



VI 1. MARILYN RUE SUPPES b 24 Apr 1928 wed 14 Jul 1957 11 Ben Rasmusen b 29 Nov 1926. Dr. Carr advised Dora to live with her sister Helen, near a hospital, the last months of pregnancy. When labor started, she lay on the couch rather nauseated and brother-in-law Harry ran to get an old newspaper. It must have been an exciting time because as he ran back with it, he had to use it himself. They had phoned Ed who drove to the city immediately. Dora said that when he arrived, he rang the doorbell with their farm telephone "number", a long and three shorts, and she was so glad to hear it. When Dora, Ed and Marilyn arrived home, Marilyn's happy farm life began.

Climbing trees, playing with Rusty and her puppies, watching the threshing gang at harvest time from the safety of the milkhouse roof, jumping on the piles of straw in the hayloft - when you looked up, the curving beam stretched high and away to the hayfork wire at the top. Sometimes Marilyn and the hired man's kids, along with the cats, would line up like a theatre audience and watch the men milk; once in a while the cats would get a spurt of milk aimed at their mouths.

Dora taught Marilyn poetry and songs - Longfellow's "Children's Hour" and "Take Me Out To The Ballgame"; sometimes they sang harmony. The piano, later the scene of many practice hours, was purchased from Uncle Eli and Aunt Celia's household; the stool is still in the family.

Marilyn walked the mile to country school her first two years. A most memorable day was when the neighbor's "old buck" ambled across the road, causing shouts from the younger

ones at recess for all to climb the slide; this ram had a fearsome reputation for butting. Marilyn was swinging at the time and decided she was safe there off the ground. This was a miscalculation, however, since the sheep walked under the swing and stopped since it was just the right height to rub his back. She swung faster and higher amidst screams from the side. Heads popped up at the school windows and soon the big boys came running and threw stones at the sheep which ended his massage.

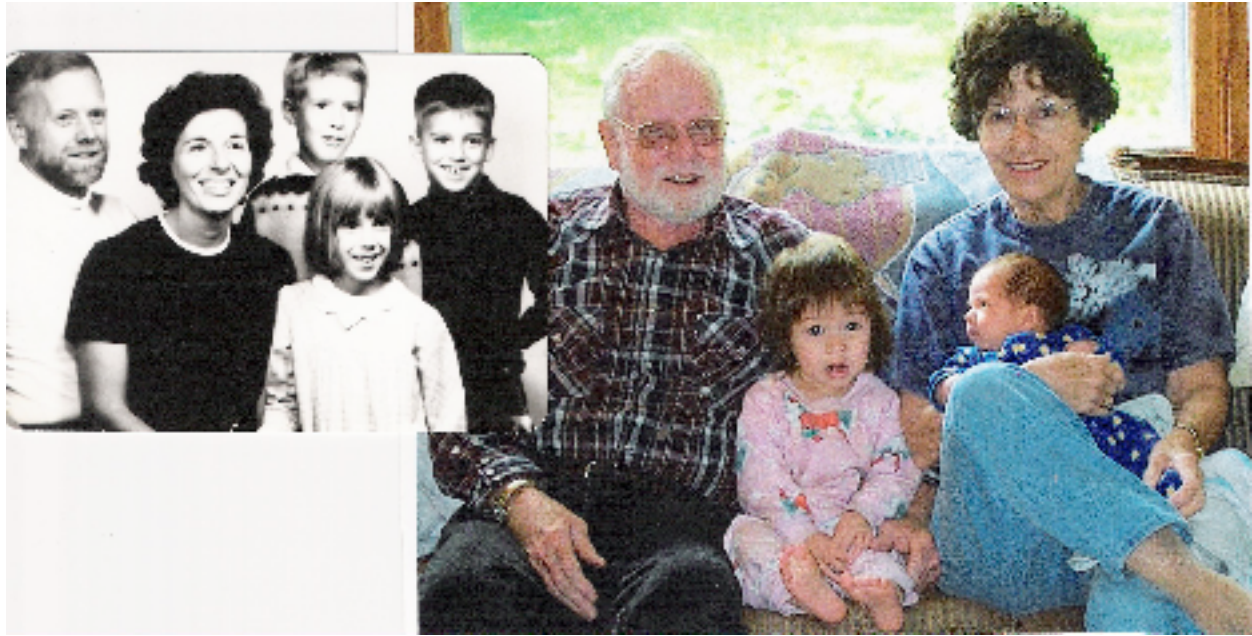
Somonauk school years passed quickly; Marilyn graduated as valedictorian and went on to Northwestern University where she was no longer such a big fish; her English class of 500 was almost the size of her hometown. The experience was enriching, however, and after obtaining a degree there, she worked in a sales engineering office in Chicago several years. Living on the Near North side amongst other recent graduates, she could walk to work and the wonders of the Windy City lay before them - plays, opera, social clubs, lectures, the beaches, concerts were all there for the taking.

A three-week grand tour of Europe with two other young women was a highlight of these years. The Second World War had been only a few years before and all Americans were viewed as part of a "savior nation"; it was surprising and dream-like to the travelers that all the famous sites were exactly as books and pictures described. They also developed a respect for history that went back century after century.

Eventually, Chicago became so familiar as to breed, not contempt, but a sense of pedaling in one place. The only other city she and her contemporaries considered, perhaps as good as Chicago, was San Francisco, so Marilyn moved there. She found an office of seismic engineers and was working there one morning when she heard a low rumble that grew as loud as a freight train. She looked up and saw an engineer just coming round a file cabinet; apparently the look was imperative because he shrugged his shoulders helplessly. The fifth floor room began to lean, first one way and then the other like a limber tree on a windy day. People began to talk and move. There was a bit of hysteria about a secretary who was on an errand down the street. She was back in a few minutes reporting broken shop windows. Marilyn had timed her move to experience the biggest earthquake since 1906.

During this time of learning San Francisco's claims to fame, she re-newed acquaintance with future husband Ben who was getting a Ph.D. in Genetics at the University of California. This called for a change in plans; Ben would drive into town for the weekend and Saturday night they would go to a play, a party or some special event. Sunday they would visit a church and usually spend the afternoon lounging in the beautiful gardens of Golden Gate Park. Eventually, they took pen and paper with them to the park and wrote "the folks" about their plan to be married - she wrote to his and he wrote to hers.

After they lived for a year in Davis, Ben finished his degree and they moved back East where Ben was a professor at the University of Illinois for 27 years. The family spent two years of this time on sabbatical leaves, once in Edinburgh, Scotland and once in Cambridge, England. Here they are, on the left, at a time between these sabbatical years. and the more recent picture on the right shows Ben and Marilyn with a couple of the grandchildren, Elizabeth and Benjamin.



Dora went with them when the family went to Scotland and, seven years later, to England. She was a good traveler, always interested in new places with well-received questions for the natives.. In this photo she and Marilyn are off on some local Urbana outing.



Marilyn and Ben also had the opportunity to travel to Europe many times in connection with Ben's research which added interesting experiences and friendships. They volunteered in Urbana for school and Sunday School and 4-H activities; Marilyn was manager of a county youth orchestra. They gardened with their children in a community plot.
Marilyn and Ben's children: Eric, Mary and Andrew

VII 1. ERIC BENNETT RASMUSEN b. 20 Dec 1958 wed 19 Feb 1994Helen Choi b 19 Dec 1962. Eric went to Urbana schools except for a year in Scotland when he was six and a year in England when 14. He learned to read in the Edinburgh school which opened his life into a grand vista of knowledge which he tried to envelop as quickly as