

In 1916 when Edward Suppes and Dora Graf married, after a honeymoon in Chicago where they bought furniture (the blackened mahogany bedroom pieces remain, along with an oak Mission style chair), they lived on the Ernest Suppes farm. Ed raised cattle and hogs and Dora raised chickens. At this time a name was needed for the farm since they wanted to register their pedigreed livestock. Dora chose the name Roseland, partly for the many roses in the yard and partly for her mother-in-law's name, she said. And so in 1920 Ernest registered the land as Roseland Stock Farm.

These are the years when Dora sold eggs to a peddler who drove his wagon out from Chicago and paid in gold coins. She paid for the installation of an indoor bathroom that way and also used some proceeds to buy herself a pretty cameo ring.

Marilyn remembers she took twelve-dozen cases of eggs to sell to Somonauk grocers, memorable because when she was paid, the grocer permitted Marilyn to select whatever lollipop she wanted from his grand display. Dora also churned cream to make butter and perhaps sold some at the store as other farm women did. She canned quantities of produce. When grapes were ripe, a muslin bag hung over the kitchen table, the grape juice dripping out the bottom to be turned into jelly or beverage.

Ed had a dairy herd; another memory of Marilyn's is the sight of many cats lined up as the men milked, each waiting for a spray of milk to be directed his way. The milk was put in large cans and kept cool in running water in the milk house until picked up by the milk truck. Other farm animals besides the cows were horses, chickens, hogs and mules. The feel of hugging a firm but wiggly baby pig is strong in Marilyn's memory, as well as the raspy feel of a licking calf's tongue.

Dora and Ed worked hard, like most farm couples. They were hoping to buy the north eighty which Hazel inherited and eventually accomplished this; they celebrated by buying Marilyn a ring. But this feat took years, slowed down considerably by the Depression times when every penny counted.

Below is the picture taken at the time of their wedding.



Dora planted the purple lilac off the northeast house corner and also the white French lilac east of the house. Mrs. Schou said, "She got the white lilac from some cemetery." Marilyn believes this is the lilac where Dora placed a stepladder so that Marilyn could climb up and watch the nest of a brown thrush in the center of the bush.

The roses to the southwest were probably planted by Rose and continue to bloom in the 21st Century; Ernest must have planted the three cedars on the south line of the house yard. The orchard which Rose and Ernest planted continued to produce apples, cherries and pears as well, though the orchard had disappeared from northeast of the yard by about

1960. An old pear tree in the yard is still producing in 2006. Ed hung four trapezes from this tree in the early 1930s.

Other fruit trees included an apricot (in its prime in the 1930s) and a long north-south row of mulberries that stretched along the lane on the west of the barnyard. Every year Dora spread sheets underneath and then shook down as much fruit as possible in order to can it for good winter eating. The long double row of walnut trees in the lane northeast of the house was also harvested yearly.

The black walnuts, though hard to shuck and shell, were used in baking and fudge making. Ed loved anything chocolate. As Marilyn remembers, her mother made a dark chocolate layer cake weekly with thick chocolate frosting. He also loved fishing and the outdoors; he especially admired trees. (When Ed and Dora visited her brother in Maryland, they toured Washington D.C. When asked his favorite sight of the day, Ed replied, "The giant, spreading tree in Arlington Cemetery.") .

By 1932 his children had inherited the farm from Ernest. Lillian had quitclaimed since she was given land on Hoxsey Road. Ed and Dora continued to farm the land until they bought the house pictured below and moved to Somonauk. It was built, incidentally, by Ed's maternal grandparents, located at the northwest corner of Sycamore and Washington in Somonauk. At that time, 1938, the original hand-powered doorbell was still on the heavy front door and the original round front porch with its broad steps led down to the two concrete urns. Some of Ed's favorite expressions were "Just the ticket!", "What the dickens...?", "Gol!" and "The dickens you say!" In conversation, a very sympathetic man.

The Somonauk house pictured below had a barn and vegetable garden, complete with grape vines and berry patch, to the east when the Ed Suppes family moved there.

Instead of the enclosed porch pictured, there was an open round porch encircling a protruding front hall. A mechanical doorbell which rang when a knob was turned graced the front door.

Dora and Ed had a glider on this porch - a popular form of rocking settee in the 1940s.

The following article about the 1910 high school class including Ed and Dora was most newsworthy in those days since many, especially the boys, did not attend high school. Each graduate was required to write an essay. Dora's subject was Art; Ed's was Machines of War.



THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

CLASS OF TEN GRADUATE

Opera House is Not Large Enough
to Accommodate the Friends

INTERESTING PROGRAM GIVEN

Beautiful Stage Decorations—Com-
mencement Address by W. Wenger.

CLASS OF 1910

Mary Charlotte Kessler
Frances Ruth Bickert
Emma Caroline Martin
Beulah Henrietta Kutsner
Mary Grace Hubbard
Dora Louise Fraef
Verna Rumney
Earl Sylvester Brenning
Edward Raymond Suppes

Ten graduates of the Buchanan high school were presented with diplomas Thursday evening before one of the largest audiences that has ever packed the opera-house. Long before the exercises began, the seats of the theatre were filled by order of Manager Bernero, every seat being used, and as a result several live or extra were turned away.

The stage was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Draperies in the class colors, lavender and white, and the letters 1910 formed a back ground. Extending across the top of the stage in the foreground was the class motto, "Climb, Though the Rocks Be Stagnant." The class entered the opera-house to the strains of a march played by Miss Klein Stripes, and mounted the stage by temporary stairs, on either side of which was a bank of fern and flowers.

Rev. John Anderson invoked the divine blessing and Edward R. Strice cordially welcomed the friends in behalf of the class.

THE PROGRAM WAS interspersed with selections by Prof. Hehn's orchestra and vocal solos by A. B. De Kromer, of Chicago, all of which elicited repeated applause from the large audience.

Walter L. Wenger, of Aurora, deliv-ered the commencement address, choosing for his subject, "Monuments That Crumble Not." Mr. Wenger is a polished speaker and handled his subject in an able manner. He held the close attention of the audience throughout his address, which contained just enough humor to make it entertaining as well as instructive.

He paid a glowing tribute to our public schools which he said are the greatest in the world because the American people are the greatest people in the world. His thought, made good by standing place and role the world, should be sunk into the hearts of the youth and fill them in greater action.

What we need is not more of utility of wealth, but the proper use of it. The world remembers a man for what his character stands for. One should not only strive to make a living, but should also endeavor to make life greater. Have high ideals and you will rise because you have a purpose daily in that direction. What one wishes he may become. Ideals supply enthusiasm in accomplishing great things and enthusiasm may be the conqueror.

There are three ways to measure value: first, what it costs individual effort; second, what it adds to individual comfort and happiness; third, what it transmits through us for the comfort and happiness of others.

Prof. Warren Hubbard, after extending hearty congratulations to the class, presented the members with their diplomas.

The audience was dismissed by Rev. F. F. Farrington.

Movement to Free by Big Corporation to Make Fox River Nav-

igable Stream

Prospects for making this river a navigable stream to Ottawa is the latest encouragement that promoters of increasing the stream have receiv-

Ed and Dora lived here with their daughter Marilyn. After Ed died in 1965, Dora moved to Urbana to be near Marilyn and family; she lived in that area until her death in 1984.

At the time of Ed's death, the banker Earl Hupp was helping Dora and Marilyn with opening the lock box. Earl, in an admiring statement about Ed, said, "I never heard anyone say anything against Ed Suppes." Then he added, "That's no small thing in a little town like ours."

1. MARILYN RUE SUPPES b. 24 Apr 1928, in Chicago, wed 14 Jul 1957 in Somonauk
BENJAMIN RASMUSEN b 29 Nov 1926 in Somonauk

MARILYN SUPPEN GRADUATES

Miss Marilyn Suppes received on June twelfth the B. A. degree in Northwestern University's new B. A. program. This program is in the school of Liberal Arts and has this year graduated its third class of seniors.



*Mr. and Mrs. Edward Raymond Suppes
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Marilyn Rue
to
Dr. Benjamin A. Rasmussen
on Sunday, the fourteenth of July
Nineteen hundred and fifty seven
at half after seven o'clock
Union Congregational Church
Somonauk, Illinois*



Marilyn led an idyllic childhood. Her mother taught her songs like “Take Me Out To The Ball game” and “Pretty Redwing” and then sang harmony with her; her dad made her whistles from willow sticks. There was much outdoor life supported by recreational tools such as rope swings and a tree house made by her father, a snowslide-hill piled up by her mother,

and happy hours with the hired man's children. Ed and Dora really valued the building of a good healthy body in a child, thus the several trapezes and a simple, balanced diet. (Though Marilyn had plenty of cookies, she lamented the prohibition of red pop.) She had all the orchard trees to climb and a little rat terrier named Rusty. Before that there was a purebred named Rex. She didn't like that name and called him Honey. There was a sand box where she played in the southeast yard; years later in the 1940s Rusty was buried at that spot.

Marilyn remembers from her early years the flurry of threshing time. The first morning Tory would bring the threshing machine with its huge wheels and boiler; the flat roof seemed odd. A time or two, before the threshers came, Ed lifted Marilyn up to pull the rope that let a blast of steam blow one short ear-shattering whistle, just for the fun of it. Then she was told to sit on the roof of the milk house if she wanted to watch, but not to go into the farmyard.

The threshing gang members would come with their teams and hayracks and go to the fields. Soon the horses would come back from the reapers, leaning into their harnesses with the heavy loads. Marilyn watched the sheaves of wheat or oats brought to the noisy threshing machine with its long, shiny whirring belt where the grain was separated from the straw. The straw was forked into the barns' mows. All the action of moving wheels, men and horses was accompanied by shouted messages, creaking wood and leather, and the overriding roar of the threshing machine.

The racks would take turns pulling up beneath the yawning doors of the barns. The big hay fork would be let down from the mow by a man standing in the door steering the rope. Another man on top of the load would "set" the hooks so that a big forkful could be pulled up. One team did nothing but walk up and down the yard so the driver could manipulate the pulley system for the fork. Men working in the mow would take the bundles from the fork and pitch them into the corners to fill the barn; this was the hottest, dustiest job.

At noon the men would come up to the welcome shade of the grape arbor. A wooden counter ran along the house wall with a hand pump and a wash basin. After washing hands and faces, they would troop into the house for the noon meal. Dora, with the help of Bertha Passow, prepared mountains of mashed potatoes, beef, other vegetables, pies, and coffee for the dozen or so men sitting around the dining room table.

On Saturday nights Ed, Dora and Marilyn went to town. Ed would go to the barber shop for chat and a game of cards; Dora and Marilyn would get the groceries and, in summer, a pint of hand-packed ice cream at the drug store. After they got home, they would eat it sitting on the grass in the light from the big bay window. The ice box on the kitchen porch wouldn't keep ice cream overnight.

Marilyn spent two years in country school, District 315 the same one Ed had attended. She usually waited at the end of the lane and walked with Meyers or Grieffs as they came by. There were three in her class which came up to the front for their lessons near the big roll-down maps. There was one traumatic day when the teacher gripped her by the shoulder as she came into the cloakroom and shook a paper under her nose. "Did you write this note?" she said. It was a note informing Robert Schou that Grandma was going to make curtains for their playhouse, which was an old brooder house on the farm. Marilyn admitted the crime and had to read the note aloud in front of all, including the awesome eighth graders, an agonizing memory she couldn't bear to recall till years later.

The teacher took Robert and Marilyn home with her one night so they could speak at a meeting of the teachers. Marilyn told a story about a girl who couldn't find her hat until she saw it come gliding into the room - turned out there was a kitten beneath it. The most memorable part of the trip came before that at Mrs. McCoskey's home. She was going to change the water in a goldfish bowl and the fish accidentally slipped into the sink. Our stalwart teacher suddenly became a fluttery housewife calling on her husband for rescue. For Marilyn, never having seen a befuddled teacher, it was a hopeless instant of chaos.

Highlights of the school year were the Christmas program - the teacher drew colorful pictures on the blackboard, the colored chalk being a thing of wonder - and the last day of school when there was a picnic. The grand finale came when permission was given to go through a hole in the school foundation and be scared in the dank dark under the building

There was a big round furnace in the school where the girls' long stocking hung to dry - there were times they got splashed by a puddle on the way to the outhouse. One winter when very heavy snows blocked roads, Ed hitched up the bobsled and went through the fields with Marilyn picking up children and depositing them all at school. It was easier to cross fences at the shallower drifts than to push through some snowy hills on the roads. Marilyn remembers the jingling of the sleigh bells and the laughing children crowded into the sled box.

Sometimes on warm Spring days the classes would be held outside on the grass; and then the teacher might lead the pupils down the road to the west where they would all eat their lunches under the shade of a large tree. At recess they played Prisoner's Base, Red Rover or they ran races.

The most exciting day of those first two years was a day when the younger children were having their special extra recess. Some were on the swings, including Marilyn (who loved to swing high and jump out, until her father drove by one day, saw her and later told her not to do that any more or she'd get flat feet). A cry went up, "The old buck's coming!", which meant that Spach's huge and surly old buck sheep from across the road had decided to graze in the school yard. This meant all children should get out of the way because he enjoyed butting into them. Everyone climbed onto the ladder at the slide except Marilyn who'd decided that since she was swinging she was safe. The sheep sauntered over to the swing set, positioned himself just under the wooden seat of the violently swinging Marilyn. When she descended to the low part of the arc, the swing was just low enough to give him an enjoyable back rub. There was nothing to do but keep swinging. All the children screamed for help which brought every head to the school windows, and soon the big boys had thrown enough stones to coax the ram to leave. Here's a picture of Mrs. McCoskey and her students. (Marilyn's the one with the furry collar, handed down from one of her many aunts' coats).



The remaining elementary and secondary years were spent in Somonauk schools where Marilyn's first few months were a challenge of new-school, new-kids; but Miss Dondanville was a great teacher, beloved by all. Fifth grade was a little boring; Miss Kvandal had Marilyn crochet when her work was finished, but Mr. Morsch kept everyone studying the next couple years; required work was finished early so he dug out his old college zoology notes and everyone drew pictures of one-celled animals with great detail and description.

High school was a flurry of clubs and study, basketball games and crepe paper twists for parties. Marilyn was editor of the 1946 year book and valedictorian of her senior class, officer in many clubs and elected May Queen - not many dates with boys, except for the big events, but lots of fun. A highlight was the musical comedy produced her Freshman year. She had the role of major villainess and scored many complements on the evil character, but the teacher sponsoring this performance left and no more plays were offered.

The years went quickly - bicycling down to Grandma's or with friends to the Somonauk Creek bridge, skating on the Catholic tennis courts, slumber parties, church choir, piano lessons, and in the summer, church camp and visiting cousins. When she was nine, eye glasses were needed, much to her father's dismay; he was always touched by physical incapacities..

After a game or other school event, when Marilyn would come home, Ed often asked her if she'd had fun. When he was feeling unusually close, he would call her "girl". Though

Marilyn didn't recall the incident, he recalled in later years that once when she was giving introductory remarks before some school performance, the lights went out. He said she just continued her speech in the dark, and when almost finished, the lights came on again, and the show went on.

She biked down to Grandma Rose Suppes', with or without friends, two or three times a week. She would burst in the front door and usually find Grandma sitting by the radio and crocheting, always glad to see her granddaughter. She sometimes sang to us grandkids, as she had to her own kids. She remembered that one song made Eddie cry - "Father, Dear Father Come Home With Me Now", a temperance song about a little girl trying to get her father to leave the tavern.



A SUPPES GET-TOGETHER -- CA 1939

Standing, left to right: Dora (Graft) Suppes (wife of Edward); Anna Ehake, friend of the family, not a relative; Hazel (Suppes) Sauer (m. Sheldon Sauer); ^{Pgt Sauer, dau. of Hazel Sauer} Charles Scheidecker; Ruth (Tewinkel) Suppes (m. Raymond Suppes); Edward Suppes; Gertrude (Potter) Scheidecker (m. Charles Scheidecker); Will Boers; Alberta (Suppes) Boers (m. Will Boers); Lillian (Suppes) Stevens (m. Robert Stevens).

Seated, left to right: Rosa (Rhorer) Suppes (m. Ernest Suppes 1856-1924); Della Suppes 1891-1990, Henry Suppes 1850-1939; Amelia (Suppes) Waslund 1863-_____ (sister to Ernest, Henry; Esther Waslund, dau. of Amelia.

On the ground, lt. to rts: ^{Pgt Sauer, dau. of Hazel Sauer} ~~One of Raymond Suppes' daughters--~~ either Joan b. 1928 or Jane b. 1929; Marilyn Suppes, dau. of Edward Suppes

The above photograph came from Della Suppes and the identification of people made by her several years before her death in 1990.

Jan 1990
Del Gurley

Following are the words to a couple of other songs which Hazel asked her mother to write down when she was old):

Twenty froggies went to school, down beside a rushy pool,
Twenty little coats of green, twenty vests so white and clean.
We must be in time, said they. First we study, then we play.
That is how we keep the rule when we froggies go to school.

Master froggy, grave and stern, calls the classes in their turn,
Teaches how to leap and dive, also how to nobly strive,
From his seat upon a log, teaches how to sing ker-chog.
Also how to dodge a blow from the stick that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast, big frogs they became at last.
Not one dunce among the lot, not one lesson they forgot.
Polished to a high degree as a froggie ought to be.
Now they sit on other logs, teaching other little frogs.

Last night when I was snug in bed, such fun it was for me.
I dreamt that I was Grandpapa, and Grandpapa was me.
I dreamt I wore a powdered wig, drab pants and gaiters buff
And took without a single sneeze a double pinch of snuff,
a double pinch of snuff.

And we went walking up the street, and he ran by my side,
And 'cause I walked too fast for him, the little fellow cried.
And after tea I washed his face and when his prayers were said,
I blew the candle out and left poor Grandpapa in bed,
poor Grandpapa in bed.

The melody to the last tune is: sol (low, mi, mi, fa, mi, re, re
sol (low) re, re, mi, re, do, do
sol (low) mi, mi, fa, mi, re, re
sol (low) re, re, do, mi, re, do

Marilyn spent many hours in her grandma's garden - picking flowers, playing in the barn, climbing every tree (the tulip was hardest). Much time was also spent exploring the attic. Once she and her cousin Janice were dressing up in the lovely pleated and lace-bedecked dresses the attic contained when a commandeering voice from Jan's father ordered them down. In their haste to get out of the dresses, seams ripped a bit and tiny, covered buttons flew as they got the dresses back into boxes. Marilyn sadly recalled later that no

word of the destruction was ever heard from her Grandma.

Grandkids also played in the roomy closets upstairs, turning the tiers of wide shelves into bunks at sea or cots in an imaginary jungle. Ed once said that neighborhood children, too, were always welcome in his mother's eyes and that when grown, they had told him this.

Marilyn remembers snacking on cookies there, or sometimes Grandma would butter a piece of bread and sprinkle it with a light brown sugar she called "sea sugar".

At the end of each high school day many would go up to Verne Grandgeorge's drug store and sit at the marble counter or in a booth to have a cherry or chocolate coke.

Verne Grandgeorge once told his wife (she told Marilyn later) that Ed Suppes was "a true gentle man". Marilyn certainly always found this to be true. He once reminded her that he had never laid a hand on her (unlike her mother). He rarely spoke to her in firm tones but she does remember that in early years he often said, "Don't whine." He had definite opinions but never raised his voice, always wanting to help anyone in any situation. If someone banged a finger or head, he was visibly hurt. Sometimes, Dora and Marilyn would join him on a fishing trip to Somonauk Creek. Dora would fix a lunch and a blanket would be spread for the feast.

After high school Marilyn attended Northwestern University and received a B.A. degree in 1950. The first months of college were rather overwhelming but with a good roommate and a determination to get on top of poetry analysis and mysterious math concepts the time was enjoyable. She worked harder than she needed to for average to middling grades, though she was invited into the Junior year Honor Society

Not being invited into one of the elite sororities, she took Aunt Minnie Fisher's advice and stayed Independent, which meant living in the elite Independent dorm and many strong friendships with talented girls. She was active on the NU newspaper staff, sang with dorm chorus and college glee club and joined other organizations. Her curriculum was a new Arts program with top professors each lecturing for a couple of months on their specialties for the first two years. Her psychology major was bare-bones but she was accepted in the University of Minnesota grad program, then decided she would rather be out of school in the real world. Her B.A. degree got her a job as the secretary in a small sales engineering office in Tribune Tower.

One summer, however, when she needed a summer school required class, was a special education. A professor suggested she become one of the "mothers" at a Children's Home & Aid Society house. A couple dozen children aged six to sixteen were kept in this "limbo", unwanted in their homes, unadoptable because parents would not consent, and difficult to place in foster homes. Whichever pair of students were on duty would be called "Mom" and "Dad". It was eye-opening to see such heavy burdens on young shoulders and satisfying to be of help.

The seven years Marilyn spent as a secretary were enriching, enjoyable and probably not wasted, though her only civic contribution was work for Young Republicans in a Democratic town and a little church activity.

She and her apartment mates shopped during lunch hours and partied on weekends; dates were frequent and there were lots of new places and experiences to explore. The first housing was upstairs in an Evanston house with no kitchen; lettuce was kept in the bath tub of cold water and a hot plate provided main dishes. Living was easy and without notice of anything lacking. Two other young women from NU joined the two and a move took them to an old-ish brick apartment at 7512 Lakeside Terrace in the Rogers Park section of Chicago, right across the street from a vacant lot bordering Lake Michigan. This sandy expanse with a few tufts of weeds was termed by the new householders a perfect bathing beach.

Three young women shared the large bedroom and one slept on a bed in the dining room. It was heavenly to buy groceries and take turns cooking and have beach parties and celebrate holidays with Christmas trees and plush rabbits and pumpkins bought with their own earned money. None of them had ever known such independence. No "quiet hours" and "lock-up times" of the dorm, no class assignments, nobody else to plan around - the hedonistic years, except for the easily solved problems of apartment-sharing. Chores were rotated and as much time as possible was spent on the "beach"

Since rent ceilings were still in effect from the war years, four shared this princely life for a total of \$70 per month. Even this amount was over the ceiling, however, and the government sued the landlord for overcharging. Each tenant received \$1000, a pleasant surprise which sent Marilyn and two others on a Grand Three-Week Tour of Europe. They were surprised to find that all the famous places there looked just like their pictures. They climbed to the bell tower of Notre Dame, bought gloves in Florence, saw outdoor opera in Rome and admired the Changing of The Guard in London.

The awkward, by-chance meetings with the landlord proved uncomfortable and the tiny rent downright embarrassing so Marilyn and friends Helen McLane and Barb Bunn, moved to the Near North. Marilyn's boss and wife, Tommie and Bobby Thomason, were good friends and counselors of the girls, hosting holidays, downtown events and even a camping trip along the lake. Tommie was a caring, fun-loving though fussy boss and there were a couple of pleasant engineers in the office. Tommie took Marilyn along on troubleshoots, once onto an oil tanker, and visits such as to the British Consulate where he was arranging travel to the West Indies. Michigan Avenue was not only Marilyn's 15-minute walk to work but provided great shopping. Gradually, however, Near North life became "more of the same" and Marilyn decided the only place possibly better than Chicago would be San Francisco, so she moved.

Her first night there was at the St. Francis, the only hotel she had heard of. The elegant surroundings with its string quartet in the lobby were nice, but in a day or two she had moved to the YWCA until she found a residence club.

There is one elegant memory of the YWCA time. As Marilyn was going through the lobby, the receptionist asked her and her Y roommate if they would like to go to the opera that night. Some patron of both the opera and the Y had dropped off a couple of tickets. Of course, they accepted the offer. That night when they hied themselves off to the San Francisco Opera House, they found themselves in very good seats - front row center of the first balcony. The opera was lovely, if unfamiliar, to Marilyn who had become fairly acquainted with major works at Chicago's Lyric Opera, but the evening was greatly enjoyed and Marilyn has occasionally remembered the generosity of the anonymous ticket donor.

The San Francisco residence clubs of the 1950s were glorified boarding houses filled with vibrant youth. Thirty or so would sit down for dinner, then perhaps listen to music in someone's room or go to a movie. It was a perfect place for a young single, new in town, to make friends and have a "family".

On weekends Marilyn started seeing a lot of Ben who would come down from Davis - a play or a party, shrimp cocktail breakfast Sunday morning followed by church and maybe Golden Gate Park in the afternoon. When they fell in love and decided to marry, they spread a blanket amongst the beautiful gardens in the park and took pens in hand to write the folks the news. She wrote to his folks and he wrote to hers.

One of the young women at the residence club was from Aberdeen, Scotland. She was intrigued that I was marrying someone with Scots ancestry and told me of an old tradition for the bride wearing a ribbon of the groom's clan. Marilyn took her up on the offer to have her mother send us a length of Brodie plaid ribbon. This graced the front of Marilyn's going-away dress for the honeymoon.

Marilyn worked for a couple more months at her fifth-floor engineering office and was there long enough to be in a minor earthquake before the wedding. She remembers looking up, apparently commandingly, at an engineer just rounding a filing cabinet because he locked eyes with her and helplessly shrugged his shoulders. They felt the building slowly sway like a tree in a strong wind, but it had been built to withstand quakes and slowly righted itself. Everyone was worried about a secretary who had just gone down to the street on an errand. When she returned she reported detours around broken shop windows and minor damage to pavement.

The people in her office were very friendly folk. She had started work there in the Spring of 1957 and was completely surprised when a cake and little "coffee party" emerged on her birthday; it was an office custom to do this for each worker's birthday, but she had not been aware of this and the office took pleasure in her surprise.

When she announced the engagement, one of the women gave her tips on housekeeping - she remembers being told that an empty wine bottle makes a good rolling pin. The women also gave her a bridal luncheon-shower.

Marilyn left for Illinois a couple of weeks before the wedding. She took the train from Sacramento on the Feather River Canyon route. The train had what was called a Vista Dome with upper level seating that afforded grand views of the Western scenery.

Below is a pre-wedding scene - Marilyn with her father, Ed and Lynn Hall, the flower girl.



The

EIGHTY-SECOND YEAR

M. Suppes, B. Rasmussen Married

United at Congregational
Church: Lawn Reception

Miss Marilyn Suppes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Suppes of Soudan, and Dr. Benjamin A. Rasmussen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rasmussen, Millington, were united in marriage at 7:30 o'clock Sunday evening, July 14 in the Udon Congregational Church. The Reverend Ralph Beets, minister of the church performed the double ring ceremony.

For the beautiful service, the church was decorated with white gladioli, pink azalea and an altar candelabra with pink candles. Pews were decorated with pink Queen Anne lace tied with ribbon.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. Her gown was of chantilly lace in wavy length, long sleeves, rag strapped neck and hem lines. Her veil was shoulder length with veil with a chantilly lace veil. She carried a pale pink lace fan which held Happiness roses.

Her maid of honor, Miss Helen McLane, was attired in a white length dress of pink chantilly and wore a matching shantung hat and head piece. She carried a white lace fan with pink roses. The flower girl, Miss Loyal Bell, was very pretty in a pearl pink organza. She wore a glaucous rose head band and carried a petite fan with the same type roses trailing from

The arch of the wedding party, best man, Gorman Krasie, and bridesmaid Paul Larson, Grooms' attendants and Roger Rasmussen, were dark blue suits, grey ties and white rose-carnation boutonnières.

For her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Suppes selected a rose lace dress which was accented by a corsage of garnet roses. The groom's mother wore a mauve lace dress and also a corsage of garnet roses.

Preceding the ceremony, Miss Ruth Stroobler played a prelude of wedding music and also accompanied Mr. Kenneth Hayward, soloist, who sang "Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes," "The Prayer" and "The Lord's Prayer."

A reception for about 150 relatives and friends was held on the church lawn immediately following the ceremony. Hang about the lawn were silver star lanterns with vari-colored lights. The serving table had a white flannel cover and the 4-angled-rectangular cake was encased with tall white tapers decorated with lilies of the valley. During the reception soft, semi-classical records music was played.

Assisting at the reception were Barbara Phillips and Helen Morrison at the guest book; Misses Mary and Emma Martin at the gifts. Refreshments were served by Mary Larson, Edith John, Jean Ryeland, Mary Ellen Ruas, Phyllis Fritsch, Dorothy Watren, Dawn Neri and Henrietta Thomas. Kitchen help was provided by the Sunshine Band and the women's groups from the church.

Guests were present from Sandwich, Plano, Marquette, Evanston, Mt. Pleasant, Nechikrook, Seneca, Stanger, DeKalb, Island, Mazonia, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Chicago, Paw Paw, Amboy, Rockford, Millington, Ashton and Verona.

For her wedding trip, Mrs. Rasmussen chose a white plique walking dress with attached streamers in the plaid of the Scotch clan from which the groom is descended. The streamers were sent from Glasgow by a friend of the bride.

The new bride is a graduate of the Soudan High School and Northwestern University and has been engaged in secretarial work in Chicago and more recently in San Francisco, Calif.

Dr. Rasmussen attended the University of Pennsylvania, University of Illinois, Cornell University, the University of California, is now on the staff of the College of Veterinary Medicine, Univ. of California.

They will be at home after 5 at 501 G. Street, Davis, California.

Marilyn remembers their July 14 wedding as hot and lovely. The groom's present to the bride was a pair of pearl earrings and the bride's present to him was a pair of cuff links with topaz sets, his birthstone. Cousin Dorothy Warren was a great help; for example, her two boys carried the wedding cake from the Suppes house to the church and also strung wires among the churchyard trees and hung Japanese lanterns for the reception. Helen McLane was maid of honor; Graham Brodie was best man. Lynn Hall sprinkled rose petals along the bridal carpet. Kenneth Hubbard, a schoolmate, sang "Drink To Me Only". The pew ends were decorated with Queen Anne's Lace sprayed pink and tied with wide ribbons.

Just after the ceremony Marilyn was told Ben's grandmother, Mrs. Ben Rasmusen, had died that morning. It was time for photographs and as they lined up, Marilyn wondered why the photographer didn't snap the picture. At the rear of the church, Dora suddenly clapped her hands, just once, but loudly. The sound jerked Marilyn back to the immediate moment, she smiled and the camera clicked.

The honeymooners stopped the first night at a cabin in Pines State Park. They arrived at Lake Namakagon so late the next night that they just said hello to Managers Bill and Helen Amos and went on to the cottage. They were awakened late the next morning to hear loud banging of pots and pans and lots of yelling. Bill Amos and a group of carpenters from nearby had decided to chivaree. Marilyn and Ben were pleased but wished they would go away. They did, and the happy couple chatted with them later while the cheery carpenters hammered away on the nearby structure.

The wedding trip across Canada with destination Davis, California included grand scenery and interesting side trips along the Pacific Coast. The couple took up residence in an apartment at a dear Danish-American lady's home; Mrs. Simonsen was more of a kind aunt than a landlady; she told Marilyn of the gay waltzes of her youth and advised her on the proper way to iron Ben's shirts - she'd once worked in a laundry.

The next year when Ben had finished his Ph.D. at the University of California in Davis, he was offered a position at the University of Illinois, beyond his expectation for the immediate future. Marilyn and Ben lived in Urbana 29 years through the joy of the babies and their school years, the many trips abroad, and many local friendships.

When Ben retired, they moved to the Ernest and Ed Suppes farm and have enjoyed this rural spot for more than two decades. This is how the farmyard looked in the 1970s. By the time Marilyn and Ben moved there in the 80s the east porch had been removed.