irrigation canal that ran past our house. It served as our swimming pool in the summer and as ice skating in the winter.

School was still enjoyable and I had the privilege of having for my teacher a Miss Marie Robison who became my sister-in-law. She married my oldest brother Denis. It was an adjustment for me to make when I lost a brother or gained a sister. But that's the way life goes.

107

Father and Mother worked hard to make a good life for us and I believed things were going good for us. I remember it was spring and Father was planning on planting several more acres of potatoes that year. There were many long hours cutting and preparing potatoes for planting. As summer progressed the potatoes grew and there was some talk about how much money would be paid in the fall when the potatoes were sold. When it came time to harvest the potatoes, the price started to go down so Father decided to store the crop until the price came back up. So, we filled our potato cellar and also stored several thousand pounds in commercial storage. As the winter passed, the price continued to go lower and lower.

Father sold the potatoes he had in commercial storage; several railroad car loads and shipped them to the Chicago market. They did not quite pay their expenses. With the coming of spring, the price was so low Father could not afford to sort and prepare them for market so all the rest of the potatoes were hauled out in the lava rocks and dumped.

As a family we were very active in the church, Father serving in the Bishopric, Mother in the Primary and the rest of us were doing what we could. It was at this time I reached the age of 12. I received the Aaronic Priesthood and was ordained a Deacon. I was very happy to have the Priesthood. We had moved to a new community of Groveland, Idaho, near Blackfoot, Idaho, a move of about 50 miles south of Roberts. With the move and new responsibilities because of age and Priesthood, life seemed to take on a new dimension. I was still a happy boy now some problems I had to solve. School became a bit of a chore. I became aware that I did not know everything in fact, I discovered there were other boys that knew more than I did and it was a real blow to my ego. I continued to grow in the Priesthood and enjoyed the blessings I received from this growth.

At the age of 14, I was ordained a Teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood. My activity in the church increased as I grew. The Scouting activities were interesting and I enjoyed them very much. It seemed to be a difficult thing to keep a good Scoutmaster.

As I continued to struggle with my schooling and attitude, I was able to excel in athletic areas. I was able to compete in Jr. Pentathlon. The 5 events were the 100 yard dash, high jump, running broad jump, shot put and basketball throw.

I won first place in Idaho district in a combined score in these events and represented the district in competition in Salt Lake City with (boys) from 9 states and districts of Alaska and Hawaii.

I won first place in the high jump, 100-yard dash; second place in the broad jump and placed second in overall competition.

I won Idaho district meet 3 years in a row and always placed first in some events in Salt Lake City.



We won all our basketball games as a school both in grammar and high school. I played what they called running guard.

I set a new district record for the 220-yard dash when I was 16 years old.

My social life was good. I participated in school plays, Church activities and really enjoyed social dancing. It seemed like from the age of 16 to 19 that I was able to attend a dance at least on a weekly basis. This was really the highlight of my social life. Big name bands would tour the country. Tommy Dorsey, Lawrence Welk, Wayne King and several others and it was always a very special event to get to go to dances where they were playing.

My older brother Denis was a good singer and he also played musical instruments and played for several dances with some local bands for a year or two. By the time I was 16 or old enough to go dances, he was married and had moved back to Roberts, Idaho.

The girl he married was my favorite schoolteacher from my 4th grade. Her name was Marie Robison and I thought it was just super that they married.

My other brother Newel was spending most of his time working away from home and it was only a short period of time until he met a wonderful girl and looked like they were going to be married.

Berneice, my sister had found the neighbor boy interesting and it wasn't long until she married Leonard Wilde, a guy I thought a whole bunch of. He was one of the hardest working men I knew.

So all at once, I found myself as the oldest child at home and Father and Mother were looking at me as though I should be a young man. This I found a bit difficult to do what with two younger sisters looking at and bothering me all the time.

Newel and Vera Poulsen were married. This is the girl that he had been trying to convince for sometime and he finally made it. She was a happy girl and I was glad that he talked her into marriage.

Now I had looked at my brothers and oldest sister as someone to try and be like so it was somewhat of an adjustment for me but was able to find a new-found relationship with my two younger sisters and realized that they were very special and great people to know.

I was able to continue to grow spiritually during this period of time and at the age of 16 I was ordained a Priest. This was a very special event in my life. I was well aware of a strong spirit present at the time I was ordained and I was caught up in deep thought concerning this event for several days. It was a great feeling and I was aware that I was loved and much would be expected of me someday.

As I was now in high school, I attended Seminary on a daily basis and enjoyed the many things that were taught about the Lord and his people. In the fall of 1937, it was necessary for me to stay out of school for a long period of time and help with the harvesting of the crops.

The Blackfoot High School I was attending had discontinued having a 2-week harvest vacation so I transferred to a different high school, which was located in Moreland, Idaho. Three other boys, Vernon Herbst, Murray Hammond and his younger brother Hugh Hammond also transferred. We had to provide our own transportation. Murray had an old car, which we used a lot when it was running. Sometimes we would use our folk's family car and much of the time we would walk. Distance from my home was 5 miles. This would give us much exercise and keep our bodies strong and we participated in most of the sports.

During the wintertime when the roads would drift full of snow, my Father would let me use a team of horses to pull a bobsled and the school district paid me for picking up some of the children on the way to school. This money was my spending money. The weather in Idaho was very cold. We would start off with several large stones that were warmed and the sleigh was filled with straw, which helped keep us warm. Sometimes the snow would be drifted so deep in the roads; we would need to tramp a trail through some of the snowdrifts for the horses. In real bad weather, we would leave school at 3 p.m. and would get home at 8 p.m. This was not very often but I remember one night it took me until 10 p.m. to get home.

In the spring of the year 1939, I should have graduated from high school but I was out of school for a week as our basketball team was involved in the State Tournament, which we won. When I got home, Father was very ill with smallpox. He had just bought a new farm and it was necessary that we get moved. I stayed home and moved the farm equipment and livestock and helped Mother redecorate the house. By this time Father was feeling much better and the family moved to the new location about 3 miles away.

By this time I had been out of school for 4 weeks. As I went back to school I knew it was going to be very difficult to complete all my work. I had attended school 2 days when I became very sick and in a few days I broke out in Smallpox all over my body. Most serious was on my nose and inside my nose. I was real sick for about 2 weeks and was not able to be up and around all day for another week.

By this time there was only 2 weeks left of school so I decided not to go back. This was a great disappointment to my parents. But when next fall came around, I had decided to go back to school. I took a full year and took many extra subjects and I graduated in the spring of 1940. During this last year of school, I had joined the National Guard Unit. We met one evening in every week and they paid us a dollar for each meeting we attended. It was this way that I earned my spending money for dances, gas and etc.

I graduated from high school as scheduled at the end of the depression in the early 1940's.

MILITARY SERVICE

When I got out of high school of course all of the boys that were my age started looking for work that would pay money because we wanted to take our girlfriends to the show and to dances when we could and it cost a little money. In those days, we'd go to a show for about \$.10 so it didn't cost much, but by the same token you worked about twelve hours a day in the field for about \$.50. Everything was relative. Not many of us could locate enough paying jobs after the first little beet thinning in the spring of the year. That lasted about a month and then after that there wasn't much work for a while. Anyway, I went down to the National Guard outfit because somebody had told me that you could go down there and they would pay you to play soldier. All you have to do is go down there and learn to drill and how to take a gun apart and shoot it. Dad had taught me how to shoot a gun and how to clean it and those sorts of things. But this getting paid, I thought that would be pretty good so I went down to the National Guard Armory and told them I was interested in finding what the deal was.

They explained it to me and I asked them how much money it paid and so they told me. I don't remember the amount of money they told me but this is the way I figured out whether I wanted to join the National Guard If there was enough money to buy two show tickets, get a gallon gas (gas was about \$.08 to \$.10 a gallon and the show tickets were about \$.10 a piece) and then I could take my girlfriend to the show and have enough money to buy a malt after the show . . .so I joined the National Guard. That was in May of 1940.

As a member of the National Guard Unit Headquarters Company 41st Infantry Division (Rainbow Division), we were expected to spend 2 weeks every summer at full military activity. My first 2 weeks duty came in September 1940.

In September we went out to Fort Lewis, Washington for summer encampment they called it. It was supposed to be for two weeks of really intensive training to be a soldier. That's what they said. We arrived at Fort Lewis, Washington and camped in tents, six men to a tent at Camp Murray on the edge of Fort Lewis. The travel was uneventful and we got camp set up as planned and started our training program. It was a lot like most of us had been taught to set up a camp in the Boy Scouts. Most of us in age of 17 - 30 years of age. Older ones of course were officers and leaders. There were 2 older men in their 50's, Rife the supply Sgt. and Sgt. ?. It was like a Scout outing with guns, but it was fun. Some of my friends from Idaho were in the National Guard with me. At the end of the two weeks we had early morning revelry and the company commander got out in front of us and was reading the orders of the day and along with that was a letter from the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States which read something like this: "By order of the President of the United States you are here now mobilized for a period of 1 year starting September 16, 1940." And boy that didn't go over very big. I was planning on going home in just a few days but there was nothing we could do, just stay there.

This was a surprise to us and it caused me to do much thinking about what would cause such action. All at once it came to me that the war in Europe and other unrest in the world could mean we might be involved in a war someplace in the world. This caused me to take the training more serious and I realized we were not on a Boy Scout campout.

I took comfort in having many of my friends around me. Some of the special friends were my cousin Lyle Belnap, Hugh Hammond, Sgt. Holly Manwaring.

Once we were mobilized we were subject to 24-hour duty if needed. I was a Buck Private in the rear ranks that was the lowest rank in the army. My pay was \$21.00 a month. At the end of 3 months, I was promoted to the rank of Private and my pay was increased to \$24.00 a month. That seemed like a lot of money to me. All my clothes, food, bedding and a place to sleep were furnished.

I asked to be sent to Cooks and Bakers training thinking I could get faster promotions and make more money. At the end of this assignment I was promoted to the rank of Corporal at \$36.00 a month and just about a week later was told I was accepted to go to Cooks and Bakers School.

In July 1941, I completed Cooks and Bakers training and returned to my Company as 2nd Cook, same pay as a Corporal. I cooked in the Company Mess for a few weeks and was assigned to go the Division Staff Officers Mess to cook. This is like a restaurant in turn they can come in and order from a Menu.

I was told to report to a Colonel at Division Headquarters. I put on my best uniform and made sure my shoes and leather was polished and then reported to his office to see what he wanted.

He told me I was assigned a special assignment and I was to continue my usual duties and not tell anyone about it. He then handed me a piece of paper with a name on it and a military address and told me to memorize it and hand him back the paper. I read it 3 times and handed it back to him. He then told me again I was not to tell anyone about my extra assignment and said, "Now, you are to be watchful of people around you and also listen to what people say about the United States, especially any conversations about Japanese or Japan/U.S. Once a week I was to send a report to the code name and address I had memorized until further notice."

This was in February 1941. I do not remember the day. I made this report weekly for about 2 months and never had any report of overhearing any conversation such as he had described. I was again called back to his office and was told no further reports would be necessary, but I was not to let anyone know of this special assignment.

I never told anyone until after the bombing of Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941. I then felt at liberty to share it with a couple of my special friends.

We were there for a year and we learned to be soldiers a little bit. At the end of the year we were getting excited. We had saved some of our money and we were going to go home and have lots of fun with our money and see our girlfriends. But again the company commander got out in front of us at revelry and he read another letter from the President of the United States that said that our mobilization was extended for a period of six months. That didn't go over at all well, but not really anything we could do about it. We were in the army so we decided to make the best of it and have fun. That was in September. In 1941 on December 7th, they bombed Pearl Harbor. And so from there on we were in for the duration. From the time I left home to the time I came back home it was 5 years and 6 days instead of two weeks. Things changed a lot in those years.

I spent about three years down in the South Pacific. I made several landings on the island of New Guinea and small islands around New Guinea. I was wounded two or three times, but not seriously until May 30th when I landed on the island beach just off the coast of New Guinea a little ways. The second day after we landed I took a patrol out. We had run into a lot of trouble before, but not as much as on that patrol. There were two killed and about three were wounded. I was one of the badly wounded ones that lived. I was wounded at about eleven in the morning, as near as I could calculate.

I finally got back to some medication and from there I was taken from hospital to hospital. I was conscious once or twice but not very often. I had flashes of knowing what was going on around me. I woke up one time and a lot of excitement seemed to be going on. They had me in a canvas tent along with other soldiers. I noticed I could start hearing explosions from hand grenades, which were being thrown in and around the area. There was a lot of gunfire and I thought the safest place to be was not in the bed. I thought that I'd better get out of the bed but I was all taped up. I didn't know where I was hurting really but I was aware enough to know that something ought to happen so I started rocking the bed so I could get out of it and get on the ground. Some guy bumped the bed and knocked it over so I fell out of bed but didn't get hurt. He apologized because he didn't mean to knock me out of bed. Seemed like a funny little thing to have happened. Later on I got back far enough to a hospital of more than a tent. It was made of bamboo. It was a native built one with the coconut frawns and everything laid over this and that so it was a hospital we were in. But it was pretty nice. I had lost consciousness again for a period of a few days that I wasn't aware of anything. In fact, I was wounded on May 30th and except for those little blinks in and out, I really didn't stay conscious again until June 20th.

I woke up in the hospital and my head was kind of lying over the side of the cot. I was on a canvas cot. I looked down at a pan with a bunch of hair or something. I asked a nurse what was in the pan. She said it was my hair and I asked if she was cutting it. She told me I had a very high fever and I would be lucky if I didn't lose all the hair on my body, especially on my head. It didn't go all at once but that was the beginning of going bald-headed. I felt kind of bad to loose my hair because I had nice wavy hair. I had my whole platoon with me on that patrol. We had found some Japanese the day before in that area and we went out again doing the same way we did before. They changed their tactics and they had pulled back into the jungle a little bit. I wasn't alert enough to know why they were pulling a little trick on us until all at once we were being ambushed. They were all around us when they started shooting at us. A few got killed and a few of us got wounded. We usually were more alert than that but we had been right up the trail the day before so we didn't think much about it. Maybe they had withdrawn the day before because we had worked them over. I spread the men out a little bit as the firing started. Something got my attention. Frank Galley, a little guy from New Orleans, had been hit and he was able to stay on his feet. I told him to pull back to where I was. Very interesting, the day before, his clothes got very rotten and we came across a Japanese supply dump and we picked up an outfit that fit him. He was so fast, maybe fifteen or twenty quick steps, and it looked like his crotch was clear up under his arms. It was funny and I started laughing.

All at once I decided I needed to get up to move and something hit me in the right shoulder and spun me around until I fell down. I think if I hadn't stood up, that it would have hit me right in the head. I had just started standing up but was not all the way up. My moving just raised my body up enough that the top of my head got out of the way. As I fell and lay on the ground, I was aware I was hurt bad. Not an excruciating pain, but a numbing pain all over me like somebody had hit me with a 2 X 4 across the shoulder about as hard as they could. I took a deep breath. I could feel the air coming in the hole in my back. The bullet had penetrated my shoulder down to my shoulder blade and come out the middle of my back. It took the end of two ribs off of my backbone. In the patrol next to ours, a Sergeant Dusick from Portland, Oregon, a big, husky, heavy man, saw that I was in trouble. He came down. I had gotten sulfur pills out of my pouch to keep the infection down. Blood was running out of my mouth and my lungs were filling with blood. I started moving around a bit and got most of that out of the way where I could still breathe to get enough air to stay alive. He picked me up with my good arm over his shoulder and we started down through the jungle. I remember it had started raining just a little bit before that time. In front of us it looked like great big raindrops hitting the water. It was machine gun bullets I knew but I just thought it was big raindrops. Sergeant Dusick hit the ground on top of me.

We radioed back that a lot of us were hurt and made contact with the beach only about a mile away. Through the jungle it is quite a ways to travel. They got a jeep or two there for us and hauled us back far enough so they could put us in one of those canvas tents and get us out of the fight, I offered a word of silent prayer and I was aware I wasn't going to die. I don't remember much about that next month.

When I really regained consciousness, I was back in a better medical facility and aware I was going to be all right. I woke up and looked at an army chaplain sitting on the side of my cot. He asked me my name and my serial number. I looked at him kind of funny. A chaplain asking my serial number? I told him it was 209-39-451. He asked if I was positive. I said I was and I asked him why he was asking me those questions. He said that for days every time I looked like I was conscious somebody would ask me what my

serial number was and I would tell them 209-39-451. The dog tags around my neck said 209-39-452, but I was giving them my cousin, Lyle Belnap's serial number. I asked him what day it was. He said June 20th. From that time on I was aware of more things. Chaplain Probst said that a telegram was sent on that day and it arrived in Blackfoot, Idaho around June 20th. The Belnaps were having a reunion and sure enough, Charles Belnap was there and they gave him the telegram. They had a prayer for me as a family and from that time on my mental thinking started to restore. I was aware of who I was and where I was. I felt the family was tremendous in helping me recover.

Over the years and in the service, Lyle and I had grown to be real close friends. He's my cousin. He was a year younger but he was a little bigger. When we were in Fort Lewis, Washington, for a few months as National Guardsmen, we used to put on demonstrations of fighting. We waited until it was almost dark and we'd get out in the company street and have a real fight. People would gather around and think we were really knocking each other to pieces. Once in a while they would try and stop the fight but we were just play fighting. We had a knack for tumbling and rolling. Every time one of us took a swing, the other would duck and clap his hands just right and it looked like we hit.

When I got out of the hospital where Chaplain Probst was, I was sent to a rest area with better facilities. To get my strength back I was walking, I looked up as a jeep went by and Lyle Belnap was riding in the back seat. I hollered and he recognized my voice. I thought he was still in Australia. He jumped out of the jeep and rolled around as it was traveling about 20 mph. He tried to get up and I was right on top of him. We were having one of our wrestling matches there in the dust and dirt. Later, he asked me what I was in the hospital for and I told him. He felt bad because he was wrestling so hard with me and I had only used one arm. He got permission to stay over one night there in the jungle. It was nice. We were in the jungles for about thirty months.

AND THEN THERE WAS BLANCHE

I came home from the army and was discharged. Before I went into the army I loved to dance. When I got home, my older brother, Denis, and his wife, Marie knew that I loved to dance. They were going to make sure I got to go to a dance. A few weeks after I came home they arranged a date for me because I didn't know any girls. Her last name was Ayers. Denis and Marie took me there. Mr. Ayers had a den that he had built near the end of the war. A lot of trophies like elk and deer were hanging in the den. Their heads were mounted. He was quite an outdoorsman and he was quite proud to have me there because I was a return serviceman. His son, a little younger than I, had been in the CB's and hadn't returned yet. He was quite proud to have a serviceman come back from the war. Especially when he knew the family. He showed me all his guns and everything. I kept wondering when this girl was going to show up that I was suppose to take to the dance. Everybody was just sitting around talking.

Finally the girl showed up. She came out into the den and boy she was beautiful. She was just as pretty as could be and I got the funniest feeling. I was talking to her father about some of his guns and right in the middle of saying something I got a feeling and a message all at once through my head telling me that this was my wife. It startled me so bad that I stopped right in the middle of talking and just stood there with my mouth open. That made Mr. Ayers upset because he thought that I was acting smart and was just gawking at his daughter.

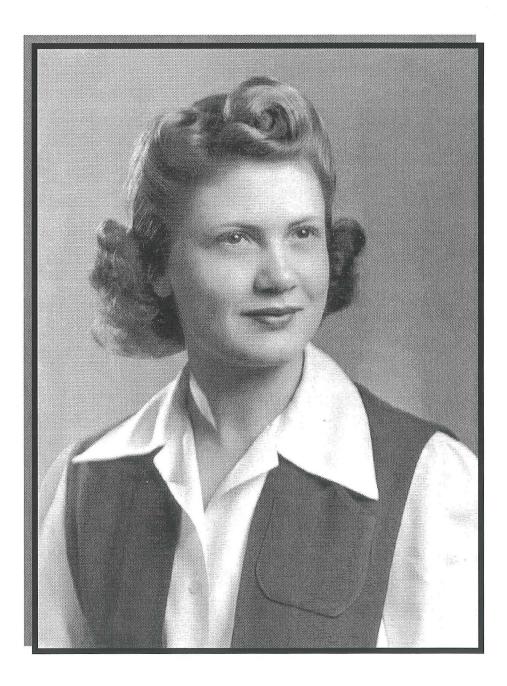
From that time on I knew that she was the girl I was going to marry. It took me a year to convince her that that was the way it was going to go. On November 3, 1946 we were married n Corvallis, Oregon.



We were blessed with 5 wonderful children:

Wesley Martell Belnap Teresa Diane Belnap (Jansson) McMaken Donald Hugh Belnap Daryl Wynn Belnap Sandra Blanche Belnap Brandyberry April 19, 1951 December 24, 1952 December 18, 1954 March 12, 1964 June 8, 1965

DELMA A BELNAP



The sixth child of Gus & Nettie was born on December 20, 1923 at Salem, Madison, Idaho. She weighed about 6 lbs. at birth. She had golden hair and very unique eyes – one was blue and one was a greenish brown. Delma always felt self conscious about her eyes and wished they were either blue or brown. She was a beautiful baby with her porcelain skin and golden hair.

She was a very active little girl. As she would run, skip and play her golden hair would fly and make it seem even more gorgeous.

The first years of her public school were in Roberts, Idaho. To walk to school she had to go past a long row of trees. Whenever the wind blew it frightened her because the wind was so strong the trees would bend down so far she was sure they would fall on her. Many times Dad would walk with her.

When Delma was in second grade she won a prize for painting.

The family moved to Groveland and she continued her grammar school through the eighth grade.



During her school years here, she was very involved with school activities. She was a member of the Girls Glee Club, played on the girl's basketball team and discovered she had a special talent in art.



Her high school years she spent at Blackfoot High School. She attended Seminary and after 4 years graduated. She belonged to a Seminary choir and had the privilege of singing at General Conference in Salt Lake City. She was active in all school activities and was voted the most popular girl in all the high school.

At the beginning of World War II, she became engaged to a very special young man. He joined the Navy and begged her to marry him before he went to war. She did not marry him before he left and he never returned from the war. This was a heart breaking time in her life.

In 1942, she moved to Corvallis, Oregon with her parents. During the next year she worked as a file clerk at Camp Adair.

Her talents were many including her ability to show compassion for all. Delma was a very complex person and many people never took the time to get to know her and appreciate the person she really was.

She held several positions in the church, Primary teacher, Primary President and Sunday School teacher.

On June 6, 1943, she married Rolland Orville Robison at Corvallis, Oregon.

Rollie and Delma are the proud parents of 5 boys and 1 girl:

Steven Rollie Robison Roland Duane Robison Rolland Orville Robison Jr. Carl Lee Robison Arlyn Augustus Robison Toni Janette Robison Greissmann July 5, 1945 August 31, 1947 September 27, 1948 October 3, 1949 March 10, 1961 July 14, 1963

THOUGHTS OF HER BROTHER MARTELL EXPRESSED AT THE FUNERAL OF DELMA ROBISON IN OGDEN, UTAH - OCTOBER 4, 1979

Rollie and family, I want to thank you for asking me to speak for a few minutes. I want to talk to you children and tell you about your Mother as seen through the eyes of a brother. I think I may tell you some things you have not known about your Mother.

I remember her first as a little orange-haired girl. She was a very active little girl. She would laugh a lot and she would run, skip and her beautiful hair would fly as she moved about. I remember she always had a ready smile for everyone.

Your Mother was always a busy girl. As I was talking with Berneice and Delsa this afternoon, they were telling me how when they were having some kind of problems, your Mother would always show up and give a helping hand. We kept on talking and I told them that when I was a teenager and your Mother was finally old enough to go to dances, I was her chauffeur. When we were going someplace, I would go out and get in the car and I would start to go and she would holler, "Oops, wait a minute." Then she would jump out and run into the house. One night she did this three times and each time would come out in a different outfit. I thought she just enjoyed changing clothes and taking her time, but Delsa said, oh, she would stop and help Mother or her do some job. That seemed to typify her life. She would give of herself even when it would be at a sacrifice on her part.

I then remembered when we were kids on the farm. It was my job to bring the cows in from the pasture every night. Not wanting to go alone, I would tell Delma how hard it was to drive the cows alone and all those sort of things and she would go with me. I have always thought I was just fast-talking her into going with me. Now I realize she went with me because she wanted to help me. She has always helped people as each one of you children know how much she had done for each of you.

Rollie, Lyn and Toni, you will miss her more than the others will, but Toni and Lyn you both had a very special experience the evening your Mother died. Remember she is happy and there is a way that you all can be with her again. There are certain things you must do while here. Make sure you do these things before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated – and when we obtain any blessing from God, it s by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated.

I know that God lives, that he loves you and he wants you to have those things that will bring happiness to you. I ask the Lord's blessing to be with each of you in your times of need . . . In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

LONELY THOUGHTS

It's late at night, I'm in my bed Lonely thoughts dance in my head. Happy times have come and gone Joyous memories of my Mom. She has gone and left us here How I wish we could be near.

She has work and so do I I must be strong, I must not cry. My sister, Toni, whom I love Fragile as a little dove My Father too, strong and dear I'm so lucky to have them here.

Mother returned the night she died A little voice deep inside She said "Be happy and rejoice" In her sweet and quiet voice. And so somehow we carry on Doubtful and afraid, but also strong.

The Lord will help us if we try And if we work and do not cry Friends and family are also there Their help and love is everywhere.

And so I go to work and to play But the emptiness haunts me each day I cry for Mom deep inside, A part of me I try to hide. In humility to the Lord I pray These lonely thoughts to take away.

Please dear Lord, if I may Help me find the light of day And comfort me throughout this night So for thy work I may fight.

Written by Lyn – Son of Rollie and Delma Robison

EXPRESSED AT THE FUNERAL OF DELMA ROBISON IN OGDEN, UTAH OCTOBER 4, 1979

By Lenice Wilde Egbert

I would like to share my perspective of Aunt Delma as I idolized her vivacity and sweetness as she was a teen preparing for a special date – and I was five, hiding behind the bedroom door.

Through memories eyes I peek 'round a door, Where Aunt Delma is still in her teens. She is rushing about with joy in her eyes, Her lovely gown sweeps 'long the floor.

I tease her, then run . . I may have some fun, Before Rollie calls at the door –

She sees me – she comes, She hugs me awhile, Then whirls in her wonderful gown.

Then I go around with stars in my eyes.. A child of only five – And the lace at her hem Feels like butterfly wings, As I follow close – holding the prize.

And we dance round and round As I hold to her gown, We sing of sunshine and love. She stops in a while, Takes my hands with a smile, Lifts me up, then lets me back down.

She soon waves good-bye Gently closes the door I tingle and twirl – just once more. She has left me a gift of kindness and joy, I'll treasure her love evermore.

DELSA A BELNAP



The year 1925 was a year of both sorrow and joy for Augustus Ruben and Olena Nettie Belnap. On June 15, 1925, Mary Read Belnap, my Father's Mother passed away. She had been ill for some time with heart trouble. She had run out of her prescription medicine for her heart. They called the doctor and he was not available, so they got another doctor. He gave her a different medicine. The new medicine did not help her and as a result she became worse and passed away. This left an empty spot in my parents' life and much sorrow for losing her.

On September 20, 1925, I joined the family of Gus & Nettie. I was the seventh child and this completed the family. I was an average size baby weighing about 6 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes. There usually was not a scale to weigh new babies, so they would guess at the weight. The average baby was around 6 lbs.

I was born at home in what we always called the little blue house. I have 4 older brothers and two older sisters. When I was born I was a blue baby. The doctor told my Mother to always lay me on my right side.

My Mother told me when I first walked at nine months, that it was a run instead. She said I stood up in the middle of the front room floor and ran to the back door in the kitchen and said, "Open door."

My first memory of home was standing on my tiptoes and watching my Mother roll out cookies. The house then did not have kitchen cupboards and so Mother used the kitchen

table and I can remember holding on to the edge of that table watching her. I later learned she nearly always made raisin filled cookies. They soon became my favorite.

My favorite memory of my Father was when he would hold me on his lap and tell me stories about his Mother. Although she passed away before I was born I learned to love her from all the stories I was told. I hoped I could become like her. One of the best compliments I ever received later in life was when I was told if you want to know what Grandma Belnap was like, just look at Delsa. He never raised his voice when he was upset at us. He would simply ask, "Did you learn anything?"

My early activities revolved around my family and church. I loved life and felt the world was such a wonderful playground made just for me. I can't remember a time at home when I didn't feel loved and spoiled by all.



The gospel was a very important part of our family life. When I was about 3 or 4 years old, Mother was Primary President. Every Tuesday afternoon at 4 pm we would walk over to the church for Primary. Mother had a hold of my hand and Delma by the other hand.

My Mother was very patient with my endless chatter and questions. I think one day she must have become tired of all this and in hopes to quiet me she told me this little verse she made up.

My name is little chatterbox. They call me Delsa A. I have to talk so much you see, Because I have so much to say.

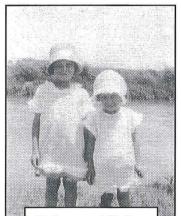
One morning Mother was out weeding in the garden and of course I was with her. This morning there seemed to be a lot of meadowlarks in the garden. They seemed extra happy and were singing a lot. Once again my endless questions came up. I asked Mama what song they were singing. In order to quiet me again she told me they were saying, "

Delsa is a pretty little girl." I was so excited I decide to run and tell them "thank you". Of course this frightened them and they all flew away. But it gave Mama a few minutes without my constant questions.

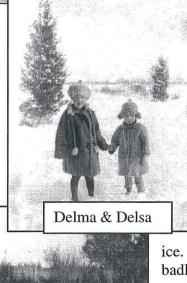
Growing up on a farm, we as a family worked and helped each other. This particular day we were picking potatoes. Mother was ahead of us. She called for us to come and see what she found. We all went running to see what it was. It turned out to be a nest of newborn mice. As we ran to see them we could hear them squeaking. Martell said, "Delsa, you are standing on one." It really made me shake all over to think I stepped on it and killed it. To this day, I can't stand to see or be near mice.

I'm sure when my Father and Mother were married they must have decided they would serve the Lord and raise their family to do the same. There was never a question about us going to church – we went. At this time we had Sunday School at 10 am, and Sacrament meeting at 8 pm. When I turned eight and was ready to be baptized, they did the baptisms on a Stake level. It wasn't held every month, so I wasn't baptized until December 2nd. I shall never forget the day. Mother took me to the Stake building where I changed into a white dress. The Stake leaders thought it would be nice to have the Priests of the Stake do the baptizing. I didn't know any of them and really wished my Father could have done it. My Father did confirm me the next day, which was Sunday.

Denis, was my oldest brother and I thought he must be perfect. I remember one winter he put his skates on, got the sleigh, bundled me up and took me for a sleigh ride on the ice on the canal. Years later I found out this was also the year we didn't have enough money for both of us to have a coat, so he went without a coat so I could have one. This was during some of the depression years.



Delma and Delsa





Delsa & Berneice



Delsa & Delma -

Newel was the brother that always seemed to take time to hold and listen to me. He often called me his "little halfpint". He would often tell me he would give me a nickel or dime if I wouldn't say anything for five minutes. I never could make it to a minute let alone five minutes.

Ivan was a brother I knew only by the memory that was kept alive in the family. I knew him only as a sweet baby that was called home at the age of 11 months.

Berneice, my oldest sister was a second Mother to me. She would sit me up on the table and comb my hair in ringlets. Because my hair was naturally curly the ringlets would stay curled most of the time. After she fixed my hair, she would count the freckles on my face. One day I asked her where freckles came from. Her reply was "They are fairy kisses." Of course, then I thought freckles were wonderful to have.

Martell was my hero. I thought he must be a knight in shining armor. One day at high school, I knew this to be true. I had Seminary the last period in school. As I ran across the street to Seminary I slipped and fell on the

ice. When I got up, I fell again and then realized my ankle was badly hurt. I limped on over to Seminary and stayed till it was over. By the time I got back over to school all the busses were gone. I really didn't know what I could do. We didn't have a telephone and it was almost 5 miles to walk home. All I could do was burst into tears. Then to my surprise I looked up to see Martell standing there. He had come to the school to pick up his girlfriend. He saw me standing there crying so he came and picked me up, carried me to the car, and took me home. What a hero he was to me.

I never knew a day or night without my sister, Delma. She was my best friend and constant playmate. She was always trying to keep me out of trouble and to teach me to do the correct thing. One day as we were herding the cows, it was time to take them home. Delma and I were both on the same horse. Delma in the front and I was behind her. The cows went under one of our apple trees so the horse followed after them. All at once Delma said to lay down and the next thing we knew we were pushed off the horse by a branch on the tree. As we fell, 1 I fainted. Delma picked me up and carried me into the house. She was sure I had died. In a few minutes I came to and there stood Delma with blood on her arms and face and all I had done was faint. I'm so thankful and feel so blessed to have such wonderful parents and siblings. How could I not feel loved and spoiled with such a wonderful family?

The year 1930 was when Delma started school. I was very lonesome with no one to play with. This was the year Mama taught me to embroider. I embroidered nine blocks of different animals and then Mama helped me sew them together to make a quilt for my doll. Mama would also fill the dishpan with warm water and put it down on a chair for me to wash the dishes.

In 1931, I started school at Roberts, Idaho. I loved school – the only thing that seemed hard was when I sat down at my desk, my feet wouldn't reach the floor and the desk came up to my chin. As a result, I found it much better to stand up by my desk and do my schoolwork. Miss Hansen, my teacher, was forever telling me to please sit down.

One of the Christmases I remember most was when our family was quarantined because of an epidemic of Spinal Meningitis. As Christmas drew near Martell kept telling me there wasn't any Santa Claus and so we wouldn't have a Christmas that year. I never believed him and I knew there was a Santa Claus. The day before Christmas, Mother bundled Martell, Delma, and myself up and let us go out to play in the snow. It wasn't long until a car came down the road honking and honking. It stopped right by our mailbox and out jumped Santa Claus. He left us a large box. I started to jump up and down telling Martell I knew there was a Santa Claus. I have no idea what was in the box, but I knew there was a Santa Claus.

As a child growing up, Christmas was a fun time. The Primary always had a fun Christmas party. We would have a dance and then Santa would come with oranges, peanuts, and candy for everyone.

One other Christmas I'll write about is when I was about eleven years old. Berneice was in high school then and they had grapefruit in Home Ec. class. She talked Mother and Dad into having grapefruit Christmas morning. As a result we couldn't open presents until we ate and cleaned up. Everyone put sugar on their grapefruit, but I loved salt on mine.

In the spring of 1932 my Father rented a 40-acre farm in Groveland, Idaho. We moved in March. Moving then was much different than now. All of the furniture was loaded in a wagon and Daddy drove the horses and wagon. Denis and Newel rode horses and drove the cows. Mother with Berneice, Martell, Delma and I went in the car. It was about 50 miles. It took Daddy and the boys two days. As near as I can remember, they just camped out the one night. Groveland became our home for many years and I loved and enjoyed it there.

Mrs. Bailey is one of the teachers I first remember. I think she taught 1st and 2nd grade. We were learning about different measurements and she had a pint bottle and a cup so we would fill the cup with water then pour it into the pint bottle. It always took 2 cups. Then she would say, "2 cups equal a pint and a pint is a pound the world around."

I enjoyed my school in Groveland. We had a Glee Club (a girl's chorus) that I enjoyed singing in. We also had a girls basketball team, which I loved to play on. Girls basketball was a little different then than now. We had 3 guards and 3 forwards on each team. If you were one of the guards on the team you could only play as far as the center line or if you were a forward on the same team you could only play to the center line. That made it so you only played half court. It was thought that if girls played full court it would be too strenuous for them.

Our school had 8 grades in it and then when we finished 8 grades, we graduated and went on to high school.

Daddy took me to a lot of the high school basketball games. He would tell me what to look for in the game. The one lesson he always taught me here – he would say "It's important to be in the right place at the right time."

I graduated from Groveland Grammar school and then went on to Blackfoot High School. This was a change for me. Groveland School was a small rural school; Blackfoot High was in town and drew from several schools. It wasn't long though until I was involved with all the activities of a high school. We had basketball, football, Pep Club and many dances. Our English class put on a play "Midsummer Nights Dream". I thought it was so special because I got to be the fairy. I took three years of Seminary and was able to graduate.

In the spring of 1942, my parents sold our farm in Groveland and we moved to Corvallis, Oregon. This was to be my senior year in high school. I found it hard to move from a solid Mormon community to a place where there wasn't even a ward.

I made a few friends at Corvallis High school but it was a difficult year for me. I graduated from Corvallis High school in June of 1943.

We attended a small branch of the church in Salem, 45 miles away. By fall a small branch was started in Corvallis.

The highlight of our moving to Corvallis was I got acquainted with Keith Robison. I had met Keith several years before. Denis had married Keith's only sister Marie. When Denis and Marie's wedding was being planned, my Mother went over to the Robison house. Rollie and Keith were in the bathroom floating their little boats in the bathtub. Mrs. Robison asked if I would like to join the boys. I remember standing in the doorway watching Rollie and Keith. My Mother had taught me not to go in the bathroom with other people. When I first moved to Corvallis, Keith had gone to Roberts, Idaho to work on their farm there. He returned to Corvallis in August and prepared to attend Oregon State University. Our first date was to attend OSU's Homecoming football game. Delma and Rollie went with us. This was the first time I had ever been to a college game. I thought it was great. Keith must have also because from then on we dated regularly.

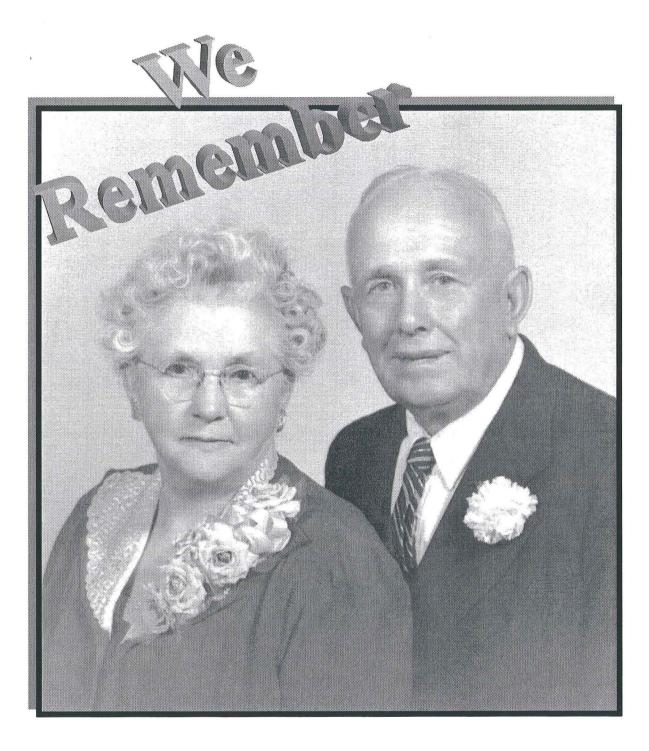
One date I remember distinctly. I always liked to ride piggyback on my Father. One evening I had dressed for a date with Keith. I had a straight skirt on. We were upstairs, so I asked my Father if he would give me a piggyback ride down the stairs. What I did not know is that Keith had already come and was downstairs waiting for me. As we came down the last flight of stairs I was mortified. There stood Keith. Since I had a straight skirt on, my skirt was quite high showing most of my legs. I was so embarrassed. My Father just laughed and went slower down the stairs and Keith did not even turn his head. He just stared.

This was during World War II and gas was rationed. Most of our dates were with our friends and we would go together at someone's home and play games. Sometimes we just all went together and had a picnic at Avery Park.

This was a very special time for us and so we announced our engagement on March 21, 1943. We both worked that summer and saved our money so we would have money to be married in the fall. We were married November 14, 1943 in Corvallis, Benton, Oregon.

We are the parents of six wonderful children:

Allen Keith Robison Karon Dea Robison Kynaston Linda Loanne Robison Bartholomew Jeanne Laree Robison Purcell Alicia Marie Robison Brooks Ronald Orie Robison February 22, 1945 March 9, 1948 January 31, 1951 August 30, 1953 May 23, 1956 October 23, 1959



WE REMEMBER MOTHER

By Berneice Belnap Wilde & Delsa Belnap Robison

These are stories told to us by our Mother; they are the things we observed and the characteristics that made her a real living person.

Being the oldest of eight children, a lot of responsibility was placed on her. Once when she was very young, she was left to watch the younger ones. Her little sister, Evie, wanted to smell the vanilla. Mother climbed up on a chair to reach the bottle of vanilla, took the lid off, and held the bottle down to Evie's nose. When she tipped the bottle up, Evie's nose was filled with vanilla. Mother thought she had killed her as it took a long time to get her breathing again. Taking care of her younger brothers and sisters was a chore she particularly did not enjoy.

When she was eight years old her father was building the family a big new house. As he was doing most of the work himself, it was necessary to have some help. While he was building the chimney for the two-story house, he needed someone to carry bricks and mortar up to him. This job was assigned to Mother and her six-year-old sister, Linda. With their little buckets filled with brick or mortar, they would climb up the tall ladder holding on with one hand and carrying the bucket in the other. Mother remembered this as one of the most frightening experiences of her childhood. One of the most beautiful pieces of furniture in their home was an organ. Her Father was a musician. He played the organ, violin and most any musical instrument he picked up. At an early age Mother was taught the musical chords and how to use them to accompany her Father as he played the violin.

As she grew older, she didn't like the plain clothes her Mother sewed for her. Her Father employed an accomplished seamstress and teacher to teach her to sew and design clothes. From the age of fourteen she was designing and sewing her own clothes. This talent was one she used all her life. At age eighty, Mother was still designing and sewing doll clothes to sell. She made the statement that she wished she had enough money to buy her a new sewing machine that would last a while. She had bought a new sewing machine when she was in her sixties and she had almost worn it out.

When she was sixteen, her baby brother, Estes, died. They were all devastated. Her Mother just could not bear this loss. Then, when her Father was taken ill, much of his care was Mother's responsibility. As her Father's fever continued, and the pain in his head became unbearable, it was Mother's job to keep cold cloths on his head and give him cold sips of water. One day as she lifted his head to give him a sip, he died there in her arms. All of this was too much for her Mother; consequently, the main responsibility of caring for the family fell upon Mother and her sister, Linda. Later, Mother obtained housework and caring for mothers with newborn babies. This brought in some meager income for the family. Gussie and Nettie's relationship grew into romance. Many years later Mother said she would like to go up in the mountains to Warm River and see if she could find the tree where Gussie carved a heart with their initials in it.



Written on the back of the photocard: "Ha! Ha! Here we are just as we looked that Sunday afternoon when we were walking though the trees and someone shot at us--with my shoes, Linda's one side, and Sennies pleased smile. Please don't let any one see this card or they will have their 'opinion' of us. Will look better someday." Mother was ecstatic when she was hired as a clerk in a mercantile store. She was very happy in this job. She was proud to handle all the new merchandise and was always pleased to have her cash register balance at the end of the day. She worked here for five years.

The veil between Mother and the spirit world was very thin. One day as she was working in the Harris Brothers mercantile store in the small community of Salem, Idaho, an old man with pure white hair and a long white beard dressed in a black suit came into the store. Mother approached him and asked if she could help him with something. He asked how she and the family were doing. After Mother told him fine, he turned and walked toward the door. Bishop Harris, owner of the store, had noticed him, but did not recognize him as someone that had ever been in the store before. The Bishop came to see who it was. As Bishop Harris approached the man, he disappeared out the door. Being very curious, Mother and Bishop Harris walked out of the door and looked to see where he had gone. They couldn't see him any place. Bishop Harris then asked Mother if she knew who that was. Mother said ves, he was one of the three Nephite prophets that had chosen to remain on the earth. Bishop Harris said, "yes, that's who it was."

Mother loved to learn and continued her education by going to Ricks Academy night school in Rexburg, Idaho. She taught a night religion class in Salem. She never lost her desire to learn and study. In her later seventies she bought an electric typewriter and taught herself to type.

Mother would tell about the dances in the Salem Hall. She never tired of dancing hour after hour. One summer a young man, Frank Madison, came from Salt Lake to spend the summer in the Rexburg area. He was an outstanding dancer and knew the latest dance steps. He also knew he wanted Mother for his girlfriend and they danced together a lot. This upset Gussie Belnap as he considered Mother his girlfriend. He referred to Frank Madison as a "narrow shiny-shooed panty waist". Mother said it was fun to make Gussie jealous. Soon she was engaged to Gussie and had promised to wait for him while he served a three-year mission to Australia for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

After Daddy's death in 1963 Mother came to live with Keith and Delsa. Later when Keith and Delsa moved to Boise, Idaho, Mother lived in a mobile home next to their home.

One Thanksgiving Day we were busy getting dinner ready when Jeanne looked out of the window and asked who were those people going in to see Grandma? I looked out and didn't see anyone, and so we said no more. When Mother came over later in the day, she said she had such a wonderful visit with everyone that came to see her that day. I asked her who had come. She told me it was many of her relatives that had passed away. I asked her if Daddy was there. She said he was, but she didn't have the privilege of seeing and visiting with him. But she knew he was sitting next to her as she could see his hand there on her knee. What a wonderful blessing and privilege this was for her.

Mother always knew when something was wrong with those she loved so much. One afternoon she looked out of her living room window, and there she saw Carol Belnap, Milton's first wife. Carol waved to her and told her goodbye. In just a few hours we received word that Carol had passed away. Mother never felt these things were unusual or different, but felt blessed and privileged to have had these spiritual blessings in her life.

Mother was a very proud person and felt you should always look your best. First thing she did in the morning was to comb her hair and dress neatly for the day.

She felt she had seen and experienced so many things in her lifetime. She had gone from horse and buggy days to cars, to airplanes and the excitement of watching men land and walk on the moon.

Even with the loss of her Father at an early age, her self-made determination to seek culture and refinement and pass this on to her children was the crowning glory of her personality.

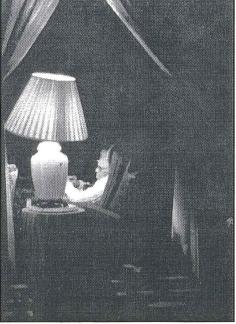


Nettie's love for reading and learning

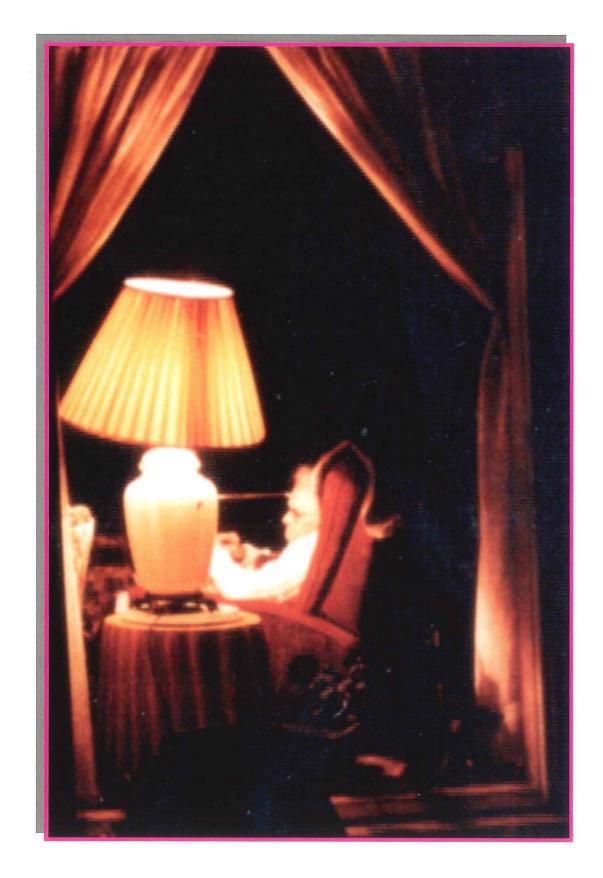
About 1907







93 years of age 1981



I REMEMBER MOTHER

By Delma A Belnap

Perhaps my first recollection is of a day when Mom was making candy. Evidently talk had been of the crowded atmosphere in "the little blue house" – three small rooms for seven people.

"Yes, but one good thing is the boys bedroom window is such a good place to cool candy," I said.

"Yes, it is. With a cool breeze it is just about the best place in the whole world," replied my wise and understanding Mother.

This little girl standing on tiptoe, fingers gripped on the edge of the table peeking over the top to see Mother prepare candy, felt very secure in a house full of love. The house was headed by a man of God raising three big brothers to follow in his footsteps and an adorable, loving and watchful big sister and a sweet darling little sister. We were all bound together with the love and labor of a beautiful Mother and handsome Father who knew what life on this earth is all about.

A letter Delma wrote to her Mother:

Dear Mother,

Thank you for being my special wonderful mother. I appreciate very much all the many, many nice things You have done for me through the years since I was a Tiny baby, a "trying" little girl, and on through the years until now!!!

You are very special in my eyes and shall always be a very exceptional mother and lovely person.

Love from, Delma

I WAS TAUGHT BY MY MOTHER

By Martell A Belnap

When I was fifteen or sixteen, seems like that's when I got into more problems than any other time. I had been out working with Dad and he'd asked me to go to the house and get something. As I went in the house, Mother asked me why I had come. Instead of answering her right, I gave her some smart answer like, "I wanted to" or something like that. She said, "Now, your Father's busy out in the field and you should be out helping him." I said, "Well, I'll go when I get ready." She said, "Well, now you do such and such or I'll give you a spanking." Well, Mother knew better than that so I said, "You're not going to give me a spanking." I kind of turned my back to her to go out. I thought she was just joking but when I turned my back to her, she locked both her arms around me and pinned my arms to my sides and the only thing I could move was my feet. I danced around a little bit. She could pick me up and hold me for a second. This got to be embarrassing. I thought that the next time she set me down I was going to get away. I got my feet on the floor; started struggling and she just gave me a spin around. I went spinning across the kitchen and hit the windowsill. The windowsill was up a little, I hit the window glass and over backwards I went, out the window and hit on the back of my neck in the yard. I thought, "that didn't hurt I'll just lay her and pretend I'm hurt." I kind of squinted my eyes like they were shut and waited for her to look out the window and see me and run out and say, "Oh, are you all right!" She never did come out. I got tired lying there. I went to the house and told her she could have hurt me. She said, "Yeah, I could have, but I didn't, did I?" I said, "Well, how did you know? You didn't even look out?" So we had a little discussion about that and she told me that not only was the window broke, but I was going to pay to get it fixed. Sure enough, I had to pay to get it fixed.

I REMEMBER FATHER

By Augustus Denis Belnap

I think one of the outstanding things that I remember about Dad was his ability to do what necessarily must be done at the time with what there was to do with, as well as his ability to stand pressure and pain when there was no alternative. I think of the time when we were hauling lumber from Kilgore to the valley and he was suffering from a very bad toothache. When he jumped from the wagon to the ground, it popped a nerve in his tooth. It must have been terribly painful because beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. He had me get a match from the grub box, wrap the end of it with a small piece of cotton plucked from one of the quilts we had with us and with this crude little implement he pushed the nerve back down into the tooth. That was an experience I shall never forget. It dwells with many more incidents in my memory that demonstrate his ability to cope with situations as they confronted him.

As I remember, he did not have a lot of "do's" and "don'ts", but one thing was certain. I found out that when he did tell you something he wanted or didn't want you to do – he meant it. I am sure since I am older, there were many things I did, that took a lot of understanding on his part. I shall always be thankful that I had such a fine and loving and understanding father as he was – a man who tried to teach by example his whole life through.

I REMEMBER FATHER

By Oscar Newel Belnap

One nice, warm, spring day when I was about ten or eleven years old, I got a bad case of spring fever when in school; due to this, the teacher invited me to stay after school and do some of the work I had not finished. When I arrived home, Mother was displeased about me having to stay after school and told me so in no uncertain terms.

Due to all this, it was late when I started out to do my chores, but I thought my older brother would help me as I had had so much trouble. Now, older brothers are fine but once in a while they get a bit ornery, so we had trouble. Now this was the last straw for me. It seemed the whole world was against me, so I decided to run away from home. About this time I looked down the road and saw Dad coming home from work. He had been plowing for George H. B. Harris, so I ran down the road to meet him. He stopped the wagon for me to climb up in the seat beside him. Seeing something was wrong, he wanted to know about it so I told him the whole story and that I was going to run away. He asked if I was sure that was what I wanted to do, and I was sure. Instead of trying to talk me out of it, he reached in his pocket and took out his purse, laid it in the seat between us and said, "Take what money you need, as you will need some to last you until you can find a job." I was so taken back that I just sat there, then he said, "No son of mine is going to have to steal or beg, so take what money you need." As I still just sat there he continued, "How do you think you can get along with strangers if you can't get along with the people that know and love you. As it is about dark now, why don't you wait until morning to start out? If you still want to talk about it more, let's do it in the morning." Needless to say we never talked about it again.

As I look back on it, I think what a kind man he was. He never told me I couldn't or even that I shouldn't; he left the whole thing up to me to decide for myself what I should do. He believed every person was a person in himself and should be a master of himself. Of course, the advice he gave me made me decide what was best for me.

That was the kind of a man my Father was.

139

I REMEMBER FATHER

By Delma A Belnap

I remember Daddy working hard to provide food, clothing, a warm place to live and an atmosphere conducive to foster in each one of us a true and lasting love for our Lord and Savior, and a deep and ever loving reverence for God, our Heavenly Father. And at the same time always making the present time happy while preparing future and lasting happiness for his entire family.

Every day was the time to give thanks to our Lord, not only inward but outward thanks as well. As regular and commonplace as the light of morning, we would kneel at our breakfast chair around the table for family prayer. It was exciting and a thrill to be old enough to find my place.

I remember the "tee-hees" when someone would forget their place or couldn't find their chair due to a change. "Our Father which art in Heaven," Daddy's words of prayer were always very special because he would say them with great importance.

"We thank thee for the night's rest we've had and ask thee to guide and protect us this day from accident, harm and danger. This we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen." Then we would enjoy our breakfast.

The night prayer was usually said in the living room where we had been sewing, reading, playing games, and listening to the radio. If the older children were to a church meeting, a show or dance, etc., we would wait for prayer until they were home, unless it grew too late. Then Dad would go ahead with the ones who were home.

We would simply kneel where we were. "Our Father which art in Heaven, we thank thee for the blessings we have enjoyed this day. We ask thee to let thy Spirit be with us tonight in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Prayer time was not awkward but very ordinary with the strength and security which came from the regularity of these simple but strong prayers were very great indeed.

It is difficult to think about Daddy without including Mother. They are one in purpose. Happenings at Church were always big news in our home.

I remember Daddy giving special blessings to the sick by virtue of the Priesthood, blessing babies in Sacrament Meetings, ordaining boys and men to positions in the Priesthood, confirming members into Jesus Christ's church, and all of the church responsibilities. Dad took care of these things in a magnificent but humble manner, exemplifying the work of God, His son Jesus Christ in a most powerful way. He held great strength, stood solid in righteousness. The last words I heard Daddy say were still reassuringly firm meant for the entire family, "This is something we must all go through. It is a big step we each must take, but we have been shown the way. Jesus Christ led the way which will make it easier for each one of us."

When we gathered as a family to dress the body, Berneice whispered to me, "This is the greatest accomplishment in all the world. Daddy being dressed in righteousness with the cap being placed in readiness for him to meet his Maker."

He had accomplished the greatest and most important task on earth.

Things I remember about Daddy are his strong, deep voice, stories of his mission to Australia, thinning beets, irrigating, cutting potatoes, milking cows, caring for horses, preparing land, serving on school boards, election boards, going to ball games, comforting me from an earache or toothache, shoveling snow, pulling sleds, putting up hay, driving Dick and Dan to pull sleds, wagons, driving cars.

WE REMEMBER FATHER

By Berneice Belnap Wilde & Delsa Belnap Robison

Some of the things I've recalled hearing about our Father as a young boy and young man, are here in this collection.

Being the oldest of seven brothers, his life must have been one of roughness and excitement.

When he was about four, he and his brother Charley were outside playing "Bear". It was Dad's turn to be the "bear". As he came around the corner growling and charging it was so real to little Charley that he grabbed the axe and hit the Bear in the head. Dad carried that scar for the rest of his life.

I remember Father saying that his favorite meal was an English boiled dinner, which was any number of vegetables boiled together with no other seasoning than salt and pepper.

We loved to hear Daddy tell about when he was a Mormon missionary in Australia from 1906 – 1909. Instead of tracting door to door, the missionaries would stand on one of the street corners and start to sing a church hymn. As the crowd gathered to listen they would preach to them about the gospel. In their spare time the young Elders loved to go to the zoo. While at the zoo, they had fun flipping nuts at the monkeys. It would make the monkeys angry and they would jump up against the cage and glare at the missionaries.

He learned to love the people of Australia and would often sing the favorite Aussie song, "Waltzing Matilda".

The aborigines, the dark skinned natives, were still uncivilized when he was there. The Elders were warned not to go in the backcountry, as the Aborigines were headhunters and cannibals. He brought back a picture of one in a cage who had supposedly eaten twenty-two people.

Daddy's courage and strength was something we admired in him. As a teenager he would walk across the field to see his girlfriend, Nettie. One night it was very dark. As he was going home, up ahead of him he could see a "ghost" standing in the field. He had promised himself if he ever saw a "ghost", he would go right up to it, so on he went. When he finally reached the "ghost", he found to his surprise that it was just a fence post, which had weathered to a light gray color. Daddy would say, "now face your fears and problems head on."

We would like to relate a story Denis told us about Daddy.

After Mother and Daddy moved to Oregon, Denis and Daddy went fishing one day. Someway or another Daddy got a fishhook caught in his hand. He handed Denis his pocketknife and asked him to cut the fishhook out of his hand. Dennis gritted his teeth and went ahead and cut the fishhook out. Once again, no complaining or a thing from Daddy – just a thanks and on to fishing.

I WAS TAUGHT BY MY FATHER

By Martell A Belnap

I remember when I was a boy about sixteen, my two older brothers, Denis and Newel, had already married and left home, so my father and I were the only males around there to work on the farm. I was in high school and I was quite an athlete. I won about every race I ran. I had set a new district record for running the 220-yard dash. For the next several weeks around home I was very hard to live with. I came home and came running around the house. I recall one afternoon when I was out in the yard all dressed up in my track shoes and etc. when Dad came in from the field. I'm sure I was supposed to have been out there helping him but instead was prancing around the yard.

Dad had just come in from the field irrigating the sugar beets wearing big rubber boots and great big overalls. He looked up at me and said, "Hey, Martell, you think you're pretty good don't you?" And I said, "Yea Dad, I am good." And he said, "Well, just a minute." And he sat there and took his great big boots off and the waders he used to walk around on the wet ground. And then he stood up and put on his big work shoes. They were big, heavy, dry shoes and he stood up and said. "I'll run you a race to the hog house and back." The hog house was probably 75 yards away from the house where we started. That would be about 150 yards when we would run there and back round trip. I couldn't believe Dad would challenge me for a race. I had just set a state record for the 220-yard dash and here Dad was challenging me to run a race. I was all dressed in my nice little track outfit. He jumped up and started running just plomp—plomp—plomp in his great big, old shoes. Now I thought, "I can't let him run alone so I'll get up and run with him." And as I went jogging along behind, I didn't want to just run off and leave him so I kind of jogged along behind him and wasn't paying much attention wondering what I was going to do when I got to the hog house. I kind of forgot about him but he got there just a step or two ahead of me and then he turned around and started running back. I had turned the speed on and was going full blast and was up on my toes really moving. I started running and had to hurry it up but I didn't want to really beat him but I didn't want him to beat me too bad because I was a real competitor. As we reached the hog house and turned to come back, he put on a burst of speed and I could not keep up with him. The last 10 or 15 yards, he turned around and ran backwards and beat me back to the porch.

I am sure he was stiff and sore for a day or two afterwards but he sure took a lot of smartness out of me that day. Later on in the years, Dad told me he could hardly walk for a day or two after that race. That's the way fathers are sometime. Well, that was my experience at trying to out do Father.

Another thing I tried to out do Father on was when we would go up to the fields to do field work. There was a big irrigation canal that was maybe ten or twelve feet wide. There was on a bridge across it or a plank across it every once in awhile. He thought it was a big waste of time to walk up to the bridge every time. One day Dad said, "Well,

let's just jump that thing." And he got back with those big old rubber boots on and he had a shovel in his hand and he took about ten big long strides or running strides, and got a hard jump. As he jumped I knew he was going to land in the middle of it. He just barely went right on the other side. His heels touched the water just a little bit. I stood there and looked and marveled at him. He was about fifty years old and he probably weighed close to 200 lbs. And he made it across. I got back a little ways and came tiptoeing up like my athlete running and I jumped and landed about two feet in the water. I missed the bank by two feet. He taught me another lesson about not taking too much pride on thinking I was too great. Sometimes you have to produce rather than show off. So that was kind of an introduction about how a Father taught me a lot of things.

My Father taught my older brothers some of those lessons in the potato fields handling hundred pound sack of potatoes. It became Newel and Denis that were showing off a little bit. They were 17 or 18 years old and they challenged Dad to a contest of strength. Dad said, "Okay. Before you get started see if you can do this." He went over and with one hand he picked up a sack and swung it up on his right shoulder and with his left hand another up on his other shoulder and he just turned around and walked off with 200 lbs. of potatoes on his shoulders. He told the boys, "Let's see you do that." They tried and tried and tried but couldn't seem to be able to do it. Some of us in the years to come, as we became Fathers, were able to teach our sons those tricks. They thought they knew all of them but not so. Wesley, Donny and Daryl, if you wonder why your old, bald-headed Dad is able to do some of those things . . . sometimes your old Dad had a hard time to walk for a day or two after.

BORN OF GOODLY PARENTS

By Martell A Belnap

My father showed me and demonstrated in lots of ways, his love for the Lord and how to be of service and treat his fellow men. I have tried to pattern my life after Father's life by being a man that could be respected.

Mother, I've always admired her. She was one of those sturdy, pretty girls from the Mormon pioneer stock. I admire her beauty and her composure and always wanting to be a lady. Father always treated her like a lady. I thought that the relationship they had with one another was nice. I didn't mean they didn't have problems, but they respected each other very much. Mother, as a young girl, was on the 24th of July Queen's court of Rexburg, Idaho. She rode down the street on a horse.

Her Father died when she was sixteen. When he passed away, Mother had to help her mother a lot. She was the oldest girl in the family. They'd go out and plow the field together and Mother would help her mother do the business.



Second attendant to the queen. 1908

My folks were active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints. Mother was a baseball player. She played on the team in the schools and at recess or noon, the boys always chose her to be on their team. She could hit the ball and she was a fast runner.

FATHER AND MOTHER

By Berneice Belnap Wilde & Delsa Belnap Robison

These are the stories and events of the married years of Gussie and Nettie Belnap that were told to us.

In March 1910, all preparation had been made for their wedding. Mother and Daddy were to leave Sugar City, Idaho, on the early morning train to travel to Salt Lake City, Utah, where they would be married in the Salt Lake Temple.

Before leaving the next day, Daddy spent the better part of the night out in the cold weather hauling and feeding hay to the cattle for the next day.

When they settled down in their seats on the nice warm train, Daddy fell asleep. Mother was really upset with this, as she expected some romantic conversation. Daddy started to snore his strong, healthy snore. She said she would have walked home if she could have found a way to get off the train.

Daddy had known ever since his mission that he would marry Nettie. While on his mission in Australia, many of the young Elders received "Dear John" letters. This became a great concern for Gussie. He hoped he wouldn't receive a letter like that from Nettie. He prayed that Nettie would wait for him and that he might know this for sure.

One night he had a dream and in it he saw Nettie sitting in a rocking chair rocking a baby. He felt relieved and never worried about receiving a "Dear John" letter again.

On December 23, 1910, Daddy had been outside doing chores and milking the cows. When he opened the door and came into the house, the picture he saw flashed back in his mind to the dream he had on his mission. There sat Nettie in the rocking chair rocking Denis, their new baby. She had on the same dress as in the dream. The room was furnished exactly as he had seen it with even the wallpaper on the wall the same.

Daddy and his brother, Charley, had purchased a ranch on a high mountain meadow near Kilgore, Idaho. They had built a log cabin on the ranch. During summer haying season, Dad and Mother and their two little boys, Denis and Newel lived in the log cabin. They would harvest the meadow grass for hay.

About every other week, Mother would drive to Salem in the buggy to visit with and check on the welfare of her Mother.

Mother always packed a lunch to take with them. The trip took several hours. They had a favorite place under some trees where they would stop and eat lunch. As they traveled along, Mother noticed a huge dark cloud formation to the west. She hoped they would make it to the shelter of the trees before the rain came. After sometime passed she was aware of the fact that she did not recognize the landscape. It seemed they went mile after mile and the dark storm clouds were now to the east.

The boys were nestled down in their quilts fast asleep. After what seemed like hours she began to recognize landmarks. It appeared that a bad storm had hit. Trees were blown over and rubble and trash was scattered everywhere.

She soon reached her Mother's home to find them all terribly upset and wondering about her as she was three hours late getting there. The storm that went through was so severe and so much rain, thunder, lightening and wind that the road Mother was to go on was washed away in several places. Before they left that morning Dad had asked our Heavenly Father to go with them and protect them. Again they knew the power of Dad's Prayers.

As children much of our thoughts are referred to as when we lived in the "little blue house." This was the first house Mother and Dad bought. It was in Salem, Idaho. It was close to the Church house, community recreation hall, aunts and uncles, cousins, Grandma and Grandpa and many of our friends.

Mother and Father participated in all church and community activities. One exciting winter activity was the ski jump over by the community hall. With horse drawn scrapers the men scraped the snow into ramps or runways and made a slope of snow with one end as a jump-off. The skiers would hold to a rope tied to a horse. As the horse ran toward the side of the ramp the skier would ascend the ramp and fly off the other end. The idea was to see who could fly out the farthest and land without falling.

An epidemic of diphtheria went through the area in the late winter of 1926 - 1927. This disease was very severe and many deaths occurred in our little community.

Father had gone to work the timber at Montpelier, Idaho, which was almost two hundred miles from our home. All six of their children came down with the dreaded disease. It was the procedure in those days to quarantine the families to their homes to prevent the spread of the disease. When you were quarantined, it was unlawful for anyone to leave or enter the house, except for the Doctor. The Doctor came daily to give us anti-toxin shots.

Word was sent to Father of the families plight. Because of the unconcern of the company he was working for, it was a week before Dad received the message. He had no means of transportation and so he walked a day and a night to arrive at the railroad station in Pocatello, Idaho. From there he could travel by train to their home.

All this time Mother had the total care of the six very ill children. Mother cared for the children day and night with no time to rest for an entire week. It was necessary for her to keep spooning small amounts of water into our mouths and swabbing our throats. Toward the end of the week, there was some improvement in all but Berneice and Delma.

The doctor told Mother he could not give Berneice or Delma any more shots, as their little bodies had all they could have. It was at this time Dad arrived home. Grandpa Belnap came over with Dad and they gave each of them a blessing. With the help of the blessing everyone soon began to improve and to regain strength. I am sure Mother was totally exhausted. She was so grateful to have Dad home again, as she hadn't even gone to bed for a week.

In 1942, our family was living in Blackfoot, Idaho. Martell had left to go to the Army leaving Daddy with only Mother, Delma and Delsa to help with the farming. The folks couldn't get financing or hired help to operate the farm that year. Everything looked pretty bleak for them. Mother had been down to the strawberry patch weeding the berries and was returning to the house to get dinner. In returning to the house, she went through what we called the "grove". The "grove" was a small group of trees with grass underneath. When she walked into the grove she heard voices and stopped and looked around to see who was there. Seeing no one anywhere, she looked up through the trees, and there she saw a group of people sitting in council. As she looked at them, she recognized her Mother and Father as well as some other family members who had passed away. Listening to them, she heard them discussing Nettie and Gussie. The council decided Nettie and Gussie had filled their assignments in Idaho and were needed more in another place. From that time on Mother knew they would soon be leaving Idaho.

Shortly after a letter came from Denis inviting them to move to Corvallis, Oregon and help him on his farm. They knew it was time to move on to Oregon. During their stay in Oregon they were very instrumental in helping establish the Church in the Willamette Valley.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By Martell A Belnap

Something I've wanted to do for many years is to tell my story or my stories about my life and about the people around me. What I'd like to do is start out a little bit about me and about my childhood.

We had a good life as a family. I always thought that I was Mother's pet. Mother seemed to have that way with her. The other children thought they were Mother's pet, also.

Father grew up as the oldest son in his family right around that area. He served a mission in Australia. As soon as he got home he and Mother got married.

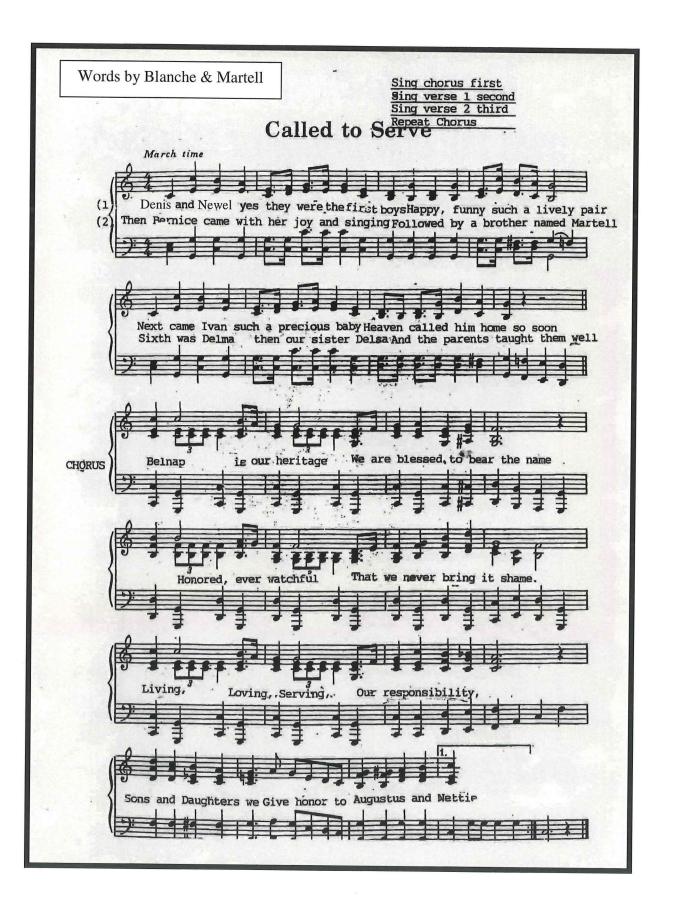
Denis would always check on me and look after me like a Father. He even had Father-to-Son talks with me. He would say, "are you doing this or doing that?" or sometimes "You need to quit saying those bad words." I tried very hard. I never did have much curse words in my vocabulary even in the service. I didn't use foul language, which I was thankful for. I think a lot of it was due to those little talks that Denis would have with me.

Newel would do things that would help me. Like little projects. He carved a leather belt out of leather for me when I was little. I must have been nine or so. He was a scout then.

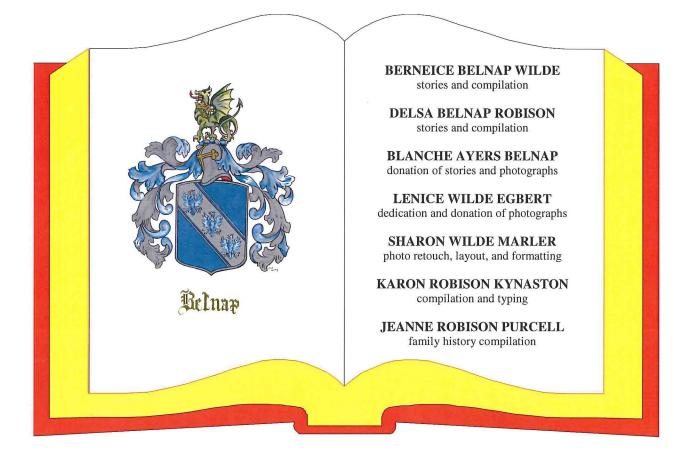
I have a sister, Berneice. She is four years older than I am. When we lived out in the country she was old enough to drive the car to meetings. We had an old car and sometimes the gas pedal would stick on it. Sure enough, one night we were going to MIA and just about a block before we got to the church there was a sharp corner and there was a mailbox on one side. She was going pretty fast but that pedal stuck and she got a little bit excited and there wasn't any way to kick that thing loose in time. We went around the corner on two wheels. It threw me over against the side of the car and I remember I could look up as we went by and the mailbox went by the window just about nose length. Then I always teased Bernice about those hot rods.

OLD DICK AND DAN

Old Dick and Dan were a team of horses Dad bought as young colts. You had to have a good team of horses and they were nice. When I was ten or twelve, out in the field with Father and coming home, Dad told me to take old Dan and bring him into the barn. As I came by the barn door, Dad stepped out and slipped the currycomb under Dan's tail and old Dan went to bucking and jumping. Boy, I didn't think that he had that much buck in him. Dad wished that he hadn't done it before it was all over with. But I didn't get hurt. It was a big laugh.



Thanks to those who helped with the compiling of this book...



...and to all who shared stories and gave encouragement.