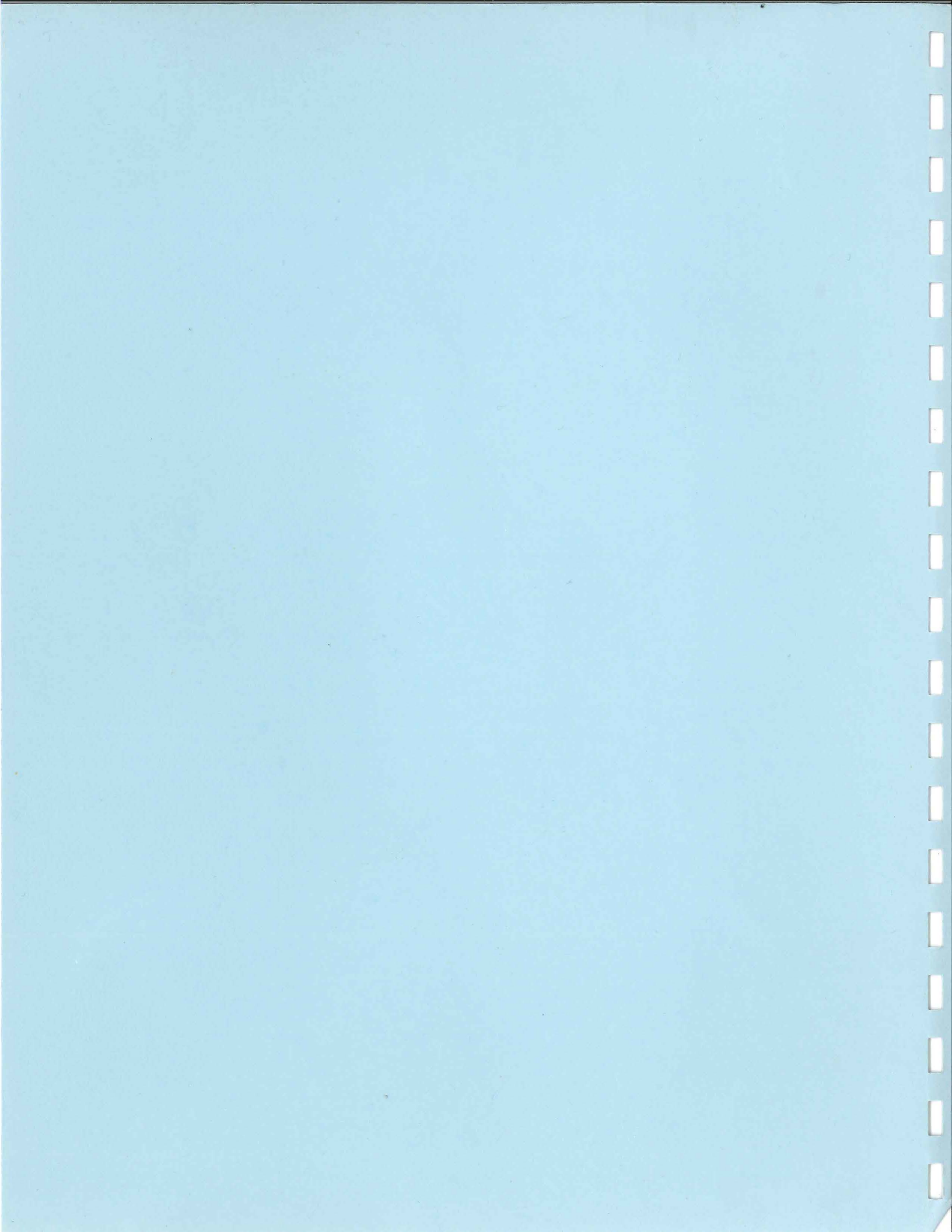


# Life History of Augustus Ruben Belnap



Revised 2006



**Revised**

**Life History of**

**Augustus Ruben Belnap**

**Revised 2006**

**Any errors my sincere apologies.**

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Augustus Ruben Belnap 1887

**Little Gus 1887**



**1915**

**Gus, Nettie, Denis and Newel Belnap**



**Camas Meadows, Idaho**

**Uncle Charlie Belnap  
Nettie Belnap  
Denis Belnap  
Newel Belnap  
Gussie Belnap**

## FOREWARD

This book is printed so that we might have a written record as well as a living record of **AUGUSTUS RUBEN BELNAP**, husband, father and grandfather.

Born: August 7, 1887

Place: West Weber, Weber, Utah

He was the eldest son of Augustus Weber Belnap and Mary Read Belnap. He had eight brothers, Charles William, Thomas Gilbert, George, John Earl Read, Joseph Francis, Ezra Leonard, Elmer Darlin, and two sisters, Mary Adaline, Lola Ethel.

**Augustus Ruben Belnap** married Olena Nettie Anderson.

Their home was blessed with the following children:

Augustus Denis      Bernice A

Oscar Newel      Martell A

Lenard Ivan      Delma A

Delsa A

Died: July 20, 1963

Place: Corvallis, Benton, Oregon



Augustus Denis



Oscar Newel

Lenard Ivan



Bernice A



Martell A



Delma A



Delsa A

## LIFE HISTORY OF AUGUSTUS RUB EN BELNAP

Augustus Ruben Belnap was born the oldest son of Augustus Weber and Mary (Read) Belnap on **August 7, 1887**, on a farm in West Weber, Utah. He was a normal strong healthy baby and grew fast. He was blessed **Nov. 3, 1887**, by Gilbert Belnap, his grandfather.

Sometime in mid-summer of 1887, Augustus W. and Amasa Belnap made a trip to Wilford, Idaho, to visit their brother Ruben who lived there. Most of the free land in Utah was taken up or filed on so they each filed on 160 acres of sage brush land in the Salem area of Idaho. It is about one and one half miles north and one half mile east of the Salem Ward Chapel.

They returned home, harvested their crops, and prepared to return to Idaho.

In **April of 1888** Augustus W. and Mary loaded all their earthly possessions in a new wagon, with a canvas cover over the top, pulled by a real good team of light bay horses they started for Idaho. The trip lasted nine days. They stayed in Wilford that summer working for brother Ruben.

In their spare time they worked on their homestead. The next summer they rented a farm in Wilford and continued to work on their homestead. In **October of 1889** they moved into their own one room cabin on the homestead. Little "Gus" as he was called grew up on this homestead.

About this time there were other young couples coming to Idaho to make their homes, the Larsons, Petersons, Jensens, Wards, Dillies, and Andersons. The Andersen's homestead was just 1/2 mile west of the Belnap's so it was natural for them to become good friends. They visited back and forth and so on. As the years went by their children all attended the same school and church.



**Salem school**





### Salem Ward

Augustus R. was always interested in his school and church work. He was baptized **August 7, 1895**, by Bishop G.H. B. Harris, confirmed **August 18, 1895** by G.H. B. Harris; ordained a deacon **February 5, 1901**, by Augustus W. Belnap; ordained a priest **February 27, 1902**, by V. C. Hegstead. In his own words, "I grew up with every advantage the country afforded".

About this time he began to notice that the oldest daughter of Oscar Anderson was always around and that they were interested in the same things, so they just seemed to talk a lot, do things together. When they were old enough to go to parties they just went together. I think the first date they really had was when Gussie asked Nettie to go to a dance with him.

They had been going to parties together for sometime but to go to a dance together that was really something else. Oh, yes, "little Gus" was changed to "Gussie" when they started to visit with the Anderson family.

This courtship grew and developed with the new country.

After finishing school in the Salem district both Gussie and Nettie attended Ricks College in Rexburg. About this time Gussie thinking that Nettie was the most beautiful, kind, considerate, and the loveliest girl in the whole world, he just up and asked her to marry him. Imagine how he felt when she said, "yes."

About this time he received a call to go on a mission to Australia. I would imagine there was a lot of talking between Gussie and Nettie about what they should do. But as I said before they both wanted the same things from this life, and living the gospel as taught by Jesus Christ was the thing they wanted most. Gussie was ordained a Elder **1903** by Augustus W. Belnap and set apart for his mission by Seymore B. Young. He started for his mission **May 19, 1907**.

The ward he was living in gave him a party just before leaving, and a donation of money to help him with the expense of his mission. The party was a very good party. They were all very interesting, but this one seemed to be special. A large crowd was there. The program consisted of talks by the Bishop telling us how many young men were out on missions. He was proud of the missionaries from the Salem Ward.

There were several musical numbers and a talk by the one that was going on the mission. Gussie gave a very interesting talk. He said among other things that he was proud to be going and would do his best to tell the people of the Lord's work, and to represent the Salem Ward. There was a short time turned to dancing, and to give the people time to contribute to the fund they were going to give him.

They were very generous, \$180.00 was given to Gussie to help him on his way. He had been attending the missionary class at Ricks College. His mother went with him as far as Salt Lake City.

On the **19th of May** he was set apart for his mission by Semore B. Young and he was soon on the train leaving the U.S.A. arriving in Vancouver **May 22, 1907**. He was soon on the ship that was to take him to Australia.



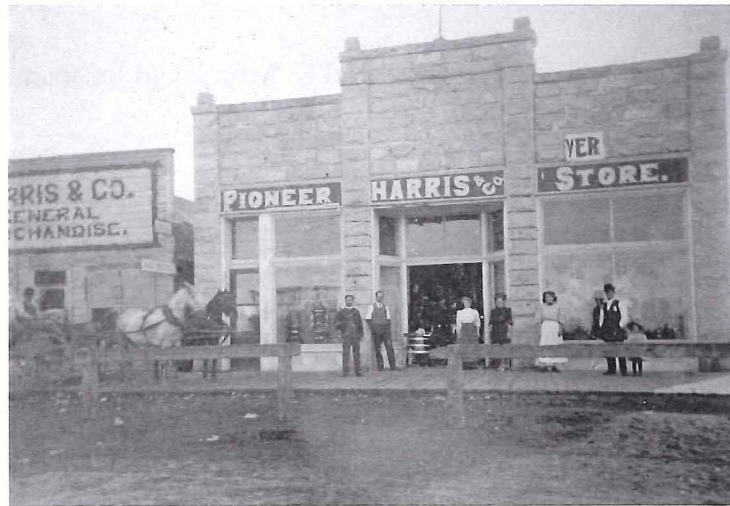
**Taken in Australia**

They called the ship the Bloodhood or the Mukery. Gussie was seasick just once, but it lasted from the time he got on until he arrived at his destination. **June 1, 1907** he landed on Floods Wharf, Honolulu, the largest city he had ever seen in his life.

They were celebrating Brigham Young's birthday. The children were entertaining by singing. They sang "America" in four different languages. His mission was a very interesting one in so many ways.

There were six missionaries living in a large house. They did their own cooking, washing, pressing, and just everything, including preaching the gospel. This he did for 32 months. His mission was very enjoyable to him and he filled it honorably. In one of his ordinations he was promised a great healing power, and this has been proven many times. On **Dec. 22, 1909** he arrived home. The ship he came home on was the ship Aringa. A very nice ship with just one little thing, it went to slow. Gussie felt like he could make better time walking. But they were very fussy about the passengers. They wouldn't let him off.

Most of his family met him in Sugar City. Just as soon as he had greeted them he hurried over to Harris and Co. store where Nettie worked to see her. They were both so happy "they could cry" which they both did. The courtship picked up from then on.



**Harris & Company**

**March 15, 1910** found them on the train going to Salt Lake City to be married. They were married **March 16, 1910**, in the Salt Lake Temple by Pres. Anthon Lund, for all time and eternity.

After a short honeymoon in Utah they returned to Idaho to make their home. His folks had moved from the homestead to the town site of Salem so they lived on the old homestead and ran the place. On **October 31**, he was ordained a seventy by Rulon S. Wells. **November 15, 1911**, Gussie and his brother Charles W. bought a ranch in Kilgore. Not having many cattle of their own they took out "herd stock". That is they pastured cattle for their neighbors.

Charles took care of the ranch and Augustus still farmed the old homestead, helping Charles with the cattle in the spring and fall. This went on until May of **1915**, when Gussie, Nettie and family moved to Kilgore. Their family consisted of Augustus Denis born **Dec. 23, 1910**, Oscar Newel, born **March 4, 1912**. ( Lenard Ivan born **Jan. 18, 1914** died **Dec. 12, 1914**. ) The crops were poor that year and with the loss of a son that seemed to be a bad year for them. They stayed in Kilgore that winter and fed cattle for Dr. Shupe and Dalton. It turned out to be a very hard winter, about six feet of snow on the level (drifts ten to twelve feet high and  $49^{\circ}$  below zero.)

That next summer, **1916**, they raised a fair crop of hay and grain in Kilgore. In **1917** they had an extra good crop of grain. Thrashing machines were scarce in the country so they stacked the grain so they could thrash it later on. The machine pulled in one evening and thrashed about one hour and about 1/2 hour the next morning then broke down. They had to send somewhere back East for the part and it didn't come until too late to thrash that fall, next spring the grain was all spoiled. So that was not a very good year.

**September 8, 1916**, ordained a high priest by Daniel G. Miller, and set apart as first counselor to Bishop M. Smith, in the Kilgore Ward, Yellowstone Stake.

In **1917** they bought a team of bay colts from E.B. Loveland for \$275.00. Their names were Dick and Dan. This was the best team of horses anybody ever had. He won several pulling contests with them. He had several other horses at one time or another, but this team was not for sale or trade. They lived to a ripe old age. Dan died in the spring of **1938** and Dick that same fall.

The First World War was at its height about this time, and Charles being a single man was sure to be drafted so he decided to enlist which he did. Gussie was then faced with running the ranch alone, as no help could be found. Things hadn't been going too well for them financially so they decided to sell the ranch which they did. After all the bills were paid they received \$281.09.

Sold ranch **March 29, 1918**. On **Jan. 2, 1918** Gussie registered for the draft and was classed 4a, but he never was called to go.

On **Jan. 27, 1918**, Gussie and Nettie were blessed with their fourth child, a little girl weighing six pounds. She was a joy to all the family as their oldest living child was then six years old. A new baby is something special anytime but this one was extra special as she was their first daughter. There seems to be a period here that we can't quite get worked out. There was no record kept and our memory is not that good, but we do know that they lived in Salem or at least maintained a home there. They bought ten acres of land with a small house on it and we children always called it the little blue house.

Gussie feed cattle for Zeke Holman, feed sheep for Hamilton Bros., farmed on Moody Creek, and one year hauled lumber from Kilgore to Spencer, but we don't know which years he did which.

While living in Salem Gussie was president of the Salem "Booster Club", county chairman of the committee to eliminate the mosquitoes, coach of the basketball team. Basketball didn't seem to be his game to play but he understood it very well. It has been said that baseball was his game and that a better second baseman than he was hard to find. These are some of the things he did besides being very active in his church work.

**May 25, 1921**, their fifth child was born a big boy weighing 9 1/4 pounds. Martell A is his name. Charles had returned from the war sometime before this and in **1923** Gussie and Charles again became partners in business. This time they took a contract with the railroad company to get out railroad ties for the. This took them to Island Park. This lasted until **1926**, they would work in the timber in the summer time then move back to Salem for the winter.

In 1926 this contract ended. In **1927** they worked in Montpelier in the timber. On **Dec 20 1923**, their sixth child was born, a very pretty little girl, with light brown eyes and golden blonde hair, weighing 6 1/4 pounds. Delma A is her name. On **Sept. 20, 1925** another pretty little girl was born to this lucky couple, Delsa A being her name. She was all smiles and giggles.

In the spring of **1928** they decided to move to Roberts, Idaho. It was good potato ground and everyone was making good money. They rented 80 acres of good ground and raised a very good crop.

But the price wasn't too good so they did fair. The next year they rented 160 acres for cash rent. They had a good crop but that fall something went wrong with the whole country's economy.

All the banks went broke, the stock market closed and in general everyone was broke, so after the rent was paid there wasn't much left.

The crops were good in **1930** and the price was a little better so they made a little money. In **1931** they had 36 acres of sugar beets and about 60 acres of potatoes; the rest of the place in hay and grain.

In July the "white fly" got in the sugar beets and they didn't grow much after that. When fall came the beets were about the size of carrots, the potatoes were real good, but the price wasn't too good so it was decided to store the potatoes until spring to see if the price wouldn't get better. The next spring the price was worse (35 cents loaded on the railroad cars). After the rent was paid, no money left.

While in Roberts Gussie was busy as always with church work. Superintendent of the M.I.A., Sunday School teacher, Chairman of the Boy Scouts Committee, home teacher, etc.

He also served on the school board.

In the spring Gussie and Nettie rented a farm in Groveland (just north of Blackfoot, Idaho). This they farmed for two years then rented a larger one (still in Groveland) and farmed until **1939** when they bought a farm in North Groveland (MacDonaldville). By this time their three oldest children were married and had homes of their own. Denis married Golda Marie Robison, **September 29, 1933**. Newel married Vera Eileen Poulson, **Nov.1, 1936**. Bernice married Leonard Ray Wilde, **June 14, 1936**. They farmed this place until **1942** when they decided to move to Oregon. While in Groveland Gussie served on the school board, judge of the election, and of course he had many church jobs such as Sunday School teacher, ward teacher, M. L A. teacher and chairman of the Genealogy Committee.

There is one thing perhaps I should have stated before, when things looked bad or when they were having trouble, Gussie would take Nettie in his arms and say, "Never mind, my Queen, I am sure things will get better for us. "

## The Move from Idaho to Oregon 20 March 1942

Early in the spring Gussie found there was more on the farm than he could do, and with our youngest son in the service of his country along with many other young men it left no help for the farmers in our country. Our oldest son Denis was living on a very large farm in Corvallis and could not help Gussie with the farm.

After some consideration, he decided to rent the farm here and go to Oregon and help Denis. Gussie knew a man by the name of Johnnie George, who had two sons that were too young for the draft. This man had been looking all over the country for a farm and was glad to rent our farm. Gussie rented it to him for cash rent. We left the house furnished as we thought we would soon be back home.

**March 20, 1942** found Gussie and me 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, Wash. where he had been training for some time. He called to tell Denis they were put on alert that meant they may go any minute. Gussie and I 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 no 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. I 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. The only thing they had on them was their uniform and 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.

### 22 March 1942

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 I 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. I think for the first time we were proud and thankful to have such a strong son help defend our country, the United States of America.

### 23 March 1942

Gussie was out in the field helping Denis and I 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. I am sure everyone thinks their home is where they would like to be.

Delsa came to Corvallis from Blackfoot. Delma finished high school, and Delsa had one more year before finishing. This was also the year that Delsa was operated on for appendicitis.

She recovered nicely. Delma was feeling good and helped in the fields from June until August.

Everyone was busy. Camp Adair was the name of the new camp, eleven miles from Denis' home. The field work was pretty well caught up for a while.

### **5 August 1942**

With them calling for so much help for civilians to work at Camp Adair, Gussie applied for work. He passed his physical and went to work for the government at the camp as a meat cutter.

### **10 August 1942**

Nettie went to work at Camp Adair as a cook. We were working at the hospital. They were building roads, putting up more buildings, training soldiers all at the same time. Delma also went to work at the camp, as a filing clerk down at the main office.

### **4 October 1943**

We bought a home in Corvallis at 301 N. 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, we really enjoyed living there.

We did a lot of entertaining there. We paid \$1,998.00 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.

Our gain on this place was \$1,102.00

### **27 January 1943**

Being that gas was rationed, and the drive to and from work was 22 miles, Gussie bought a smaller car, that didn't used much gas.

### **6 June 1943**

This is the time Delma and Rollie were married. The place was the Mayflower Chapel, a very beautiful chapel for weddings. The flowers were lovely. The wedding was performed by Branch Pres.

Herman Thomas. The reception was held at the home of Denis and Marie. A large crowd was present with many gifts and good wishes. We were all very busy working and attending to Church work, thinking and praying for Martell's safe return.

Things were really booming at Camp Adair. Soldiers seemed to be coming in from every direction. The civilians were just dots among all the soldier uniforms.

### **14 November 1943**

Delsa and Keith Robison were married in the Mayflower Chapel. It too was a very beautiful wedding. A large crowd was present. The reception was held at Denis and Marie's home. It too was a lovely reception with many gifts and good wishes.

War was raging, Martell was moving from one place to another. **17 January 1944** Martell landed in New Guinea Port Morsby.

**22 March 1944** Martell landed in Hollandia, New Guinea. Everything on these places seemed to be quiet.

**27 May 1944** Martell landed on the island of Biack where he was wounded.

**30 May 1944** Martell was shot by a sniper that was up in a tree. The bullet entered his arm, the top part, went down and split the shoulder blade glancing downward taking four of his ribs off his back bone, missing his spinal cord by 1/2 inch. They got him into a jeep and took him back where the big guns were. Some way they got him back from the fighting so a doctor could take care of him. We heard of his wound while we were attending a family reunion at Shelley, Idaho. The telegram said he was seriously wounded. Before we left the reunion we asked the family if they would pray for him.

**4 August 1944** Martell was in the hospital from May until August. They kept him asleep most of the time. When he did wake up he complained of a pain in his back. The doctor told him the wound was in his arm. Martell finally got the doctor to look at his back where he saw a scab. Upon moving it he noticed some gauze sticking to the scab. He began to pull and got three yards of gauze out of a wound that went way down his back. Once they found that Martell began getting better.

**21 September 1944** The U.S. Army closed its training of 44, 000 soldiers. We were home for a while waiting for the Navy to move in and take care of the very sick Navy men. We found the Navy fed the boys better food than the Army did.

**28 September 1945** Martell landed in the United States of America, in San Francisco and in a few days came home for a few days visit.

**2 December 1945** Martell was given an honorable discharge from the U.S. Army. We were so happy to have our son home again, but there was a lot of adjusting to do. When Martell left home to go in the service we were living in Blackfoot, Idaho. We all went down to the train to see him off.

Father, Mother, sisters Delma and Delsa. But when he returned we were living in Oregon. There was just Gussie and Nettie, no little sisters. Martell said that was one of the hardest things to realize, not having his sisters around. He said, "Where are my little sisters?" They were both married and had homes of their own.

**5 November 1945** We bought a house on 730 S. 10<sup>th</sup> Street, thinking Martell might want it, but he was not interested in it. It was a very large house and needed to be remodeled. There were two apartments in the house, one upstairs and one downstairs. There was such a need for student housing we had no difficulty in renting it. This proved to be a very good investment for us. We paid \$3,100. 00 for it and I sold it for \$6,500.00 a gain of \$3,400.00 just before Gussie passed away he arranged for the sale. But it was not finished until after his death in 1963.

**6 May 1945** This is the date we were transferred to Astoria, still working for the Navy in a very large hospital 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 because it seemed to be embarrassing to them. We watched this for a while and then asked, "What is the price of war?"

**28 February 1947** The Navy closed and we went back to our home in Corvallis, thinking we would spend the rest of our lives just doing what we would like to do.

**8 March 1947** We were asked to come and help the Oregon State College feed the students. There were so many coming to college, a lot of them returned soldiers wanting to finish their education as part pay for the time they spent in the service. So we went to work for Oregon State College until we retired.

**1952** Gussie retired in 1952 and received his social security check each month. It started out by being \$82 00 per month and a small retirement check of \$72.80 to receive every month as long as one lives. Nettie retired one year later. The social security checks have increased to \$150.00 per month.



After retiring at the age of 65 years we were very sure we were all through with work. But it seemed they just needed more help with that college. So, Gussie went to work for a group furnishing food for some of the students. Gussie was still a meat cutter. His health was good most of the time until the last few years. He seemed to be just a little more tired when he came home. But he seemed to feel fine in the morning.

**3 September 1952** We bought a house on North 9th St. This is where we lived after we sold our home on 301 North St. to the city for a fire station. The price of this home was \$6,400.00

**25 October 1953** Now back to some of the work he did in the mission field with Pres. They visited and organized branches. We finally collected enough money to build a meeting house. Corvallis Ward Chapel was dedicated 25th October 1953. In our branch there was a large group of high priests.

They met once every month and had a study hour and then some very special refreshments. We both enjoyed those meetings. The wives were with their husbands. Much visiting was done to keep in touch with branches. Corvallis Branch grew large enough to make a ward out of it. Our children arranged a birthday party for their Daddy's 72th birthday. All 6 of our living children were there. It was a party to remember. First we had a very delicious dinner, then a program as well as telling jokes about each other. The whole ward was invited to join us in an hour of dancing. Everyone enjoyed themselves very much. Pictures were taken. Gussie kept working, but we were getting older.

**May 1959** We bought our last home in Corvallis. This was a two bedroom house, a very nice home for just two persons. It was just across the road from the hospital and only two blocks from a shopping store, etc. We paid \$8,895.75. It was 412 N. 27th St. We lived there for four years. Gussie passed away before the four years were up. Nettie sold the place for \$9,788.44 in 1963. A gain of \$892.69.

A summary of buying and selling homes in Corvallis.

	Price	Sold	Gain
301 N. 5th	1,998.00	3,100.00	1,202.00
730 South	3,100.00	6,500.00	3,400.00
10th St.N. 9th St.	6,400.00	9,500.00	3,100.00
412 N. 27th	8,895.75	9,788.44	892.69

This is the buying and selling of our homes in Corvallis, except we bought a house in Blue River from Martell when he decided to go to college. This place sold very soon after we bought it. The gains we made on selling our houses was good. Besides the rent we received from them, it more than took care of taxes and upkeep.

Then came our **50th Wedding Party**. The children gave us the party. This really was a party to talk about, conducted like a wedding. The attendance I think must have been so good because everyone knew about it. There was a lovely program, a wedding cake, gifts were many, dancing. Then we were asked to call our children to stand in a row with their partners, then all the grandchildren. As we looked at them, Gussie was one very proud father and grandfather.

If there was one thing Gussie was more proud of, it was his boys and girls. They meant more to him than anything in the world. He was also thankful for his membership in the L. D. S. Church, and the blessings he enjoyed.



**1963** We were attending a reunion of Nettie's family. Gussie became very sick. We did arrive home at Corvallis. He was still very sick. The next day we took him to the doctor, Dr. Kliever and he put Gussie in the hospital with what he thought was diabetes. But Gussie did not seem to respond to the treatments as well as the doctor wanted him to. So he called another doctor in on the case, a Dr. Leaman who was on the good ship Hope for I think two years. Anyway he was a very good doctor. But it was with the same results, no improvement.

Two other doctors were called in on the case. They finally decided to operate and they found a cancerous condition. The doctors called it Carcinoma of the Pancreas.

**5 July 1963** Gussie entered the hospital 5th July 1963, passed away **20th July 1963**.

The funeral was held in the L. D. S. Church.

Funeral Program

AUGUSTUS R. BELNAP

Born 7 August 1887

Passed away 20 July 1963

Family Prayer .... Keith Robison

Services at

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Corvallis, Oregon

2:00 p.m. Wednesday, 24th July 1963

Officiating ..... Bishop Max Williams

"I Know That My Redeemer Lives" .....Male Quartet

Prayer .....Dale Maddox

Obituary ..... Martell Belnap

"Oh My Father" ..... Male Quartet

Speakers ..... Lyman Moyle & Henry Rampton

"Abide With Me" ..... Ladies Trio

Prayer by .....,..... Grant Blanch

Organist . ..... Mrs. Grant Blanch

Bearers - Grandsons

Roland Robison, Milton Belnap, Steven Robison, Robert Belnap, Allen Robison,  
Carl Robison and Lee Wilde.

Dedication of grave ..... Frank Belnap

Oak Lawn Memorial Park

Corvallis, Oregon

Gussie was missed by everyone who knew him and his loss keenly felt by his wife and children, but we will always remember his teachings.

He was a very kind person and seemed to have very good judgment. He has 6 children and their companions, 27 grandchildren and 27 great grandchildren.

These are some of Gussie's favorite poems.

### **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 to 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 head youth may a pitfall be.  
He too, must pass in the twilight dim.  
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him".

### **For Every Smile**

In the few short years I spent on Earth  
and breathed the breath of life.  
I want to have real happiness,  
and detour pain and strife,  
I want to find the rainbow's 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 love's old sweet song.  
But to gain these, 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 heartaches and with tears.

## Which Am I

I watched them tearing a building down,  
A gang of men in a busy town,  
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell,  
They swung a beam and a side wall 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?



## Treasured Memories I Have Of Augustus Ruben Belnap, My Husband

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. If 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.

By Olena Nettie Belnap



## Memories of Our Father--By His Children

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 the tooth, which 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.

Denis

There is much that can be said about this wise and good man. He lived his life with the quiet dignity of one who knows his own heart and looks to God for direction and purpose. I think the qualities that I admired most in him were his gentleness and understanding that comes only with those who possess great inner strength. It was a kind of empathy that enriched and strengthened and blessed. When he came out to the ranch, no matter how pressed he was for time, he always stopped into my kitchen to inquire as to our well being and to pass the time of day. We knew he cared. He had the quality of being quietly there. I remember standing in desolation by my mother's open grave and looking up to see his blue-grey eyes filled with compassion and his soft voice saying, "Her funeral has been like her life—calm and beautiful and filled with that feeling of reaching back to tell you still how much she loves you. She will always be with you". Who but Dad could have found the words that comforted and healed.

Many, many springs ago, he, Denis and I dug roots of the wild fox-glove from a coastal hillside and he helped us transplant them along our front porch. Each summer when they grow again and stand tall with their beautiful lavender and white blossoms, I think of those quietly spoken words.

Our parents love does reach back—it will be with us always.

Marie

## The Things I Remember Most About Dad

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 awhile they get a bit onery, 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 Geo. 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 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 kind of a 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.

Newel

### The Way I Remember Dad Belnap

I remember Dad as a kind and gentle man who enjoyed beauty and tranquility. He would do all in his power to prevent trouble. The song, "It's Such a Pretty World Today" always reminds me of him. I am sure he really felt the world and everything around him was beautiful and something to enjoy.

Vera



## The Father I Knew

I can remember Daddy telling me that we sure fooled the people in the Ward one Sunday afternoon when they were all going to Sacrament Meeting. It always seemed like our little secret. While they were in Sacrament Meeting I was born and no one knew it.

My father, Augustus Ruben Belnap, had this characteristic of making people feel important in their own right. I liked the assurance I always felt that things would be all right when Daddy was around. When my brother Martell and I were small it was a great part of our day when evening came to sit on Daddy's lap—one on each knee and cuddle up to our warm, soft, strong Daddy and he would gently rock us in the big rocking chair. Like magic we would find ourselves in our own beds when morning came.

During the years he farmed he worked hard in the fields and expected all working with him to work hard. This often included the whole family. His endurance seemed to have no limits. He knew there was need in our lives for recreation and encouraged us to participate in various activities. I remember when he was superintendent in the M.I. A. and the enthusiasm he had in planning dances, drama, etc. for the young people of the ward.

He had much pride in his heritage. He had a great deal of love and respect for his parents, brothers and sisters. This was evident to his own children through his association with them in his adult years and by the stories he shared with us about his growing up years.

Even when we as his children didn't live up to his expectations, his love for us seemed no less. Our happiness was always his concern. The ultimate of happiness to him seemed to be his love and devotion to the gospel, and this happiness he wished for his family.

His goal in life wasn't to collect great wealth through earthly possessions, but to collect great wealth through service to his family and Father in Heaven.

He died as he lived, with dignity, patience and strength. The heritage he left for his continuing family is one of which to be proud.

Bernice

I remember the time I was 16 and 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 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 helping him but instead was prancing around the yard. Dad sat down on the back porch and took off his heavy rubber irrigation boots and as he slipped his work shoes on, he looked up at me and said, "You think you're pretty good don't you"? Well, I did think I was pretty good and I told him so. Dad stood up and said, "I'll race you out to the hog house and back" and he started to run. I caught Dad before he reached the hog house so I just trotted along side of him. 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'm sure he was stiff and sore for a day or two after that but he sure took a lot of smartness out of me that day.

Another thing Father would do to keep me in line was to jump an irrigation ditch with his big boots on. Every time I tried it I would get at least one of my boots filled with water.

Father 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 the cows and calves on open range land around the cultivated fields.

Father tells the story about a trip he made with his Father and brother Charlie to market with two wagon loads of grain. A railroad had been built into southeastern Idaho. The nearest siding was 30 miles away. It was at a place called Mud Lake located southwest of Salem. Father was about 7 or 8 years old and his brother Charlie, a year younger. The wagons were loaded, food was prepared both for them and horses and bed rolls were made up. Preparations, that is, talk and planning took several days, and the 2 boys were very excited. This would be the greatest trip they had ever been on. This trip would require them to be gone for 6 days. Their father would drive the lead wagon and the two boys 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 these two young boys felt.

They left early in the morning just as the sky started to turn a little gray. They could still see one or two stars as they waved goodbye to their mother and small brothers. The wagons were loaded so heavy that it was going to be slow traveling. They would have to stop and rest the horses often. Then stop at noon, feed and water horses, prepare their own lunch and then stop by dark and take care of the horses. Then prepare their evening meal and get to bed so they could be up early, feed and water horses, prepare breakfast, pack everything back on wagons and be ready to leave again by daylight. If everything went well at the end of 2 days of travel, they should be at the railhead.

Everything did go well. They had planned just right to arrive just before dark at the railhead. There was great excitement as they pulled over the last hill and caught a view of all those horses and wagons and men that had arrived and were arriving. This was the largest number of teams and men that the boys 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 station master lived and one or two other buildings. So again it would be necessary for them to sleep out under the stars.

Of course they knew this and had planned on it.

As they neared the crowd and railroad their father stopped and talked about a good place to make camp. They selected a place about 200 yards from the railroad tracks on top of a small rise in the ground. Having arrived at this location they took care of the horses and prepared their evening meal and then spent about an hour visiting with men and boys camped nearby. Then they retired to their bed rolls because it had been a very long two days and they were asleep almost before they got in bed.

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

As they were sleeping a sound sleep of young boys after an exciting and exhausting day they 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 in fear. Their father was up and ran after the horses and other men went running after their horses. All the time they could hear that terrible monster screaming at them. The two boys could not stand it any longer and they just had to see what terrible thing could be coming after them. So they crawled out from under the wagon and up the rise just enough to be able to see over and look out in the direction the sound was coming from. They then saw it, a monster coming right at them across the desert screaming and flame and fire shooting from it and with its one big eye shining so bright they were sure it was looking right at them.

With their minds filled with panic and hearts pounding so hard, they took off running and didn't stop until they had run over the top of a hill and down the other side and there they found a large sagebrush to hide behind. Hoping and praying the monster would not find them they stayed there until daylight and their father came looking for them. And as they were asking their father what kind of a monster was after them last night, it was with a great deal of relief to find that it was now quiet and father explained to them what a train was and after some encouragement the boys were willing to go take a look at the train that had arrived in the night blowing its whistle and shining its light.

One day as Father and I had finished working in the field we unhitched the horses (old Dick and Dan). Father got on Dan and I got on Dick. He asked me to get the cows from the pasture while he went to the barn and started the other chores. When I arrived with the cows Father stepped out of the barn and put a curry comb under old Dick's tail. Of course he started to jump around and buck a little bit and threw me off. Father thought this was funny. You see old Dick and Dan were older by about 10 years than I was. He thought they were the greatest.

When I was about 9 years old we lived in Roberts, Idaho and it was on July 24th all the members of the Church got together to celebrate. They had a baseball game and as Father came up to bat I hoped he would get on base and he did. Then the next batter got up and hit the ball and as Father came to 3rd base they threw the ball and he slid into 3rd and he was safe. The next batter up hit the ball but Father would not get up and run home. He had split the seam in his pants when he slid into 3rd base. This was hard for me to understand because this caused his team to lose a run or two.

When Father was in the hospital just a few days before he died, I was talking to him one day and he said, "You know Martell, when you came back from the Army we were looking for a business to get into?" and I said, "Yes, I remember." Father said, "Well we should have gotten into the hospital business, they're busy here 24 hours a day." About then they brought his food in to him to eat and the little nurse was after him to eat. When she left he took his spoon and stirred in each dish and then laid his spoon down. I asked him what he was doing and he said, "I can't make her feel bad because I didn't eat."

Martell

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 moving reverence for God, our Heavenly Father--always making the present time happy while you preparing future and lasting happiness for his entire family.

Perhaps my first recollection is of a day when Morn 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 griped on the edge of the table peeking over the top to see Mother prepare candy, felt very secure in a house full of love, 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.

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 nights' 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 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 Bernice 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.

Delma

When I start to write the things I remember most about Daddy I find it hard to separate them from life and just everyday living.

Some of my very earliest memories of him was when he would tell me how much I looked like his mother. Then he would tell me about grandmother Belnap and so even though she had passed away before I was born I learned to love her as my grandmother and was anxious to be as good of a mother as she had been.

Daddy also gave me a real secure feeling whenever he -was around--it seemed as though nothing would happen to me if he was there.

One afternoon when I was still in grade school he came and picked me up at the school and took me in to the high school basketball tournament. It was one afternoon that just Daddy and I seemed to spend alone. As we went in he bought a small sack of nuts. Of course soon as we were in and seated I wanted to eat the nuts. He explained to me that we would be there all afternoon and we needed to make the nuts last so we would ration them out a few at a time.

Then as the team came in to play he would want me to pick the one I thought would win. When I told him I didn't know, he would say now watch them and see if they know what they are doing and if they are in the right place at the right time. Many times I've thought back on this and remembered you can make things last a long time and if you want to be a winner make sure you know what you are doing and then be in the right places at the right time.

My most treasured memory of Daddy was his love of the gospel and the strong testimony he had of Jesus Christ. The teachings he taught me that God lives, that he answers prayers, that we have a Father In Heaven who loves us and will guide and direct us if we will only put ourselves in tune with him, that life is eternal and we once again will be together if we live a life worthy to receive this blessing.

Delsa

## Memories of our Grandfather

I cannot begin to recount all my memories of Grandpa Belnap because mainly they are simple things that are difficult to communicate. They are the simple things like the expressions on his face, acts of warmth and acknowledgement, things he had and things he gave, patchwork pieces of life put together with a special bond between a gentle man and a child.

I can still see the sparkle in his blue eyes and feel the vibrations of his chuckle within me. His smile is one of my most vivid memories of him. It seemed to come straight from his heart and go straight to mine. It pleases me beyond words that the same smile appears upon the faces of many of his children and grandchildren. It is a fantastic heirloom.

I can see the expression of feigned fear and real delight on his face when 6 of his little grand-"goblins" appeared at his door on Halloween nights. I remember my surprise and pride when he accepted with genuine pleasure the boutonniere I picked from my mother's rose garden and presented to him one Father's Day. Also, stamped plainly in my memory is the picture of a little dark-haired girl standing close to the meat block watching her grandfather's capable hands working skillfully. Grandpa used to help us cut our meat for wrapping and storing in the freezer.

I can't say why innumerable patchwork pieces like these are all I can tell you of Grandpa Belnap except to say they make a picture to me of a real man that I loved very much and was glad to have been close to.

One patchwork piece I prize more than all the others for its threads hold the essence of all the pieces put together. When Grandpa was in the hospital shortly before he died, Daddy took Cherie, Oni, and me up to visit him. How vividly I remember standing at the foot of Grandpa's bed feeling helpless and bewildered. I did not want to lose Grandpa but I knew that that time had to come. I wanted to give him something special or say something meaningful but I didn't know what it could possibly be. Grandpa must have known for he taught me then by example as my father so often has done (no coincidence, I am sure) Grandpa looked at my sisters and me standing there together and he said with genuine love and pride, "Denis, no man ever had finer children or grandchildren." With those words Grandpa Belnap gave me a little more identity, a great deal of comfort, and precious legacy.

Myra Nettie Belnap Austin

One of the most outstanding things I remember about Grandpa Belnap was his quiet manner and the way he had with little children. He seemed to love them all.

Nola Belnap Curtis

The time I remember Grandpa Belnap best was the summer he and Grandma came and stayed with us to help get our farm going the first year. Grandpa worked very hard but always had time to be happy, look at the beauty in the world even when looking at the work part of it. It was very nice that year. Grandma would have the house cleaned and meals ready which saved mother a lot of work after being on the farm all day.

Robert Belnap

Thinking back remembering Grandpa I remember what an easy-going, pleasant person he was to be around. Everyone enjoyed his company. I remember when I was younger Grandpa and Grandma came to visit us, coming from Oregon to Idaho, Grandpa said, "I saw some curve signs but I never did see any curves, " then he laughed and laughed.

There was one other special moment I remember. That was when I went to visit Grandma and Grandpa in Oregon. When I got there Grandpa said, "You sure look tired, here sit down in my new chair and relax." So I did. What I didn't know was that it was one of these new tangled vibrator chairs. He just kicked it on and I went straight in the air. It scared me half to death. He had a real good laugh over that. I did too, as soon as I found out what was going on.

So the memories are pleasant and happy ones. We all miss our beloved Grandpa, but we will see him again soon.

Betty Belnap Winmill

There are many things I think of when I think of Grandpa Belnap. The first thing is how he loved to tease.

Another thought is, whenever Grandpa and Grandma would come to visit us, they would bring candy coated almonds. Before they could get out of their car I would remind them of the candy.

Still another thought is visiting Grandpa in the hospital. This particular day Grandpa ran down the hall so nobody could see him in his hospital gown.

The most impressive thought was retold by Aunt Delsa. While in the hospital Grandpa told her, he had just talked with Christ and was asked to go on "another" mission to teach "other" people the gospel.

These are a few things that make me proud to be named after such a great man.

Milton Belnap

When I think of my Grandpa Belnap I think of many things. My main memory of him is that he was not a "grandfather" type--he was a "grandpa" through and through. He was a big man; fun but never silly; he was kind and twinkly, just, honest and firm. He could persuade me rather than scold and reprimand.

My fondest memories go back to their big, white house in Corvallis, Oregon. I would climb to the top of their staircase where I could escape into any pretend world I chose. And, whatever world it happened to be, I knew Grandpa would join me there imagining all sorts of wonderful things. Deep thoughts and youthful problems could be solved on that magical staircase.

Sometimes Grandpa would direct a few thoughts for problem solving and other times he'd just smile and be there. His presence alone made things seem "not quite so bad."

Big, beautiful homegrown roses remind me of Grandpa. He admired and loved the little, but beautiful things of life.

Grandmas are very much loved and admired; they help teach us to quilt, crochet, cook and to become at least half the person of achievement that our mothers are. Grandmas can tell us stories and seem to recall all the important things we should be told.

But, a Grandpa, if he is a grandpa and not a grandfather, can make our imaginations soar, can make us believe in the magic of life, can cure a hurt, and enjoy an ice cream cone. He can teach about moss on the trees and squirrels and the importance of learning to eat cheese on crackers. He can settle arguments and do away with hard feelings. He teaches you kindly about being fair and just. He can even make your mistakes seem worthwhile as long as you learned from them.

This was the type of man that Grandpa Belnap was to me. To say what I think of him is asking me to describe any other legend. One can tell stories of the legend but to explain why it has become a legend is often difficult. It involves not only fact of what happened but also adds respect, magic, admiration, love, and many other undefined meanings. Grandpa was a soft lap, a guiding hand, a "genuine silver dollar, a gentle but just man. He was Grandpa Belnap.

Sharon Wilde Marler

As a small child I remember going to Grandma and Grandpa's house to help Grandpa tie quilts. He would say it was Grandma's job to make them and his job, with little helpers like us, to tie them. That's when I first learned to make a square knot. Grandpa would say, "right over left, and left over right." That would make a square knot. Ever since then I have never had trouble making one because I could remember him saying those words.

Another memory I have is how Grandpa would let us small ones stand on his feet facing him and take hold of our hands and walk while we stood on his feet. Of course there was always a twinkle in his eye and I knew he would try to tease us by making us lose our balance. I especially remember how Grandpa always had a pleasant look on his face and I never heard him say a cross word.

Loanne Robison Bartholomew



In conclusion, we, the children, think our father was the "greatest." Somehow he managed to raise us without spankings.

When we wanted to do something he didn't think we should, he would say, "I don't think you should, "or perhaps, "If I were you I wouldn't do that," or "do you really think you should do that?"

Perhaps it was the same as telling us we couldn't but it seems he left it up to us. Now I don't mean to say he let us do anything that we wanted to, but somehow when he said, "I don't think you should do that," well, we just didn't do it. He was a kind (yet firm) father, a good teacher, a good sport, well, just the kind of a man we all admired and hoped to be somewhat like.

The two most important things in his life were his religion and his family.

### **FOR THE FOLLOWING, I AM MOST GRATEFUL**

For the gathering dates etc. and compiling them in a record of his father Augustus Ruben Belnap ~ Oscar Newel Belnap ~ Blackfoot, Idaho

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Memories recalled to mind of Father and Grandfather by the following:

Denis & Marie Belnap ~ Corvallis, Oregon

Newel & Vera Belnap ~ Blackfoot, Idaho

Bernice Belnap Wilde ~ Pocatello, Idaho

Martell Belnap ~ La Marque, Texas

Delma Belnap Robison ~ Ogden, Utah

Delsa Belnap Robison ~ Boise, Idaho

Myra Nettie Belnap Austin ~ California

Nola Belnap Curtis ~ Shelley, Idaho

Robert Belnap ~ Blackfoot, Idaho

Betty Belnap Winmill ~ Rupert, Idaho

Milton Belnap ~ Burley, Idaho

Sharon Wilde Marler ~ Italy

Loanne Robison Barthomew ~ Provo, Utah

Olena Nettie Belnap

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