CHAPTER 11
Marty the Football Star – The Family of Marty and Lois

Marty, the youngest of Martin and Clara Martinson's nine children, was born May 5, 1928. He was named Martin after his father. The nickname “Marty” stuck after his first grade teacher at Malone School insisted the family stop calling him “Junior” and use his real name. Like most of his siblings, Marty was a good student, ranking in the top-10 of his Mt. Horeb High School class. His nickname was “Butterball” because he was on the front line of the Mt. Horeb football team – a team that became State Champions in 1946. Marty was also at the top of his class in the NCO Academy (Non-commissioned Officer). He was drafted by the Army in 1950 during the Korean War.

Lois (Brattlie) and Marty were wed on March 21, 1953 in the Little Brown Church in Nashua, Iowa. They lived in Mt. Horeb all their married life. In their first 19 years of marriage, they had five children.

Their first three children, all girls, were born during a seven-year span. Karen was born in 1954 – the same year her twin cousins Jan and Joy arrived in the Shirley and Gaylord Martinson family.
Karen’s sister Mary was born in 1957 and youngest sister Jayne in 1961. All were three years apart. Seven years later, in 1968, David was born, followed by Charlie in 1973 -- the year Karen graduated from high school. Charlie is the youngest of Grandma and Grandpa Martinson’s 38 grandchildren.

Marty ran an electrical business in Mt. Horeb with Russ Martin. Later he drove a rural mail delivery route. Regrettfully, Marty died in June 2001 after a brief illness, leaving behind five grown children and his wife Lois.

As a little girl in the 1950s, I remember strolling into Grandma Martinson’s dining room and being fascinated with Lois and Marty’s wedding picture. Through the eyes of an eight-year-old, they looked like movie stars! They had recently married, and Grandma portrayed their photo in a prominent location on her buffet. The picture stood out from the rest. Grandma’s enormous display of family photos lined the walls and table tops in this room. To me, it looked like a photo gallery.
I recall visiting Lois and Marty, my youngest uncle, at their Fifth Street home in Mt. Horeb during the 1950s and 1960s. They had such cute little girls at the time, and I was their older cousin. I delighted in their antics whenever I stopped by – usually with my mother Benunie, who was Marty’s oldest sister.

Years later, when the Homestead Restaurant was operating in the valley below Stewart’s Park, Lois and Marty’s daughter, Mary, was a waitress there. As a young mother with three growing boys, I made frequent two-hour drives from Rosendale to Mt. Horeb, staying overnight on the farm with my mother. Sometimes my Rosendale girlfriends, JoAnn and Darlene, would join me. “Going to the Homestead” was usually on our agenda. It was our absolute favorite place to chat and have a relaxing meal. There was even a gift shop adjoining the dining room area. Since “shopping” was my middle name, it was always an extra fun stop before or after lunch.

The Homestead’s owners, Russell and Fran Greve, were the parents of my high school classmate, Susan Greve. How fun it was to go there and visit with them, especially if Susie was home. Once in a while Grandma Martinson would go along to the Homestead. If we were lucky, my cousin Mary Martinson was our waitress. That made the experience even more special! It was a sad day when the restaurant closed. Nestled in the picturesque Stewart Park valley, it held memories galore. A cookbook published by the Greve family is a treasure.

During the late 1960s and early 1970s when David and Charlie were born into Lois and Marty’s family, I was also becoming a mother. David is just one year younger than my oldest son Troy Rindy. Charlie is just two years younger than my youngest son Ryan Rindy. Ironically, Charlie was a Mt. Horeb High School classmate of Ryan’s wife, Jody (Preimesberger). They were on prom court together. Since my boys weren’t raised in the Mt. Horeb area, often Ryan would run into second cousins he didn’t realize he had. Jody, his girlfriend at the time, would introduce them saying... “This is my high school friend...” and it would turn out to be a second cousin Ryan was meeting for the first or second time. Charlie was one. My son Ryan resembles Uncle Marty, as well Charlie a little bit. Recently someone looking through the rough draft pages of this book remarked how much Ryan looks like Marty. I always suspected Ryan was “a Martinson” with his blond hair and blue eyes.
Although, sadly, Marty is no longer with us, I am sure he would be proud to read the following collection of memories brought forth by his five children. This book is a tribute to all of our family members, like Marty, who have died.


Memories of Grandma Clara and Grandpa Martin Martinson

Karen:
Grandma Martinson crocheted a lot, and I am proud to have her wall hanging of DaVinci’s "The Last Supper" hanging in my living room! I had it preserved and framed. It was made in 1951, so it’s now 54 years old.

Even into old age, Grandma kept a large garden. Some of the more notable foods I recall she prepared were black raspberry jam, lefse, fry cakes, headcheese, and flatbread. Her house in Mount Horeb on Second Street is a fond memory. So is sitting on the front porch swing and visiting with her and Lizzie (her upstairs neighbor).

Mary:
My most vivid memory of Grandma is of her sitting in her rocker by the window doing her tatting and other busy work. I fondly recall, at about age 6, Grandma serving me a cup of tea and some of her famous fry cakes when I was at her house one afternoon.

Jayne:
Grandma Martinson was the stoic, self-sufficient matriarch of the Martinson family. I will always remember her house on Second Street in Mt. Horeb, with the porch swing on the front porch and the big garden in the back yard.

Grandma’s house is a good analogy for my memories of her. I think about how her house was designed around function, not frills.

As long as I can remember, Lizzie Henderson lived in the upstairs, and Grandma had the downstairs "flat." You walked down this long entryway to her sitting room where she had three chairs -- her rocker by the window, an arm chair, and a wooden rocker. There was also a small black and white TV set. She had a secretary against the wall with little treasures in it...like that miniature china tea set I loved to look at!
The most curious thing about Grandma's house is that she had all her fancy furniture and accoutrements in what was the dining room... it was as if anything frivolous could just be put away. It seems the only luxury she allowed herself was the beautiful brush and mirror set she kept on her dressing table. She did not even have a full bathroom.

My sisters and I spent many an afternoon or evening with Grandma Martinson whenever my dad Marty mowed her lawn or did chores around her house. She wasn't a "goof-off" granny. Instead she was very stoic and reserved, and you acted with dignity and respect at her house. However, she had this little soft spot where she would make us "tea" and it was really a treat when she would have fresh fry cakes or lefse hot off the griddle.

_A young Clara Anderson  
*Our “Grandma Martinson” (1907)*

One afternoon when I was with Grandma, she made me a rabbit pillow out of the fabric scraps she kept in that closet under the staircase. I thought she was an amazing craftsman with her tatting, quilt-making and various projects. I still try to emulate her crafts. She taught me how to make lefse for a school project, and I remember that even though I had her secret recipe, I would never be able to match her renowned lefse.

I also remember Grandma's long hair and how it was usually coifed into an updo, Jayne continues. In church, I remember sitting by her with the eyes of her fox stole staring at me.

It amazes me that Grandma never learned to drive. She was a frontierswoman in the middle of the small village of Mt. Horeb.

_Grandma Martinson (left) and her friend Lizzie Henderson (right), who lived in Grandma’s upstairs apartment, prepare for Mt. Horeb’s Centennial parade in 1962. With them are (l-r) Joy and Jan Martinson, twin daughters of Marty’s brother Gaylord. The surrey behind them completed their parade entry. It is the surrey purchased by Torkel Martinson in 1901. It is still being used today for family fun._
Charlie and David recall Grandma Martinson

“Grandma Martinson was a no-nonsense Grandma who liked to bake and crochet,” David said. “I used to help my dad mow her lawn. I remember getting chocolate or a treat.”

Charlie, who was eight when Grandma died, recalls Grandma making lunch for him and his dad Marty when they mowed her lawn.

Martinson and Shelstad family reunion. Grandpa Martin Martinson is tallest in back row; Grandma Clara Martinson is seated in front of him and holding a child. (Early 1930s)

Favorite holiday

Karen:
I liked Easter. Most Easters were warm and sunny with the spring flowers just beginning to bloom. We always dressed up to go to church on Sunday, but Easter Sunday was an extra special occasion. My sisters and I wore new dresses, white gloves, white patent leather shoes, and Easter bonnets. Wow!

Jayne:
In my childhood years, my favorite holiday was Christmas. It was always so exciting to go to Tennyson’s with Dad to pick out our Christmas tree. It wasn’t fun, though, when he’d get frustrated trying to put it up in the corner of our piano room at our 205 South Fifth Street house. Once it was finally up, straight, and all the lights were on, we kids could start unpacking and hanging the beautiful ornaments on the tree. We also had this little Christmas village that went on the top of the piano each year. My mom, Lois, would take great care in arranging it just right. She’d warn us not to touch the angel hair snow because it was made of spun glass.

David:
My favorite holiday was Christmas. Grandma Martinson would make lefse and fried cakes. We still carry on the tradition of eating lefse for Christmas.
Christmas memories

Mary:
I enjoyed Christmas -- the decorations and lights, the anticipation of Santa and gifts -- it all seemed so magical as a child.

Charlie:
We always went to candlelight service at our Lutheran Church in Mt. Horeb and always opened presents on Christmas Eve.

Mt. Horeb Evangelical Lutheran Church is the home church to many Martinson family members, including Marty and Lois and their children. Today, many in the family still attend this church.

Karen:
One Christmas when I was 11 or 12, my immediate family tried to recapture our Norwegian Heritage by having lutefisk for our Christmas Eve dinner. Mom and Dad had told us it had been tradition when they were growing up. No one liked it so we never had it again.

Jayne:
Christmas was the time when we would get the coveted packages from Grandma Martinson. They came carefully wrapped in white paper and saran wrap, and they contained headcheese and lefse, respectively! The headcheese was a delicacy my dad would slice ever so thinly and fry for breakfast. We would relish it each day that we could have it for breakfast, until the last piece was gone. Having lefse is the main Christmas tradition we continue in our family, only now it is store-bought.

Grade school memories

Karen:
I attended Mt Horeb Elementary School for grades K-8. The memory that stands out the most is breaking my right wrist in physical education class when I was in third grade. I spent the last six weeks of school with my right arm in a cast and got a poor grade in penmanship because I had to write with my left hand.
Jayne:
The scent of the old school on Academy Street comes back to me when I think of my grade school days. It's what stands out, but don't ask me to describe it because I can't. If I ever smell it again, it will take me right back there. The aroma of that sawdust the janitor would sprinkle on vomit from kids getting sick is vivid.

We had two lunch rooms: one for cold lunch and one for hot lunch. That was weird, talk about segregation. I also recall milk duty and having to go downstairs to the milk cooler to get the right number of chocolates and the right number of whites.

The art room was housed in the really cool "round room" at school, and the playground had a jungle gym, merry-go-round, teeter totters, and a really big slide. Each winter someone would get their tongue stuck to the metal bars at the school's side entrance!

Summer days

Karen:
Summer days included outdoor activities such as bike-riding, swimming, making a tent out of blankets that were pinned to the clothes line, climbing trees, and playing with neighborhood friends.

Mary:
What was special in summer was playing with my cousins (the Swingen girls) and going to the nearby Grandma Grocery store for a treat. One of my most vivid memories from high school is, unfortunately, rather tragic. It was the night my cousin, Jill Swingen was struck by a car and killed. It happened on Highway 18/151 outside the Club 18 dance hall where we were both attending a teen dance.

Jayne:
My sisters and I spent a lot of time with our cousins on my mom's side, the Swingen girls. My older sister Karen was the same age as Julie. My sister Mary was one year older than Jill, and I was one year older than Joni. So, we had instant playmates. We would usually get together every afternoon and ride bikes, play games, or go uptown. We always had to be back home by 3:30 as that was the bewitching hour when Mom would expect us.

David and Charlie, although much younger than their three sisters, also attended grade school in Mt. Horeb, just in different decades -- the 1970s and 80s.
High school memories and careers

Karen:
I graduated from Mt. Horeb High School in 1973. My favorite subject was chemistry. What I remember most from high-school days are the Homecoming activities, especially making floats for the parade. Another memory is the 1971 dress code change, which allowed girls to wear jeans or slacks to school. I also recall the days of learning to drive a car and getting my driver's license.

In 1975, I received a certificate in Radiologic Technology from Madison General Hospital School of Radiologic Technology. Later, in 1993, I earned a Bachelors Degree in Health Arts from the College of St. Francis and in 1996 a Masters of Arts Degree in Education from Edgewood College, Madison. I am presently the Program Director for the University of Wisconsin Hospital and Clinics School of Radiologic Technology. In that role, I act as the school's administrator and teach a number of courses.

In 1980 I married Kevin Tvedten. We currently live in Middleton and have three children who range in age from 7 to 23.

Mary:
I went to Mt. Horeb Elementary and Mt. Horeb High School, graduating in 1976. Then I attended Madison Academy of Beauty Culture and am a licensed cosmetologist. I also attended Madison Area Technical College and received an associate degree in Interior Design. Presently, I am employed with Springs Window Fashion Inc. in Middleton and live in Prairie du Sac. I am the third shift Group Leader for the Cellular Fabric Processing Department. (If you have any pleated shades in your home, I may have had a hand in producing them!)

Jayne:
As a Mt. Horeb High School student in the late 1970s, I enjoyed math, science, English, and home economics. History and geography were boring. I remember thinking during my high school years that the world was changing -- mothers were required to work outside the home to make ends meet, suburbs were popping up, and indoor shopping malls like West Towne was where everyone shopped. It made small town businesses in Mt. Horeb like Hoff's, Zwalds, and Ben Franklin obsolete. There was an energy crisis, disco era, sexual revolution, political unrest, and very bad hairdos and fashions! While in high school, I was a car-hop at the A&W drive-in. That was the coolest summer job, except for being a lifeguard.

After high school I went on to UW-Madison and received a Bachelor of Science Degree from the School of Consumer Science and Family Resources. Then, for 15 years I worked in retail management. Presently, I live in Middleton and work for a catalog company. My job entails marketing, merchandising, and product development.

David:
In 1986 David graduated from Mt. Horeb High School. Science was his favorite subject. After high school, he attended Madison Area Technical College for Wood Techniques and currently works as a carpenter. David is married and has a two-year-old son.
Charlie:
Charlie, the youngest of Lois and Marty’s five children, graduated from Mt. Horeb High School in 1991. He was especially fond of math and art. “A most memorable time was when I was the Junior class president and prom king,” Charlie says. After high school, he earned an Associate Degree in Architecture at Madison Area Technical College. He now works as a kitchen and bathroom designer in addition to designing and remodeling homes on the side. Charlie married Tina Christen in 2000. They live in Mt. Horeb and have two children, ages 2 and 4.

Fond memories of Dad

Mary:
I recall Dad giving us rides to school in his old blue Martin Electric truck when the weather was bad. It was always interesting when the three of us girls and the three Swingen girls would all pile in and try to find a place to sit... a cardboard box of electrical wire was always good!

The thing I enjoyed about my dad the most was that it seemed he knew everyone, which he probably did. If you wanted to know what was going on around town, he most likely had some details.

Our dad, Marty Martinson (1946)

Much of the time while I was growing up, Mom worked nights and Dad worked days. There really wasn’t much of a social life, but I do recall summer evenings after Dad had mowed the lawn... we’d sit on the porch with my parents and our neighbors, the Thronsons. We would listen to them visiting. Sometimes we would go to visit our cousins, the Swingens, after Friday night grocery shopping.

Jayne:
I enjoyed my dad’s dry sense of humor. The funniest memory I have of my dad is that he was the precursor to the soccer mom. He would drive us everywhere and when I say US I mean my brothers and sisters and the Swingen girls. He had this big old blue van that he used for his electrical business. It had two seats for six-plus kids, so you were left to your own devices if you wanted to get the catbird seat. Otherwise, you might be left sitting on a box of wire. My dad, bless his soul, drove us around with patience and kindness: to school, to the dentist or doctor in Madison, uptown in Mt. Horeb, to Grandma's house.... he always had a bunch of kids with him.

It is curious that my dad was the designated grocery shopper in our family. Every Friday night, like clockwork, my sisters and I would pile in his van to go uptown. While he did the grocery shopping, we were let loose with our allowances to find treasures at some of the local stores like Hoff’s and Ben Franklin.
Marty loved to gather for coffee with friends at Schubert’s Restaurant in Mt. Horeb (formerly known as Olson’s and other names). The photo above shows it in earlier days—1930s or 1940s. Many of the Martinson cousins frequented it when it was Olson’s Restaurant in the 1950-60s.

David and Charlie:
David says his dad, Marty, worked very hard all his life. Charlie describes him as caring very much for his family. “He would do whatever he could for his children. He always could answer any question I had,” Charlie said. “If I had a problem he would help me fix it. A fond memory is of hanging out at Schubert’s Restaurant with him and the people he worked with.”

Karen:
There are several fond memories of my dad. He had coffee with the guys every day at Schubert’s Restaurant in Mt. Horeb.

We always kidded Dad about the way he made hamburgers. He fried them until they were crisp and then couldn’t understand why we didn’t want to eat them. We called them Marty-burgers.

Ironically, my dad held a keen interest in the local and Norwegian history of the Mt. Horeb area, yet he very rarely mentioned anything pertaining to his own experiences while growing up. My dad was very knowledgeable. You could ask him anything and he would know the answer.

Dad kept a copy of the following poem "Desiderata" taped to our refrigerator and expected us to read it every day because he felt it provided good advice to live by.

As a tribute to him, we included that poem in the program for his memorial service. It reads as follows:
**Desiderata**
*By Max Ehrmann, (Copyright 1952)*

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence.  
And as far as possible without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.  
Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; for they too  
have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit.  
If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be  
greater and lesser persons than yourself.  
Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing  
fortunes of time.  
Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery.  
But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and  
everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself.  
Especially do not feign affection.  
Neither be cynical about love: for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial  
as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.  
Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.  
But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings.  
Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.  
Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.  
And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive him to be, and whatever your labors and  
aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.  
Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

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**Social life**

**Jayne:**
As I was growing up in the 1960s and 70s, times were changing. I’d say our family's  
social life was centered on relatives’ weddings, graduations, baptisms, and funerals.  
There would always be a family get together for major events.
Karen:
Most social activities involved visiting relatives and family activities.

Photo:
A roadside picnic is enjoyed by (l-r) Walter Schwarz, Russell, Dorothy and Rosann Schwarz, Lois and Grandma Martinson. This was right before Lois married Marty. (1953)

How things were different back then

Karen:
With food preparation, most things were made from scratch and took longer to prepare. There were no microwave ovens and little in the way of pre-made dishes and mixes. My mom canned a lot of vegetables and fruits for use in the wintertime. A casserole was often on the menu for dinner. Girls wore dresses or skirts to school as shorts and slacks were not allowed, according to the dress code. We got new shoes once a year, usually prior to the start of the school year. Most of our clothes were homemade.

Mary:
One difference was that take-out food was a big deal back then. It was a huge treat when Dad would bring home fish dinner from Hoffmaster’s Bar on Friday nights. One plate held the dinner and another plate was the cover.

Jayne:
Again, we see the evolution of homemade to fast food, made-from-scratch versus store bought, and home-sewn versus store bought. It is unfortunate, but with the way of the world and our fast-paced lifestyles, we no longer have the time or resources available to do things like gardening, canning, home sewing, etc. American life has changed, and it is all about convenience and disposability.

Life-changing inventions

Karen:
Getting a dishwasher was memorable when I was in 7th or 8th grade. It saved a lot of time with kitchen clean up.

Jayne:
New inventions that impressed me during my growing up years were a color TV and a stereo – each in a big wooden console. I also enjoyed new products like a dishwasher, eight-track tape player, calculator, and a microwave
Mary:
I thought our first color TV was pretty amazing.

Charlie:
Video games and VCRs were invented during my growing up years.

Chores

Karen:
I was supposed to help with dishes and keep my bedroom clean.

Mary:
We were to keep our rooms straight, and on Saturday mornings we helped with the dusting and vacuum cleaning.

Jayne:
Every Saturday was cleaning day and we either had to dust or vacuum. As we got older, we had to do the dishes and babysit for our brothers.

David:
I mowed the lawn, shoveled snow, and cleaned.

Fond memories of our mother

Karen:
My mom worked at night at the Mt. Horeb telephone company and later at Karakahl Inn. So, she was always at home during the day when I was growing up. She was and is a kind person. She would never intentionally hurt anyone or anything.

During the day she performed the typical duties of any housewife in the 1950s. She washed clothes and hung them up to dry (I don't remember having a clothes dryer prior to 1960.) She cooked the meals, ironed clothes, cleaned the house and took care of us kids. She usually tried to take a nap in the afternoon before having to work at night.

Mary:
A fond memory of my Mom is that every school year she would sew each of us girls a couple of outfits which usually always mixed and matched...she was very thrifty.
David:
Mom worked all of her life to support the family.

Jayne:
When I was growing up, I thought my mother was the most beautiful lady. She started working when I was about six years old, and she would always get dressed up in pretty clothes and high heels and put on lipstick. She would also wear Lanvin perfume, which I thought smelled wonderful!

Alternatively, I liked it when my mom would put on her kerchief and her windbreaker and hang the laundry out on those first windy spring days. When we lived on Fifth Street, every spring she would do a major spring cleaning. I remember we would come home from school and the house would smell like floor wax, ammonia, and fresh air. The curtains and linens would all be clean and freshly starched.

Mom made most of our clothes for us when we were little girls. With my brothers it was different because they came along later. There were three years between each of us girls, seven years between me and David, and five years between David and Charlie. So, my mother really had an extended period of child rearing. It was almost like two different families. What I enjoy most about my mother is her independence, strength, perseverance, tolerance, sense of humor, and her artistic and creative side.

My mom had to work hard all her life, whether she was at home or outside of the home. I admire all the women in my family: Grandma Martinson, Grandma Oimoen, my mom... because they all had to be strong and help with the burden of making a living and raising a family.

I often think that having my two Grandmas as strong matriarchal family role models has influenced me and the decisions I have made in my life. They taught me that a woman can do anything and that gender lines can always be crossed. There isn't necessarily man's work or woman's work...it is just work, and it needs to be done.

**Fond memories growing up in our family**

Mary:
One fond memory in particular stands out... on occasional warm summer nights, Dad and Mom would take us to the A&W Drive-in for an ice cream cone or root beer float -- even though we already had our “jammies” on!

Jayne:
There are so many fond memories of growing up in our family. I guess I would have to say that my most idyllic memories were life in the big old house on Fifth Street with the huge maple tree, little fish pond, and the pickle cellar. That house and the memories that took place there epitomize my ideal of home, family and growing up.
Favorite Family Recipes

Sloppy Joes

½ cup chopped celery
¼ cup chopped onion
2 T. butter
1 T. vinegar
3 T. brown sugar
1 T. prepared mustard
1 c. tomato juice or ¼ cup catsup
¼ cup water
1 lb. Hamburger


Scalloped Corn

1 can (15 oz.) creamed corn
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup cracker crumbs
¼ cup minced onion
½ cup corn flake crumbs

Mix creamed corn, milk, onion, cracker crumbs and seasonings together in a baking dish. Sprinkle corn flake crumbs liberally over top and dot with butter. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes or until golden brown.

Goulash

1 lb. hamburger, browned and drained
¼ cup chopped onion
dash of chili powder
1½ cups cooked elbow macaroni
2 cans of tomato soup
salt and pepper to taste
Optional: 1 can kidney beans

Mix all ingredients together in a baking dish. Bake at 350° for 1 hour or until heated all the way through. (Can substitute canned tomatoes for the tomato soup).

Chinese Hamburger Casserole

2 lbs. hamburger, browned and drained
2 cups chopped celery
1 can cream of celery soup
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 cup uncooked rice
2 T. molasses
1 medium onion, chopped
3 cups warm water
2 T. soy sauce
½ tsp. pepper
1 can Chow Mein noodles
Combine all ingredients except chow mein noodles and bake in covered dish at 350° for 30 minutes. Uncover, top with chow mein noodles and bake for an additional 15 minutes.

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**7-Layer Salad**

1 head of lettuce (broken up)  
1 cup chopped celery  
½ cup finely chopped onion  
½ cup chopped green pepper  
1 box frozen peas  
6 oz. Cheddar cheese (shredded or grated)  
1 pint mayonnaise (can use Miracle Whip)  
1 T. sugar  
10 slices of bacon (cooked and crumbled)

Break up lettuce. Boil and cool the peas. Layer all the ingredients in a large Tupperware container. Spread mayonnaise over the top and sprinkle with sugar. Sprinkle crumbled bacon over top. Refrigerate 8 hours or overnight. Mix just before serving.

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**Molasses Cookies**  (submitted by Karen Martinson Tvedten)

*This cookie recipe came from Grundahl's. Karolyn Grundahl used to make them when she babysat for us in the summer. Mom usually made them at Christmas time. They very well may be Grandma's recipe or a variation of it.*

¾ cup shortening  
1 cup sugar  
¼ cup molasses  
1 egg  
2 tsp. baking soda  
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
½ tsp. ground cloves  
½ tsp ground ginger  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
½ tsp. salt

Melt shortening over low heat. Remove and let cool. Add sugar, molasses and egg; beat well. Sift together flour, soda, cloves, ginger, cinnamon and salt. Add to first mixture. Mix well; chill. Form into 1-inch balls, roll in granulated sugar and place on cookie sheet two inches apart. Bake in moderately hot oven of 375° for 8 to 10 minutes.

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**Pineapple Date Bars**  (Lois Martinson)

1 ½ cup brown sugar  
1 cup shortening  
1 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. soda in ¼ cup hot water  
1 ½ cup flour  
2 cups oatmeal  
2 eggs

Filling:  
1 large package dates (chopped)  
1 cup sugar  
(15 oz.) can crushed pineapple

Mix in order given. Cook filling until thick; cool. Put half of batter on bottom of greased 9 x 13 pan. Put filling on top; then cover with remaining batter. Bake at 350° for 25 minutes.
Clara and Martin Martinson's nine children around 1990 are (front, l-r) Myrtle Showers, Helen Abplanalp, Benunie Schwarz-Berge, Verna Grundahl, Geneva Dettwiler; (back, l-r) Marty, Harland, and Gaylord Martinson and Alma Skindrud.