

ALMA RASMUSSEN

Alma Rasmussen, son of Erastus Peter Rasmussen and Mary Jensine Josephine Petersen was born in Castle Dale, Emery County, Utah, December 26, 1914. Alma was the sixth child in the family. His brothers and sister were: James, Peter, Merrald, Francis, Laaron, Maree, Andrew, and Donald.

Alma's parents were married September 12, 1900 and both lived in Castle Dale, Utah all of their lives. Erastus Peter Rasmussen, his father, died November 23, 1924 of pneumonia and Mary J. J. Petersen, his mother, died 7 February 1967.

Alma has many fond memories of life with his family. He remembers being with his father and brothers on the farm. This love of farm life has never left him. The experience he had with his father as he helped gather and break the limerock from the river bottom is a precious memory.

His father burned limestone to be used in mortar for brickmason's work. He would load two wagons of burnt limestone, take it to Price City, and then he would go to Consolidated Wagon and Machinery Co. and load up freight and bring it to Castle Dale to a branch of the Consolidated Wagon and Machinery Co. This way he was loaded both to and from Price. It was on some of these occasions that Alma would go with him. Alma would have been a boy of about 8 or 9 years. Alma was responsible for one team and 1 1/2 ton of limestone. This gave him a strong sense of responsibility, although his team would follow his father's team and they knew what to do. He thoroughly enjoyed these trips. He felt it was really something just to be with his father. His father was most always whistling or singing. Naturally, he was Alma's idol.

His father was called on a mission by the LDS Church to Denmark. He knew the language but went without purse or script. His father was on the boat to and from Denmark for one month each

way. The Castle Dale ward helped out with his expenses somewhat, but the rest Alma's mother made by sewing or selling milk or when necessary, selling some livestock. Alma had his father's diary which was kept during the mission.

Alma was ten when his father died. His mother did washing, ironing, and sewing to make a living for the family. When no one was around to model the dresses, his mother used him as the model as she pinned up the hems. He laughed later about that experience.

He spent his boyhood days working on the farm with his older brothers. He did not own a farm himself, but it was difficult for him to think of happy days and desires of his life without wishing he owned a farm. At the time of World War II, he was leasing a farm of 160 acres from Lyman G. Larsen. His first year his crops were fair. The second year he had all his spring plowing finished and was ready to start seeding when he became ill. Dr. Sims Duggins attended him. The doctor's diagnosis was that Alma had suffered a partial paralysis stroke. Evidently this type of stroke was quite uncommon for someone as young as Alma was. He was rejected from the Armed Service because of this illness and was the only single man his age left in town. Even though his doctor did not give much hope for his recovery Alma continued to improve. It was due to the good care of his mother and other family members and his own determination that he recovered completely. As proof of his recovery, he passed a physical examination and worked in the coal mine for 39 months.

The second year of farming were almost a failure for Alma. It was an exceptionally dry year. He had to depend on his brothers and others to take care of the farm and their time was limited. They did their best, but Alma barely got enough from his crops to pay for his seed. His lease was up now. He had had dreams of buying this farm of his dreams. Now he couldn't do much. He helped his brothers on their farms and did all his strength permitted.

When he was well enough, Alma went away to find work. He worked in Salt Lake for a while. He next worked in the Wattis Coal Mine for a year. In August of 1948 he went to Tooele to work in

the Smelter. He came home to visit about once a month. He left the Tooele Smelter in the middle of March 1949 and went to Tacoma, Washington to visit with Hector Petersen, his cousin, and look for employment. He was not successful in finding employment so again he came home and helped on the farm. Then he went to Wattis to work in the mine.

The first year Alma worked at Wattis, he worked the graveyard shift. He did what they called "dead work". This work consisted of cleaning track if the day shift had had trouble. For instance, if a loaded coal train, with usually four cars, would get off the track, they would re-rail the train and then take it to a designated place. They also distributed timbers, delivered powder for powder magazines, dumped rock cars left loaded in third east in No. 2 mine. They did many other unfinished jobs except mine coal. When he first began working in the mine he commuted to Wattis each day in his 1932 Pontiac car. It was a distance of 45 miles. He finally rented a batchelor apartment (#30). He batched alone, but he had good neighbors, Ernest and Della Wilson.

Each night he would go to the "lamp house" to get his battery lamp and his underground check number. He would get into the "man trip" (steel coal cars) and ride up the tram 1 1/4 miles to the mine. In the winter the trip was very cold. The cars were open and snow blew down his neck and under his shirt tail. Sometimes it would seem that he would never arrive at the hoist room. After his shift was over he would again ride the man trip down the mountain to his often lonely apartment. He did all his own cooking. He said his cooking never seemed as good as when he went to visit his mother.

Alma was laid off in February after four month's work. He went home and helped Francis on the farm and whatever else he could do. After one year he went back to the mine again. He didn't mind coal mining and batching gave him an independent feeling. In 1949 he had a small amount of money saved. He sold his Pontiac and purchased a 1949 Jeep 4-wheeled pickup truck. This made him feel more independent, so he could come and go as he wished on his days off. Sometimes he and another batchelor miner would take off for

the Sinbad Desert to look for uranium. He would often go back to Castle Dale and help on the farm. On the days that he wasn't working in the mine or helping his brothers on their farms, he spent in Sandy at the home of his sister-in-law, Wilma, all he could. It was one of these occasions that he met his future wife, Ruby Belliston Peterson.

Ruby was teaching school in Granite, Utah in the Jordan School District. Granite is a small community at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon. They were made acquainted by Laaron's wife, Wilma. Alma went on a blind date with Ruby. They seemed to get along fine. She had two children by a former marriage, a cute blonde girl of 11 years and a good-looking blonde boy of 9 years. Their names are Annette and Brent. Alma knew that Ruby was already sealed in the temple for eternity to her first husband. This did not discourage him. They enjoyed each other's company and that was important. After this first date, Alma would go to the Salt Lake Valley for two reasons -- to see Wilma and her family and also to see his future family.

While working in the coal mine one day, a slab of coal came down and crushed Alma's right leg. He spent two weeks in the Price Hospital. Two more weeks were spent recuperating. These weeks were long ones, and he had a chance to think about his life. He did not want to be alone anymore and knew that life in the mine wasn't what he wanted. He needed someone, and Ruby's children needed someone to take the place of their father. Ruby was having a difficult time trying to teach school and be both mother and father to her children, although she was doing a pretty good job at it.

Thirteen months after that first blind date Alma and Ruby were married. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on February 23, 1951. They lived in Granite. Ruby taught first, second, and third grades. Alma got a job with Whitmore Oxygen Co. This company was then in the process of building a new oxygen plant, and he worked there for five months. Then he quit, thinking he could make more money as a mason tender. However, he was not happy and quit that job, too. He was unemployed for several months. He finally found

work at Utah Poultry Feed Plant. He worked here for two years and then the family moved to Nephi where Ruby taught school and Alma worked in the Thermoid Rubber Plant. After seven months, there was a curtailment of work and Alma was laid off. There was not much work available in Nephi, so Alma worked odd jobs for a while.

Alma learned from the radio broadcast that Kennecott Copper Corporation was hiring 1,000 men. Alma was not immediately hired, but after he applied for the job he kept checking with them and going back until he finally hit it lucky. He passed his physical, which was another proof that he had recovered from his stroke, and on March 28, 1955 he went to work for Kennecott and moved to Midvale, Utah.

He first worked on the track. He belonged to gang #25. His boss was Don Millett. After three years on the gang he went to switch tending. The track job was difficult physical labor, but Alma always did his share in anything he did. Switch tending was easier, but there was much more responsibility. So when a bid opened for a shop sweeper for the new shops, Alma bid for it and got it. At this time they were making the switches automatic. One man, by means of automation, could replace several men. He could have gone back to the gang, but in most respects the shop job was much better. He was out of the weather in the winter and he had Saturday and Sunday off. Ruby had began teaching at Mt. Jordan Jr. High.

Alma loved Ruby's children. Annette married Anthony John Wanlass, and after serving a mission to Sweden, Brent married. Ann and Brent's children were the joy of Alma's life. He enjoyed being their grandfather. He was proud to be step-father to Ruby's children and grandfather to their children.

Alma enjoyed working with young people. He served as scout master in Granite and in Nephi. He and Ruby have been avid genealogists, and it is through their efforts that so much of the research and temple work for the ancestors on both Alma's mother and father's side have been done. They hired a researcher, Sister Ingor Ludlow, to research the Danish lines. Much money, time, and effort was spent by them to begin this large genealogical feat.

As the years went by Ruby retired from teaching and Alma retired from Kennecott and they enjoyed life very much. Ruby had a heart condition which was a concern to them. They moved out of their home in Midvale where they lived when Alma began working for Kennecott, and began living in a condominium, The Golden Living Center, in Salt Lake. This made it easier on the household chores, inside and out. However, they were not long to live in this place, for Ruby soon passed away. This was a very traumatic thing for Alma to live through. He continued to live in the Golden Living Center but was very unhappy alone. It was during this unhappy time that a cook in the Center told him that he ought to meet her sister who was coming to Salt Lake soon. They corresponded and visited by telephone prior to her visit. When she arrived in Salt Lake from her home in Cornelius, Oregon, it was as if they immediately knew that they would enjoy being with each other. Within several weeks this attraction grew and the void in Alma's life was filled so happily. Alma and Alice were married in the Jordan River Temple on 12 April 1984. Alice is a warm, loving kind woman who made Alma so very happy with her love and generous, warm nature. Her sense of humor and his were what made the life together so good. They truly loved each other and their life together was good. It is a comfort to those who love Alma so much to know that his last year was spent so cared for and so happy.

Alma contracted cancer not long after their marriage and after many hospital stays and doctor visits, he was admitted into the nursing home close to Cornelius, Oregon where they lived. He passed away in this home 4 May 1985. He is buried in Forest View Cemetary near Cornelius where Alice can continue to visit and care for his grave.

JOURNAL ENTREES

Life With This Beautiful Red-haired, Blue-Eyed Gal

2 Dec. 1984

Count your blessings, Alma. You are a blessed person to get such a good wife. They just don't come much better than she. She

is an exceptionally good wife, cook, and nurse. Ya, I love her for many things she does for me.

We are both, at the present time, not in prime health. Yet, we are thankful for what we have.

The sun is shining so brightly. We have had rainfall above average, but liquid sunshine is not all we enjoy. I am thankful Alice and I are married. We have so many good things in common. We have a beautiful home here and it is clean. We have a nice family here, too, and all of them have made me feel welcome. We have doctor bills, sure, but we have love in our home, a deep freeze full of goodies and other edible goodies like elk, beef, poultry, and salmon that our grandsons caught. Now, how many other people can say these things and hold a straight face? We can! So, for these reasons we can count our blessings.

Yes, we both are happy here. Yes, and thankful for each other. I love Alice. With my present health conditions I don't know where I'd be without her. So, count your blessings, Alma.

12 Dec. 1984

Nine months married and no regrets except health. Time has flown so fast. It doesn't seem like but one month since we married. I am proud of this marriage, especially since both of us are not feeling good. Alice, bless her pea-pickin'-heart, took exceptionally good care of me, has taken me to see the doctors, and stood by me and cared for me first rate. Now she is puny. Her leg muscle is torn. Now it is my turn to take care of her. I am not a good cook, but the breakfasts that I fixed and served to her in bed she enjoyed. To care for her is my obligation as her husband and I am glad for this privelege. I am pleased that she is on the improve. Yes, I do have pain, but thankful it is not constant.

2 Feb. 1985

Today is Ground Hog's day. Who is the cutest one this side of the Milky Way? Alice, I love you. Ya better believe it, too.

Alice, I have so many pleasant thoughts of life with you. I regret that my health isn't the best, but I am glad and, yes, blessed with many blessings. These are because I do have those many thoughts and enjoyable hours spent with you at my side. They

are a joy and comfort at times, too. I do hope for many more of the same pleasant times with you, Alice. They do help me through the days and nights. Alice, you have kept a beautiful log of happenings and trips to the doctors and all. I do at times get discouraged, BUT, I haven't given up and with you at my side always helping me, how can I give up? I can't and won't!

Alice, I am having a difficult time expressing my thoughts and my love for you. I just don't know what I would do without you. You are an inspiring joy and help to me. I have taken kemo therapy and radium treatments which are quite severe at times. I do still believe they are a mystery but so necessary. We have some disappointments. Sure, who doesn't have them? But, we are receiving an over-all bargain. I believe we have had and are yet receiving such a great many blessings, and we are making the best of what we have both at present and future.

There are so many good and pleasant thoughts of being here at Cornelius that I can't begin to inumerate them. Yes, and best of all, they all seem to improve and become more convincing to both of us that our marriage shall continue to improve even as we are now soon 11 months into our marriage.

I believe that our faith in our Lord has been an important factor in making this all come about. Our plans are to improve in this category. What else can it be, but to improve with those many good things that we have. Our trips to the doctor's office plus the trips to the hospitals have been of some advantage, too. Ya know, Alice, I thought perhaps our marriage might stir up some possible talk, especially after not known each other but such a short time, but everything concerning our marriage has been wonderful. Those who may have spoken against this marriage have been in error for you have been such a good help mate to work with. You remind me to take my pills, even at midnight and 4:00 a.m. Alice, you are my beautiful bride. And I do mean "beautiful". You are beautiful in so many different and pleasant ways. It is a dream being with you and I hope it continues on for some time. And Alice, I do love you for those many good things accomplished. So let us count our many blessings.

Alma has always been a fun person to be around. His sense of humor was catching. He loved to tell little jokes and say funny things that played on words in a funny way. He would say things like "Don't shoot, I'll marry your daughter!" He wasn't above having a water fight with the kids or taking his shoes off and wading in the stream with them. He would take the kids fishing or on trips or anything that he felt would make them happy. He was a very kind, soft-spoken man. His letters were kind-of scribbles and he wrote as he talked which was often in incomplete sentences, but which were interesting and amusing. He loved music, and songs like "Pistol Packin' Mama" were favorites of his. He loved his Father in Heaven and loved to do good for people. Just before he died he said, "I don't hate anyone." The last words I heard him say was, "Aloha, Pest."

I love him. - - - Evelyn Huntsman

Obituary of Ruby Rasmussen

Ruby Belliston Peterson Rasmussen, loving wife, mother, grandmother, and sister, age 71, passed away September 28, 1982.

She was born February 9, 1912, in Nephi, Utah, to Ralph B. and Lillian Farnsworth Belliston. Married Emil L. Peterson, June 2, 1937, in the Manti LDS Temple. He died August 23, 1948. Married Alma Rasmussen, February 23, 1951, in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Active member of the LDS Church. Retired school teacher, taught for 28 years. Devoted genealogist for more than 30 years.

Survivors: husband, Salt Lake City; son, Brent E. Peterson, West Jordan; daughter, Mrs. Anthony J. (Ann) Wanlass, Arlington, Texas; eight grandchildren; one great-grandchild; brother, Carl Belliston, Washington, D.C.; sisters, Mrs. Burt (Florence) Powell, Nephi, Utah; Alice B. Campbell, San Diego, Calif.; nieces and nephews.

Funeral services Saturday, 1:00 p.m. in the Goff Mortuary Chapel, 8090 South State, where friends may call Saturday two hours prior to services. In lieu of flowers family requests donations to Family Organizations for Genealogy Research. Interment, Nephi City Cemetery.