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FAMILY FOOD SYSTEMS:

Matters of Taste

Sandra Lach Arlinghaus
with input from
William E. Arlinghaus, David E. V. Arlinghaus, William C. Arlinghaus, and Alma S. Lach



Ann Arbor, MI 2024

Institute of Mathematical Geography
IMAGE
IMAGINATION

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Introduction

Recipes are mathematical formulae. In that regard, food preparation is a 'system'. Many of us, however, seldom use recipes (except in baking where the chemical processes follow exact formulae). For them, cooking is an art. The idea of a 'food system' is as old as the human race. Food needs to be identified, gathered, transported, prepared, and eaten--whether the system is a hunting and gathering system, a periodic marketing system, or a more contemporary system. When the word 'system' is employed, it is tempting to want to create a structural model of it, based on mathematical foundations, to analyze it. But as soon as we introduce mathematical structure, we introduce the Law of Excluded Middle: things are 'right' or 'wrong'—with nothing in the Middle. Yet it is in this middle that culinary art, including the important discriminator of 'taste', occurs. One way to look at that art is through the networks of food preferences, and consequent systems, created within families. Tradition, taste, celebration, presentation, are all ways that food systems become entrenched in a family, within groups of families as friends and colleagues, and within broader regions to develop systems of food preference based on these intangible, non-quantifiable, characteristics.

The story of this Family Food System is told mainly by one member, the primary author of this document, and it centers on Alma Satorius Lach, mother of Sandra Lach Arlinghaus, as the pivot of this culinary adventure. Supplementary information is offered by William E. Arlinghaus (Sandy's son) and David E. V. Arlinghaus (Sandy's grandson), and William C. Arlinghaus (Sandy's husband). The pieces do not fit neatly

into little pigeon-holes which then fit together to form a partitioned whole. Rather, pieces are irregular; they may overlap or there may be gaps between them. Nonetheless, when taken altogether they paint a rich, dramatic picture of a culinary network in a way that scientific compartmentalization, coupled with political determination, cannot do. The art is in viewing the whole as more than the pieces composing it; they provide an impressionistic view that transcends organization.

The concept of 'taste' is central; a concept that defies quantification yet is one that endures, and in the end, prevails and governs the food choices that most people make. Taste is a complex phenomenon, rooted perhaps in the family unit. To transform taste requires transforming culture.

Consider, for example, the common dilemma of how to get toddlers to learn to like vegetables. One effort might be to give them no choice, or to extract corporal punishment should they fail to eat what we think they should. That doesn't work; among other reasons, they get what they want elsewhere. Another effort might be to bribe them: in order to get dessert they must eat the vegetables first. That trains them to think of the dessert as desirable and the vegetables only as a means to an end. It does not train them to eat vegetables because they enjoy the taste of vegetables. Yet another approach is to involve them in the process. Offer them a choice; let them select from among three different ones. That gives them input into the process. Or, let them grow some vegetables of their own and enjoy eating what they grew from seed. Or, teach them to cook vegetables. Include vegetables with something they already like; put broccoli in their macaroni and cheese. Make the vegetables taste good to children. Taste adjusts slowly; create a food environment which embraces elements of

what they are known to like along with a few new elements. Presenting the new elements by themselves, only, may be overwhelming. Understanding the food system from which they come is critical.

The broader network of global food distribution movement, based on supply and demand, is complex. But, it is composed of myriad family food networks reflecting diverse cultures. The traditions embraced within a family get passed along from generation to generation and create comfort, in even the roughest of times.

In this monograph, I look at one family food network, across five generations. The pivot is my mother, Alma Lach. Stories of interaction across generations are woven throughout a selected set of events from the life of the pivot. There was enough longevity in Alma's family for considerable overlap of generations to develop along with consequent opportunity to absorb traditions and create transitions from one set of family to the next.

Opportunity is a concept that seems to present itself in a cascade: from the simple act of taking opportunity when it is presented, to the more difficult task of finding and then taking opportunity, to the selfish creation of opportunity for oneself, to the eventual unselfish creation of opportunity for others. A broader, subtler goal is to suggest how the interaction within a family food system proceeds along this cascade, through thick and through thin, with creative flexibility serving as a driving force.

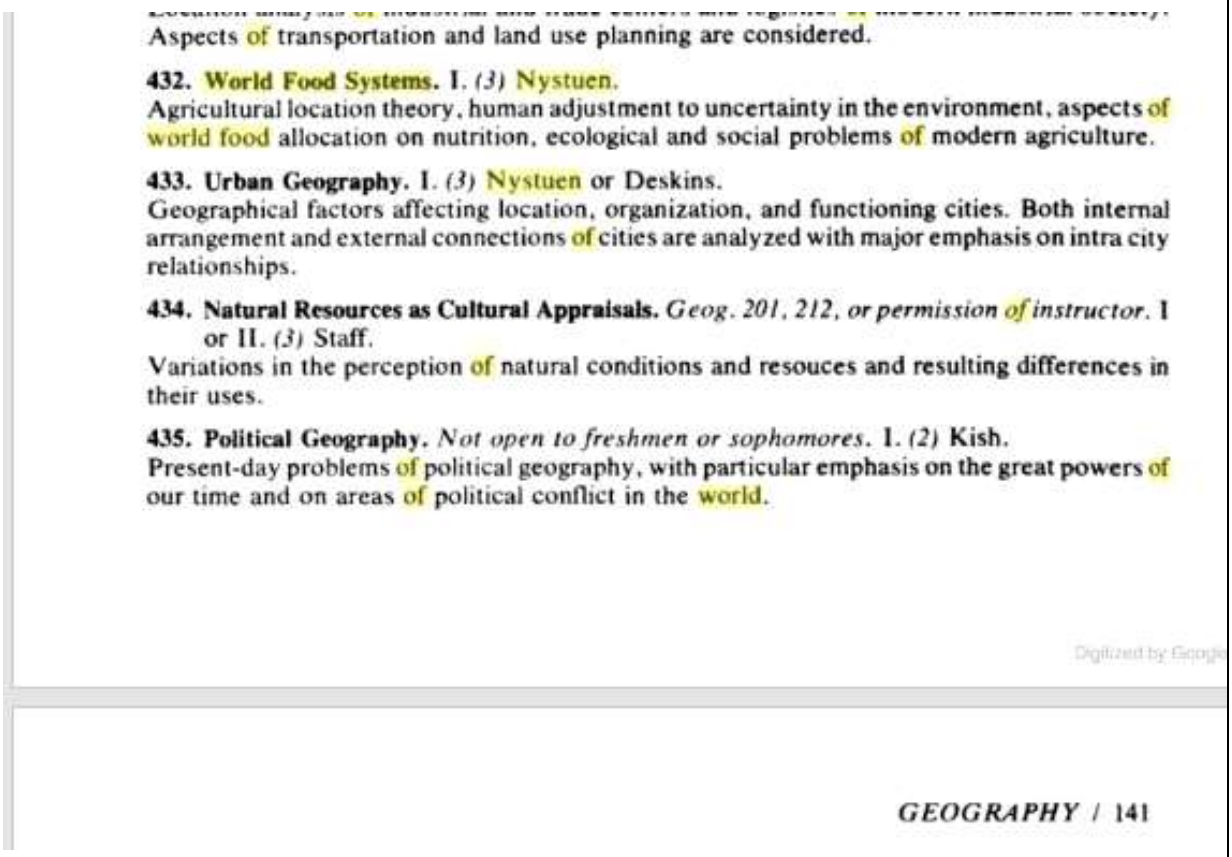
Family of Alma Lach.

- Grandparents: Grandma and Grandpa J. C. Boeker (each of them lived 96 years), downstate Illinois

- Parents, Clara E. Boeker Satorius (she lived 93 years) and John H. Satorius (he lived about 70 years), Petersburg, Illinois
- Sister, Mary Satorius Eheart, 1912 – 2001
- Donald Frederick Lach (1917 – 2000), husband, married March 18, 1939
- Daughter, Sandra Judith Lach, born April 18, 1943
- Son-in-Law, William Charles Arlinghaus, born July 17, 1944; wedding September 3, 1966
- Grandson, William Edward Arlinghaus, born June 24, 1967
- Great-grandson, David Edward Voorhees Arlinghaus, born June 7, 1991
- Great-great-grandson, Edwin Arlinghaus, born March 6, 2014. He was in utero during Alma's life
- Great-great-granddaughter, Adeline Arlinghaus, born August 31, 2015.

In an academic setting, the systematic study of food systems, at any scale, is not new. At the University of Michigan, it spans at least half a century and it crosses disciplinary boundaries.

World Food Systems, 1974, Geography department;



Aspects of transportation and land use planning are considered.

432. World Food Systems. I. *(3)* Nystuen.
Agricultural location theory, human adjustment to uncertainty in the environment, aspects of world food allocation on nutrition, ecological and social problems of modern agriculture.

433. Urban Geography. I. *(3)* Nystuen or Deskins.
Geographical factors affecting location, organization, and functioning cities. Both internal arrangement and external connections of cities are analyzed with major emphasis on intra city relationships.

434. Natural Resources as Cultural Appraisals. *Geog. 201, 212, or permission of instructor.* I or II. *(3)* Staff.
Variations in the perception of natural conditions and resouces and resulting differences in their uses.

435. Political Geography. *Not open to freshmen or sophomores.* I. *(2)* Kish.
Present-day problems of political geography, with particular emphasis on the great powers of our time and on areas of political conflict in the world.

Digitized by Google

Source: University of Michigan Official Publication, Volume 3, Issues 17-24, 1974.

The list below is just a sample of University of Michigan courses designed to illustrate the breadth of coverage of contemporary food systems materials offered across many disciplines. Other universities, as well as public and private organizations, will also have numerous offerings; use Google.

- School for Environment and Sustainability: Food Systems
- School of Public Health: Sustainable Food Systems Focus Area
- Taubman College of Architecture and Urban Planning: Foundations of Sustainable Food Systems

- Sustainable Food Systems Initiative, multiplidisciplinary
- Graduate Certificate in Sustainable Food Systems
- Planet Blue: Sustainable Food Program
- Food Literacy for All

Organizations traditionally focused on Haute Cuisine also are involved in similar, although perhaps not identical, curricula. They may focus on matters of taste.

- Culinary Institute of America, Master's in Food Systems
- Les Dames d'Escoffier International, Green Tables

Governmental organizations.

- City of Ann Arbor
- United Nations: Food Systems Coordination Hub

In a classical movie, *It's A Wonderful Life*, the movie-goer is shown the impact James Stewart's character has had, as a single individual, on an entire town. What impact might we imagine that individual family food systems, let alone groupings of them, might have on the global food system? Here I take a brief look at mine; please take a look at yours!

Sandy Lach Arlinghaus
April, 2024

Alma Lach: Family Food System Pivot

Who's Who in America

June 8, 1914-October 26, 2013

> *"The art of cooking rests upon one's ability to taste, to reproduce taste, and to create taste. To achieve distinction the cook must taste everything, study cookbooks of all kinds, and experiment constantly in the kitchen. I stress in my writing and teaching the logic of food preparation, for the cook who possesses logic, knows how to create dishes rather than being content merely to duplicate the recipes of others."* Alma Lach.

"Lach, Alma Elizabeth, food and cooking writer, consultant; b. Petersburg, Ill.; d. John H. and Clara E. Satorius, diplôme de Cordon Bleu, Paris, 1956; m. Donald F. Lach; 1 dau, Sandra Judith; Feature writer Children's Activities mag., 1954-55; creator, performer TV show Let's Cook, children's cooking show, 1955; hostess weekly food program on CBS, 1962-66; performer, TV show Over Easy, PBS, 1977-78; food editor Chgo. Daily Sun-Times, 1957-65; pres. Alma Lach Kitchens Inc., Chgo., 1966---; dir. Alma Lach Cooking Sch., Chgo; lectr. U. Chgo Downtown Coll., Gourmet Inst., U. Md., 1963, Modesto (Calif.) Coll., 1978, U. Chgo., 1981; resident master Shoreland Hall, U. Chgo., 1978-81; food cons. Food Bus. Mag., 1964-66; Chgo.'s New Pump Room, Lettuce Entertain You, Bitter End Resort, Brit. V.I., Midway Airlines, Flying Food Fare, Inc., Berghoff Restaurant, Hans' Bavarian Lodge, Unocal '76, Univ. Club Chgo.; columnist Modern Packaging, 1967-68, Travel & Camera, 1969, Venture, 1970, Chicago mag., 1978, Bon Appetit, 1980, Tribune Syndicate, 1982; inventor: Curly-Dog Cutting Bd., 1995. Recipient Pillsbury award, 1958; Grocery Mfrs. Am. Trophy award, 1959, certificate of Honor, 1961; Chevalier du Tastevin, 1962; Commanderie de l'Ordre des Anysetiers du Roy, 1963; Confrerie de la Chaine des Rotisseurs, 1964; Les Dames D'Escoffier, 1982; Culinary Historians of Chicago, 1993. Mem. Am. Assn. Food Editors (chmn. 1959). Clubs: Tavern, Quadrangle (Chgo.). Author: A Child's First Cookbook, 1950; The Campbell Kids Have a Party, 1953; The Campbell Kids at Home, 1953; Let's Cook, 1956; Candlelight Cookbook, 1959; Cooking a la Cordon Bleu, 1970; Alma's Almanac, 1972; Hows and Whys of French Cooking, 1974; contrbr. to World Book Yearbook, 1961-75, Grolier Soc. Yearbook, 1962.
Home and Office: 5750 S. Kenwood Ave Chicago IL 60637-1744."

Selected Memories and Media: Links

This linked PowerPoint Overview display shows some of the highlights of Alma's family, education, and career. It is a good place to see her pivotal role in this family food system, prior to venturing into greater detail: first through the exhibit cases of the University of Chicago Exhibition and then through the more freewheeling narrative which illustrates how her career is woven throughout her family life: against the warp of the past and the woof of the future. Read along, and make sure to at least consider reading many of the links—in whole or in part. The story is not only long, but also deep!

- Overview
- Alma Lach's Kitchen: Transforming Taste, Exhibition Summary
- Alma Lach's Kitchen: Transforming Taste, Annotated Exhibition Photos
- https://chicagoreader.com/blogs/in-memory-of-alma-lach-1950s-pioneer/
- http://thecore.uchicago.edu/Summer2014/departments/forgotten-history.shtml
- https://www.epicurious.com/expert-advice/100-greatest-home-cooks-gallery
- https://www.nytimes.com/1968/08/15/archives/driven-to-fine-food-by-paris-cold-and-ennui.html Craig Claiborne's article on Alma, New York Times, August 15, 1968.

> "The good lady [Alma Lach] believes that there are two great and logical cuisines in the world—Chinese and French—and she has a theory that through some bizarre turns of history and navigation the French was derived from the Chinese. It is evident, she thinks, in some of the French brown sauces that resembles the Chinese.
> …..
> The Lachs entertain at small dinners at least twice a week and several times a year with large cocktail buffets for 50 or more."

In the photo of her, you will see her in her kitchen at 5759 Kenwood Ave., designated as the Chicago Sun-Times Test Kitchen. The stove she is using is a Viking Range which she had made for her in Mississippi. That stove, along with her knives, were her culinary 'pets'—anywhere she moved permanently, they went with her. I certainly remember the City of Chicago coming in periodically to check up on the kitchen; always an adventure to prepare for that visit although there was never any problem I heard of. The kitchen was always clean and I learned early in life to 'clean-as-you-go.'

- https://chicagoreader.com/food-drink/dining-for-dollars/
- https://chicagoreader.com/blogs/the-secret-lives-of-food-critics-circa-1980/
- https://historicimages.com/products/rsc78785

University of Chicago Exhibition

Invitations





Join the Culinary Celebration Marking the Special Collections Exhibition

Alma Lach's Kitchen: Transforming Taste

September 19, 2016–January 6, 2017

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY

The Library Society invites you to a French dinner à la Alma Lach.

Cuisine by **la petite folie**
Wine selections by **The House of Glunz**

Wednesday, November 2, 2016

The Joseph Regenstein Library
1100 East 57th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637*

5:00 p.m. Private Exhibition Viewing
6:00 p.m. Dinner

Tickets are $100 per person.

To register and contribute please visit
www.RegOnline.com/librarysocietyprogramNovember2016.

Proceeds from this event will support the care, organization, and discoverability of the Alma Lach Papers and Culinary Book Collection.

RSVP by October 26, 2016.

For further details or assistance, please contact Melanie Levy at mrlevy@uchicago.edu or 773.702.7695.
*Free valet parking will be available in front of the Joseph Regenstein Library as of 4:30 p.m.

Alma Lach's Kitchen: Transforming Taste

September 19, 2016 – January 6, 2017
Special Collections Research Center Exhibition Gallery

ALMA LACH (1914-2013), EX'38, a celebrated and influential chef, cookbook author and food consultant, served as an important figure in the transformation of American cuisine in the 1960s and 1970s. She moved American palates and kitchens away from basic, conventional cooking of the early 20th century new flavors, combinations, ingredients, and techniques from France and elsewhere around the world. Widely known for her bestselling book *Now and Wine of French Cooking* (1974), Lach was one of the first Americans to earn a Grand Diplôme at Le Cordon Bleu in 1956. She served as food editor at the *Chicago Sun-Times* from 1957 to 1965, and then went on to launch her own cooking school. She was a food consultant for airlines as well as food companies, including Chicago-based Lettuce Entertain You Enterprises, and was also the inventor of cooking tools such as the Curly Dog Cutting Board.

In exploring Lach's wide-ranging culinary career, this exhibition displays selections from her papers, culinary book collection, and unique cooking tools. Lach collected more than 3,000 cookbooks, reflecting her broad range of interests in food preparation and dining, from classic French and Chinese cuisine to cookbooks popularizing the foods of American ethnic groups. In exploring Lach's wide-ranging culinary career, this exhibition displays selections from her papers, culinary book collection, and unique cooking tools. The Alma Lach Papers and Culinary Book Collection were presented to the Library in 2014 by her daughter and son-in-law, Sandra Lach Arlinghaus and William C. Arlinghaus, who also donated generous funds towards the processing and cataloguing of the collection.

Special Supporters

David E. Arlinghaus
Sandra Lach Arlinghaus & William C. Arlinghaus
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Barbara Glunz of The House of Glunz
The Helen M. Harrison Foundation
Susan & Donald Levy
Mary & Michael Maimone of la petite folie
Rich Melman
Jane & John K. Notz, Jr.
Ruth O'Brien & Stuart Rice
Louise V. Smith
Michael Thompson
Preston H. Tonkon
Joel P. Wachs

IMAGE: Photograph of Alma Lach, ca. 1960. Alma Sabonus Lach Papers

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO Library Society
THE LIBRARY SOCIETY at THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1100 East 57th Street Chicago, Illinois 60637

Exhibit Cases



Case #1 – Early Author



Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
A Child's First Cook Book
New York: Hart Publishing Co.,1950
Alma Lach Papers

Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
The Campbell Kids: At Home
Chicago: Rand McNally & Co., 1954
Alma Lach Papers

Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
The Campbell Kids: Have a Party
Chicago: Rand McNally & Co., 1954
Alma Lach Papers

Mockup of *The Campbell Kids: At Home*, 1954
Alma Lach Papers

Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
Let's Cook
Chicago: Child Training Association, Inc.,1956
Alma Lach Papers

Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
Alma Lach's Recipes: For Seven Candlelight Diners
Chicago: Chicago Sun-Times, [n.d]
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: "Cookbook for Men", Unpublished, ca. 1956
Alma Lach Papers

Promotional Photograph for *A Child's First Cook Book*
Alma Lach Papers

Photograph of Alma Lach with group of children
Alma Lach Papers

Case #2 – Author



Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
Hows and Whys of French Cooking
Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1974
Rare Books Collection, Culinary Library of Alma Lach

Case #3 – Author, later works



Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
Alma's Almanac, Vol. 1, NO.1
[s.l.] [s.n], 1972
Alma Lach Papers

Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
Alma's Almanac, Vol. 2, NO.1
[s.l.] [s.n], 1972
Alma Lach Papers

Alma's Almanac subscription card, ca.1972
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: List of Suggested Book Titles, ca.1973
University of Chicago Press. Records

Memorandum: Edward Shils to Dr. Morris Philipson, UC Press, November 14, 1973

University of Chicago Press. Records

Manuscript: University of Chicago Press, Press Release for *Hows and Whys of French Cooking*, 1974 University of Chicago Press. Records

Line Drawings for *Hows and Whys of French Cooking*, undated
University of Chicago Press. Records

Alma S. Lach (1914-2013)
Cooking à la Cordon Bleu
New York: Harper and Row Publishers, 1970
Rare Books Collection, Culinary Library of Alma Lach

Mockup for Back Cover for *Hows and Whys of French Cooking* Castle Books edition, ca.1980 Alma Lach Papers

Postcard for book signing for *Cooking à la Cordon Bleu*
Alma Lach Papers

Newspaper clipping "Haute cuisine is easy with Alma Lach's book", November 6, 1974, *Berkshire Eagle* University of Chicago Press. Records

Case #4 – Honors and Accolades



Photograph: Alma Lach Receiving Chaîne des Rôtisseurs Award, 1964
Alma Lach Papers

La Chaîne des Rôtisseurs Award. Alma Lach Papers

Photograph: Alma Lach Receiving Pillsbury Award, 1958
Alma Lach Papers

Pillsbury Bake Off Leather Briefcase, 1960
Alma Lach Papers

Photograph: Alma Lach and the President of the Grocery Manufacturers of America, 1961
Alma Lach Papers

Certiificate: Commanderie de l'Ordre des Anysetiers du Roy, 1963
Alma Lach Papers

Certificate: Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, 1962
Alma Lach Papers

Award: Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, 1962
Alma Lach Papers

Legion d'Honneur Ribbons, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Case 5 – Businesswoman/Curly-Dog



2 Curly-Dog Cutting Boards, 1995
Alma Lach Papers

Case # 6 Businesswoman/Curly-Dog



Packaging Mockup for Curly-Dog Cutting Board, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Photographs: food styling mock-ups for Curly-Dog Cutting Board packaging, ca. 1995
Alma Lach Papers

Instruction booklet for use and care for Curly-Dog Cutting Board, 1995

United Postal Service receipt, August 16, 1995
Alma Lach Papers

Mockup for Adverstisement for Curly-Dog Cutting Board
Alma Lach Papers

Letter from Alma Lach to Fuddruckers, November, 12, 1995
Alma Lach Papers

Newspaper Clipping , "New twist on hot dog", *Chicago Tribune*, May 15, 1996
Alma Lach Papers

Letter from Alma Lach to Fred, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Letter from Bernard Meltzer to Alma Lach, August 2, 1995
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: Press Release for Curly-Dog Cutting Board, ca.1995 Alma Lach Papers

Case # 7 –Cordon Bleu



Diploma, Le Cordon Bleu, Academie de Cuisine de Paris, Alma Lach, June 29, 1956 .

Alma Lach Papers

Notebooks and Class Schedule, 1956
Alma Lach Papers

Photographs: Donald S. Lach and Alma S. Lach, 1950s
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: Recommendations of Paris Restaurants
Alma Lach Papers

Selection of Business Cards
Alma Lach Papers

Map of Paris
Alma Lach Papers

Photographs of Alma Lach at Le Cordon Bleu (reproductions included on text panel)

Case # 8 – Businesswoman



Photograph: *Chicago Sun-Times* delivery truck, 1958
Alma Lach Papers
Photograph: Alma Lach Headshot for the *Chicago Sun Times*, ca. 1950
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: Television Script for *Let's Cook with Alma Lach*, March 26, 1955
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: Television Script for *Campbell's Kids* Program, ca. 1953
Alma Lach Papers

U-matic Tape for "Over Easy", ca. 1978
Alma Lach Papers

Alma Lach Cooking School Business Card, Brochure, and Logo
Alma Lach Papers

Alma Lach Cooking School Menu Pack, Certificate and Annotated Recipe
Alma Lach Papers

Case #9 – Tours



Alma Lach Cooking Tour Brochures and Tour Schedules, 1977 Alma Lach Papers

Case #10 – Businesswoman



Flying Food Fare Form, Orange Salad, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscripts: Two Menus and Drawing Mockups for Airline Menu, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Photographs, Airline Food Mockups, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscripts: Recipes for Sole a la Nice and Frog Legs for Burhop's Seafood Restaurants, 1973
Alma Lach Papers

Photograph: Sole a la Nice, 1973
Photograph: Bobby Douglass, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Label for Alma Lach Steak Char seasoning, 1977
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscripts: Original Recipe and Revised Recipe for The Berghoff's "Old World Apple Cake"
Alma Lach Papers

Letter Alma Lach to Allen Michaels, June 11, 1977

Alma Lach Papers

Better Breakfast Bulletin, ca.1964. Alma Lach Papers

Photograph: Funny Face French Toast, ca.1964
Alma Lach Papers

Brochure for Sunbeam, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Photograph: Sunbeam Blender, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Case #11 Travel



Photograph: Alma Lach and Maxim's Staff, 1983
Alma Lach Papers

Postcard: Jean-Louis Bruneau to Alma Lach, 1983
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: Chocolate Mousse Cake Recipe
Alma Lach Papers

Menu for Maxim's, China, 1983
Alma Lach Papers

Newspaper clipping, *Chicago Sun-Times,* November 11, 1983
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: "Stalking the Cinnamon Stick," undated
Alma Lach Papers

Photograph: Alma Lach in India, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Photograph: Truffle Hunters, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Manuscript: Recipe, Truffled Sole, ca. 1969
Alma Lach Papers

Price Schedule for Urbani Truffles, 1960
Alma Lach Papers

Pamphlet for Urbani Truffles, New Jersey, undated
Alma Lach Papers

Postcard, Urbani Truffles, undated
Alma Lach Papers

"Pictorial China: Tea and Tea Drinking"
Beijing: Foreign Languages Printing House,
1983.
Alma Lach Papers

Ando Case



Cooking utensils, recipe boxes, apron, cookware
Alma Lach Papers

Guestbook, 1980-81
Alma Lach Papers

Research recipe files, 1971-1993. Alma Lach Papers
Recipe notebook, ca. 1986
Alma Lach Papers

Carving tools, scans of carved vegetables
Alma Lach Papers

Chinese Vegetable Carving
Taipei: Hilton Internaitional Taipei, 1980
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Selections from the Alma Lach Culinary Library



1st Row:
Sybil Goffinet. *French Cooking, with Cream, Butter, and Wine*. New York: Citadel Press, 1957. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Monica Sheridan. *The Art of Irish Cooking*. Illustrated by Reisie Lonette. New York: Gramercy, 1965. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Who's Coming to Dinner? Middlebury, VT: Congregational Church, 1968.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Alice D. Morton. *Cooking is Fun*. Illustrated by Marjorie Thompson. New York: Hart Publishing Co., 1962.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Centennial Cookbook Committee of Bethlehem Lutheran Church. *A Book of Favorite Recipes*. Shawnee Mission, KS: Circulation Services, 1979.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Betty Crocker's Cook Book for Boys and Girls. Illustrated by Gloria Kamen. New York: Simon Schuster, 1957.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Harvey Day. *The Complete Book of Curries*. Drawings by B. Gerry. New York: A. S. Barnes and Co., 1966.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Ruth Ellen Church. *The Burger Book*. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co., 1961.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

2nd Row:

Pennsylvania Dutch Cook Book of Fine Old Recipes. Reading, PA: Culinary Arts Press, 1960. Alma Lach Culinary Library

American Home Economics Association, editor. *Favorite Recipes from the United Nations*. Washington, DC: United States Committee for the United Nations, 1960.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Washburn-Crosby's Gold Medal Flour Cook Book. Minneapolis: The Company, [n.d.] Alma Lach Culinary Library

"The Best in Cooking" in Menard County. Petersburg, IL: Menard County Home Bureau,

[n.d.] Alma Lach Culinary Library

Turkish Recipes. New York: Turkish Information Office, [n.d.] Alma Lach Culinary Library

California Winemakers. *Adventures in Wine Cookery*. Illustrated by Caroline C. Barr. San Francisco: Wine Advisory Board, 1965.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Cook Book. Middlebury, IN: Griner Mennonite Church, 1974.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

3rd Row:
Herman Taller. *Calories Don't Count*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1961.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

The Art of Greek Cookery … by the Women of St. Paul's Greek Orthodox Church, Hempstead, Long Island, New York. Drawings by Art Seiden. Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1963. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Frances Daugherty and Aileen Brothers, editors. *Gridiron Cookery, Favorite Recipes of Football Coaches' Wives*. New York: David McKay Co., 1960.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Elise Landauer Meyer. *The Art of Cooking with Spirits*. Illustrated by Deirdre Stanforth. Garden City:
Doubleday & Co., 1964.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Duncan Hines' Food Odyssey. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1955.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Maria Lo Pinto. *The Art of Regional Italian Cooking*. Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1963. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Jane and Kent Voss. *Shed Pounds with Cocktails and Gourmet Fare*. New York: Pocket Books, 1965. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Katerin Davydova. *Good Food from Russia*. Illustrated by Eugenia Peacock. London: Frederick Muller, 1960.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

4th Row:
Zofia Czerny. *Polish Cookbook*. Warsaw: Polskie Wydawnictwa Godpodarcze,

1961. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Morton Gill Clark. *The Wide, Wide World of Texas Cooking*. New York: Bonanza Books, 1970. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Betty Crocker's Picture Cook Book. Minneapolis: General Mills, 1950.
Alma Lach Culinary Library
Mala Reynaud. *The Stove-top Cookbook*. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1960. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Thoughts for Festive Foods. Decorations by Hilary Wills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1964. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Freda De Knight. *The Ebony Cookbook: a Date with a Dish*. Chicago: Johnson Publishing Co., 1962. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Marian Maeve O'Brien. *The Bible Cookbook*. Illustrated by Doris Hallas. St. Louis: Bethany Press, 1958.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Charles Browne. *The Gun Club Drink Book*…. Illustrated by Leonard Holton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1939.
Alma Lach Culinary Library


KINGS IN THE KITCHEN
Big Boy
YOGA Cookbook
stop dieting! start losing!
The Sportsman's Cookbook
BOOK
ANN SERANNES
THE NUT COOKBOOK
PÂTÉS & Other Marvelous MEAT LOAVES
by Dorothy Ivens
THE QUARRELOUS COOK
BRIDE in the Kitchen
THE WHITE HOUSE COOKBOOK
Selections from the Alice Lach Culinary Library

1st Row:
Gertrude Booth, compiler. *Kings in the Kitchen, Favorite Recipes of Famous Men*.
New York: A. S.
Barnes and Co., 1961.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

A Picture Treasury of Barbecuing, a Tested Recipe Institute Cook Book. Long Island City: The Institute, 1956.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Edna Thompson. *The Yoga Cookbook*. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Ruth West. *Stop Dieting! Start Losing!* New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1955.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

2nd Row:
Ted Karry and Margaret Key. *The Sportsman's Cookbook for the Hunter and the Fisherman*.
Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1961.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Mimi Sheraton. *The Seducer's Cookbook*. New York: Random House, 1963. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Chicago Home Economists in Business. *Easy-on-the-Cook Book*. Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1960.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Rebecca Caruba. *Cooking with Wine and High Spirits, a Lighthearted Approach to the Art of Gourmet Cooking*. New York: Crown Publishers, 1963.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

3rd Row:
Mary Hosford. *The Missouri Traveler Cookbook*. Illustrated by Betty Crumley. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1958.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Ann Seranne. *Good Food with a Blender*. New York: William Morrow & Co., 1974. Alma Lach Culinary Library

William I. Kaufman. *The Nut Cookbook*. Drawings by Michael Orentlecht. Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1964.

Alma Lach Culinary Library

Dorothy Ivens. *Pâtés & Other Marvelous Meat Loaves*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1972. Alma Lach Culinary Library

4th Row:
Dolores Vanetti. *The Querulous Cook, Haute Cuisine in the American Manner*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1963.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Betty Wason. *Bride in the Kitchen*. Drawings by June Ciancio. Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1964. Alma Lach Culinary Library

The Congressional Club Cook Book, Favorite National and International Recipes.
Washington, DC: The Club, 1961.
Alma Lach Culinary Library

Janet Halliday Ervin, editor. *The White House Cookbook*. Chicago: Follett Publishing Co., 1964. Alma Lach Culinary Library

Links to zipped folders of more detailed Exhibition photos, at various resolutions:

- Exhibit: 600 dpi
- Exhibit: 1200 dpi
- Exhibit: 2400 dpi
- Exhibit: 4800 dpi

Publications: Selected

This section contains links to full texts of selected publications. Lists of Alma's publications, and images of covers and more, are available elsewhere, as noted in earlier material in this document. A summary is presented below.

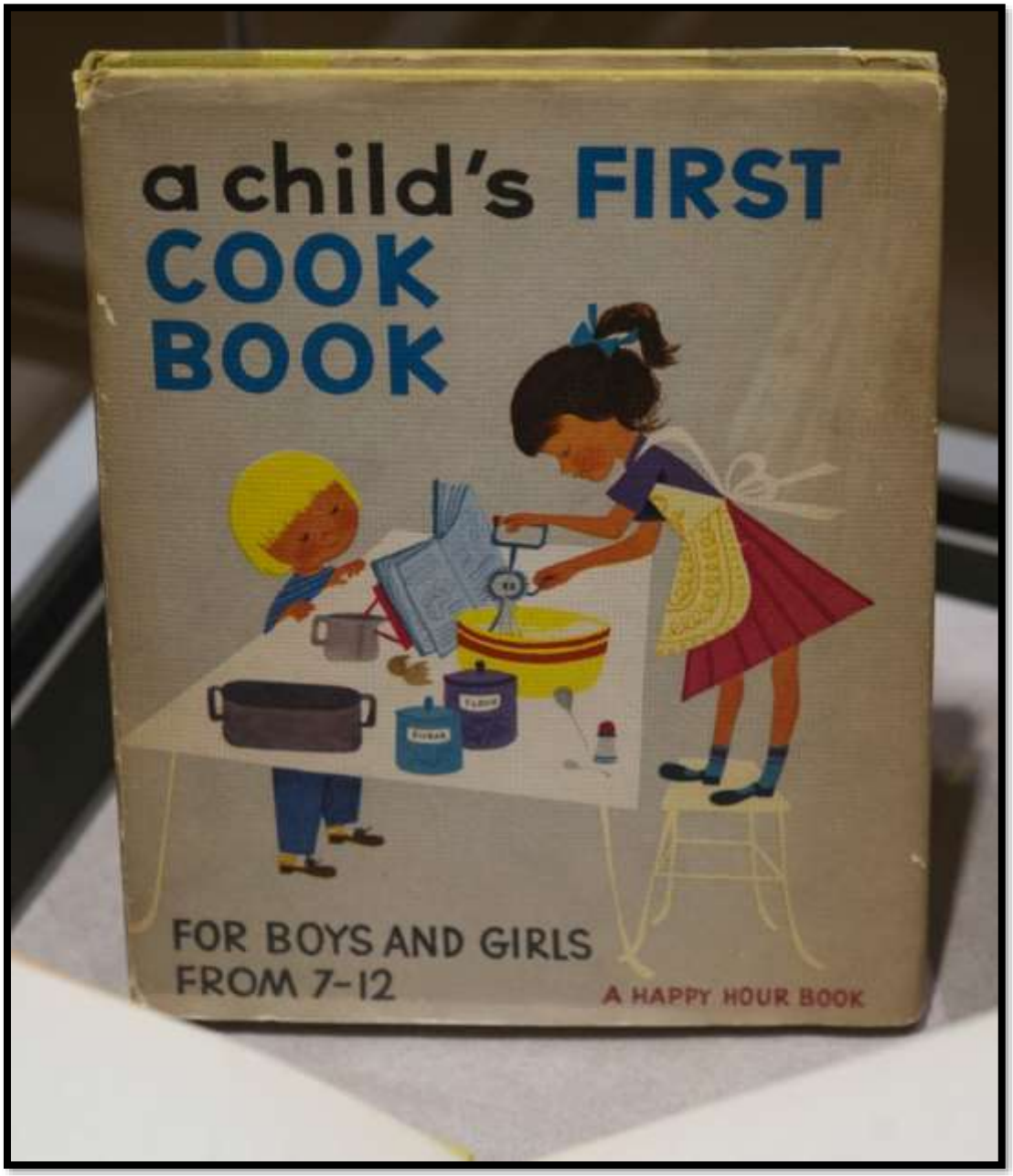
- A Child's First Cookbook, 1950, NY: Hart Publishing.
- The Campbell Kids at Home and the Campbell Kids Have a Party, 1953, Chicago: Rand McNally Elf Books
- Feature Writer, Children's Activities Magazine, 1954-55.
- Let's Cook, 1956.

- Columnist, Chicago Sun-Times, 1957-1965.
- Candlelight Cookbook, 1959. Out of print booklet.
- Contributor to World Book Yearbook, 1961-1975.
- Contributor to Grolier Society Yearbook, 1962.
- Columnist, Modern Packaging, 1967-68
- Columnist, Travel and Camera, 1969.
- Columnist, Venture, 1970.
- Cooking à la Cordon Bleu, 1970, NY: Harper and Row.
- Alma's Almanac, 1972.
- The How's and Why's of French Cooking, 1974, Chicago: University of Chicago Press. (Later reprint, 1998, Castle Books.)
- Columnist, Chicago Magazine, 1978.
- Columnist, Bon Appetit, 1980.
- Columnist, Tribune Syndicate, 1982.
- Curly Dog Cutting Board ™ and flyer, 1995.
- The Dodo: His Story and Coloring Book
- Alma's Walker Tray ™ and flyer.
- Kidoku: Sudoku Puzzles for Children
- A variety of other materials are housed at the University of Chicago Regenstein Library:
    - Unfinished manuscripts, such as for a Chinese Cookbook.
    - Private notebooks, such as those filled with notes taken while studying at Le Cordon Bleu.


COOKING
À LA
CORDON
BLEU


a child's FIRST
COOK BOOK
at Home
Have a Party
LET'S
COOK

A Child's First Cookbook



Full text of *A Child's First Cookbook*

Life Magazine article: begins on page 136. February 12, 1951.

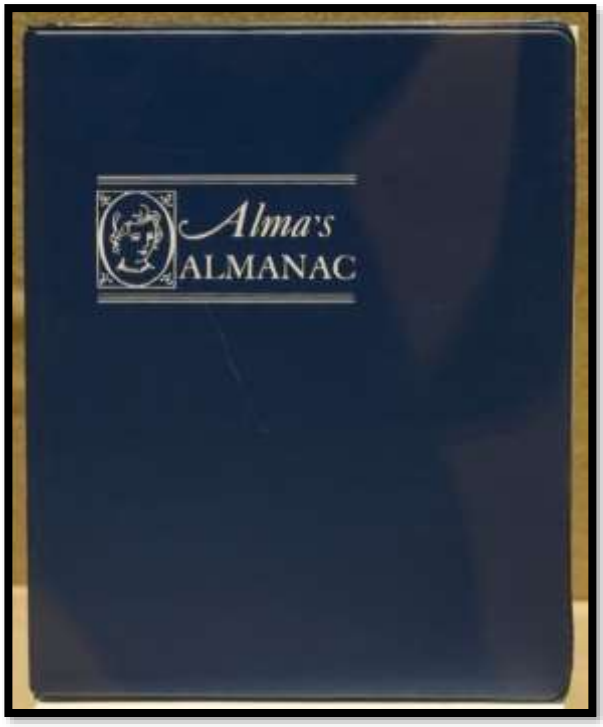


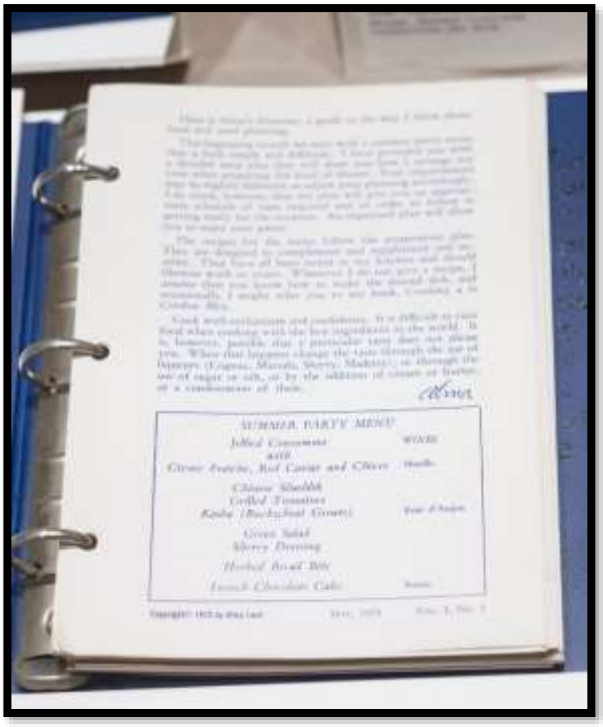
Promotional photograph for *A Child's First Cookbook*. Child closest to Alma is Sandy Lach (later Arlinghaus) and on Sandy's left is Margaret (Margy) Metzler.

Children's Activities Magazine

- February, 1954: cover, recipe
- April, 1954: cover, recipe
- June, 1954: cover, recipe
- September, 1954: cover, recipe
- January, 1955: cover, recipe p1, p2, p3, p4, p5
- June, 1955: cover, recipe p1, p2.

Alma's Almanac





Alma's Almanac, Volume 1, Complete, presented as a .docx file and .pdf file.
Alma's Almanac, Volume 2, Complete, presented as a .docx file and .pdf file.



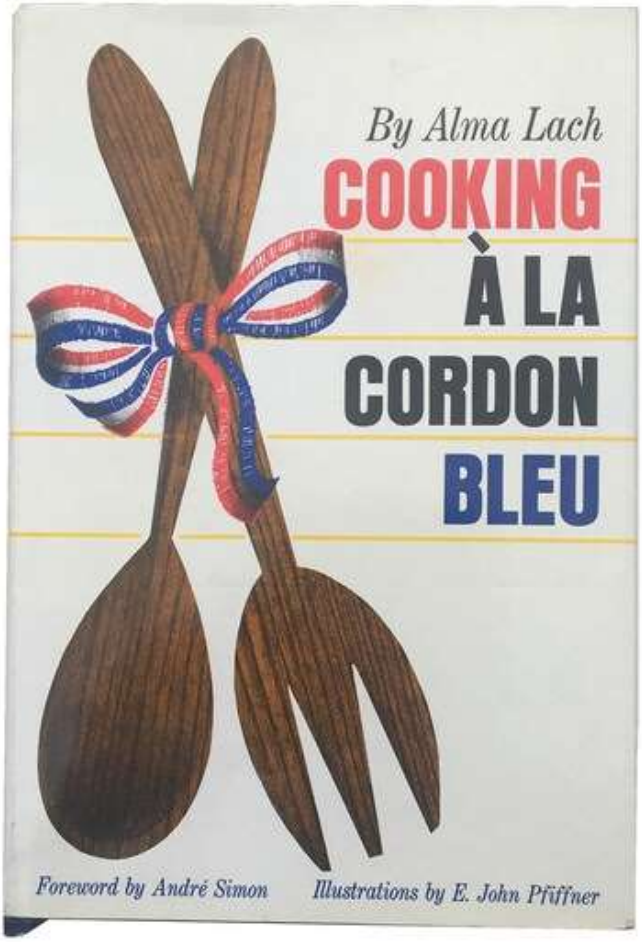
Major Works: French Cuisine

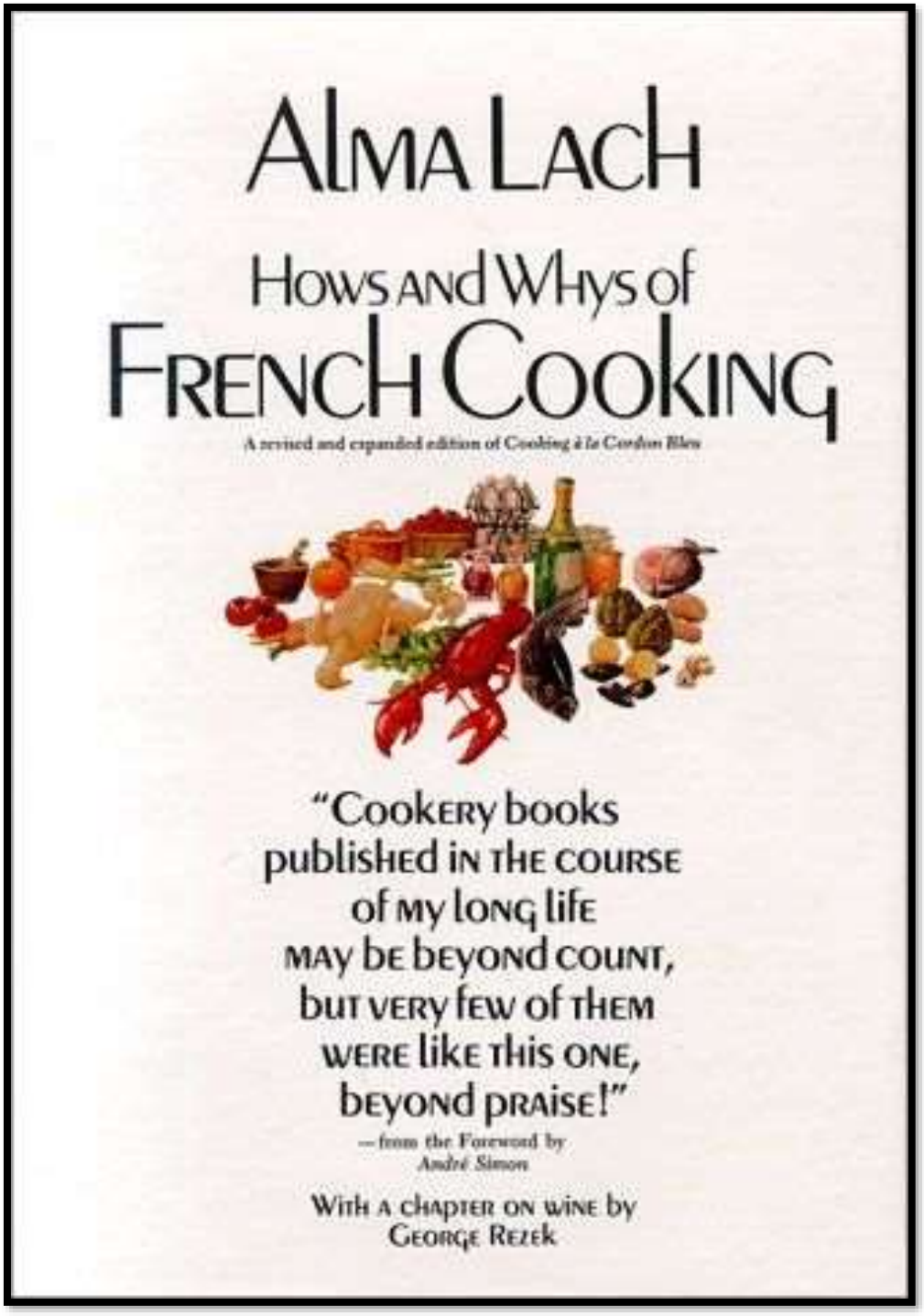
Alma's major works was her books on French Cuisine. There are two versions; both remain available to purchase (used) from online stores. What I tell here is the relationship of one version to the other.

The first book, published by Harper and Row, was withdrawn shortly after it was published. The Parisian Cooking school objected to the title and demanded its withdrawal. Students at Le Cordon Bleu were informed that they were not allowed to use the name of the school in subsequent publications, as titles. Alma chose a title that, she maintained, did not do so, because she used 'a la' to mean 'in the style of' rather than using the full name of the school, as on her diploma '**Le** Cordon Bleu'. The school was not amused and demanded that Harper and Row withdraw from any further future publication and distribution of the document. Alma bought the plates and all remaining, new, published books.

Subsequently, she added substantially to the original document, pairing food, wine, and region (so-called contemporary 'terroir'), and published the new book under an acceptable title with the

University of Chicago Press (below). Hows and Whys of French Cooking, with Foreword by André Simon and a chapter on wine by George Rezek, is the first French cookbook published by University of Chicago Press, 1974. The choice of new title also served as a tribute to Alma's earlier association with Miss Halliday reflecting the title of the 1928 Halliday and Noble, *Hows and Whys of Cooking*, (University of Chicago Press).

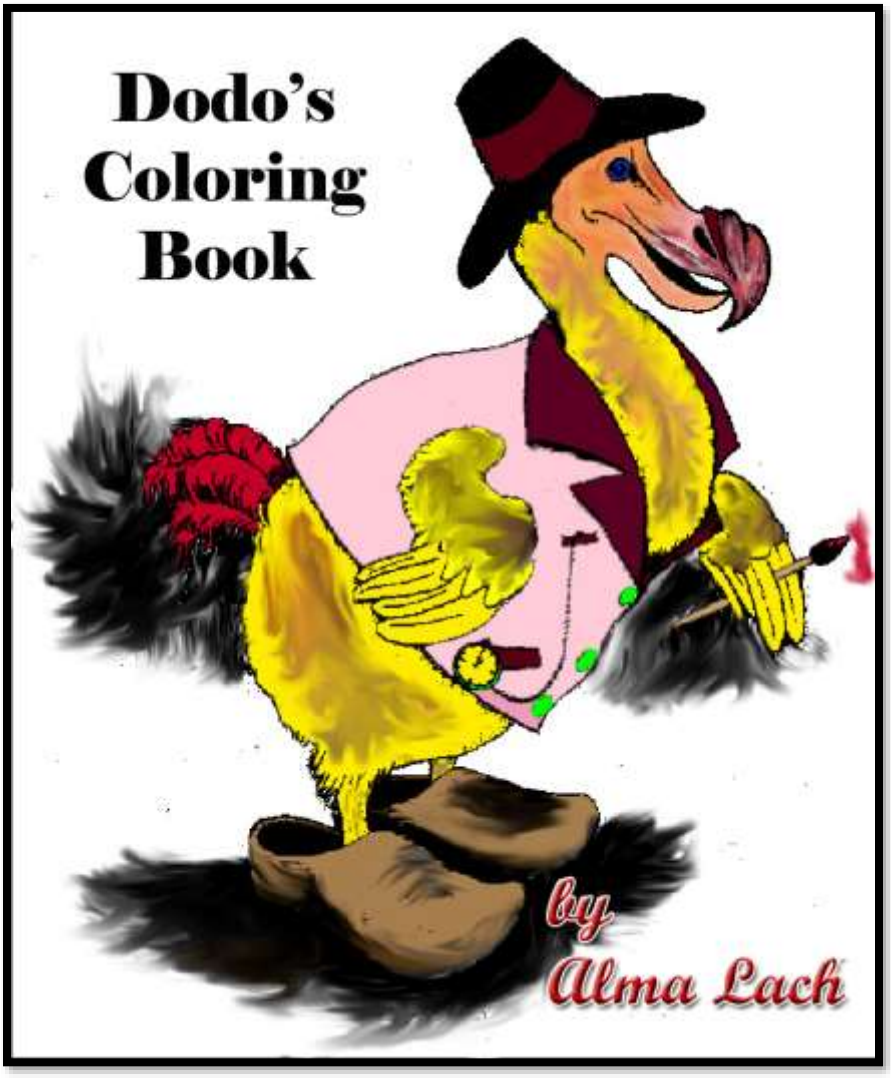




From French cooking, we now fast-forward a few decades, to the 1980s to look briefly at an unsual, often unknown publication.

Dodo Book and Coloring Book

As Mom was always supportive of my father's career as a Professor of History at the University of Chicago, she turned some of her food photography skills to support images for his magnum opus, *Asia in the Making of Europe*, and related publications. In the course of that process, she learned about the history of the Dodo bird. She found it fascinating. About that time, she had acquired a computer and I was teaching her how to use Adobe Photoshop. She picked up on that very quickly. Clearly she saw that the concepts she had learned in photography using a real camera, a light meter, consideration of camera angles, shadows, tone, color, and more were just being cast in a somewhat different manner but that in many ways all was essentially the same. She coupled her mastery of concept with her manual dexterity that had earned her the Illinois State Typing Championship many years earlier and quickly learned to integrate her skills to make PhotoShop do whatever she wanted it to do, in relation to the Dodo project. It was truly remarkable to watch this 'elderly woman' advance more rapidly that many who were 1/3 her chronological age. Over time, she continued to advance her skills to lead her into a variety of new and different projects. This project was critical to Alma's further development in many different contexts as it focused heavily on integration of existing skills.



Link to Dodo Book

Link to Dodo Coloring Book

Another direction taken, and again often unseen, is presented in the next section.

Chinese Cookbook

At the time of Alma's death, in 2013, she was continuing work she had begun on a Chinese cookbook from many years earlier. She refused to try to publish it because she felt that there

were already so many good ones on the market with so many wonderful color photos: she thought she had nothing to add. Friends and family tried to convince her that her unique view was a substantial contribution in and of itself. Naturally, her will prevailed. The original documents are archived at the University of Chicago Library, should chefs or others of the future be curious to read them. Sample pages are shown below.

To help her get started putting the book into production, I set up a Table of Contents in Microsoft Word for her and we entered one recipe (shown below); unknown if it was ever formally tested. After that, she decided not to continue, at least not then. Thus, almost all of the original content, tested and untested, is contained only in the handwritten notebooks.

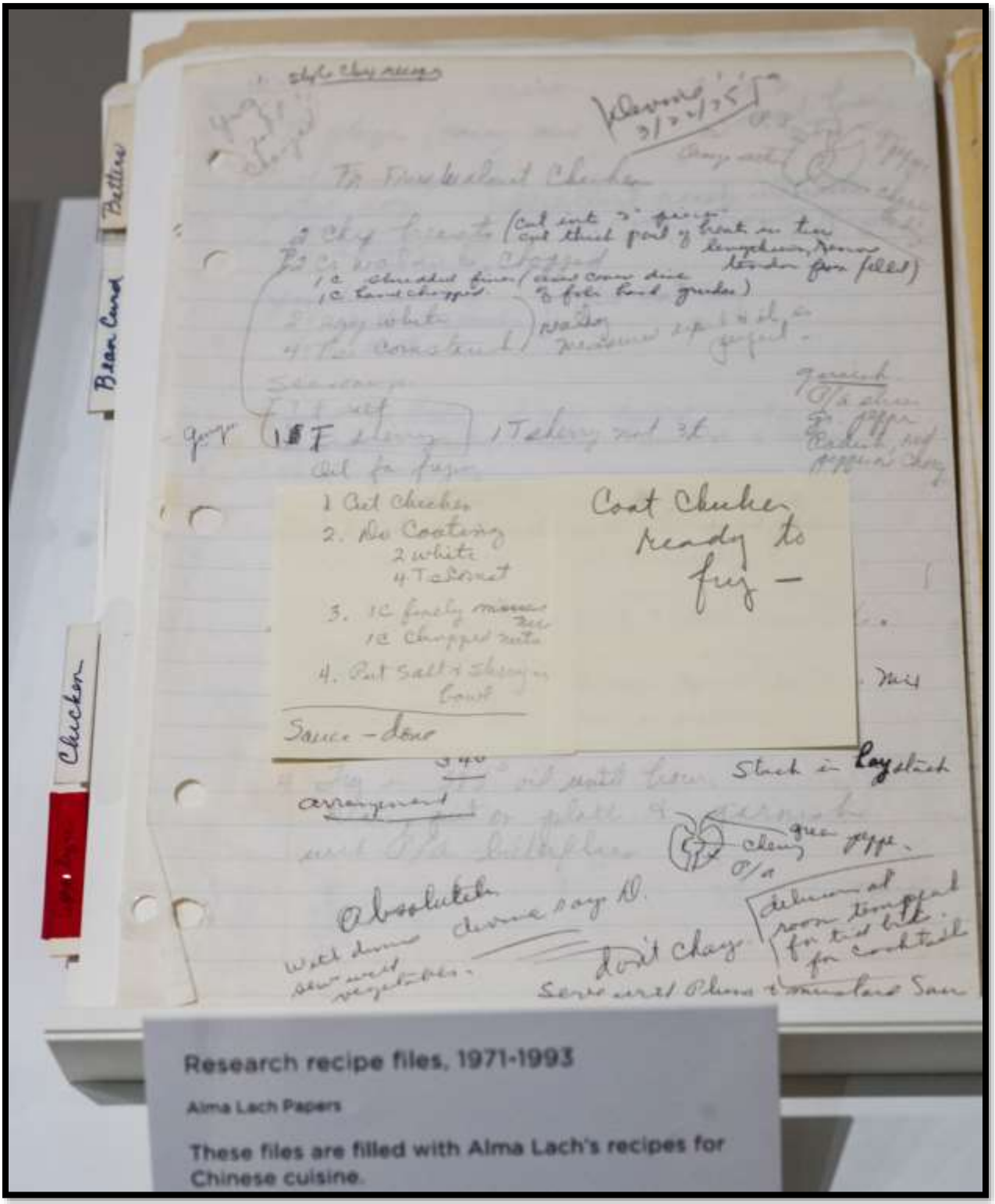
CHAPTER 1

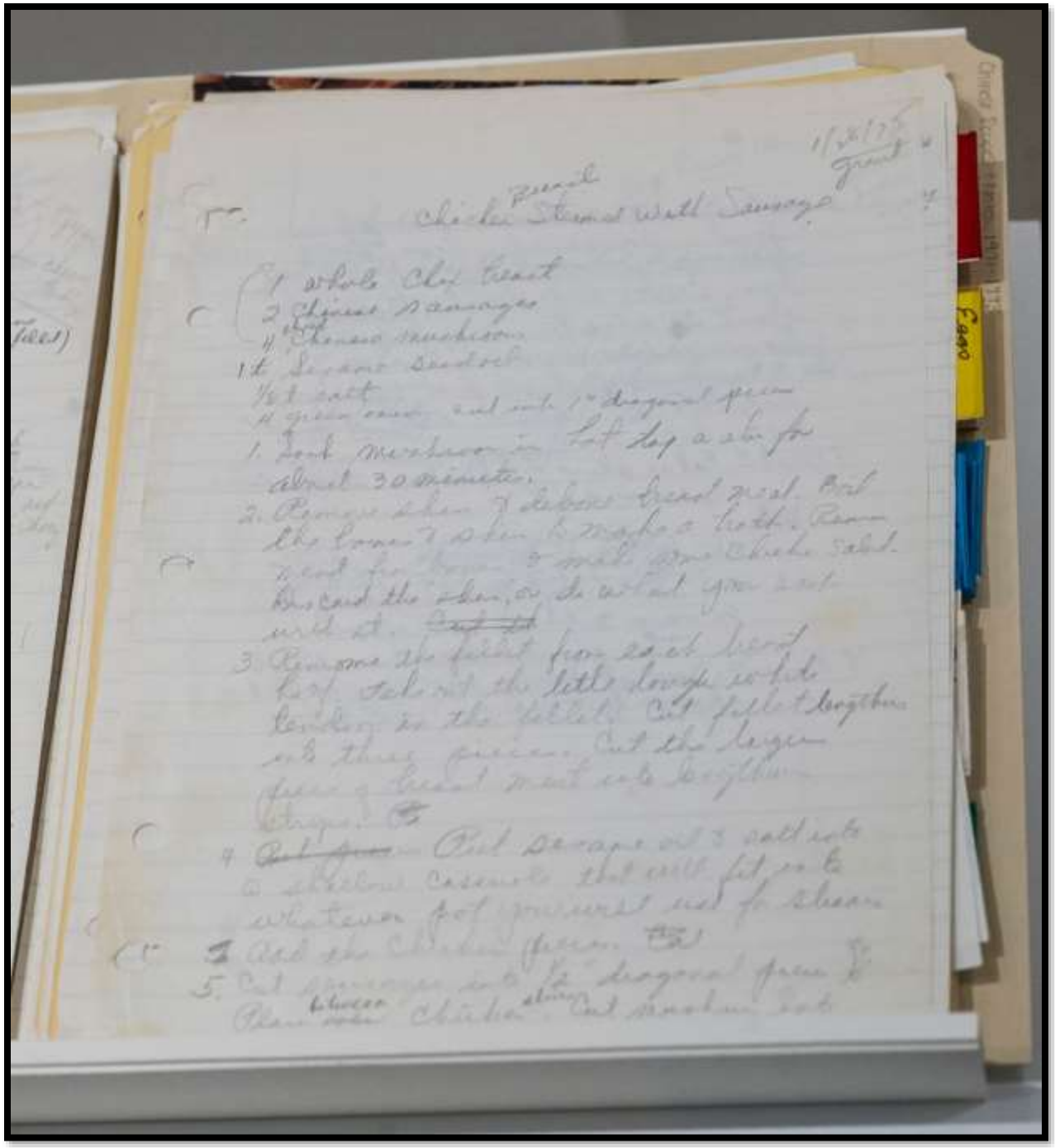
Seafood

French-Fried Shrimp

12 jumbo shrimp, cleaned

Batter: ¼ cup Bisquick ¼ cup beer	Combine to make a thin batter. Let rest 30 minutes.
Coating: 2 tbls. flour 2 tbls. cornstarch 1 cup bread crumbs, or coconut	Combine flour and cornstarch. Dip shrimp into batter, then into flour mix, back into batter and then into crumbs or coconut.
Peanut Oil	French-fry in 375-degree oil. When brown, blot on paper towels and serve with sauce.
Sauce: ¼ cup soy sauce ¼ cup water ½ tsp. minced ginger 1 tsp. sugar 1 tbls. Mirin	Combine ingredients. Serve in small dishes along with 4 French-fried shrimp. Dunk and eat.


Batters
Bean Curd
Chicken
Coat Chicken
Ready to
fry –
Sauce – Sour
Research recipe files, 1971-1993
Alma Lach Papers
These files are filled with Alma Lach's recipes for Chinese cuisine.


Chicken Breast Stirred with Sausage
1 whole Chx breast
2 Chinese Sausages
4 Chinese mushroom
1 t Sesame seeds
½ t salt
1. Soak mushroom in hot tap water for about 30 minutes.
2. Prepare when I debone breast meat. But the bones I plan to make a broth. Remove meat from bones & mail the Chicken Salad. Discard the skin, or do what you want with it.
3. Remove the fillet from each breast half. Take out the little triangle looking piece in the fillet. Cut fillet lengthwise into three pieces. Cut the larger piece of breast meat into lengthwise strips.
4. Cut sausage into 3 cm pieces
5. Cut sausage into ½" diagonal pieces

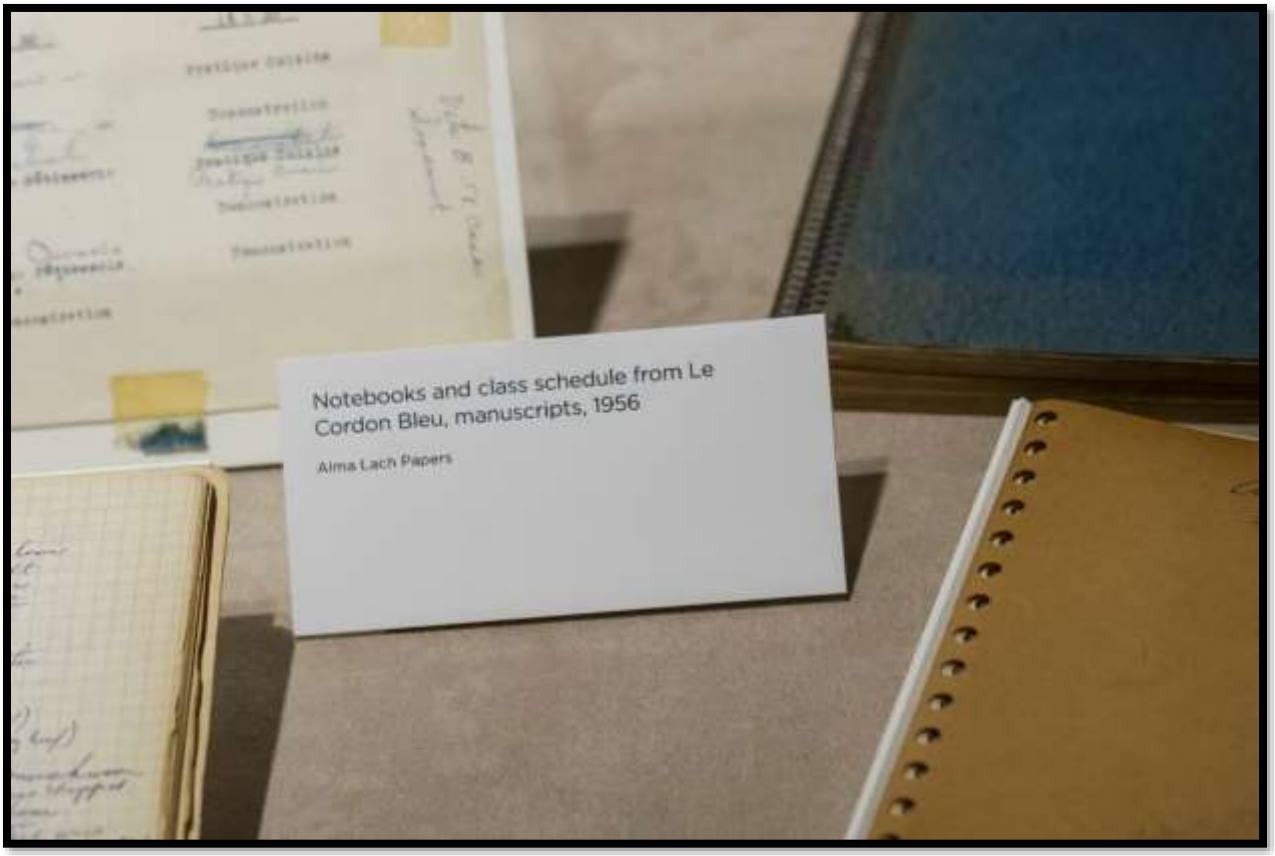
The array of volumes of notes donated to the University of Chicago Library is shown below on a long sofa in our home in Ann Arbor, just prior to donating them to that Library. It includes much of her original writing, including all notes for the Chinese Cookbook.



1950, 1952-53, 1956: Le Cordon Bleu

Exhibit Case Material





Grand Diplôme

Alma Lach was one of the first American women to hold the highest degree in cooking from Le Cordon Bleu School of Cooking in Paris, France (Grand Diplôme, 1956). An earlier one was Julia Child, 1951. Often, people ask me if Alma really obtained the "Grand" Diplôme because the certificate of those times does not look like the one of today. However, when I show them Julia Child's diploma and then Alma's that settles the issue in their minds. It was the highest award then (and apparently now) combining the courses of study for both the Cordon Bleu Diplôme de Cuisine and Diplôme de Pâtisserie.



ÉCOLES
189, Faubourg Saint Honoré
PARIS (8e)

ÉCOLES
31, Rue de la Pompe, 31
PARIS (16e)

le cordon bleu

ACADÉMIE DE CUISINE DE PARIS

Siège Social: 129, Faubourg Saint-Honoré

DIPLÔME

M Mme Child a suivi

les Cours de l'Académie de Cuisine du "CORDON BLEU" et a passé avec succès les examens lui conférant ce Diplôme.

LES PROFESSEURS

PARIS, le 15 Mars 1951

LA DIRECTION



ÉCOLES
189, Faubourg Saint Honoré
PARIS (8e)

ÉCOLES
31, Rue de la Pompe, 31
PARIS (16e)

le cordon bleu

ACADÉMIE DE CUISINE DE PARIS

Siège Social: 129, Faubourg Saint-Honoré

DIPLÔME

Mme Alma Lach a suivi

les Cours de l'Académie de Cuisine du "CORDON BLEU" et a passé avec succès les examens lui conférant ce Diplôme.

LES PROFESSEURS

PARIS, le 29 Juin 1956

LA DIRECTION

Madame Brassart

Both diplomas are signed by the director at the time, Madame Brassart. I have read various secondary opinions of Madame Brassart. I will stick with my own viewpoint as a primary source; I remember meeting Madame Brassart as a young child during the years 1949/50, 1952/53, and 1956 when Donald Lach had grants to go to Europe to work in libraries to gather sources for his work on *Asia in the Making of Europe*. Alma would go to the Cordon Bleu while he went to the Bibliothèque Nationale during my school hours and then he took care of me after school, as needed. There were, however, occasions on which that general arrangement did not work and then Alma took me with her to school. Madame was very kind to me; although she apparently spoke English, she always spoke French to me (as did I to her) and to Alma and enjoyed the 'little American girl with the Parisian accent.' The photo in the source linked below, page 24, shows Alma in the center with Madame on the left.



https://deepblue.lib.umich.edu/bitstream/handle/2027.42/171078/SLAwinebook.pdf?sequence=5&isAllowed=y

Notebooks, Full Content

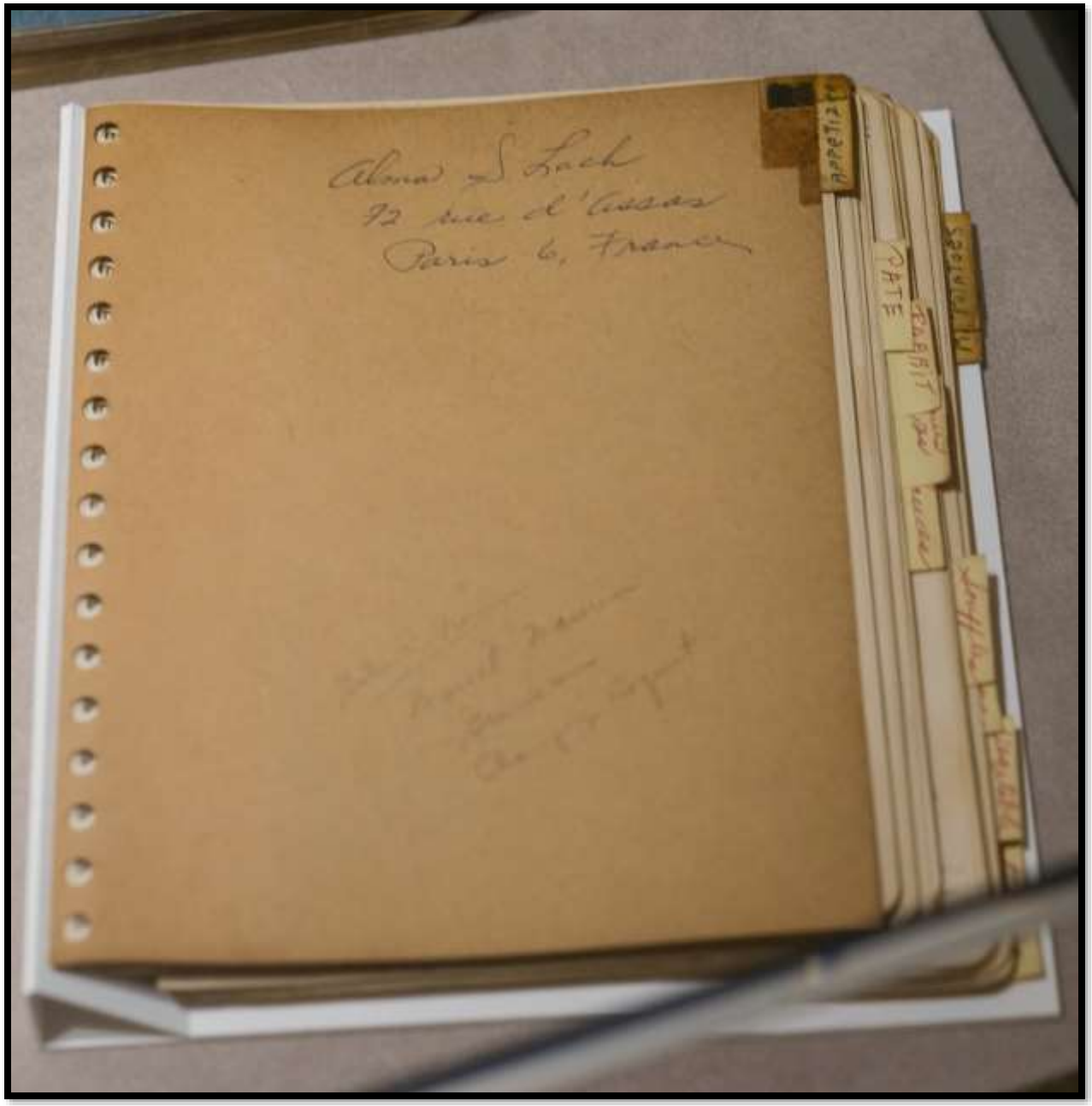
In 1956, we lived at 72 Rue d'Assass. I went to the Ecole Alsacienne, while Mom was working at mastering an extensive body of culinary material. My father (when not at the library) and I often ate lunch at Doucet's Restaurant at the Rue d'Assass and the Rue de Vaugirard; if I asked nicely, I would often get my favorite dessert there, Poire Belle Hélène! Little did I know then that my favorite dessert was one that had been originally created by Auguste Escoffier. While we were enjoying good times at Doucet's, my mother was working away in the spartan kitchen in the basement of the Cordon Bleu with its treacherous staircase and minimal lighting.

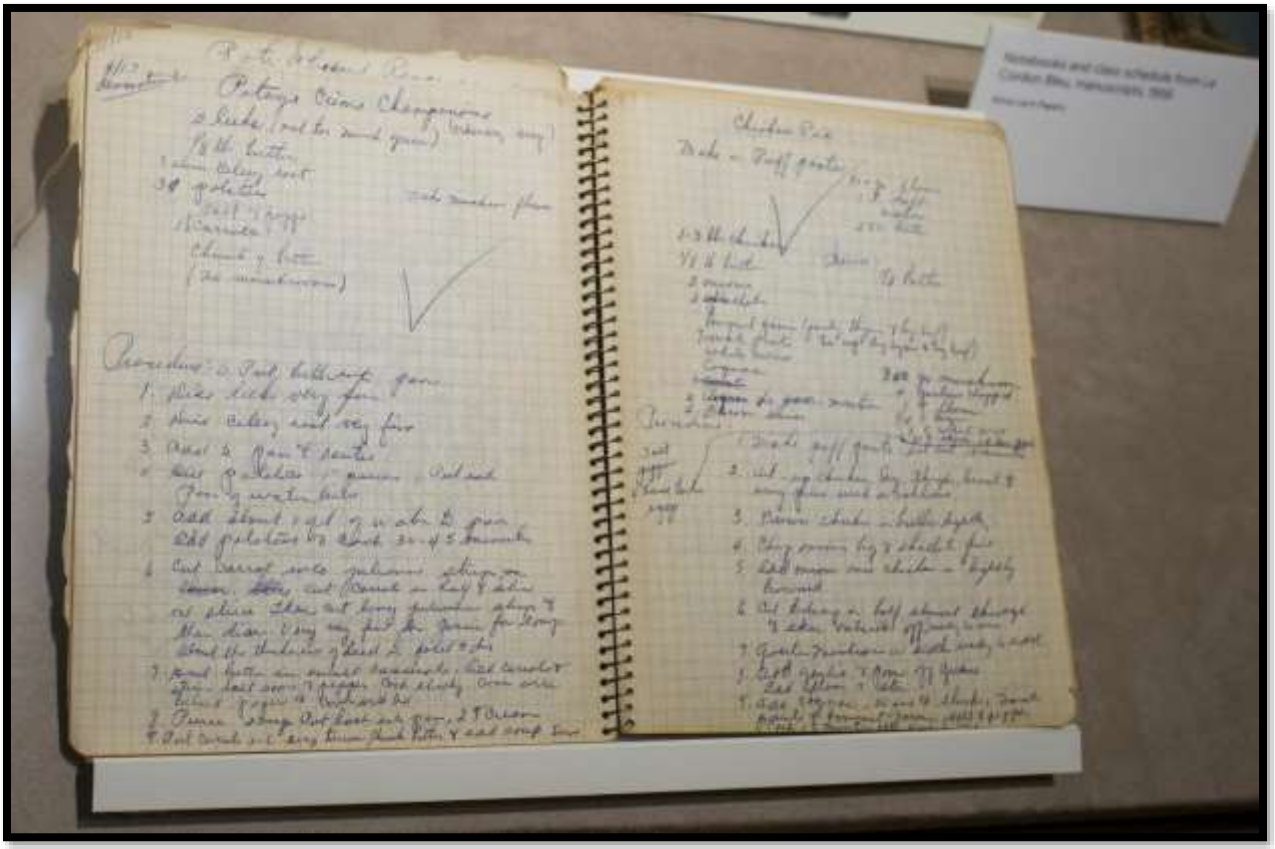
Alma recalls seeing Julia Child and her entourage at the Cordon Bleu, watching the students as they participated in oral examinations in front of a public audience, cooking meals on command from some of France's greatest chefs. The recipes my mother accumulated, coupled with copious notes, were stored in multiple notebooks. Three spiral bound notebooks from 1956 (shown in the photo below) contain all the materials on which she was examined for the Grand Diplôme. The panel of chefs examining her created a menu, on the fly, for her to cook for them from memory—no notes allowed and no advanced information given out as to what might be asked from this broad set of content.



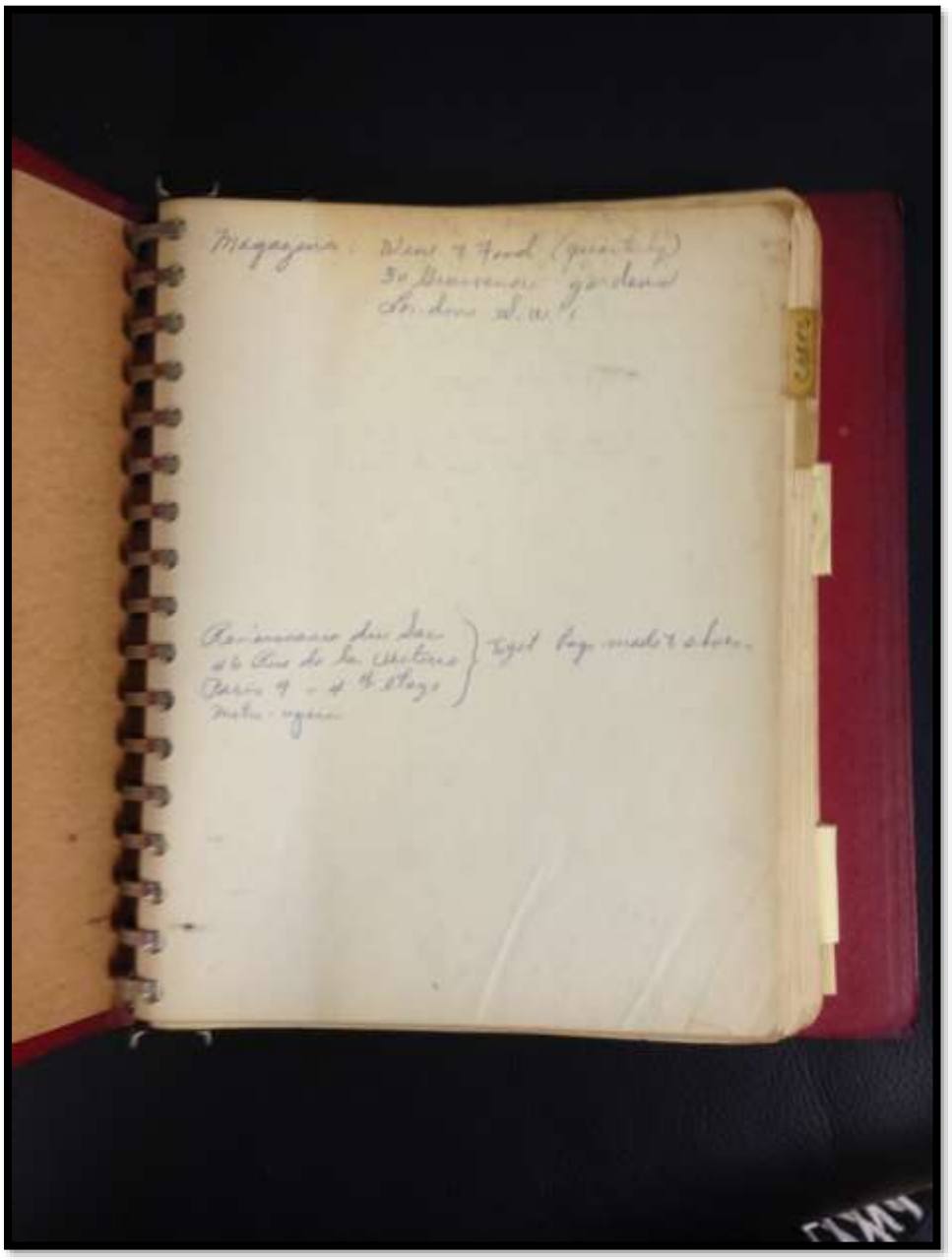
A few samples from these notebooks were on display at the Exhibition in the Regenstein Library.

They illustrate materials covered for each part of the ‘Grand’ course of study.


Alma Lach
92 rue d'Assas
Paris 6, France
APPETIZER
DATE
RABBIT



The notebook below shows evidence of containing recipes, probably with annotation, for the Diplôme de Pâtisserie part (note the tab for "Cakes") of the Grand Diplôme. Check marks on the pages of the notebooks mean that Alma had learned by studying and by cooking, that recipe; that she was confident in her ability to prepare it well.



Mom's confidence was well-founded. In June of 1956 she finished second in her graduating class (second to a French man). Her meal had pleased the Chefs!

Links to the full copies of each of these three documents are given below. The reader who downloads the .zip files and unzips them will gain a good deal of appreciation of

the level of effort that went into degree acquisition. The pages are, I think, in order; depending on screen type and software, page orientation or size may need adjustment to facilitate reading. Alma's handwriting is generally clear as are the little drawings that often accompany her annotated recipes.

01: Blue spiral notebook: LINK

02: Blue spiral notebook: LINK

03: Red spiral notebook: LINK

Awards, Memberships, and Organizations

Following Alma's graduation with the highest degree from Le Cordon Bleu in Paris, a number of awards were forthcoming: some immediately and some later. A selection is shown here; more are archived at the University of Chicago Library (Regenstein) .

1956: Legion d'Honneur

The first such award was the 'bleu' lapel ribbon issued by the French Legion of Honor—specifically for those holding the Grand Diplôme. Mom could wear it to a restaurant and get a better table or get seated immediately. On a bus or metro she received priority seating. It must have been awarded shortly after graduation because we returned to Chicago in time for school in the Fall. And I distinctly remember that she, and I, enjoyed watching how the typical French man or woman would scramble to provide her the various honors and services they believed she must be accorded by the simple wearing of a blue lapel 'ribbon'.

The photo below shows that ‘Cordon Bleu’ as well as subsequent lapel pins and rosettes that Alma subsequently was awarded for her various achievements. The blue ribbon is actually quite solid and not at all like a ribbon; more like a corrugated metal of some sort, covered with a rough blue surface. A prong sticks through the lapel button hole and gets bent up against the underside of the ribbon, after the ribbon is slipped onto the lapel. A grand old tradition, indeed.



1956: Cordon Bleu lapel ribbon and two other rosettes of the Legion d’Honneur.

1958: Pillsbury Bakeoff Winner (Professional Division)

In 1958, Alma won the food editor's division of the Pillsbury Bake-off contest. Her recipe of making a multi-layer chocolate cake, with the new Pillsbury Pudding product as filling between the layers, won the hearts of the judges. Her prize was a mink stole. At the Regenstein Exhibition, I wore the stole and stood alongside this photo of Alma receiving the stole. The wrap was almost as good as new 56 years later.




1960
ALMA LACH

1961: Grocery Manufacturers of America



1961: Anysetiers du Roi



1962: Chevalier du Tastevin

One of the first American women to be inducted as a full member of the Chevalier du Tastevin, in France, in 1962. Notice the two wine glasses (etched with Chevalier du Tastevin logo and such); they, too, are archived at the University of Chicago. I have the remaining four.


Alma Lach
CHEVALIERS du TASTEVIN


NUITS
Tastevin
en main
BOURGOGNE
Madame Alma Lach
a été reconnue digne de faire partie de la Confrérie des
CHEVALIERS du TASTEVIN
fait et donné au Château du Clos de Vougeot en Bourgogne, le 1er Décembre 1962
Pour le Conseil de l'Ordre
Le Grand-Maître de l'Ordre
HANSI 1955
HERALDISTE DES CHEVALIERS du TASTEVIN



1963: General Electric, Award



1964: La Chaine des Rotisseurs



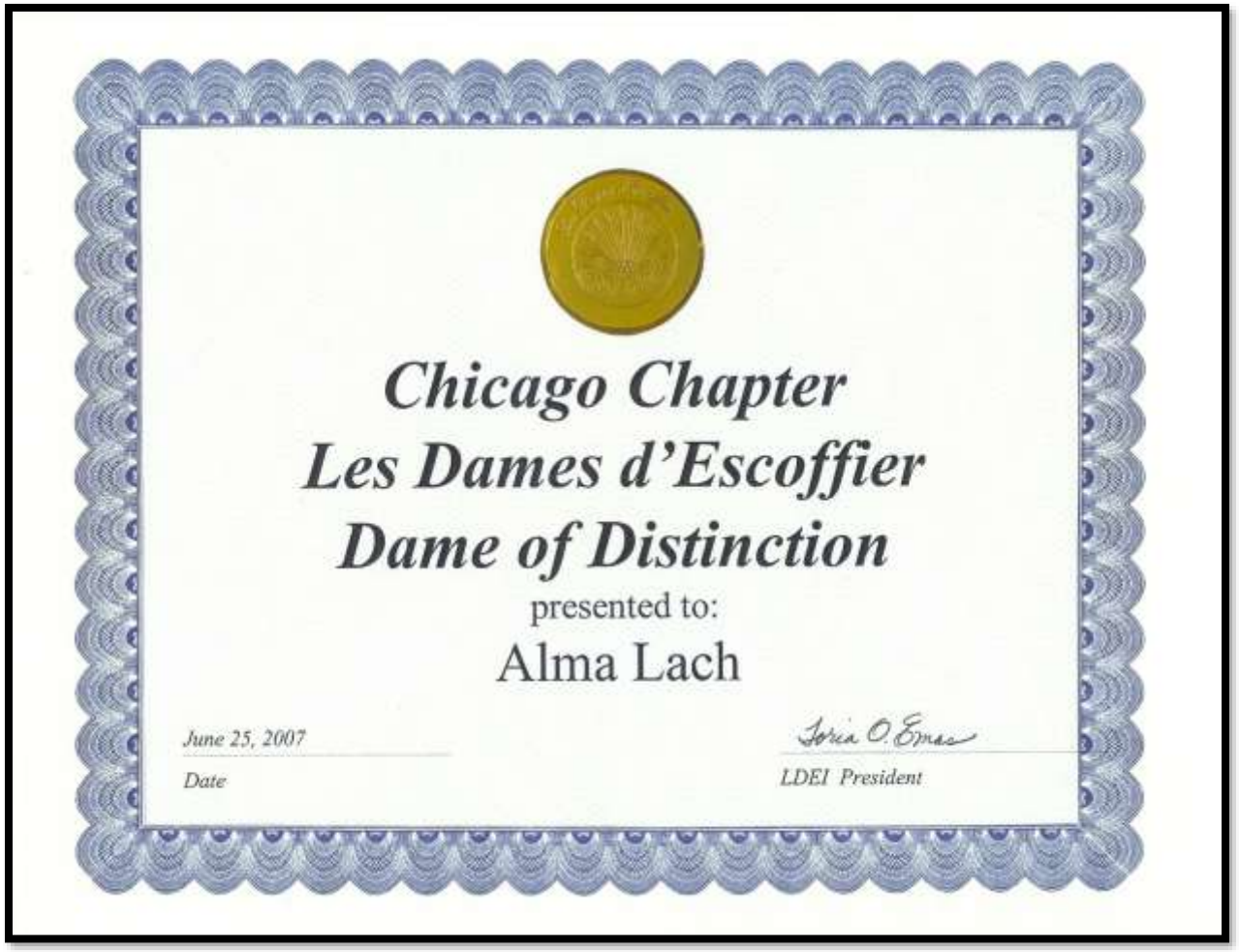

ALMA LACH
Alma Lach
Award, ph
La Chaine
Alma Lach Pap



2007: Les Dames d'Escoffier: Dame of Distinction

Alma was one of the earliest members of the Chicago Chapter of this prestigious haute cuisine organization. Decades later, she was awarded their highest honor as a "Dame of Distinction" in a special ceremony at The Four Seasons Hotel in Chicago. In the photo below, Dame Toria Emas (President of Les Dames d'Escoffier International) is on the left, Alma Lach is in the center, and Dame Barbara Glunz (President of the Chicago Chapter) is on the right.


Chicago Chapter
Les Dames d'Escoffier
Dame of Distinction
Alma Lach



Chicago Chapter
Les Dames d'Escoffier
Dame of Distinction
presented to:
Alma Lach

June 25, 2007
Date

Sonia O. Emas
LDEI President

The logo below was designed by Alma for the Chicago Chapter of Les Dames d'Escoffier. It embraces elements of the international logo and inserts Alma's own special twists. The logo was presented as a gift to the Chapter in the form of table place cards, that Alma printed out and brought with her.



Sound file of speeches at the event

Text of speech of Toria Emas

Dinner Menu

A summary list of Alma's organizational memberships appears below.

- Food Editors' Association of America, Chairman, 1959.
- Les Dames d'Escoffier, 1982-2013.
- Culinary Historians of Chicago, 1993.
- Wine and Food Society, London
- The Tavern Club
- The Quadrangle Club
- Ann Arbor City Club

1955: Children's Television Show

In 1955, and perhaps a bit on either side of that year, Alma created, produced, and starred in a children's television show featuring cooking. It was filmed in the East Wing of the Museum of Science and Industry and often included me and some of my friends from my class at the University of Chicago Laboratory School (photo below). The name of the show was "Let's Cook with Alma Lach." Subsequently (1956), Alma published a spiral-bound cookbook based on experiences with that show. The Child Training Association, who had also published Children's Activities, published this book, as well.



Alma works with a group of children; notice copies of Children's Activities magazine. Child closest to Alma is Sandy Lach. To Sandy's immediate right is Nancy Foss and to Nancy's right is Molly Perkins. Child to Sandy's immediate left is hidden from view, and then Janet Friedman appears to that child's immediate left. Across the countertop, Lynn Fussler stands in the foreground with Kay (?) on her immediate left and Margaret Harris on Kay's immediate left.

22 TV

"LET'S COOK WITH ALMA LACH"

(CHILD TRAINING ASSOCIATION, INC.)

DATE: SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1955

TIME: 10:00 - 10:30 AM

BALOP #1 - CHILD TRAINING ASSN., 1111 S. WABASH AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MUSIC: OPENING THEME "_____"HOLD

DISSOLVE TO BALOP #2 "PUBLISHERS OF" & BRING IN EASEL CARD #2 PICTURE OF MAGAZINE. HOLD

SUPER BALOP #3 "PRESENTS LET'S COOK" HOLD &

SUPER BALOP #4 "WITH ALMA LACH

DISSOLVE OUT BALOP

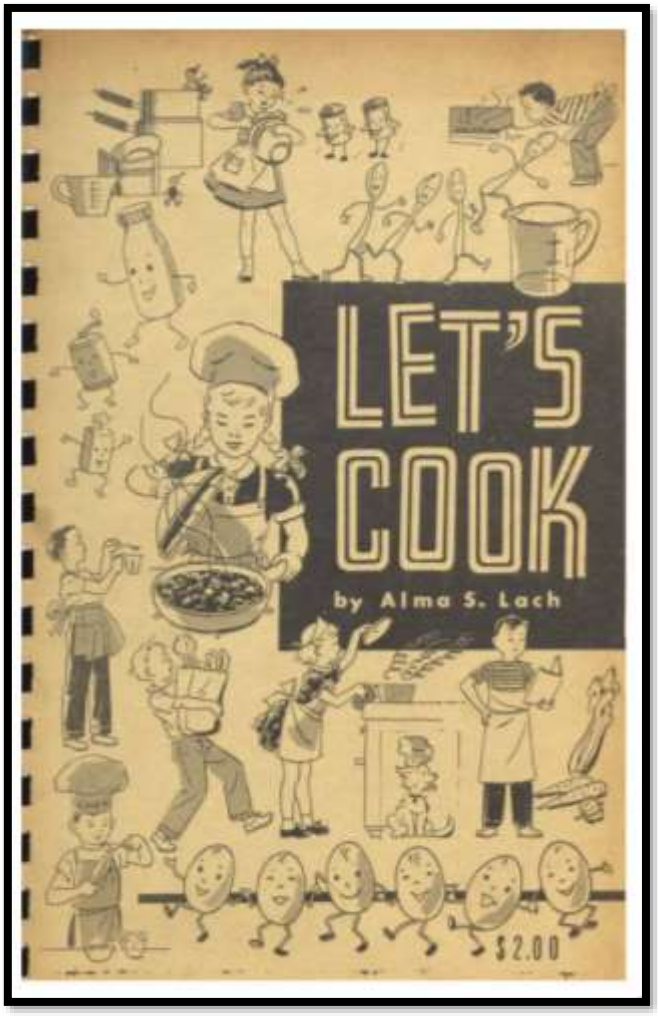
DISSOLVE EASEL CARD TO LIVE STUDIO

FADE: MUSIC

ALMA LACH: Hi boys and girls, I'm Alma Lach. This morning we are going to prepare a dinner. And, the main course is a luscious treat that everyone loves - fried chicken. Now, it may seem a little ambitious, but it really isn't and you can prepare it very nicely if you just take care and follow the recipe. You know, many people seem to cook without recipes.. ...but, if you watch them work, you'll see that they always cook the same thing in the same way. It's really as though they were following a printed recipe.../and they take care to see that everything is done exactly the right way. (MORE)

LS AND DOLLY IN TO MS


11
CHICAGO
FUJI
U-matic
KCA-60
MADE IN JAPAN
by FUJI PHOTO FILM CO., LTD.
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11
CHICAGO
AL'A LACH NUTRITION SEGMENTS
Cut # 1 7:20
Cut # 2 6:20
Cut # 3 6:25
Cut # 4 7:20
Cut # 5 5:07
Cut # 6 7:00
WTTW/CHANNEL 11


LET'S
COOK
by Alma S. Lach
$2.00

1957-1965: Chicago Sun-Times





From 1957 to 1965, Alma was Food Editor of the Chicago Sun-Times. I remember well when she was first hired. I enjoyed going with her to glamorous events on a number of occasions where she was functioning in this capacity—doing a story or just being a celebrity.

When Mom first began, she took over the company name for the Food Editor: Martha Reynolds. But with her creative approach, it was not long until those at the newspaper saw merit in having Alma have her own byline and relegating Martha Reynolds to a subordinate role. Thus, our apartment at 5759 Kenwood became the Sun-Times Test Kitchen. Alma renovated the old kitchen and built a new one up to City code. Walls were removed and modern kitchen equipment introduced to create what was at that time a dream kitchen. The premier piece was the Viking stove that she had trucked to the apartment from the factory in Mississippi. I remember the unloaders wrestling to get the huge stove, with four large burners and a central heating area, up the back stairs and through the kitchen door. That is the kitchen in which she was photographed for the photo on the cover of the Sun-Times food section, below.



CHICAGO DAILY SUN-TIMES

Good Food

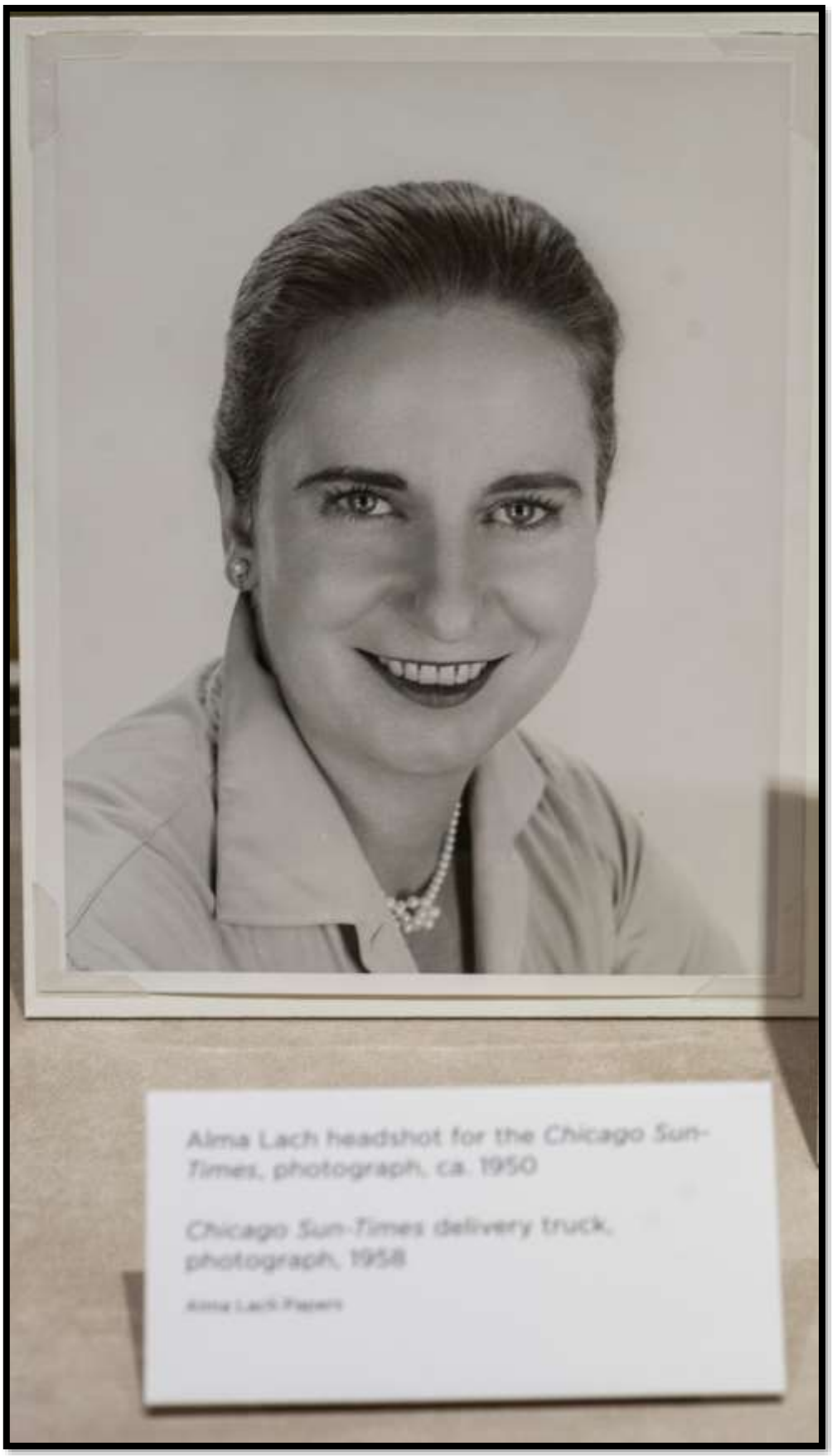
A GUIDE TO CREATIVE COOKING

- How to prepare classic relish dish
- Alma's almanac menus
- What's new for your kitchen

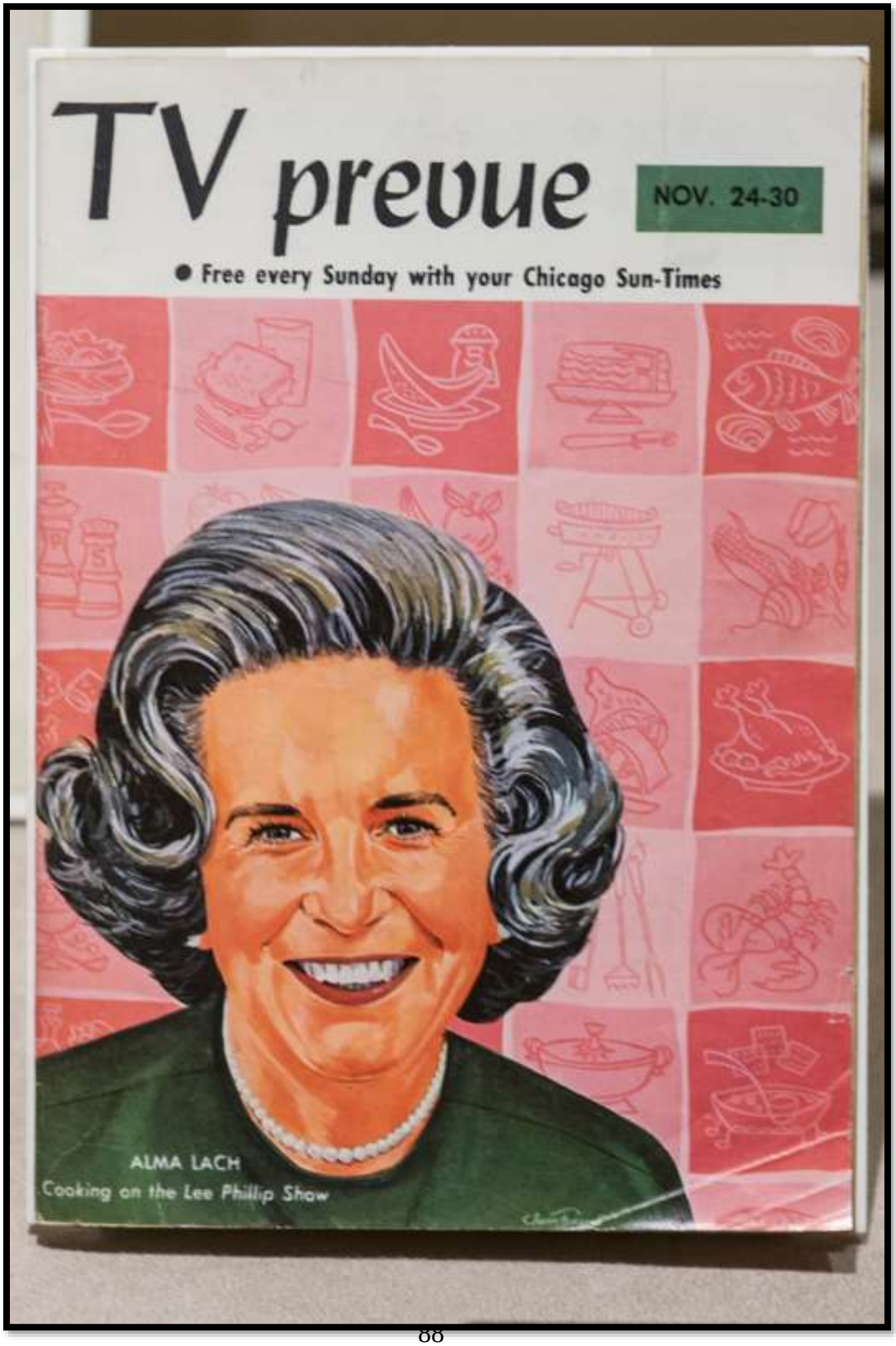
Sun-Times food editor Alma Lach demonstrates how to prepare vegetables for a classic relish.

Here Is Your Way To Better Meals

The newspaper pulled out all the stops and marketed the weekly food section in various ways; soon Alma became a household name in ChicagoLand. Indeed, I remember stories of my father going to parties with her and being referred to as 'Mr. Alma Lach'. He found it amusing—sort of!


Alma Lach headshot for the Chicago Sun-Times, photograph, ca. 1950
Chicago Sun-Times delivery truck, photograph, 1958


Now... A BRAND NEW
LIFT-OUT SECTION
GOOD
FOOD
EDITED BY ALMA
LACH
EVERY THURS. IN THE SUN-TIMES


TV prevue
NOV. 24-30
● Free every Sunday with your Chicago Sun-Times
ALMA LACH
Cooking on the Lee Phillip Show

Colleagues at the Sun-Times

During Alma's time as Food Editor, she was fortunate to meet many interesting individuals. I remember meeting some of these remarkable folks: Ruth Dunbar, Ruth Ellen Church, and no doubt others. The context in which she functioned in the new Sun-Times building was clearly built of rich tradition and emerging talent, alike. I am confident there were many more contacts in her life whom I never knew. All of them helped to set the stage, in varying degrees, for Alma's career. The two I remember best, and with whom I had the most association, are mentioned below.

The woman next to Alma, on the Features side, at the Sun-Times was Eppie Lederer (Mrs. Jules) better known by the newspaper's name for its Advice-to-the-Lovelorn column: Ann Landers. Mrs. Lederer (as I knew her) was always friendly to me; she used to ask me about my course of study at Vassar College and was even kind enough to listen as I talked about the various mathematics courses that I was taking. I saw her many times; our conversations were brief, but pleasant.

Once the food section became active, the newspaper assigned a photographer, named Gene Pesek, to take photographs of food. Gene used to come to our apartment at 5759 S. Kenwood to photograph food, beautifully presented, primarily in the dining room. I remember very well listening to their long discussions. Gene photographed people: celebrities, sports people, and so forth. Mom was not initially pleased with the way he photographed her painstakingly presented food. "Make it live! It doesn't move around the way athletes do—YOU have to make it come alive!" Gene was very patient and careful. Gene and Alma both talked about using box cameras as kids; they found

common elements and went from there. I watched them learn from each other (and I learned too), each with incredible attention to detail in their own areas of expertise. Later, after Alma left the newspaper, Gene entered her life briefly as he worked with Pam Zekman (whom I knew at the University of Chicago Laboratory School). Seeds sown earlier in their collaboration grew and endured. Gene had made Alma's food live photographically and Alma learned more about photography—a skill that would remain with her the rest of her life.

Mentoring…

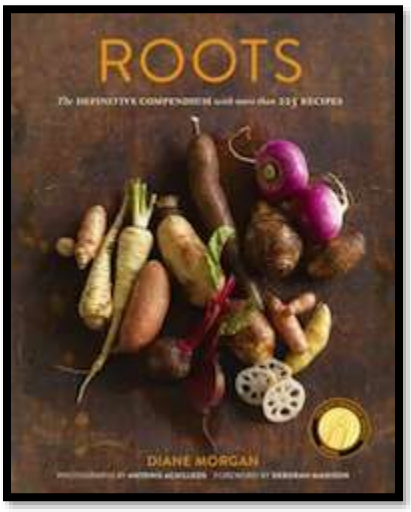
As Alma became busier and busier with doing all of the writing, recipe testing, traveling to food events, interacting with colleagues from elsewhere, writing books, writing reviews, and more, the newspaper encouraged her to take on an 'Assistant'. Marianne Thorsen was Alma's first assistant at the Sun-Times. She helped with the recipe testing for Alma's own recipes. Marianne married Frank Moore in about 1961; I met Frank when I was an underclassman at Vassar and he and a colleague travelled to New York on a business trip. Alma was very fond of anyone she mentored and became close to them, treating them almost as part of her extended family. I know there were other 'Assistants' during the Sun-Times years but Marianne is the only one whom I knew, directly, in her role as an 'Assistant'.

As Diane Morgan, a later Assistant of Alma's put it years later:

"I have had two wonderful cooking mentors in my culinary career, and Alma Lach, a former food editor at the Chicago Sun Times, was one of them. She had a prestigious avocational cooking school in Chicago and I was her assistant for five years. She was a perfectionist and really helped me develop my palate and sensitivity to flavors and the nuances of taste. Many chefs add extra salt to pick up flavor, and Alma taught me to

balance flavors with acidity and sweetness in addition to salt."
Diane Morgan: https://www.thekitchn.com/diane-morgans-o-161457





Terry Hunter

The name 'Terry Hunter' was another of the Sun-Times pseudonyms. During the period from about 1961 to 1964, Alma served, during summers as 'Terry Hunter', the anonymous restaurant critic who visited Chicago restaurants. On occasion, she took me with her thinking that no one would suspect her of being Terry Hunter. Sometimes, Alma wore a head-covering and sunglasses and dressed me up in a dress that did not leave much to the imagination (when I used to have a good figure!). Her notion was that folks would not look at her if they could look at me. The first place I went to with her, although I really don't know if it were an official Terry Hunter visit, was Second City in its location in Old Town. We ate on the patio and had a nice time; I was dressed nicely and she was not. In retrospect, I suspect it was a Terry Hunter visit but had no

clue what was happening at that time. Soon after, my parents went to the evening show there and also had fine times; apparently my father had followed the careers of some of the precursor actors of the Compass players at the Woodlawn Tap on 55th Street. He told me about that one day when we were walking around the neighborhood and walked past it.

Later, my mother told me about Terry Hunter and that she would like to take me to a place on the North Side, in Old Town not far from Second City (I think). I was to dress as I had when we went to Second City and I was not to contradict anything she did or said; nor was I to use her name or talk about her job, even if anyone asked. And, if anyone asked my name I was not to give them my last name. It all sounded like interesting intrigue and I was happy to play the game. So we went to some restaurant about a half-hour drive north of our apartment in Hyde Park. We sat in a large courtyard with a brick paver floor, surrounded by a brick wall covered with ivy; it reminded me a bit of Wrigley Field. Soon a waiter came and was very attentive. Mom snapped at him, 'what took you so long, we have been here for 45 minutes'. He apologized profusely and assured her everything would be fine. She ordered three or four items from the menu; she said she was ordering for herself and for me—that I had just returned home for the summer and was very hungry for food that was not dormitory food. The friendly waiter asked where I went to college; I lied, in the spirit of the game, and told him the University of Chicago (another campus I knew well). He left and brought back drinks. Mom took the ice out and threw it on the ground; it was a warm day so it melted. Then she shouted for the waiter and told him the drinks were no

good—that he had forgotten the ice. He brought new drinks. When the food came, the story was the same; there was no pleasing this table of diners. I began to feel sorry for the waiter; it seemed like a nice place. We got up and left after a while, after Mom paid in cash. Then a few weeks later, we went back to the same place. This time she dressed differently, without sunglasses. I wore sunglasses and a hat. She behaved like a very nice patron this time and we had fun; and yes, we had the same waiter. On the way out, I heard some customer at another table point at us and say, "isn't that Alma Lach—sure looks like her?" We rushed off to the car. After that, I no longer was involved in the Terry Hunter scene, and don't know for how much longer Mom did that; but she did do more because I remember her awaiting, with some anxiety, the next column to appear. But the story of Terry Hunter being a woman with a teenaged daughter was now apparently exposed; it appeared that I could no longer be part of that equation.

Other Related 'Junkets'

Also in about 1964, Mom thoughtfully took me to other local adventures, beyond the Terry Hunter connection. Two I remember in particular are below.

The first was a luncheon my mother arranged with Stanley Holloway, who played Eliza Doolittle's father in My Fair Lady, both on Broadway and in the road company that came to Chicago. We had fine tickets to see the show and then the next day to have a luncheon, alone, with Mr. Holloway. He was quite charming, I'm sure. However, I think he expected me to be thrilled to meet him and perhaps even to be some sort of groupie—all I did was tell him about my interests in becoming a mathematician. It was

a different experience and I think perhaps some sort of communication failure had taken place in advance of the luncheon as I made it quite plain that I would never have any interest in show business. Perhaps I was confused about why this was happening; I had been told once again to dress up as I had for the Terry Hunter adventure. I might have had expectations of yet another luncheon with intrigue. In retrospect, however, it is much more interesting now, as it remains a vivid memory, than it was to an immature college student of the times.

The second was an afternoon spent with both my parents, at a large Press Party, on a Norwegian Tall Ship, the Christian Radich, that had ventured through the relatively new St. Lawrence Seaway. In High School, I had taken a year-long course in geography in which the focus was on the St. Lawrence Seaway, including field trips led by Harold Mayer (then a professor of Geography at the University of Chicago) detailing the ins and outs of drainage issues associated with the Seaway with much time spent on the Calumet Sag Channel. (Little did I know that later in my life, Harold's son, Jonathan, would become a good friend (along with his wife Merrill and my husband Bill) when we were both graduate students in Geography at the University of Michigan.) Thus, I looked forward with anticipation to being able to actually board a ship that had navigated the Seaway and talk to the crew. As the vast group of press people were seated at the long tables on the ship's deck, the crew brought beverages—Norwegian beer and Norwegian Aquavit (I had never had that and loved this caraway flavored beverage). Soon, I found that I was talking to some of the young sailors on the ship, although their English was limited. But they could see that I wished to talk, so they

found other more experienced crew. They talked about their excitement navigating the new waterway; I related my experience earlier of having been on 57th Street beach in Chicago the day the German U boat, the U505, was brought via the Seaway to the Museum of Science and Industry. I asked them about the food we were eating; did they bring it all with them? Where did they cook it? A few of the sailors took me below deck to show me the galley and mountain of potatoes they had on board below deck.

I had a great time. It was exciting to be on board and to talk to the ship's crew about their adventure! And, the whole adventure, when coupled with ongoing education and other related experiences, created a system of contacts and memories that have remained vivid for me until the present day.

1965 and Later: Post Sun-Times

In this section, I focus only on elements of Alma's career in which family members have had interaction. To see the full range of her many-faceted career, please visit the links in the first part of this document. A brief list appears below summarizing her post Sun-Times activities.

- Director, Alma Lach Cooking School, 1963.
- Food Consultant, Food Business Magazine, 1964-66.
- President, Alma Lach Kitchens Inc., 1966-2013.
- Food Consultant, Chicago's New Pump Room, Lettuce Entertain You, 1967-68. Worked with Rich Melman.
- Food Consultant, Bitter End Resort, British Virgin Islands, 1967-68.
- Food Consultant, Midway Airlines, 1967-68.
- Food Consultant, Flying Food Fare, Inc., 1967-68.
- Food Consultant, Berghoff Restaurant, 1967-68.
- Food Consultant, Hans' Bavarian Lodge, 1967-68.
- Food Consultant, Unocal '76, 1967-68.

- Food Consultant, University Club, Chicago.
- Resident Master, Shoreland Hall (University of Chicago), 1978-81.
- President, Alma Lach, Inc.

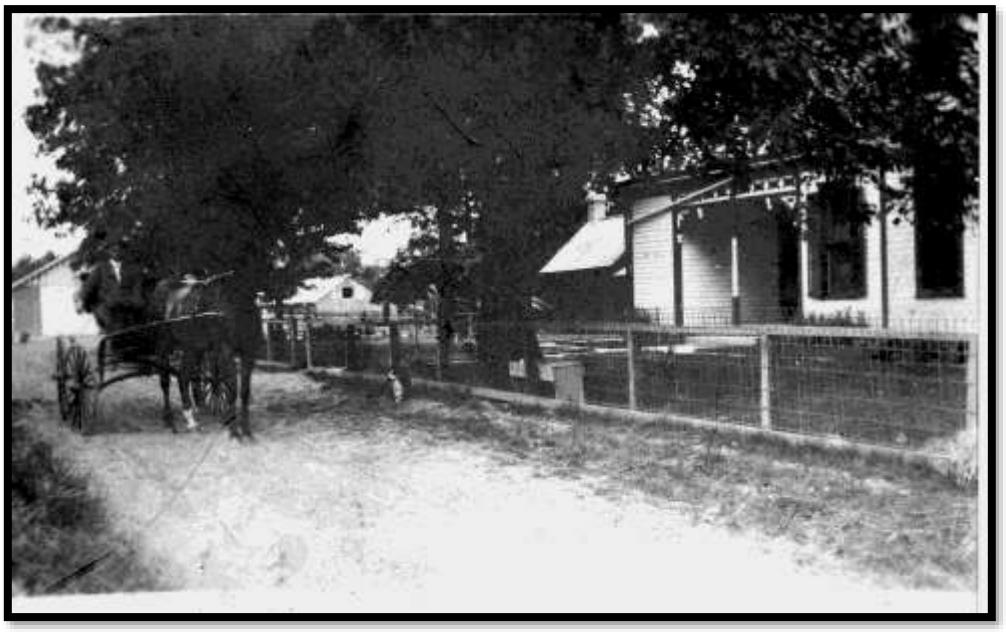
Intergenerational Narrative: A Family Food System

The highlights of a career, as above, are easy to grasp; far more difficult to understand is the set of events, both good and bad, that led to success—often when failure seemed imminent. Here we get to see how, time and again, difficulty was overcome and where opportunity arose to identify both traditions and transitions in taste—some of those are highlighted in the text that follows while others are left to the reader to discover. Strong family ties throughout the generations, exhibited by continuity of ideas and ideals and overlap of nuclear families, are their backbone. In my world of a family food system, Alma Elizabeth Satorius Lach is the pivot around which the strong Boeker-Satorius-Lach-Arlinghaus family food system emerged and is sustained over time.

Tallulah, Illinois and the Family Farm

Alma Elizabeth Satorius was born on June 8, 2014, in Tallulah, Illinois to John Henry Satorius and Clara Elizabeth Boeker Satorius. Clara had a first-born son, stillbirth, and a daughter, Mary Johanna, ahead of Alma. Alma was delivered, so the story goes, by an old country doctor who drove a horse and wagon to the family home to deliver the baby. Apparently, he arrived drunk, delivered Alma, declared her dead on arrival, and tossed her to the end of the bed at Clara's feet. He left without issuing a birth certificate. Obviously, the old doctor was wrong. Clara and Alma, both determined

women, saw to it that Alma survived. It seems that Alma was a fighter from the time she entered the world (the rural home she was born in is shown below).



John Satorius was a farmer who worked the land on the family farm near Tallulah. He had completed a second grade education and could read well enough to extract information from the Petersburg Observer. He remained curious about science and math although he had received no education on those topics. I remember talking to him about air pressure and its power when I was about 12, he found it fascinating as we talked about balloons popping and tanks collapsing. Donald (my father) enjoyed telling the story of Grandpa testing Donald to see if he were smart enough to marry Alma: the challenge was to calculate the volume of a cylinder (silo). Once Donald demonstrated that he knew about pi, all was fine, although Grandpa only used 3 as the value of pi whereas Donald had used 3.1416—however, the final answer was close enough to satisfy my Grandfather Satorius. Clara was a high-school graduate (unusual

at that time and location for a girl) and came from the well-regarded and locally prestigious Boeker family.



While John farmed the land (corn and soybeans) Clara raised vegetables and fruit and took care of milking the cows and slopping the hogs. They were largely self-sufficient in terms of needs. They raised what they needed to eat and Clara could cook any of it, and more. They sold grain and beans at the grain elevator to create a steady income stream. Clara routinely fed not only her family of four, but also all the farm hands who worked the farm. Young Alma participated with her mother in learning the ways of the farm.

Tradition

Farming to supply food for the family and income from the sale of excess.

Way, Mississippi

At some point in Alma's young life, her parents decided to move the family to Way, Mississippi (north and west of Jackson), to engage in cotton farming. Presumably, things had not fared well in Illinois and so they moved south where perhaps a dollar spread farther and where the style of farm labor was vastly different.



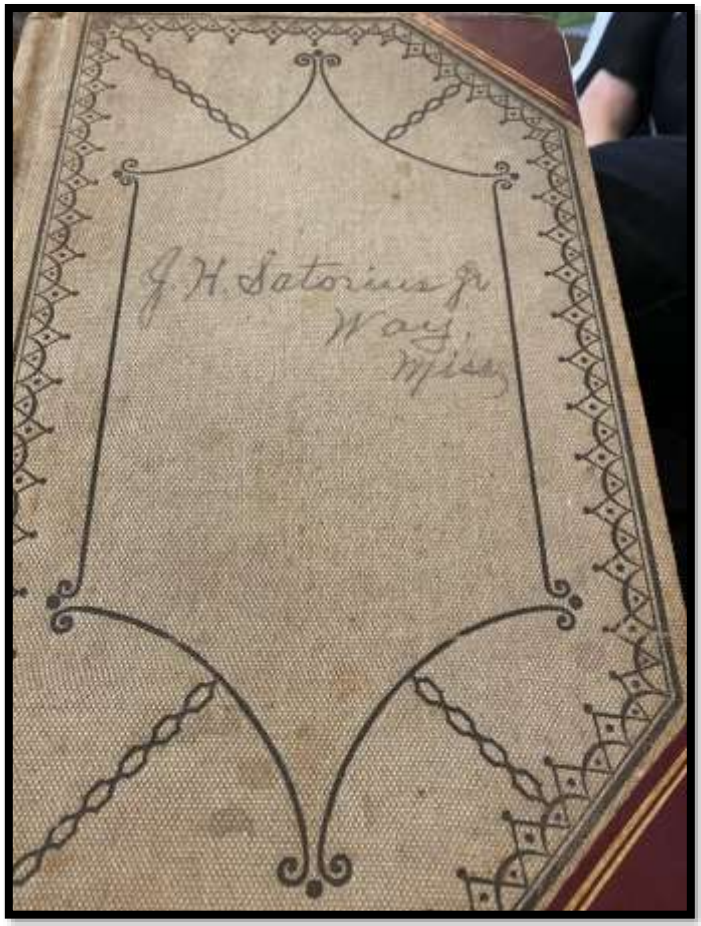
Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Way,_Mississippi

Way, a hamlet of Madison county, on the Big Black river, and a station on the Illinois Central R. R., 7 miles north of Canton, the county seat. It has a money order postoffice. Population in 1900, 36.

Source: p. 942,

https://ia904701.us.archive.org12itemsmississippicompr02rowlmississippicompr02rowl.pdf

There is evidence from 1918 that Alma lived in Way during that year and perhaps a year or more either side of that year. By the time Alma was four years old, she was clearly living in Mississippi. In the photos below, there is a ledger book from that period in what looks like my grandmother's handwriting (I don't believe I ever saw any of my grandfather's writing/printing) along with a receipt from a cotton ginnery tucked in between pages of the ledger.



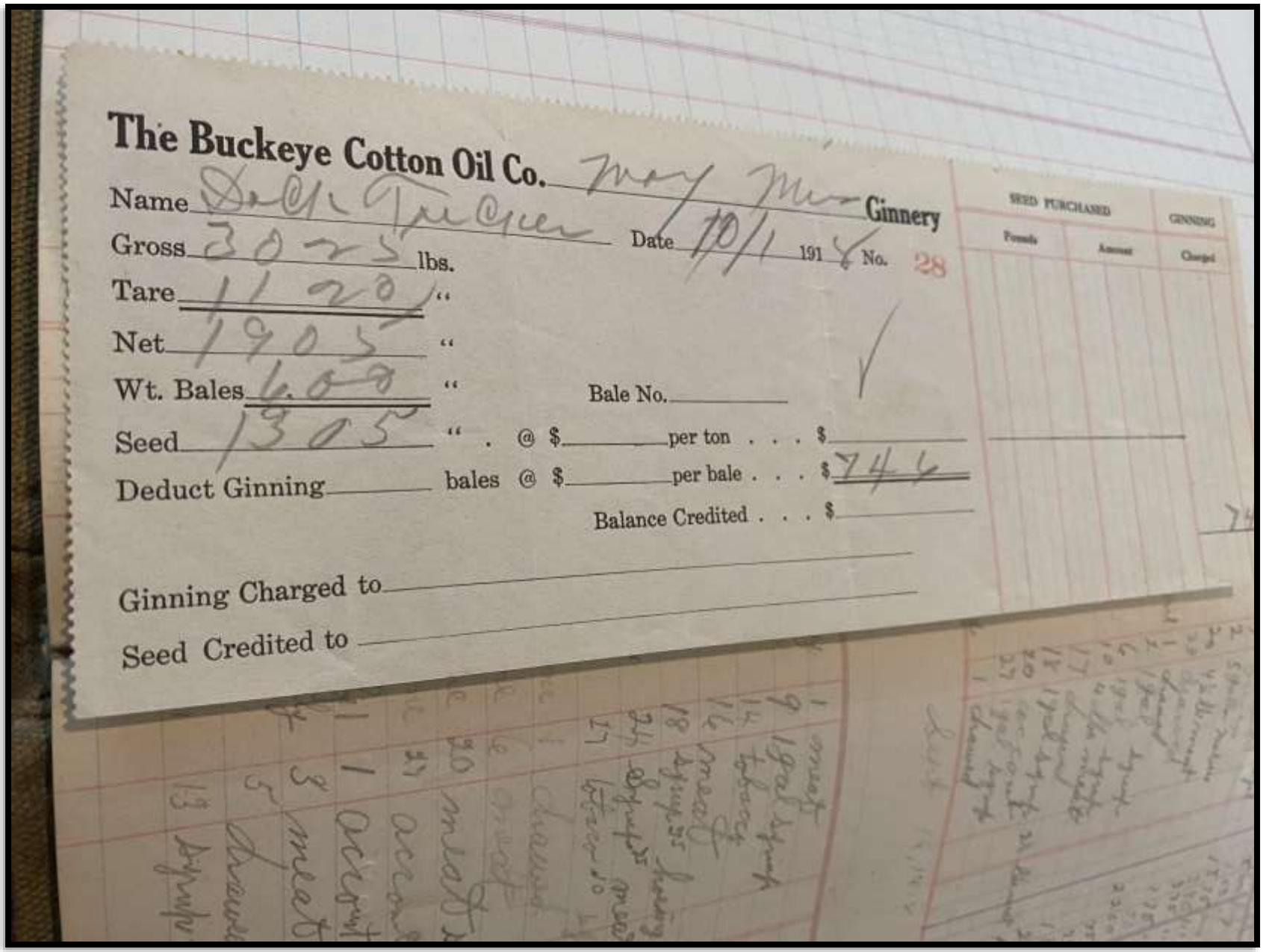


IMaGe Monograph #30:
Sandra Lach Arlinghaus, et al.
Family Food Systems: Matters of Taste

The photos below were taken, in Way, Mississippi, by Clara Satorius using a box camera, sometime around 1918. A full set of images, some of unknown location, is archived in the linked zip file.



https://deepblue.lib.umich.edu/bitstream/handle/2027.42/60304/AlmaLachMSchildhood.zip?sequence=33&isAllowed=y

Alma is the short, younger girl in the foreground. Her sister Mary is behind Alma.

Two local Mississippi friends, in hats, flank them.



At the farm in Way, Mississippi.



Farm worker residential quarters.



Photo of Alma (on the left) and Mary (on the right) in Way, Mississippi, during a disastrous winter.

Alma appears older here than she did in the photo showing two friends in hats, which I presume was taken in 1918 when Alma was four, or maybe even in 1917. Alma told me that she remembered living at least three years in Way. Perhaps, this photo was

taken in the winter of 1919, when a terrible snow storm piled up 10 inches of snow in the Jackson area.

Jackson, Mississippi

Snowiest Days	
Rank	Amount
1	11.7" (1/28/1904)
2	10.0" (1/2/1919)
3	7.5" (12/22/1929)
4	7.0" (1/22/1940)
5	6.0" (2/13/1960)
6	5.5" (1/13/1982)
7	5.1" (12/8/2017)
8	5.0" (3/22/1968)
9	4.8" (12/14/1997)
10	4.5" (1/23/1948)

Source: https://www.weather.gov/jan/climatejan







The Mississippi farm fields were not looking too good, presumably after the hard winter of 1919. Disaster struck the family; the farm suffered severe erosional damage. Clara (?) in foreground. Alma said that after the failure of the farm in Way, the family moved back to where they had come from in Illinois. The move was timed so that she, presumably age 6, could begin school in the north. To date, young Alma had had a very difficult life, right from the beginning.

The various influences that Alma received in Mississippi remained with her, perhaps most notably in her language (not distinguishing between 'pin' and 'pen', for example—both sounded like 'pin' to me and my father although Alma claimed that they

were clearly different pronunciations to her ear). Decades later, as I learned to listen to the native East Mississippi accent, I heard the same thing with that particular word pair as well as with other pronunciations that reminded me of my mother. Another strong influence was a culinary one. The sauce that Alma served with shrimp was made from Hellman's Mayonnaise (unless she made her own) and Heinz Chili Sauce. Again, I learned decades later that the sauce Mom served throughout her life was the style of 'comeback' sauce served in Central Mississippi with local roots possible before 1935. Perhaps Clara had picked it up and it filtered down to Alma; from there, generations of University of Chicago professors enjoyed it at Alma's soirees where she often served piles of iced shrimp served with this sauce. Alma's mother's experience in Mississippi had generated, through Alma, a local Hyde Park tradition—carried forward by me to Ann Arbor, and Meridian, Mississippi (back to East Central/Central Mississippi)!

Tradition

Mississippi Comeback Sauce spreads to Chicago, Ann Arbor, and back home!



Gulf shrimp with Original Mississippi Comeback sauce served in a Lenox dish that was a wedding gift to me and to Bill, from Bessie Pierce and her sister. Meridian, MS, 2023.

Return to Downstate Illinois

Back in Illinois, on the family farm, Alma was riding a horse by the age of six and participated in milking cows and slopping hogs. She retained her skill with cows and was able, later in life, to surprise folks in Chicago that this Food Editor could in fact milk a cow (by demonstrating it). She was driving her father's Model T by the time she was 8 (with a long stick shift on the floor) and learned early on that the way to get it up the hill was to turn it around and back it up. By age 10, she was driving the tractor on the farm. There were no driver licenses in those days. Once Alma got a driver license (a very early one) she never let it lapse and continued to renew it and to drive throughout the rest of her life. She loved to drive; her favorite car was her Dodge Charger which she claimed to have driven at 150mph on I-94 in Western Michigan. However, after Donald died in 2000, she took my husband Bill with her to purchase her next car, a more sedate Mercury Grand Marquis (which she named 'Bill the Car'). In her many adventures with vehicles, in over 90 years she never had an accident. She was as skillful at driving as she was in the kitchen with knives.

Other early memories of Alma's involved watching her mother cook for the farm hands, helping in the vegetable garden where they raised all of what they ate with a root cellar for harvesting winter crops. Clearly, these were lessons that must have made an impression as guests to Alma's Chicago apartments will have noted: she raised spices, herbs, tomatoes, and violets, all of which she harvested and used in her cooking. The many beautiful candied violets visitors enjoyed came from the wonderful collection of living violet plants she raised in her North windows. She also raised cacti of various

kinds, but if she ate them, she did not share them. And, periodically, she raised mushrooms in a cardboard box in a hallway closet. One could never be sure what might show up. Indeed, I was surprised one Christmas when Mom gave my son a box of dirt; it was a kit to grow mushrooms. And so we did, when we lived at 6527 North Greenview near the Lakeshore Campus of Loyola University of Chicago (where Bill and I were both teaching Mathematics).

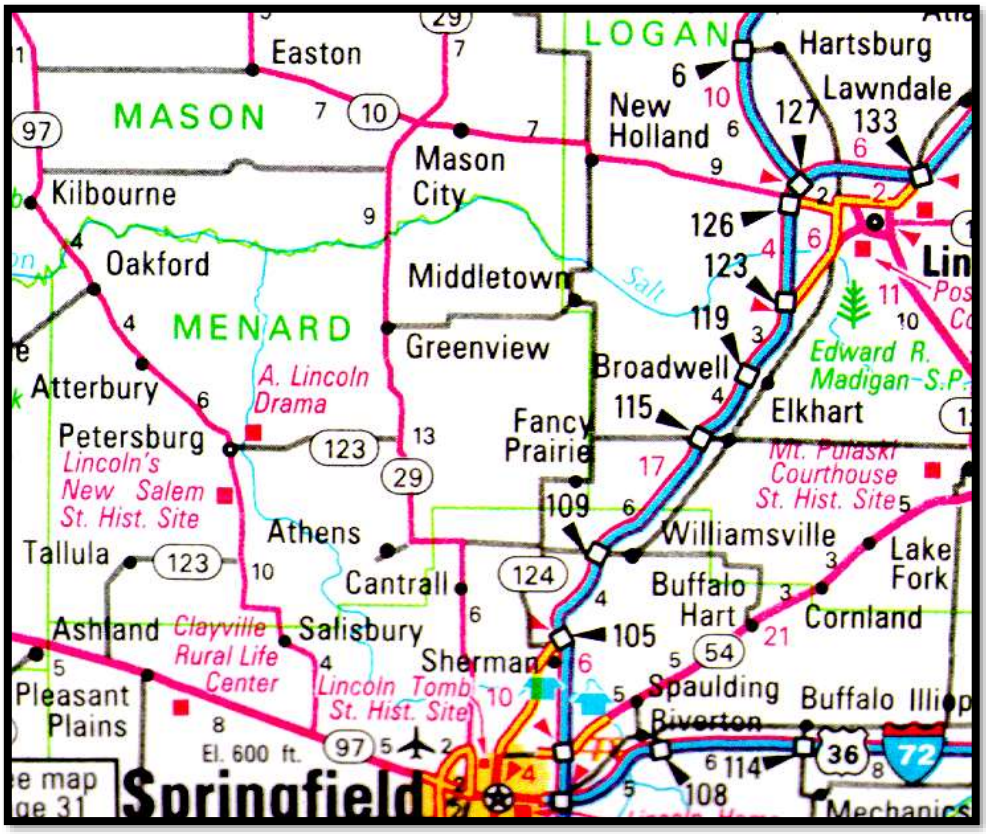
Her life on the farm was evidently rich and varied. She had stories about visiting with her grandparents, Grandpa and Grandma Boeker. Grandpa Boeker gave her a violin; apparently Alma had perfect pitch and was able to learn to play musical instruments easily and at an early age. Later, I used that violin; I had inherited Alma's gift with music and she let me use her violin (a fake Stradivarius). It was really quite suitable; I refused to learn to read music, instead faking my way through the first performance, as first violin, so that the second time I could play the piece.

One-room Schoolhouse, Petersburg

When it came time to go to school, Alma went to a one room schoolhouse near Petersburg, Illinois, near what would become Lincoln's New Salem State Park. Abraham Lincoln had surveyed Petersburg, the County Seat of Menard County. The Boeker family had donated a number of their family artifacts for period pieces on display in the cabins at Lincoln's New Salem—a tourist site. Miss Masters was Alma's primary instructor throughout, until high school.

In high school, Miss Masters was likely still an influence but not Alma's only teacher. Miss Masters was the first cousin of poet Edgar Lee Masters (link). Alma participated

in local 4H contests with her family; the group won a number of awards at the Illinois State Fair in Springfield. Farm, school, and life with family united as an integrated whole.



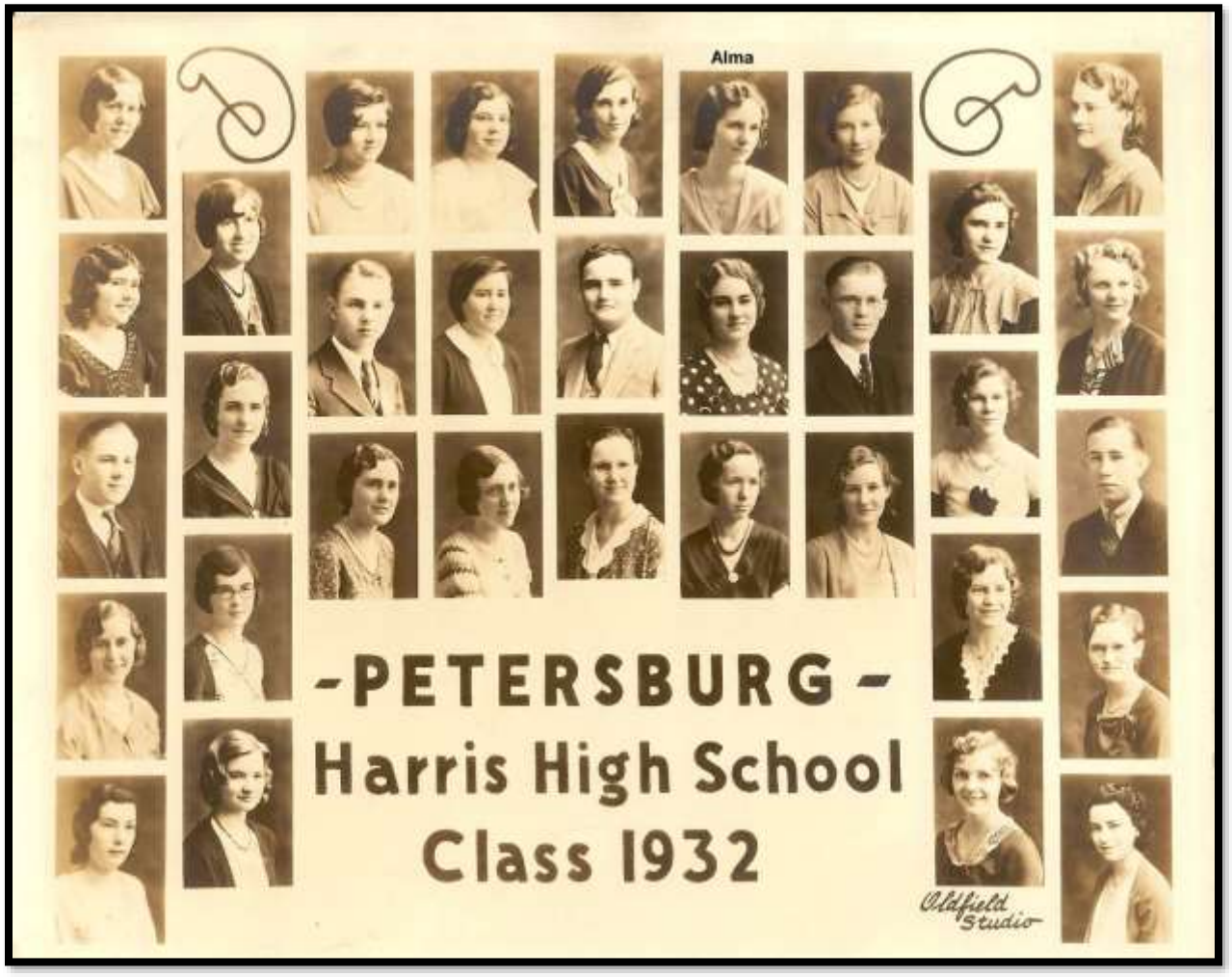
Transition

From farm to small town: full garden to small garden; farm animal food to grocery stores

High School, Petersburg

After Alma graduated from grade school, her family must have moved from the farm to

Petersburg, IL, to the house I knew my grandparents to live in at 111 East Taylor Street. Alma never talked much about high school; she graduated from Petersburg Harris High School in 1932. Her fond school memories, which she retained throughout her life, were of Miss Masters, her Boeker grandparents, and life on the farm.





Left to right: Mary Satorius, Grandpa Boeker, Alma Satorius.

John Satorius is in back.



111 East Taylor Street, viewed from the front, as it appeared in 2013, changed very little from earlier times. A railing has been added over the front porch, and the siding color is now off-white rather than flat white.

While Clara and John Satorius owned this house, they enclosed a former open-air, but covered, porch, which now has its own door. The vegetation looks much as it did in earlier times, albeit overgrown. Driveway and garage are pretty much as they were. There was an oddly-stained stump just to the side of the garage closest to the house. When I was about eight years old I found out what that stain was.



111 East Taylor Street, 2013. Side yard. A fence has been added in front (note the poles). The large pole/TV antenna support, triangular in cross-section, was installed by the Satorius family shortly after they got their first small cathode ray tube style of television.

Each summer I visited my grandparents for an extended stay and was allowed to bring one friend from Chicago to stay with me. This particular summer, my friend Peter Bloch came with me. Grandpa decided to teach us City-kids a lesson about where food comes from; two chickens were delivered from the farm to the house in town. Peter and I each had the educational experience of butchering our own food; Grandpa laughed as we were shocked to see one of the chickens run around (minus its head) flinging blood all over the place! In the photo, the backyard, where the vegetable garden was is not

visible. Asparagus was raised to the left of the garage, behind the big tree which once had a swing hanging from it. Peter and I also had an adventure that summer with the vegetable garden. We noticed that there were fine strings staked up and marking off the garden into squares with a certain amount of produce in each square. A typical square might have had a cabbage, some green onions, some carrots, and more. Sweet corn was off in a corner by itself. I recognized some of the vegetables from various previous experiences. Peter had apparently not had as many as I had. So, I pulled up a green onion and showed him where the onion was. He ate it. I pulled up another one for myself. Then some more for each of us. I remembered that my father had teased Peter in Chicago about carrots bagged in plastic with green tops painted on the outside of the bag. He told Peter that that was how carrots grew. Next, I pulled up some carrots and told Peter that, in fact, this was how carrots grew. We sat down in the middle of the vegetable garden and enjoyed any number of freshly pulled or picked vegetables. At dinner time, Grandma pulled Grandpa aside and clearly was mad at him. We had no idea why but whatever it was he said he didn't do it. Next Grandma came to talk to me about the missing vegetables. I told her what we did. She explained that the squares that were there, marked off by string, contained the vegetables for days of the week. It turns out that we had eaten three days supply of vegetables. Grandma was not happy. It was a learning experience, although I was not sure what Peter, or his parents, thought of it.

Post High School

Immediately following High School, Alma learned typing. She did well enough at it that after mastering a formal course in typing, she competed in the Illinois State Typing Contest and won the overall Championship. Meanwhile, her sister Mary (whose interests were more conventional and academic in orientation) had gone to Blackburn College. When Mary graduated, she went north to the University of Chicago to study various aspects of food chemistry, human nutrition, and home economics. Alma's parents told Mary to take Alma with her.

Transition

From rural countryside and towns to the big city: Chicago!

So, Alma went to Chicago and enrolled briefly at the University of Chicago. Through Mary, she met Miss Halliday (a home economist at the university), and soon both Alma and Mary were living in an experimental program in human nutrition based in Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House. Alma had many fond memories of her association with Miss Halliday. I remember meeting her when I was quite young; she was clearly quite fond of Alma, and therefore I suppose of me, although I found her to be a stiff and rigid type who maybe just didn't like children. I remember the encounter that Alma prompted me with questions like, 'wasn't Miss Halliday wonderful?" Of course, I agreed.

At some point, probably after Robie House, Alma got a job typing in a downtown firm, Aldis and Company, in the Monadnock Building for a man named Rex Hieronymus (a subordinate of Graham Aldis). Rex and Wilma, and their two children, Sharon and Dick, lived in a home in suburban Western Springs. With the salary Alma earned from typing she was able to move into International House on the campus of the University of Chicago, on 59th Street, between Dorchester and Blackstone Avenues. She earned a bit extra by teaching socializing and colloquial English to some of the foreign students who lived there (1937 photo, Alma is standing in the middle, pointing to the globe, https://ihouse.uchicago.edu/90th-anniversary/90th-anniversary-explore-our-history/ ;



University of Chicago Photographic Archive, [apf digital item number, e.g., apf12345], Hanna Holborn Gray Special Collections Research Center, University of Chicago Library. https://photoarchive.lib.uchicago.edu/db.xqy?one=apf4-02861.xml

It was at International House that she met Donald F. Lach, a German major at West Virginia University who graduated and came to the Department of History at the University of Chicago to obtain a Ph.D. in European History focused on the 30 Years War (1618-1648). Donald graduated (with Ph.D.) in 1939 (at the age of 22) and Alma and Donald were married on March 18, 1939, at the home of Alma's boss, Rex Hieronymus. A new chapter of Alma's life was about to begin.

Elmira, New York

Alma and Donald, the newly married couple, moved from Chicago to Elmira, NY. Once Donald graduated he soon thereafter obtained a position as Assistant Professor of History at Elmira College. He was 22 when he began working there, as the youngest professor they had ever hired. The young couple quickly became friends with many people who were considerably older and powerful—and apparently quite interested in, and perhaps protective of, their new young couple.

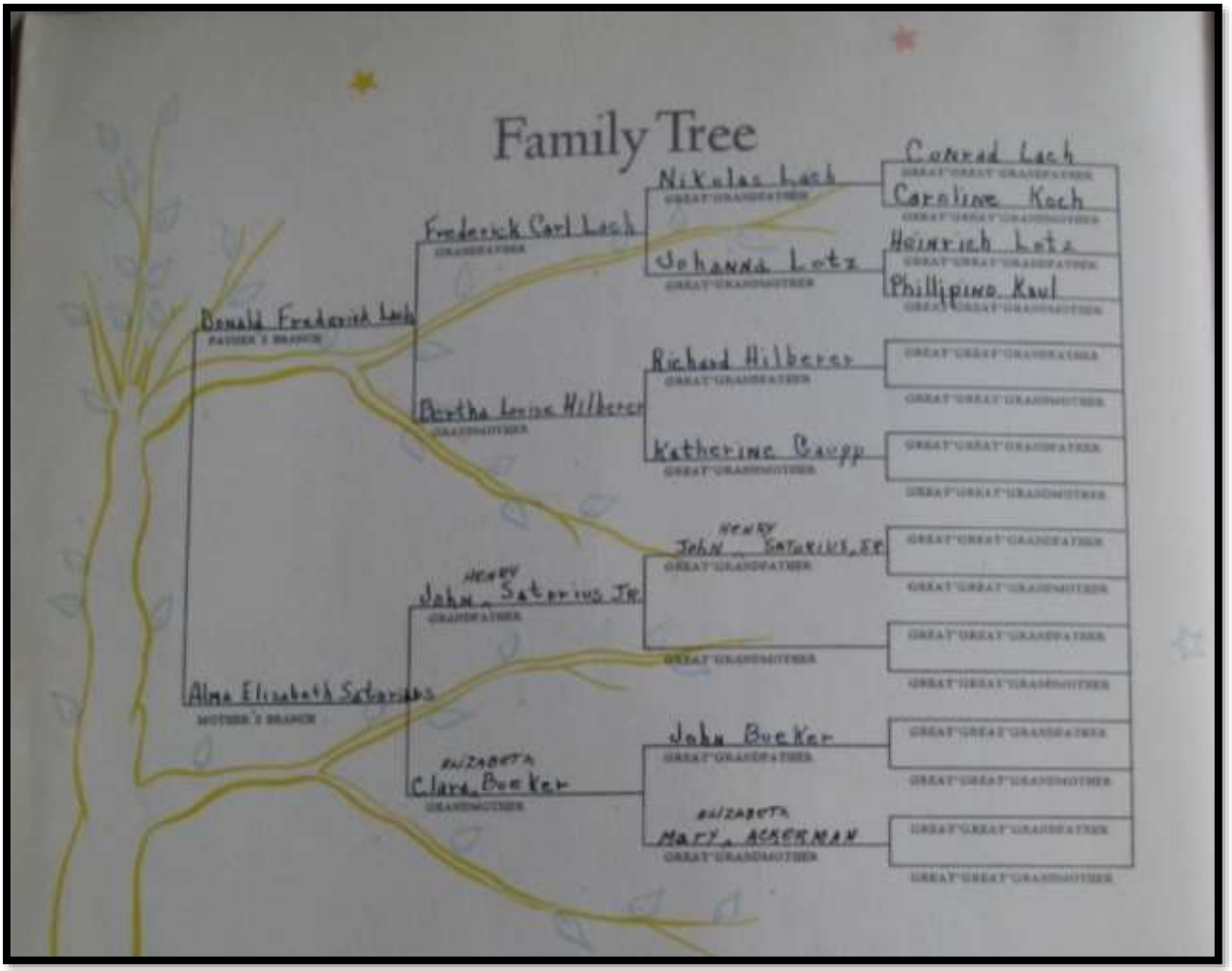
Donald was the right chronological age to have served in World War II. His medical history kept him from doing so. He was born in Pittsburgh, PA, in the Carrick neighborhood (a German neighborhood), in September of 1917. When the Spanish influenza decimated that region in 1919, both Donald and his mother Bertha contracted severe forms of the disease. They both almost died from it and they were each left with lifelong permanent disabilities. Donald was left with severe rheumatoid arthritis which

left him in constant leg pain and required that he use a cane to walk. While his bilingual capability in German and English might have been useful to the War effort, his permanent disability with the lower half of his body caused him to be classified by Selective Service as 4F—incapable of service in the military.

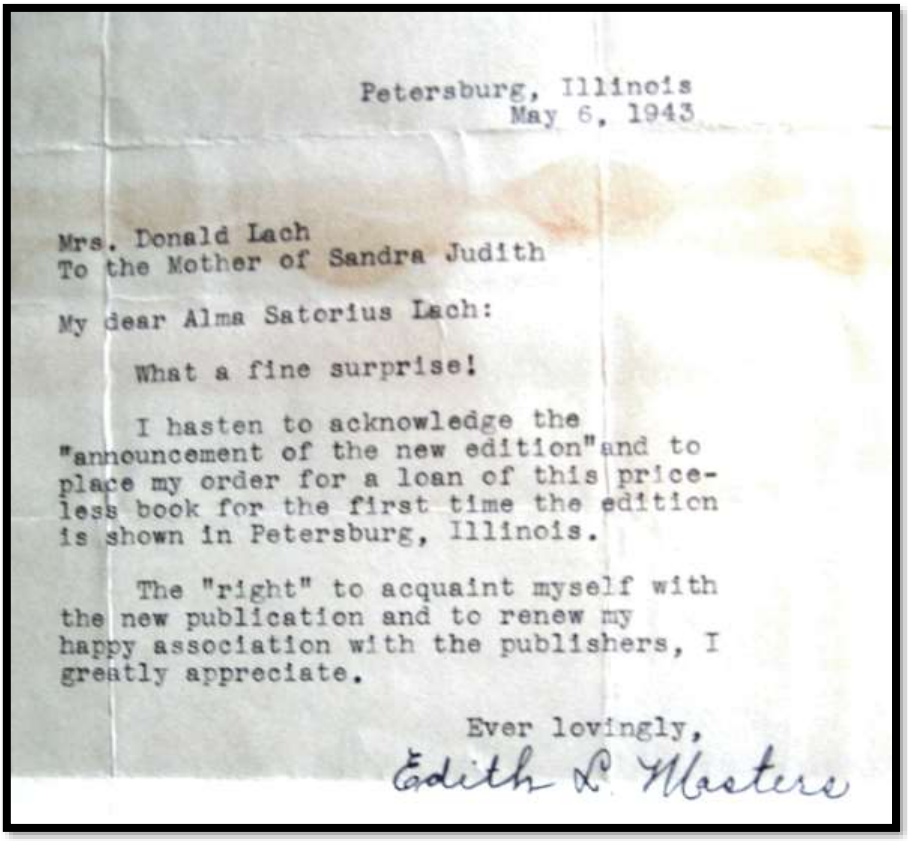
Over the next couple of years, the Lachs moved around getting settled in Elmira, eventually in an upstairs flat at the corner of Irvine Place and College Avenue, a short distance from where Donald's office was. He needed to walk to work as the couple had no car.

Baby, 1943

On April 18, 1943, I was born to Alma and Donald, at Arnot-Ogden Hospital in Elmira. Originally I was to have been named Patricia but my parents worried that when I was in school, I would be called 'Pat' and that then it was not a far reach to imagine being teased as 'PadLock'. Thus, they chose Sandra, which they thought would become Sandy, and that that would be suitable since I rated to have sandy-colored hair, at least as a child. A family tree, beginning with my parents appeared in my Baby Book. The Historian in my father enjoyed filling out such documents.



My mother enjoyed the personal attention from others. I suspect she found the letter (below) from her favorite teacher, Miss Masters, to be particularly touching.



Petersburg, Illinois
May 6, 1943

Mrs. Donald Lach
To the Mother of Sandra Judith

My dear Alma Satorius Lach:

What a fine surprise!

I hasten to acknowledge the "announcement of the new edition" and to place my order for a loan of this priceless book for the first time the edition is shown in Petersburg, Illinois.

The "right" to acquaint myself with the new publication and to renew my happy association with the publishers, I greatly appreciate.

Ever lovingly,
Edith L. Masters



Alma and Sandy, February 1944.

Surgery

An old injury to Alma's back, apparently caused by playing basketball (she was the Center on the boys basketball team in the sixth grade) had become aggravated in the process of bearing a child. In early 1945, she went to Buffalo NY where she underwent surgery for the repair and fusion of spinal laminae and vertebrae, via laminectomy, which saw the severing of all horsehair nerves to the legs. Alma never had feeling below her hips after that. She underwent polio treatment in the hospital and learned to walk again (carefully). She always looked where she was going and therefore was quite conscious of how her shoes looked. She did not like what she called 'groundgripper' shoes, preferring instead contemporary high heels. Many subsequent doctors were

amazed she could walk at all, let alone in high heels, which in many ways might have been less of a problem to her than to others.



April 1945 after weeks in a hospital in Buffalo. Note ‘groundgripper’ shoes.



April 1946. Standing, but with a bit of disguised support. Nonetheless, she was up and moving around fairly freely. In another year, she would be wearing shoes that made her happier as she adjusted to her new lifestyle.



Note Alma's shoes now—no more groundgrippers. She must be much better, at least in spirit. Donald has his cane which he used for about another six years (until I was 10 when he discarded it, initially to please my mother), and then went on heavy doses of aspirin, instead, for the rest of his life. Sexy shoes for my mother, aspirin for my father; neither one of them wanted to appear crippled, although now both were. But there could be no more children in the picture. Another adversity dealt with!

Fourth Birthday Party



April 18, 1947. An elaborate children's party in Elmira. Note the centerpiece of an orange loaded with lollipops to make a spiny treat to share. Individual favors were ice cream bricks with gumdrops strung on a toothpick wagon handle and circular gumdrops, as tires, with embedded gumdrops, as hubcaps, for boxed vanilla cookies wagon wheels.

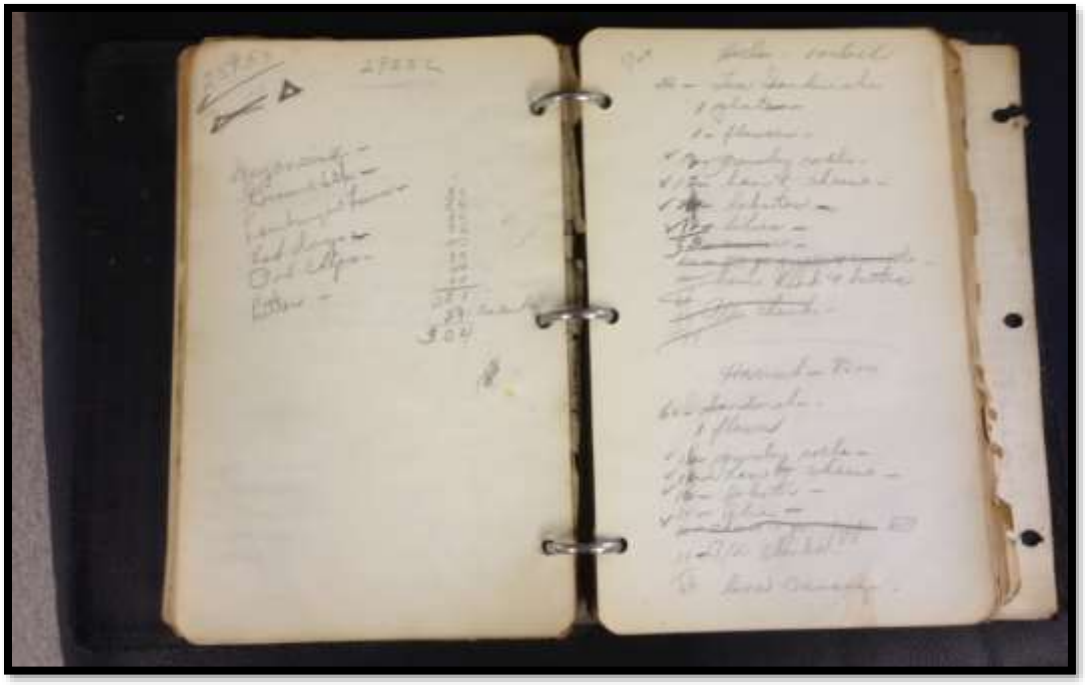


A complex circular display involving vast detail, all handmade by Alma.

This elaborate party cake was an angel food cake made from scratch. Animal crackers and lollipop décor were topped with a painted carousel lid Alma folded from white paper layers (glued together) and hand-painted in red and yellow alternating segments. The flag on top was red, and perimeter flags were yellow—all cut from the same paper and hand-painted. The lollipops (Dum-dums, or some such) also followed the red and yellow décor. The dress I am wearing she made, by hand. Her level of attention to detail on this project suggested that while the party was for the children, it also indicated that she was now ready to move forward with her own life and had adjusted sufficiently to her new physical situation to do so.

Catering

Clearly Mom was now able to cook from home. She set up and ran a successful catering business sometime in 1947. I have vivid memories of sitting in the Elmira kitchen, for hours, watching her create beautiful food. I learned very quickly that if I behaved nicely, I would find benefit in the form of wonderful food coming my direction. 'Cabiar' was a particular favorite of mine; Mom used either red or black caviar on top of devilled eggs. I sat for hours watching her make beautiful tea sandwiches and dazzling displays for appetizers of various sorts—including shrimp with, what I later discovered, was Mississippi Comeback Sauce.



Other children loved ice cream and cake, as did I; however, the best treat of all was to eat Mom's tea sandwiches and other appetizers. I was thus programmed (from about the age of four), indirectly at least, to clean-as-you-go in planning events for large numbers of people; to remove the crusts from the tea sandwiches after filling them (never before). I learned, again no doubt indirectly, to be creative with otherwise ordinary vegetables, fruit, and more.

Parties

There was little money in the house in the Elmira years. Nonetheless, the family was rich with opportunity and connections, many of which endured well into the future. As the youngest full professor in the history of the college, albeit while walking with a cane (looked down on by some, for that reason alone), contacts became available to some of the very interesting families in town, and all the more so when they saw the

appetizers Alma could make. It was a winning combination, in many ways.

One set of friends that endured throughout the years was the couple A. Marshall Lowman and his wife Camilla. One later circumstance in my life recalled them as I played First Violin, for several years in my grade school and high school orchestra. One of my favorite pieces to play was a Strauss Waltz, Roses from the South. It brought back fond memories of the Lowmans. My first memories of 'Grandpa' Lowman were of him arriving at our house on Irvine Street in Elmira, NY (probably about 1947) and bringing a bottle of wine and lots of roses. The adults would sit around and listen to music and drink; after a while, we had popcorn and Grandpa Lowman and I would toss popcorn into the air and catch it. Later memories of him, from visits to Elmira after we moved to Chicago, included his giving us roses of all colors, lavender, light green, cyan, and the usual colors, as well as bottles of Taylor port and a sparkling red wine—he was apparently an administrator both in the rose business of the region and in the Finger Lakes grape growing or wine business. Over the years, we also visited to his home near Elmira, played croquet on his manicured lawn, and visited with his wife Camilla (who was not as boisterous as he was), and some of her friends/relatives, including Lucy Rathbun (I later found friends elsewhere who had known her).

My last memory of him, although not one brought to mind as I was playing the violin, was immediately after I graduated from Vassar in 1964; we stopped in Elmira on the road trip back to Chicago and he took us out to the Hill Top Inn for dinner—with its fabulous view out over Elmira and beautiful sunsets. And my memory of both

Lowmans continues to this day through the beautiful set of Spode Dessert plates that they gave to me and to Bill as a wedding present. Matters of taste, in a number of contexts seem to go that way!

While in Elmira, our family became friends of the Thompsons. Merle Dow Thompson was a bank president (Elmira Bank and Trust), perhaps originally from Midland Michigan, and subsequent co-creator of the Marine Midland Bank system. His wife, nee Louise Henry, was a graduate of Vassar College. Parties at our house with the Thompsons and Lowmans were frequent in Elmira. And on some occasions, these members of the College Board of Trustees were joined by President "Doc" Pott and his wife Eleanor (the Potts had a dog named Sandy Pott, which I found extremely amusing). Our continuing contact, after we left Elmira was remarkably strong with this set of people, and it was so particularly with the Thompsons (noted later). Enduring social networks also contribute to matters of taste.

Chicago

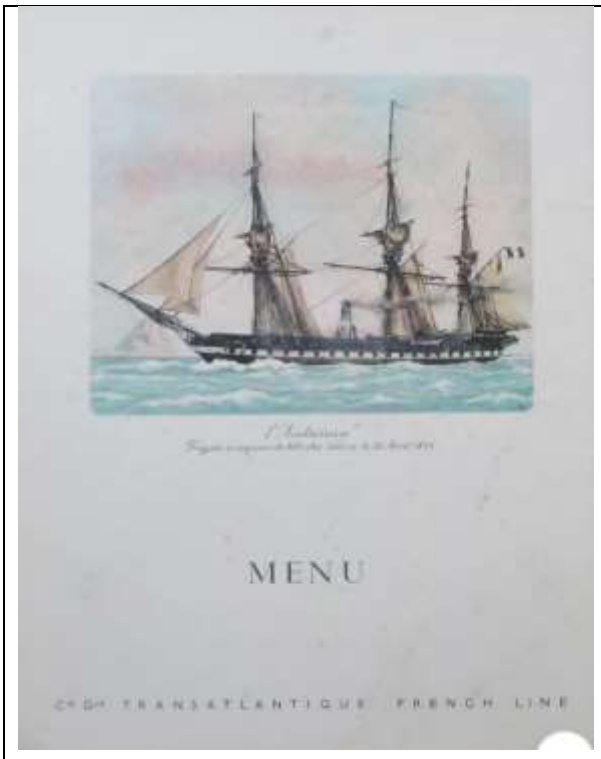
Shortly after my fourth birthday in Elmira, probably at the end of the school year, we moved to Chicago; my father had accepted a position as Assistant Professor of History at the University of Chicago. We moved into the old Army Barracks just west of the University of Chicago Hospitals, as had many other young faculty families. It was not at all the sort of 'luxury' to which we had become accustomed in Elmira. Thus, my parents put in a bid for an apartment on the top floor of the new 'Faculty Apartment Building' that the University of Chicago was building: one large tower (6019 S. Ingleside Ave.) flanked by two shorter towers. We were fortunate to land apartment

802, on the top with views to the East, West, and South, looking across the midway to Harper Library and much of the central part of the University of Chicago. Much of the rest of 1947 and 1948 were spent getting settled. Then, in September of 1948, I began Kindergarten at the University of Chicago Laboratory School. Naturally, Alma had more free time than she had had the previous year and so she began making plans of various sorts with my father.

Paris, France: 1949-50.

One big plan that came to fruition was the award my father had applied for to the new Fulbright awards program. He won one that would cover our moving to Paris, France for the academic year of 1949-50. He was to spend time at the Bibliothèque Nationale pursuing his interests in the influence of Asia on Europe and also on associated travel in support of these interests.

Before the start of the school year in the fall of 1949, we took the train to New York City where we boarded the French Line ship, S. S. De Grasse to set sail for Le Havre, France. It was a rough crossing; I did not mind at all because it was fun to be with a whole group of kids, sliding around on a highly polished dance floor while the ship rocked and pitched in unforeseen ways. Most adults did not find it amusing, at all. Although my mother was seasick some of the time, she did greatly enjoy the French food on board; she had never had anything like it. I remember having celery root salad and loving it. Mom loved the Paté de Foie Gras and a host of other items, as well.





My father had little interest in the food (he was sick) although he and most of the other passengers were fascinated to see an old-fashioned clipper ship sailing on the open seas.



After about a week of sailing, we arrived in Le Havre. The harbor was littered with destruction and debris from World War II. It made my father cry as he stood on the deck looking at it. I had never seen my father cry and was scared. What followed was my first lesson in European history.

Once we landed, we were taken to the 'Boat Train' to go to Paris. As I recall, we spent a lot of time in the dining room trying French food in a setting a bit calmer than on board the De Grasse. My parents both greatly enjoyed what they ate as I enjoyed a Sole Meunière, for the first time. Clearly my earlier training in Elmira, developing a taste for caviar, olives, and whatever my mother might find to cook, was an asset. I quickly adjusted to new tastes that were exciting to me, although other children might not have

found them so. Once we got to Paris, we moved into an apartment on the Boulevard Malesherbes (96, upstairs) owned and lived in by Madame Henri Bardel and her two children, Claude (a year older than I was) and Françoise (a year younger than I was). Madame was widowed toward the end of World War II as her husband who was a member of the Free French Airforce was a crack pilot who had been shot down and killed right at the end of the war. Madame took in renters in her large apartment as a source of income; she had gotten us through the American Embassy in Paris.

Food was soon to play an important role in my life although I had no hint of that at the time. One of the first times we went out to a French restaurant was right after we moved into Madame's apartment. Mom wanted to have snails for lunch. We went to some restaurant, not too far from our apartment and near the Arc de Triomphe. It was on the second floor. Everything was in French. No one spoke English. My father said he had taken a year of French at West Virginia University as an undergraduate. My mother and I knew no French (yet). So, Donald took charge of ordering luncheon. He made a curling type motion to the waiter, which I presume was supposed to represent a snail shell. He ordered 'cervelle' from the menu. Alma was not happy with what came—"that's brains, not snails!" Donald called the waiter over—he motioned with the curling gesture and pointed to his head. Well, they never did communicate what the problem was, but my mother quickly began to learn food words; she did not want her husband ordering any more food!

Naturally, I also began to learn French; Madame did not speak much English and her children spoke none. We ate dinner with them every night and occasionally with

another renter named Jacques who was French but was studying for an advanced degree at Oxford so was only in Paris part of the time. Dinner was always a production; the cook spent much of the day shopping for it and preparing it (there were no refrigerators). A typical evening meal started with a soup of some sort, often a chunky potage of root vegetables run through a food mill (I learned that one needed to move the mass both clockwise and counterclockwise through the blades that turned on a screw-type central pivot). It was followed by a fish course. Then perhaps a vegetable or two (not root vegetables unless we had had a clear soup to begin with). Then meat. Then salad. Then cheese. Then dessert. Then fruit. Then coffee and cognac and children got to have 'un canard'—a beet-sugar sugar cube (truly a cube, not a rectangular parallelepiped with non-square faces) dunked in cognac (hence 'canard' or 'duck'), and then set on fire to burn off the alcohol. There were always many courses to the meal; they were, however, quite small. There was bottled water to drink (always Evian, never Vichy) and wine, white and red, with the fish and meat courses. Children had wine mixed with water. I never drank milk; it was not pasteurized. My primary source of dairy was cheese; I learned, very quickly, to love all the cheese that Madame brought to her table.

Often in the afternoons, I went to the park with my father. Sometimes to the Champs Elysées, where we could see the Guignol (puppet show) and perhaps I could have a balloon.



Balloon in Paris within netting, often (as here) with French banner flags attached. Notice the gloves. Nice little girls, and women, were expected to wear gloves in public; when warmer, string gloves were alright, but bare hands never were.

More often we went to the nearby Parc Monceau where I learned to roll a hoop and had fun doing that with other children. One of the tricks was to make the hoop jump over an obstacle and then land upright and continue rolling without much wobble. So I learned the word "sauter" for "to jump". One evening at dinner, we had Pommes Sautée (fried potatoes), along with our meat. Even though the two words, for to jump and fried, sounded alike, I knew they were not spelled alike (Madame had been

teaching me to read and to spell French). So, after I ate most of them, I picked one up and threw it on the floor under the table, and exclaimed "La pomme sautée a sauté sous la table! (The fried potato jumped under the table)" and laughed uproariously at the joke I thought I had just made. "Monsieur," Madame sputtered at my father followed by a whole string of French I did not know. Madame glared at me and shook her finger. Then my father took me aside and explained that he told Madame I was proud of myself for making a joke in French; however, Madame was not amused. World War II was just over and food was still somewhat scarce. They did not waste food and certainly did not play with it. Deliberately throwing a piece of food on the floor, simply to make a clever joke, was not appropriate. So, I apologized to Madame and learned to be very careful about making jokes in languages and cultures I did not know well.

My most memorable adventure associated with food, on this trip, made a lasting impression. My parents enrolled me in the first grade in the American School in Paris; it met in a church on the Quai d'Orsay, overlooking the Seine River. My first grade class was taught by a nice young woman named Miss Caserino. She was teaching us to read and do simple arithmetic. I already knew how to do both. In fact I knew how to do both before I began kindergarten at the Lab School in Chicago. My solution in Chicago had been to withdraw totally from all activities as I found it insulting and felt talked-down to—I could not imagine that the others did not already know how to read. That resulted in the school calling in my parents to find out if they thought I were deaf and dumb (my parents told them I was quite smart); the school followed up with a whole battery of tests given by professional educators who specialized in that. I got

tired of being taken out of the classroom for yet another test (although I enjoyed the tests themselves) so the second half of kindergarten I became more cooperative with Miss Olga Adams, and her string of student teachers, and played along with what I thought were stupid little games. When I discovered first grade in Paris was to just be more of the same, I was not happy. I far preferred Madame teaching me to read and write in French—that was interesting and challenging. But, I decided to play along with Miss Caserino. When she called on me I answered the question and otherwise was quite content to look out the window and watch life on the Seine roll by. Naturally, I looked forward to lunch each day—French food had been great so far.

Imagine therefore, my disappointment when I went to the lunchroom and we were served some sort of gruel-like substance in a bowl along with a glass of water. I tried eating it, again to be cooperative. But, I always had enjoyed nice food and ate quite a bit despite weighing only 49 pounds at the age of six. When I got back to the pension, Madame offered me a 'goûter' (afterschool snack). I began asking for seconds or thirds on that (Madame hired a good cook and a fine housekeeper). And at dinner, I ate like a small pig. Once again, my father took me aside and explained again about food issues post World War II. I had thought it was ok to eat it—I was not playing with it or wasting it but putting it to good use by eating it. There followed more history lessons about World War II. And then he asked if I were getting enough lunch at school. I had not wanted to bother my parents earlier with my view of the lunch provided by the school; but I did so now. Later he must have told my mother because very soon after that, my mother showed up as one of the volunteer Moms doling out bowls of gruel.

Apparently, she was no more impressed than I was. She bought me a plain canvas drawstring purse with a flat leather bottom and told me this was my lunchbox (something new to me—I had never taken food to school before that). She made me the kinds of tea sandwiches I had learned to love in Elmira. Here, she made them with Brioche bread, buttered from side to side, and layered with jambon de Paris and gruyere slices. Then she cut them into clever shapes. Sometimes she even buttered the outer edges of the sandwiches and rolled them in chopped parsley to make a beautiful effect. Wow. This was a lunch I could look forward to! So, I sat and ate my food quietly in the back of the lunchroom. In not too long, other children noticed what I was eating. Soon they started bringing their own food, too. Theirs, however, was nowhere near as beautiful as mine, nor did it taste as good. I learned that I could barter to get more; one of my petite sandwiches might be worth two chocolate éclairs, for example. Or it might be traded for chicken legs and potato salad. I saw no end to the potential for my little business that I was running in the back of the lunchroom. Things were great; and Madame was happy, as well.

One day, however, my parents received a letter from the school. They said that I was a disruptive influence who was jeopardizing the school lunch program and the profit the school made from it. That I would have stop bringing my own lunch or leave school. Unbeknownst to me, my mother showed up shortly thereafter, letter in hand, at the Principal's Office. She told him that this was ridiculous; that she had tried the food they were serving and that it was not fit for human consumption…that she had grown up in downstate Illinois on a farm where she had slopped the hogs and that what this

school was feeding to children was nothing more than hog slop. The Principal lost his cool at some point in Mom's tirade, and threw her out. So, as I was peacefully staring out at the Seine one day, the door to the classroom was flung open and Mom stormed in, all 5'10'' of her (in her high heels over 6') and 180 pounds (not fat) angry as the proverbial wet hen. The petite Miss Caserino looked terrified. I didn't say a word, but wondered what I had done and thought it best to simply keep my mouth shut. Mom grabbed me and threw me over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes, took me out of the school, put me in the front seat of the car and drove home—in silence. Once we got back to the apartment, I could hear her yelling about what happened as my father listened patiently. Also, I first learned through listening about the letter sent by the school. I never went back to that school again and simply remained with Madame during school hours where she continued to tutor me in French language and culture. I did however learn one very important lesson from the event at the school: the power of presentation and taste that food has—it could create a successful business as I had in the back of the lunchroom and it could cause wars as it had in the Principal's office. Food was not to be taken lightly but treated with care and respect.

While these food-related ventures were integrating me into Mom's and Grandma's existing food system, Mom was out working in Paris adding to her own. Initially, she worked some at the American Embassy. Years later, she told me that she was 'checking up' on the soldiers hanging out at the Embassy PX post World War II. All I know from first hand knowledge, is that once a month she took me to the PX. The guys there gathered around and bought me a banana split or a hot fudge sundae, surprised

that someone as small as I was could eat the whole thing. Also, I usually got a jar of peanut butter, not available in France, to take back to the apartment. While Mom was hanging out at the Embassy, she got to know some of the other Americans who worked there. She became friends with Rose Tanous, and her family: husband Joe (the bubble-gum king of Europe) and their children who managed to successfully go to the American School. I enjoyed many nice times at the Tanous estate in suburban Paris, near Malmaison as I recall—on this and on subsequent trips to Europe. Other friends Mom met were Rhoda and Sol Hirsch, who were friends only on this first trip. I remember that Sol and Mom went to a shooting gallery at the Foire de Paris and that Sol shot down a Christmas ornament, hanging by a slender threat. He was a great shot; did it on the first attempt. I still have that ornament.

After Mom had been at the Embassy for a while, Rose put her onto the idea of learning to make hats. So, Mom went to a French millinery school. Our two and a half room portion of Madame's apartment soon became cluttered with feathers, fake fruit, fake birds, ribbons, large hats, model heads made of adjustable blocks, heads covered with muslin with painted faces. Mom got to be very good at this, and some of her hats made it into the famous French Haute Couture houses for models of the early 1950s. Nonetheless, for reasons I don't know, she decided to study cooking instead. Perhaps my father was sick of all the clutter from hat-making. In any event, he told her to learn how to make a good sauce, that he was tired of country gravy. So, Alma headed to the Cordon Bleu and enrolled in their premier program in 1950.

The rest of the year in Paris was pretty well set: my father went to the library, my

mother went to the Cordon Bleu, and I stayed home with Madame and her children. It was probably as stable as our family had been since I was born.

Return to New York City

When it came time to return to Chicago, so my father could return to teaching at the University of Chicago in the fall quarter and I could begin the second grade at the Lab School, we boarded the boat train and headed off to Cherbourg (this time). From there, we boarded the Cunard-White Star ship Queen Mary. She was a much larger and faster ship than the De Grasse had been. Our cabin was situated low in the ship, in a position where our bunks vibrated from the motors that drove the ship. Mom was not happy; the motion hurt her back. Further, she was disgusted by the food; not at all what she had in mind after having spent almost a year in France.

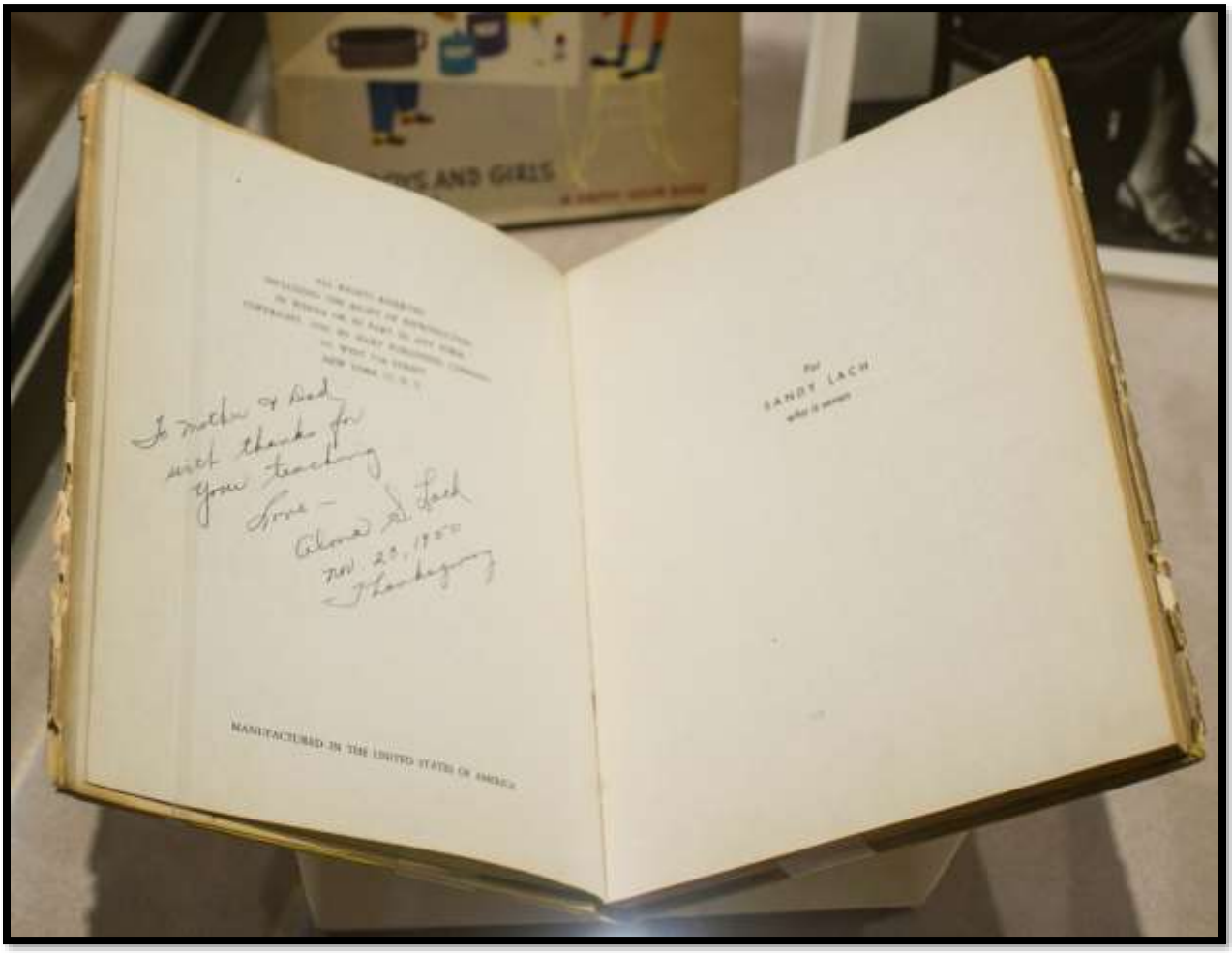
Link to Queen Mary menu.

They both agreed that in the future, they would take only French Line (Companie Générale Transatlantique) ships.

When the Statue of Liberty came into view in New York Harbor, it was an awe-inspiring moment. Negative memories vanished and I felt a strong sense of the patriotism many of the songs I had learned to sing in kindergarten were about. We disembarked, put out our steamer trunks and suitcases and spent much of the rest of the day sitting around on the Pier, waiting for clearance from U. S. Customs. Again, another lesson in civics and such followed.

When we had finally cleared customs, we headed over to the Algonquin Hotel where we met Merle Thompson, our friend from Elmira, for dinner. After a night of good

sleep in the hotel, we left the next day for Grand Central Station. My father showed me the whispering gallery near the oyster bar while Mom went to the bar and had some oysters. This time I received a lesson in mathematics from my father (both he and my mother were very good at, and enjoyed, mathematics). As we waited to board our New York Central train to Chicago, my mother noticed a display of children's books from Hart Publishing (the publishers of her Child's First Cookbook). She was delighted to find it on the rack!



Full text of *A Child's First Cookbook*

Chicago, Again!

After the train ride back to Chicago, things moved swiftly back along the path they had been going along. I entered the second grade at the Lab School, Donald went back to the University, and Mom seemed active in a variety of ways. She got more involved in life in the apartment building and once again, there were parties with many different people with cocktails and beautiful appetizers.

Paris, Encore! 1952-53

For the next couple of years, life went along in the same way. Then, in 1952, we went back to Paris, once again. This time, we took one of the French Line premier ships; the Ile de France, as I recall. When we got to Paris, we moved into an apartment owned by an American ex-patriot named Mary Bran, on the Avenue des Ternes, not too far from where we had lived before, but closer to the Etoile. I began school at a private French School, called Le Petit Ecole du Pere Castor, next to the Sorbonne. My teacher was an older Polish woman, named Madame Dombroska, who was kind and seemed particularly interested in art. I enjoyed painting pictures of fruit and flowers; still-lifes seemed to be her focus for us, as well as memorizing irregular French verbs. In fact, I won the school-wide prize for that and as a 'gift' got to recite "Le Dieu est mon Berger" (The Lord is my Shepherd—the 23rd Psalm) from a stage. It was all very exciting. Mom continued at the Cordon Bleu, and Donald went to the Bibliothèque Nationale. By now, I was considered to be old enough to go out in Paris by myself. I spoke French

well enough to communicate, had memorized the entire maps of bus routes and metro routes, and so was permitted to come and go as I pleased—at least on the buses. There were two rules: I was not to go on the Metro by myself and when getting on or off a bus alone, I was not to run after it in the street and jump to the open back platform. Also, I was not to cheat on the number of zones traversed and was to count them off and then give the conductor the correct number of little match-stick like tickets from my carnet of tickets. And, after any time I went out, I was to tell my parents where I had been, what I had seen, and let them tally my carnet with my story. It was great. On days when there was no school, I either went to the library with my father or to cooking school with my mother so I got to interact with their worlds just as they got to interact with mine through parent-teacher conferences.

We shopped for groceries every day; I enjoyed taking my allowance and going to the local pâtisserie after school to buy an éclair or a Mille Feuille (Napoleon). Sometimes, if my budget permitted, I bought one of each and ate them both as I tried to decide which one I liked better. I never could decide, although I did keep trying! Also I went to the alimentation (little local grocery store across the Avenues des Ternes from our apartment) to buy a baguette, or a few eggs, or produce for my mother. Still there was no refrigeration in the apartment although this was a very upscale neighborhood. There was a closet in the kitchen that had an open back side into a vertical covered (somewhat cool) shaft where we could keep meat and cheese cold for several hours. Both cooking and eating patterns were similar to what they had been when we lived en pension with the Bardels. Again, I had no milk; by now, I drank wine straight, not cut with water.

We had cheese every day. Now Mom was in charge of the kitchen and we enjoyed a blend of marvelous foods, often served in a traditional French pattern, but sometimes experimented with in various ways, blending French with other culinary elements.

About a week before we left to return to Chicago in 1953, my parents went to a very fancy luncheon at a fine restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne. There were fine wines along with the food. And after dessert, there was the usual cognac. They got to talking to the owner, who subsequently brought out some special Armanac for them to enjoy. Apparently, they enjoyed it a great deal. After a while, a man driving a truck with a glassed-in trailer came through the park near where they were sitting outdoors. In the back, he had a bunch of Boxer puppies on display. They bought one to bring to me as a present.

By the time my parents returned to the apartment, it was almost dark; I had been getting worried about them. When they arrived they were both very happy and in fine moods. I was shocked to see the puppy! They told me it had to be named 'Cognac'—it was a name that fit the color of the dog. Well, what a surprise. It took me a while to comprehend that the dog was actually mine and that it would be coming back to Chicago with us. Wow!! However, once things calmed down and they sobered up, and my father talked to people at the American Embassy about bringing back a dog, they discovered that this simply would not be possible. So, of course I was very disappointed, but did understand. Thus, they returned Cognac to the man with the truck in the Bois. And we set sail on the Liberté, just the three of us with no dog, and headed back to New York.

Back in the USA

Once we got back to the US, my grandmother Lach heard this story about the dog. She sent me five dollars to buy a replacement puppy. Shortly thereafter, we headed east to spend part of the summer at the Friedmans' cottage in New Hampshire between Orford and Orfordville. They were apparently travelling somewhere and, as folks often did in those days, let friends stay in their homes so the homes would not be unoccupied…almost as caretakers. Often Mom and I went fishing on Upper Baker Pond where we would catch enough fish for dinner. Mom cleaned them and taught me how to clean them—and cook them, and then enjoy eating the food I had just caught as part of a natural order. My father had no patience for any of this, except for eating the fish he had had nothing to do with. He stayed home and read a book on the porch (Milton and Rose had plenty of books he found interesting). One day, when Mom and I were out, I saw a sign that said "Boxer puppies for sale". I begged Mom to take me there; I would buy a puppy with the five dollars Grandma Lach had sent me. Mom was not happy about doing so, but agreed (thinking, I am sure, that there was no way I could buy a purebred Boxer puppy for five dollars). Sure enough, the woman who ran the puppy farm told me the prices—there was no way I could afford one. I must have looked very disappointed because right about as we were ready to drive away, she came after us and said that one of her female Boxers had gotten mixed up with a male Beagle down the road and had recently had two puppies. She would sell me one of them (my choice) for five dollars. So, I bought one and of course named him "Cognac"—he was the golden boxer color, but with a beagle face that didn't drool (a plus for Mom), and a

long tail. When we got back to the cottage, my father was of course expecting to see us bring in some fish—instead we were greeted with a big "What's THAT??!!" I told him it was my new Boxer puppy. He and my mother went off somewhere and had a discussion. In the end, even though I was told that they could fairly deny me the puppy because it was not a true replacement, being only half boxer, they had decided to let me keep it. The next problem was what to do for dinner that night since we had failed to catch any fish that day.

Later that summer, the three of us, and Cognac, headed back to Chicago in our light green 1952 Chevy. We also moved to a new apartment; the area south of the Midway, where we had lived before, was becoming more dangerous so they chose to move to a co-op apartment north of the Midway, on University Avenue, just south of 55th Street (5529 S. University Avenue). From there I could walk to school, my father, who had just recently given up using his cane, could walk to his office at 59th and University, and my mother (the only driver in the family) had the car. Once again, things moved along well in Hyde Park and at the various parts of the University we were associated with. Soon, my parents joined the Quadrangle Club at 57th and University, and my father and I played tennis there while my mother interacted with the Manager and the folks in the kitchen. Summers were spent playing tennis, or going to the 57th Street Beach and swimming in Lake Michigan, or travelling, mostly to see Alma's parents in downstate Illinois or Donald's parents in Morgantown WV or to reinforce existing friendships with friends in Elmira, NY.

One trip to the east, I remember taking my pet turtle, Henry, with us in the car. When we visited the Caverns of Luray, we left Henry in the car in his bowl. When we got back, he had shrivelled up in the sunlight that came through the car window. Poor Henry. We left there and travelled north through the ridge and valley province of the Appalachian Mountains to upstate New York. In Elmira, we stayed with our friends Merle and Louise Thompson at their home on Hoffman Street, called The Knoll. Merle presided at Henry's funeral in the rose garden, while Louise and staff made a lovely dinner (but no turtle soup) to honor Henry.

Other trips involving the Thompson's were adventurous in different ways; several times, we stayed with them at their summer home in Maine, The Eddy, on the coast of Frenchman Bay, directly across from Mt. Desert Island and Bar Harbor. I learned the joy of eating truly fresh Atlantic seafood that we caught from their boat and was prepared by their cook; of eating fresh-caught lobster and Maine lobster rolls; of finding and eating fiddleheads. There was always wonderful food and fine times in their home. One time while we were at The Eddy, Louise took me with her through her routine, which appeared to be to figure out to whom they should donate money from the numerous requests received on a regular basis. She told me that you don't just give money to someone because they have a sad story to tell; that you need to check first if they are telling the truth, and then need to figure out if they are likely to make good use of it, rather just squander it. Such effort was time consuming. I watched her spend a full day doing this sort of work in association with some people from Vassar and it evidently made an impression that caused me later to choose Vassar as my

undergraduate Alma Mater.

Back in Chicago, during the academic year, my father began eating lunch at the Quadrangle Club every day, first at a small table and later at the Round Table. I learned to enjoy eating typical upscale Chicago food of the time while Mom tried to convert the Quad Club to making their food more in French styles. I particularly enjoyed Shrimp de Jonghe (a baked breaded shrimp dish with a rich butter sherry sauce) and a Caesar salad on the side (I usually ordered extra anchovies). Mom found some of their items to be too heavy and continued working with them to at least add a few French items. Perhaps this is where the seeds were sown from which her restaurant consultation later grew.

Her involvement with the Quad Club continued to grow; she became good friends with the new manager, Nick Fulop, a friendship that would last their entire lives. In fact, Nick married the wedding consultant that served as the wedding planner for my wedding, with reception at the Quadrangle Club. After a while Mom got involved with the Revels, an annual faculty production held on the stage in the dining room at the Quadrangle Club. Soon, she became the Producer of the show; it moved from the relatively small Quadrangle Club dining room across University Avenue to the larger Mandel Hall auditorium and became a more expansive production. Again, more seeds sown that perhaps matured shortly thereafter as a children's cooking show, Let's Cook—telecast from the East wing of the Museum of Science and Industry, and later as regular appearances on the Hollywood production of Over Easy with Hugh Downs.

The Quadrangle Club was an important element in Mom's development of her own, and

subordinate, food systems.

Throughout this time, there were many wonderful parties in our apartment. Sometimes there were amazing events, always involving food. I remember one time collaborating with my mother in getting the guests to try 'Rocky Mountain Oysters'---I would offer them, the guest would tell me I was wrong, that there were no oysters in the Rocky Mountains. Then Mom would come over and tell them that actually it was a name given to something else and they needed to taste them to see if they could guess what they were. After enough people had tasted them, she finally told them that they were hog testicles that she had sliced, marinated, and baked in a sauce. Some people found this amusing (mostly women); others found it shocking; and a few got angry and left the party (mostly men). As I recall, however, no one said they tasted bad (yes, I ate them). That little experiment was never repeated. On other occasions, the action involved my pet newt who lived in a covered small aquarium in the living room along with three or four pretty, graceful tropical fish. There was a pair of chopsticks next to the aquarium. On occasion, as Mom was talking to a guest, she would all of a sudden slam her drink down on the table, yelling 'there goes that blankety-blank newt again,' and then run across the room, grab a chopstick, open up the aquarium and hit the newt over the head. Then she would pull him out and lecture him about how she did not allow him to nibble on the tails and fins of the fish. The newt liked raw hamburger; evidently, he also liked raw fish. Guests were heard saying, 'there goes Alma, trying to train Sandy's newt again!' with a loud laugh. I don't know if they then thought about whether she washed the hand that had just been in the aquarium prior to passing the next round of appetizers.

I also had a pet parakeet, named Percy. Mom trained him to talk (first phrase "Percy is a Pigeon"), to sit on the kitchen faucet and say "Percy wants a drink", and to sit at the table with us, with his own plate of people food to eat. Percy particularly liked corn on the cob, which he sat on and pecked at, but he also ate steak (which Mom cut up for him in tiny pieces), and mashed potatoes. Later, she photographed him for a feature news story entitled "Is This Your Bird-Like Appetite" with Percy in the middle of a huge plate of steak, mashed potatoes, and corn on the cob. Her early days on the farm had made her comfortable in dealing with all sorts of animals. And, whether it was people food, parakeet food, or newt food, there were clear matters of taste involved.

Paris, 1956.

By the time I was about to enter "Pre-Freshman" (combined seventh and eighth grades) in 1956, opportunity arose again. Soon we were packing up and getting ready to go back to Paris. One issue we had was the dog. Cognac was growing to be more Boxer in size, rather than a smaller Beagle size, and he dominated our small apartment. So, once again, my parents convinced me to give up my dog; this time, we gave him to the Wrights who had a house with a yard on Kimbark Street, just north of 58th Street. I knew the Wrights; Howell Wright was my pediatrician and his daughter Gretchen was in my class at the Lab School. So, I could stop by and see Cognac periodically. It's funny how food can take you in so many ways—this time to the dogs!

My father left earlier (than we did) to go to Taiwan where he studied *Asia in the Making of Europe* from the other end. Among other things, he took Chinese language lessons

from Sui Su Chen, Madame Chang Kai Shek's English teacher; it was fascinating to hear his stories of going to the Palace, the food he ate, and his encounters with people who, by this time, I had heard of; indeed, I had postage stamps of some of them. The plan was that we were all to meet up in Paris in late 1956. Mom and I stayed in Chicago and I did start Pre-Freshman Year at the Lab School.

Part of the financing for this project came from Merle D. Thompson, our old friend from Elmira; we had stayed in touch with them since the Elmira years and they remained interested in what my parents did. Occasionally they, along with some children or grandchildren, visited us in Chicago.

Later, after we arrived in Paris, I went to the Ecole Alsacienne as did Cynthia Mac Lane, daughter of Saunders and Dorothy Mac Lane. Saunders was a wonderful mathematician, on sabbatical from the Department of Mathematics at the University of Chicago, who seemed to enjoy talking to me about mathematics and sharing thoughts on infinities of different sorts, limits, and all sorts of fascinating things. Often, we talked for hours. We lived on the Rue d'Assass (72) across from the Jardin du Luxembourg and the Mac Lanes lived on the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, near the Eiffel Tower. When I went to their apartment, I got to know a part of Paris I had had very little previous experience with. I enjoyed going to the Alimentation near their apartment, with Cynthia, to buy groceries. One time, in particular, it took two of us. Again, there was no refrigeration; so when one bought eggs, you bought exactly the number needed. Cynthia asked the shopkeeper for a dozen eggs. The poor woman was flabbergasted—'pas possible?!' She looked to me to verify the request. I assured her

that it was twelve that we wanted. She put them carefully, one at a time inside the string bags we had brought to transport our groceries…with the admonition that she did not want to hear from our mother that this was a mistake---they could not be returned for a refund!

New York, Grand Central Station, 1956.

In June of 1956, Mom graduated from Le Cordon Bleu. Those were exciting times for all of us. But, soon, it would be time to set sail on the Ile de France (we had come over on the Liberté) for New York. By now, I felt as if these two French Line ships were part of my regular routine. It was all very enjoyable…at least until we had fully disembarked and settled in at Grand Central Station. Mom went to the book stand where she had seen her children's book prominently displayed in the past. It was no longer there; indeed, there was a different children's cookbook, also published by Hart Publishing, that Alma claimed was simply a slightly altered version of her original work. To say that she was very upset is a vast understatement; that was all that was talked about for the entire train ride back to Chicago. Once in Chicago, there were countless meetings in our apartment with people I did not know, presumably attorneys. Eventually, what I learned she had learned was to be careful what you do with your copyright.

Chicago: to 1964

Back in Chicago we picked up where we left off. I was now a Freshman in High School. Mom was active in cooking in various ways as her career picked up, noted in

materials above. And, my father returned to his successful career as well and continued learning to enjoy conversations with a wide variety of colleagues. Luncheons at the Quadrangle Club often created opportunity for Mom to create more home party soirées for new colleagues and their spouses. In 1958, when I was a Junior in High School, we moved from our apartment on University Avenue to a much larger apartment at the Northeast corner of 58th Street and Kenwood Avenue, across from the Lab School. My father could easily walk the slightly longer distance to his office and Mom still had the car. Some of our friends lived nearby--of particular interest to me were the Mac Lanes and the Friedmans as I spent time with not only the children but also with the parents. I was an only child and enjoyed adult company.



Quadrangle Club Lunch group, 1958/59. Left to right: Donald F. Lach, Herrlee G. Creel, William H. McNeill, Walter Blair (?). University of Chicago Photographic Archive, [digital item number apf2-06088.xml], Hanna Holborn Gray Special Collections Research Center, University of Chicago Library.

With the larger apartment, entertaining grew way beyond where it had been previously.

Soon, Mom was no longer happy with the kitchen and she arranged to have walls ripped

out and a complete renovation done and had her precious Mississippi Viking Range

brought up the back stairs.





Kitchen at 5759 S. Kenwood Avenue. The Sun-Times test kitchen, 1957-1965. Viking Range and French copper, the first set purchased, in the background. Notice the high-heels.

With all the parties, I soon made many new friends of many other adults at the University of Chicago. There were also food dignitaries who came and famous people from all walks of life (although, I did not really recognize any of that at the time; they were just interesting people who came to parties and many were happy to talk to me as well as to the adults).

On a daily basis, we had haute cuisine dinners and luncheons on the weekend. At lunch, just as we were marveling at her latest food creation, she would invariably ask, "so what are we having for dinner?" She thought about food, and talked about food, on a non-stop basis. One might wonder if a child, or husband, might get sick of all this extraordinary food and conversation; I don't think I ever did. I do recall, though, that my father, who grew up liking his beef cooked 'well done', did enjoy a well done hamburger at the Quadrangle Club on a daily basis—indeed, the waiters referred to it as the 'Lach Burger' in placing the order with the kitchen. Some tastes are harder to change than are others.

And of course we continued to go to Petersburg to visit; Alma and Clara would sit for hours in the kitchen talking about recipes. Clara brought out her boxes of clippings from the local newspapers. Even though Alma was now certified as a great chef, she continued to learn from her own mother—traditions acquired earlier in life continued. (Selections of newspaper clippings are housed on the associated page in Deep Blue, in files with the name "Clara" somewhere on them).

I graduated from the Lab School High School in 1960 and in the Fall, headed off to Vassar College and four years of dormitory life. It was a real shock to spend time

mostly with people my own age and to experience, for the first time, a separation in how one communicated based on age and rank differences. And, the dormitory food I found to be terrible. Although later in life, with experiences in other dormitories elsewhere, I would learn that in fact Vassar dormitories had excellent dormitory food; they had their own kitchens, their own farm where they grew some of their own food, and their own cooks who prepared fresh meals three times a day for seven days a week. I had clearly had an unusual, taste-altering, food experience growing up! And I was about to learn others out in the 'real-world'.

Marriage 1966: Sandra Lach to William C. Arlinghaus

After I graduated from Vassar, I prepared to begin graduate school at the University of Chicago, in the Ph.D. program of the Department of Mathematics. I moved into International House, where my parents had met almost three decades earlier. Most of my time was spent on school work; however, perhaps not enough. Not long after I began studying in the Fall of 1964, I met many of the new graduate students. One in particular I became very good friends with: Bill Arlinghaus, a young man who was a recent graduate of the University of Detroit who had come to study Mathematics in the Ph.D. program, too. It was not too long until we were spending time going out together to local restaurants, shows, and so forth, and having good times getting to know each other. I must have been an unusual date to take to dinner at a restaurant. Sometimes we went to Howard Johnson's in the southern suburbs of Chicago: Bill enjoyed the Lamplighter Special (breaded veal cutlet with spaghetti on the side) and a banana split for dessert; I often had a bowl of New England Clam Chowder and a clam roll with

tartare sauce and lemon for dessert—perhaps reflecting the taste I had acquired for lobster rolls (with the same laterally-cut roll as the clam roll). Other times we went to the Courthouse restaurant in a mall in Hyde Park in Chicago, where we shared beef fondue, he had a usual sweet dessert of some sort, and I ordered a Berliner Weisse (wheat beer) served in a large schooner with some raspberry sauce in the bottom of the glass. The tastes that we had then have, in large part remained; his predictable, mine not.

When we went to play duplicate bridge, which I learned to play from Bill and with Bill, we might wind up eating anywhere that was convenient, affordable, and which had some variety to the menu that I found interesting (he was very accommodating). When we went to downtown Chicago to tournaments at the Palmer House, we often went over to the Berghoff, on West Adams Street. There, I enjoyed the Fresh Thuringer Sausage with brown sauce and creamed spinach on the side, with perhaps an extra creamed spinach for dessert. Bill loved the spinach too. I was able to tell him my memories of eating there when I was in high school. My father would bring me down to see the dentist in the Marshall Field Annex Building. After the dentist, we would go to the Berghoff where he would drink Boilermakers (which Alma did not permit at home) and he had well done beef of some sort, often sauerbraten, and I had Fresh Thuringer with brown sauce and creamed spinach along with a large stein of draught German beer on the side (legal at that time because I was with my father and he ordered it for me). This was a taste-memory that endured for me!

At the end of two years at Chicago, we decided to get married. Our reception was held at the Quadrangle Club, and Mom was heavily involved in orchestrating many aspects of it with some assistance from Nick Fulop and his friend Ann (later his wife) who was a wedding planner at Saks Fifth Avenue in downtown Chicago. The food at the reception was outstanding as was the entire event; beautiful ice sculpture, string quartet from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, handmade wedding cake with sugar flowers, leaves, and more created by Alma Lach who also made the fruit display and many other items on the buffet table in the Dining Room at the Quadrangle Club.



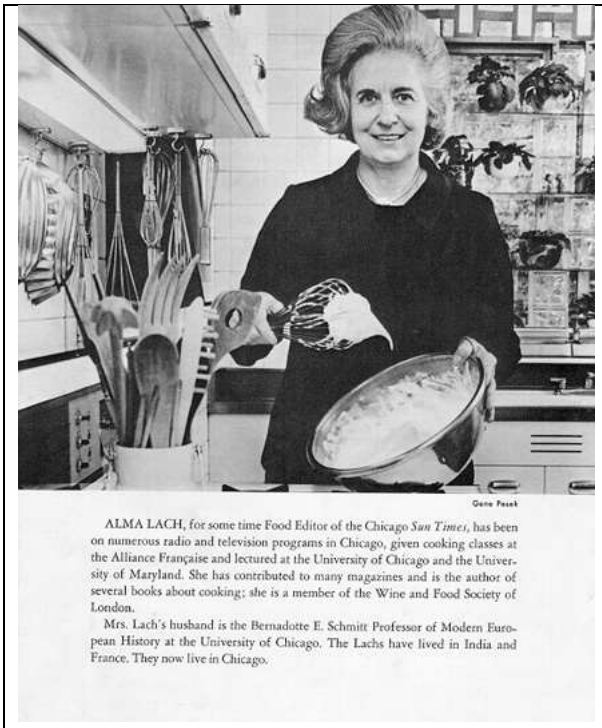
Our interests in mathematics had moved in directions that were not the focus of where we were: Bill liked Number Theory, and I wanted to study Synthetic Geometry. So, after we were married, September 3, 1966, we moved to Toronto to the University of

Toronto which had both specialties (Bill to work with Hans Heilbronn and I to work with H. S. M. Coxeter) and where we both had teaching assistantships.

Lach Track through the Century

5750 Kenwood

About two years after Bill and I were married, my parents moved from 5759 Kenwood Avenue, to a larger apartment across the street at 5750 Kenwood, in an elevator building. Naturally, it was quite an adventure, I gather, for Mom to move her Viking range. Her new kitchen was elaborate, for the times, but not overly so. She no longer worked for the Sun-Times so the designation of 'Test kitchen' no longer applied to this new kitchen. They owned this apartment for about 45 years.



Gene Pesek

ALMA LACH, for some time Food Editor of the Chicago *Sun Times*, has been on numerous radio and television programs in Chicago, given cooking classes at the Alliance Française and lectured at the University of Chicago and the University of Maryland. She has contributed to many magazines and is the author of several books about cooking; she is a member of the Wine and Food Society of London.

Mrs. Lach's husband is the Bernadotte E. Schmitt Professor of Modern European History at the University of Chicago. The Lachs have lived in India and France. They now live in Chicago.



Kitchen at 5750 S. Kenwood. Left photo is true to life, notice part of the

Viking stove in the foreground and African violets in the north window in the background; right photo has copper pots and pegboard brought in for the photo, only.

The Instagram Reel below shows the copper in its true location in this kitchen; in a pantry.



I never lived in this apartment; however, we visited there regularly and heard about Alma's various food-related activities. I was not directly involved in them during this period of time as I was busy starting, and growing, my own family and career.

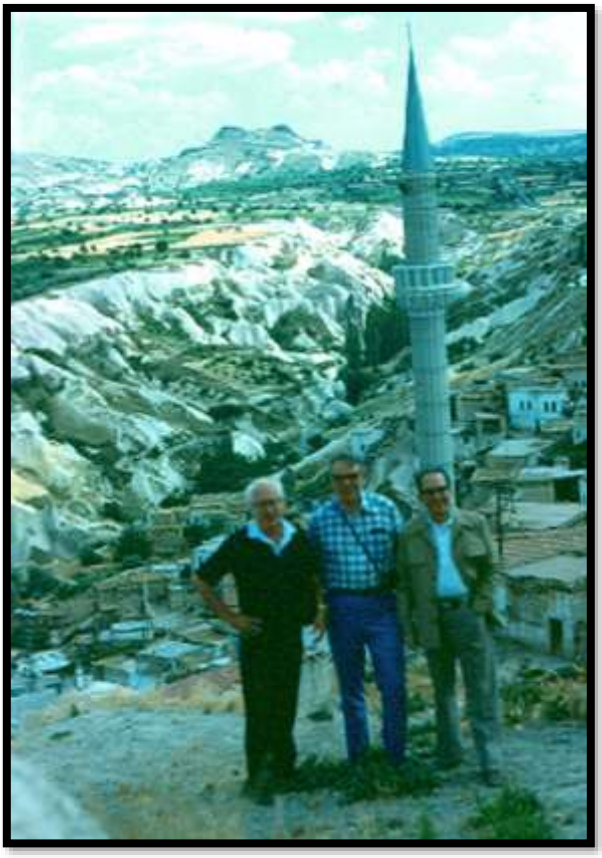
After Alma no longer worked for the *Sun-Times*, her schedule was more flexible. She worked for herself. She had a cooking school; owned a consulting business; was a Hostess on a weekly food program on CBS-TV, 1962-66; was featured regularly on Over-Easy with Hugh Downs, PBS, 1977-78; as well as various activities that she built on the shoulders of what she had learned in the past (noted in links in the Introductory material to this book). One strong side interest was in photography; her collaboration with Gene Pesek was a significant influence. It built on her already considerable spatial and pattern-arranging skills, both with and without a camera. She continued, throughout her life, to 'see' photo opportunities anywhere she went. Often she executed them in support of her own work or that of others (particularly my father's), but other times just because that opportunity was there.





Photographic project: book, Travelers, Not Tourists. Collage of selected materials hung on the wall of their apartment at 5750 S. Kenwood, 3N, Chicago 60637.

These links are to ZIP files of numerous photos: Bangladesh Photos; Cambodia Photos, Cappadocia Photos, Hawaii Photos, India Photos, Japan Photos, Taiwan Photos. And there were thousands of other photos, as well. Of trips around the world; of the former East Germany; of my father and colleagues meeting up in a distant land (below).



Cappadocia. Left to right: Donald F. Lach, William H. McNeill, Halil Inalcik

Talents, such as photography, developed in association with her Food System led Alma in various unforeseen directions where she shared them with family and friends.

One local side trip, led the Lach's to serve the University of Chicago as resident master's of the newly-acquired Shoreland Hall—a residence hall for undergraduates in the old Shoreland Hotel. The Lachs were to live in a luxurious apartment, converted from the old Ballrooms, Alma was to give lavish parties for students and the couple was to teach them how to behave at such parties with an eye possibly to training future

diplomats. Alma designed the kitchen and worked with some of Chicago's leading architects to create the luxury apartment. No expense was spared on the apartment or on the parties. The Lachs lived there from 1978-1981. Fortunately, they retained their old apartment at 5750 S. Kenwood; while they enjoyed many aspects of the adventure, including getting to know small groups of young students, living with smart and imaginative undergraduates in a large group was a bit more than they had bargained for: dormitory pranks became difficult for them to deal with.





Bilateral symmetry works as well as rotational symmetry in the Alma Lach designed Shoreland Hall kitchen.

Enter, the Computer

For decades, Alma developed her business in many directions. All these activities, along with her frequent soirées, took a toll on her legs, particularly her knees, over the years. She had what she called 'cook's knees'. It became harder for her to stand in the kitchen. She did adapt and made creative use of chairs and other objects. But once the computer became available for home-use, she immediately wanted one. Bill and I bought one for her in Ann Arbor, took it to Chicago and set it up for her. We had both had experiences with computers and so were happy to share with her. I taught her to

use word-processing software. She worked a bit on her Chinese cookbook using this software, but she really did not envision herself sitting all day typing words. What she did envision, was being able to sit down and work at the computer and utilize her tremendous typing skills (honed by the hand of Kate Turabian at Alma's earliest job in Chicago), with her photographic and imagery skills, to unite her world-class food capabilities. So, we set out to help her realize this vision, and, even though Donald did not 'believe' in the computer for himself (he did all his writing with a pencil on specially designed notepaper), after a while he saw the tremendous opportunity it afforded for his wife. Indeed, in his later years, he pulled me aside and said, "I want you always to see that your mother continues to have only the best computers and everything else she needs to continue with what she is doing." Of course, I agreed.



Image of Donald Lach's special notepaper, shown for size context on a contemporary computer keyboard (and for a bit of irony).

The first extra we added was a scanner along with Adobe Photoshop software. I taught Mom to use Photoshop. She loved it; it was hard to get her to go to bed at night. She was scanning everything. Soon she began scanning photographs of flowers from catalogues; then she wanted to make them into cards and sell them in her business. All of Bill and I and Donald cautioned her against doing that because copyright issues were not known (and she was easy to convince as she recalled the nastiness over copyright associated with her children's cookbook). I told her that real flowers, however, could not be copyrighted. She took me literally, and before I knew it, she had devised a clever method to scan real flowers. She left the scanner lid up, arranged the flower on the flat bed, and then covered the arrangement with a very lightweight loosely-woven black scarf. Then, she edited out the gaps in Photoshop. The process was painstaking but she produced beautiful results. Soon, the apartment was loaded with flowers. She took over Donald's study with reams of photographic paper. She needed more printers. I brought her a wide format printer so she could make 11 by 17 posters of flowers and we set that up, in tandem with her regular printers. Bill drove to the far Northern suburbs to find the right kind of 'dongle' to let me arrange her study and to have two screens side by side on my father's desk so that she could get a huge image, spreading across both screens, to edit.

Always conscious of the issue of copyright, and after she had made tens of thousands of images of flowers and other plants, her interest moved to scanning insects and food. When she went to a backyard party down the street on Kenwood Avenue, at the house

of Richard and Claire Landau, where she deliberately drowned insects in Scotch whiskey so that she could take them home, preserved and with wings intact, to scan them and then superimpose them on flowers in PhotoShop.

When she made food she liked really liked, she wanted to scan it. Early in this adventure, we sacrificed a couple of scanners to this effort. Tomato seeds and juice, along with shrimp smell and slimy water, do not agree with scanner innards. It was difficult for me and Bill to explain all of this to the tech expert at the local computer fix-it shop.

To resolve this problem with scanner usage, I thought about large maps and brought my own academic training, as a geographer, more into play. I knew that converting paper maps to digital images was a problem abstractly parallel to what Mom was doing with flowers, then insects, and now food: I used paper objects, she used non-paper objects but the goal was the same. Small maps were easy to convert; just put them on a scanner, push a button and you were done. Large maps, however, were a huge problem. One could cut them into pieces and put them on a scanner and reassemble the scanned images in Adobe Photoshop. That approach, however, removed a small amount of the map in the cut, and of course it was wholly unsuitable for rare maps. Another approach was to use a "digitizer table." This item was a drafting table, underlain with a very fine mesh of wires, hooked up to a computer. A large electronic mouse (aka 'rat') with many buttons (not just the conventional two or three) was hooked up as a tracing mechanism. I had one of these in my institution's office; it had cost them about 10,000 USD and I used it on grant-related projects. Over time, I had become quite good at

using it: good enough to know that maps digitized in this manner were inevitably filled with unrecorded error. Obviously, no variant of either of these approaches would work with what Mom had in mind. Nonetheless, I did find online images that suggested that some people had a strategy for scanning large maps using some other approach; the maps did not have errors introduced by cutting or by hand-digitizing. These map images were from the British Museum. So, I emailed them and told them what I wanted to do (wondering of course if they would take any of this seriously or would just think I was some sort of crackpot who wanted to scan shrimp and tomatoes). To my pleasant surprise, they replied fairly quickly and with interest! Yes, they said, I had been correct in thinking that they must have some sort of creative approach for handling large, valuable historical maps. And they were happy to explain that approach. As is often the case, simple is best. They used a simple flat bed scanner and permanently removed its lid. Then, instead of sliding the map around on the scanner, they fixed the map to the floor and slid the scanner over it at fixed height (to remove the possibility of error coming from slight variations or tilting of the scanner). Fixing the scanner height was the key to success; the secret? Take advantage of British manufacturing processes using assembly line technology to create a uniform product: soup cans or cans of fruit, tuna, or whatever other height desired. For a six inch height, choose Campbell soup cans all of the same flavor (and hopefully the same batch off the line). Well, Mom just loved this approach involving food to solve a huge technical problem. So, Bill went to the store while Mom and I removed the lid from one of her scanners. When he returned home with a dozen cans of Campbell's Tomato Soup, Mom and I set up some

experimental food on the floor of Donald's study, flanked with a network of Tomato soup cans (unopened of course) and started scanning—it worked! Mom could create any food she wanted, at any size display, and scan it. Wow! New worlds opened up to her.

She employed her great knife skills to make careful cuts. Beet stems cut with differential spacing produced different amounts of curvature to produce bright red stems (we were employing concepts from differential geometry here). Butterfly bilateral symmetry, reflection about the y-axis, was exploited to turn a potato slice into a butterfly (employing concepts from synthetic geometry). And when a knife wasn't enough, she brought out her Chinese vegetable carving tools. The new world opened to her led her along fascinating paths in many directions.





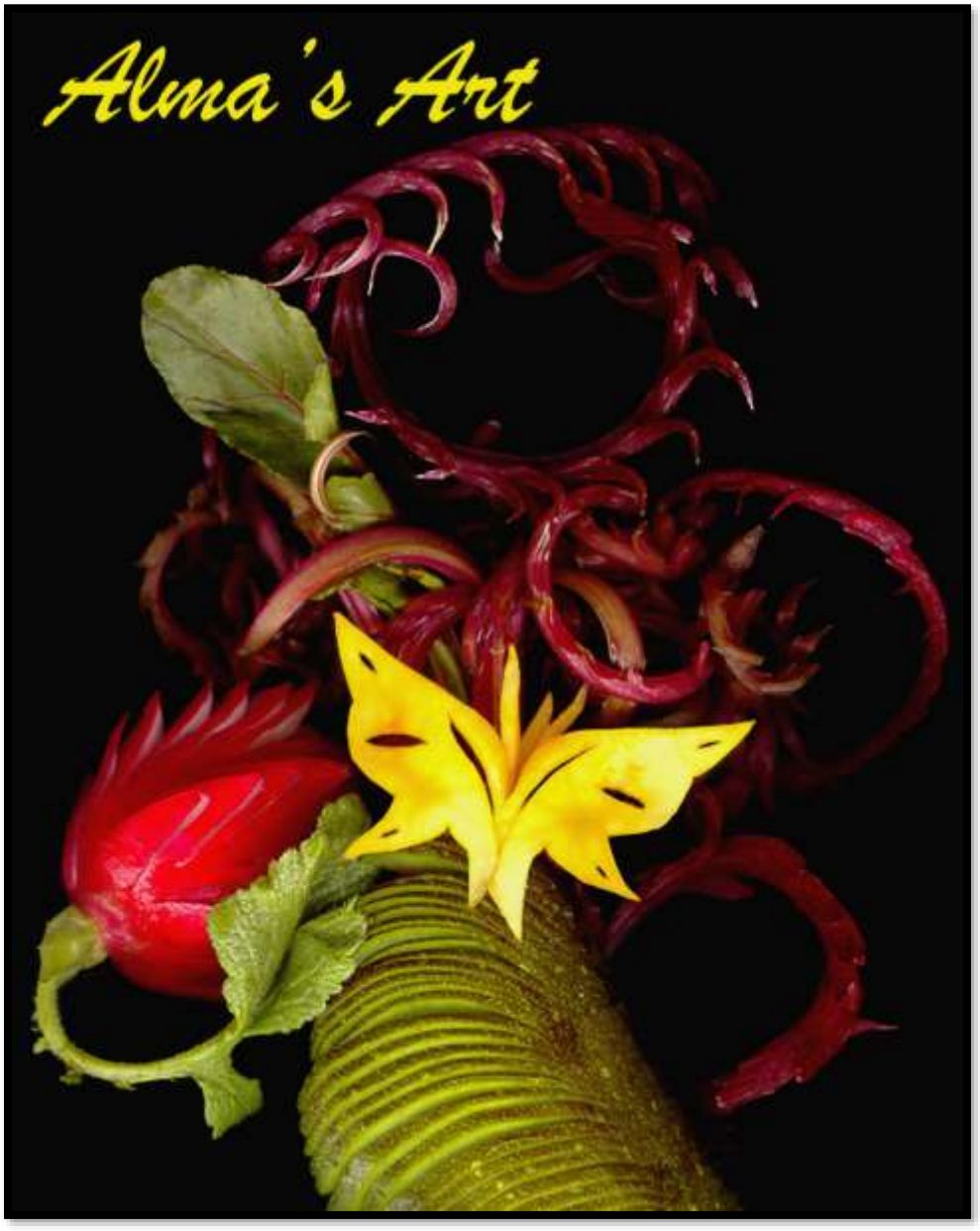
Upper left: Fresh tomato cut to resemble flower with cucumber stem.
Upper right: potato slice carved and unfolded to look like a butterfly.
Lower left: differential cutting of red beet stems to create curves of varying curvature.
Lower right: bouquet of shrimp flowers on cucumber curled stems with slaw in back.

What she was doing was quite amazing and it began to attract attention from around town. By the 1990s her skills were great enough that she was able to participate in juried art fairs.

Pixellist Art: Tavern Club of Chicago

Because the scanner captures its image using a line of light (instead of a point of light as

does a camera) it is possible to see a flower more as the binocular vision of our eyes see it. Inspired by the pointillist art of Georges Seurat, particularly Afternoon on la Grande Jatte (in the Art Institute of Chicago), William C. (Bill) Arlinghaus coined the term "Pixellist" for Alma's scanned floral art—a term that has stuck for decades!



For a number of years, the Tavern Club of Chicago held exhibitions of art work of members (or partners of members), juried by local museum experts, from the Art Institute and elsewhere. Alma's work was juried by this group and won a place in their wall displays. She had chosen some of her more conservative works, with a few food ones sprinkled throughout, and printed them on photographic paper using her wide-format printer. Then, she bought frames online and framed them herself, drove them and one of her assistants downtown, and supervised the wall display as staff (her own or that of the Tavern Club) hung the framed items in the display area. In one of the exhibitions, she was delighted that her work was displayed alongside that of former Chicago Mayor Michael Bilandic (also a former student of hers in the Alma Lach Cooking School). In another, she delighted in explaining to a group, including her colleagues from the Chicago Chapter of Les Dames d'Escoffier International, the process behind the Pixellist art images. A number of those women, including Toria Emas and Barbara Glunz-Donovan remember that lecture to this day!



View of the tops of buildings, from the Tavern Club. Tribune Tower in the foreground and John Hancock Center in the background, looking northward along Michigan Avenue, across the Michigan Avenue bridge over the Chicago River.

In the Lach family, Donald was the Tavern Club 'member' although Alma functioned as the 'member'. That private Club did not admit women as primary members; hence, Donald was admitted as the primary member although he never used that membership except in conjunction with Alma's various activities there. That is a view of the past and one that surely is not as beautiful as the view from the windows of that Club, high above Michigan Avenue. Nonetheless, we remember various aspects of the past while focusing on the best.



Bill Arlinghaus, circa 2004. Tavern Club.



View along North Michigan Avenue, from the Tavern Club, all the way to Lake Michigan, where Michigan Avenue feeds into Lake Shore Drive, north of the Loop. Alma Lach is seated in the shadow.

Links to photographs of Alma Lach Tavern Club displays:

- 1999
- 2000
- 2003
- 2004



Instagram based on early Alma Lach Pixellist images.



2000: Pixellist Exhibition, Alma Lach

Arlinghaus Parallel Track through the Century and Beyond

Shortly after we were married (1966) and lived in Toronto we continued to enjoy going out to eat, having folks over, and playing duplicate bridge. Bill and I began to develop our own track, separate from those of our parents', throughout the rest of the 20th Century. Certainly there was extensive interaction, but not as it had been prior to marriage.

Another Baby, the Next Generation, 1967

After the school year in Toronto, on June 24, 1967, our son, William Edward Arlinghaus was born in Toronto General Hospital as a dual citizen: American and Canadian. Life quickly becomes complex, and perhaps young parents grow up quickly themselves, when a baby enters the picture. That fall, we moved back to the USA, to the Detroit Metro area, where Bill got a job working for General Motors, as a mathematician.

Bill E. (Billy, as we called him—the choice of E as his middle initial was deliberate for that reason—my choice) learned to eat solid food very quickly and also real adult food. He was not particularly large, but he ate like a horse and loved most food. He was a very agreeable, talkative, gregarious, and happy baby; some of which centered around food.

I remember one time when we were visiting my parents in Chicago when he was not quite two years old. We went to one of their soirées in the apartment at 5759 Kenwood. There must have been at least 20 guests and as usual Mom had a table loaded with fine food. Billy was accustomed to eating well and knew how to eat various foods together. When a woman friend came with her famous writer male friend, Billy picked right up with this woman. She asked me if she could pick him up and hold him. As he walked very well on his own, I told her to ask him; he agreed. She took him over to the dining room table and asked if he liked anything there. He prompted her that he would have a devilled egg or two, one with black caviar on top and the other with red caviar. And he wanted some olives and a few small sandwiches. She carried him and his plate to a

chair where he took charge of his own plate but continued to sit on her lap, with his arm around her, and give her a lecture on the food he was eating. She was enthralled with his chatter. Soon, her male friend came looking for her. I heard him asking others where she was—they told him she was in the dining room with a new boyfriend—and giggled. The man walked into the dining room and saw Billy, pointed, and 'Bellow'ed—"what's that—what do you think you are doing!!??" She told him this was Alma and Donald's grandson and that he was absolutely adorable and also so very smart and ended her commentary with "and wouldn't you like to have three or four of your own of these." The great author was not amused; he stormed off and out the front door. Later, one of the other guests told me, "well your cute little son broke up that relationship; but don't worry about it—they never last anyway." I don't know that that was in fact the case, but that was the commentary of the time, and Billy's first experience at one of the Lach soirées; there were many more to come for him but perhaps none as adventurous as his first.

By the time Billy was two years old, he also enjoyed going to restaurants, bars, bowling alleys, and more, with us. We had to watch him carefully lest he wind up drinking my beer or just walking happily around the restaurant introducing himself to other customers, telling them what he had had to eat, and asking them about their food. No doubt a fine host in the making, but not everyone thought this was 'cute' (though most did).

During his school years, he went to many different schools; some children might find it difficult to move around all the time. He seemed to enjoy it; he made friends of all ages

quickly and was confident that he could do so no matter where his academic parents wound up next. I remember when we lived in Columbus Ohio that Billy (who was in the sixth grade) made great friends of the owner of the Souvlaki Palace on High Street, across from Ohio State. Billy recited the Greek alphabet backwards and the owner gave him a Greek food treat—the power of food? He also made friends of the owners of Donato's Pizza, a block from our apartment. Apparently, he convinced them to consider adding pineapple as an ingredient for pizza. At first they thought it ridiculous, but they tried it, and liked it. On into high school, in Ann Arbor at Greenhills, Billy continued to be able to sell in relation to food—he was so good at selling Gummi Bears for an annual fund raiser that he sold the candy to the parents of kids he was competing with by using the approach: "well, your son doesn't really want to be doing this; so, you will be doing him a favor if you buy from me—if he does well, they will want him to do more of this. To please your son, buy from me; I like to do this and am good at it. I am sure you see the logic here. May I sign you up for ten dollars worth of candy, please?" And, he won the contest every time; in fact, he outsold all the other kids put together. Think food sales might be in his future?

After high school his sales knack continued to develop. In college, at The University of Michigan where he majored in Linguistics with such luminaries as Vitaly Shevoroshkin, he supplemented his financial picture by working for the university in fund raising from Alumni/ae. Soon, he was raising more money than all the other student labor combined. However, he was not following the script provided to him; instead, he created his own sales pitch based on getting to know the person instead of

simply slapping a funding 'ladder' on the target. Millionaires needed one ladder; kindergarten teachers needed another. It was not a one-size-fits-all situation. For his success at raising funds, he was praised; for not following the script, he was fired. Apparently, he was not cut out for typical corporate jobs of a certain sort. His natural language ability proved useful both inside and outside the classroom. His creative use of it needed honing of judgment.

Billy continued to enjoy his immediate family and his grandparents on both sides. He learned from all of us. Indeed, he was fortunate, when born, to have all four great-grandparents on my side still living. Alma's mother, Clara Satorius got to know him well (as she lived to be 93). He enjoyed spending time with her in Petersburg in much the way that I had as a child (but without the experience of butchering a chicken in the back yard). His other great-grandparents had passed away while he was still quite young. But he knew Clara until after he graduated from high school. And when she died, he inherited her car as his first car, ever.



Billy and Clara in Grosse Pointe Woods, MI, circa 1972.

Another Generation: 1991

While a young man, Billy married Andrea Voorhees and they had a child of their own, David Edward Voorhees Arlinghaus (born June 7, 1991). As had his father and I, David loved to try all sorts of different kinds of food and often consumed large quantities, as well. One of David's early favorites was black olives (pitted). He would eat as many as we would let him eat. Often there was olive residue around his mouth and on his shirt—no secrets about what he had been doing—been at the olives again!



David Arlinghaus (Alma's great-grandson) with his father Bill E. Arlinghaus, Alma's grandson. Ann Arbor, Michigan. And we all love olives…



David Arlinghaus, Alma's great-grandson, with Sandy. Ann Arbor, Michigan. Yes, he has been eating black olives again.

Billy worked in various jobs to support his young family. His Bachelor's Degree in Linguistics was certainly not a degree in high demand by prospective employers but on occasion it did open some interesting doors.

When David was three, his parents divorced. David spent some time with me, although time was split between his natural parents with Andrea having the larger share. He generally remained in the Ann Arbor area while Bill E. was off on his own trajectory interacting with multiple businesses and multiple people over the course of the next

couple of decades—mostly in sales and in event planning. Perhaps the most notable event he arranged was the Rosa Parks ceremony at Woodlawn Cemetery in Detroit. He received considerable press coverage as the Manager who orchestrated the event: from the caisson parade through Detroit, to dove releases (of homing pigeons he raised), to bagpipers, and more. Politicians from all walks of life appeared at Woodlawn and attracted considerable media attention. We saw Bill E. and his family periodically when he visited Ann Arbor or when we all visited Chicago. Much his the time in Ann Arbor was, of course, devoted to spending time with David. Bill E. really did not settle down in any one location until 2010, when he landed in Meridian, Mississippi for business/sales opportunities.

Food Tracks through Life

Various topical threads related to food emerged to form strong strands within our family food system. I track a few of them through time, below.

The Elmira Connection, Catering, Event Planning, and Geometry.

The early Elmira experience with catering forged a strong strand throughout my food experience and for those with whom I came in contact over decades of event planning of various sorts. There are no photos of Alma's early platters. A few samples of her early influence on my appetizer creation, as an adult, appear below, in what I called "swamp platters." All the photos are of platters I created, 'swamp' or otherwise, undoubtedly influenced by watching Mom's Elmira catering business and my associated fourth birthday party.

Swamp Platters





Notice the frog in the middle (suggested in one of Alma's Chinese vegetable carving cookbooks). Black olive snakes around the edges formed by flipping olive semi-circles. Triangular sandwiches are all the same, but when brown bread is used on one side and white on the other, it is easy to flip half the finished product to create alternation in color in the display on the platter.



Ann Arbor, Michigan. Swamp Platter. Now, the frog in the middle is surrounded by snakes and swamp flowers stemming on dill weed from dirt made of chopped walnuts, with frog 'steak' sandwiches, and then sunshine in the outer rim. Detail shown below.

The egg shape of the whole wheat bread under the flowers, with the blunt end out, is meant to suggest the explosive growth of flowers one might see at the swamp edge. Subtlety, as well as symmetry, is fun to play with.



Smaller Platters were much easier to execute than the large swamp platters. A few are shown below. The devilled eggs are made as Alma taught me to make them using only Hellman's (or homemade) mayonnaise with nothing else added to perfectly cooked hard-cooked eggs, with the yolks whipped by hand with a fork and mayo folded in—never using a food processor—just muscle power and finesse. Or in a pinch, use the food processor on dry yolks only to crumble them; then whip with a fork and fold in mayonnaise—but never use the food processor to beat in mayo—it creates a gummy mess.









In the last image, the eggs are displayed in Grandma Satorius's (Clara Elizabeth Boeker Satorius's) devilled egg plate, which Alma passed on to me. A tradition prevalent in Mississippi and perhaps elsewhere is to pass along devilled egg serving plates from one generation to the next.

Tea Sandwich Tips

Alma's tips on tea sandwiches—a labor-intensive process. These are tips I gathered over the course of decades of watching, listening, and creating.

- Use a dense bread, such as Pepperidge Farm; never soft bread.
- Sharpen knives before beginning.
- Put out your ingredients together on the counter so that you can focus on what you are doing, and be creative with the food, rather than thinking about what

you might need next and where it is. Mis-en-Place!

- Fill sandwiches with the crust on and put filling all the way from one side to the other; most bread should be buttered (from side to side) to prevent ingredients from soaking in and making dense bread too soft.
- Do not cut the filled sandwiches. Wrap them individually in damp Scott paper towels (plain, not perfumed or patterned in any way). Put them on a ceramic plate (one to a plate, preferably) in the refrigerator for at least one hour. Use a ceramic, as opposed to a plastic, plate; the ceramic plate will get cold and retain cold when removed from the refrigerator.
- Remove sandwich from the refrigerator and unwrap it and put it on a wood cutting board. Cut off all the crusts, making sure to wipe the knife between cuts so that there is no content residue to smear on the outside of successive cuts. This step is very important. Just keep a few damp paper towels next the cutting board for wiping off the knife between cuts.
- Continue cutting into shapes (triangles, squares, whatever).
    - If you want to use cookie cutters they will work well on some ingredients but not on all. Test them; often they are dull and will not make a clean cut through two slices of bread and ham and swiss, for example, or they may mash egg salad.
    - Biscuit cutters tend to be sharper than cookie cutters and often work well to make circular sandwiches. Very sharp knives work best; they make clean cuts and sharp corners.

- If you need a shape created by a weak-edged cookie cutter, just cut a single slice of bread with it. Then place a small scoop of egg salad, tuna salad, chicken salad, or some such onto the buttered (from side to side) shape. Decorate the top of the mound.
- Other simple sandwiches are possible, as well. Consider checkerboard sandwiches, for example. Use an even number of slices of bread: half white and half brown (whole wheat, smooth texture). Make a stack of the slices of bread, alternating brown and white (four, in this example). Butter each slice from side to side. Now the single stack, four slices high, is glued together. Wrap in damp paper towels and refrigerate for an hour. Then, remove and cut off the crusts. Wrap that crustless stack back up and refrigerate for another hour. Then, cut down on the stack to create cross-sectional slices each the width of the original slice of bread. These will be striped, 'ribbon' sandwiches. Now, stack four ribbon sandwiches: flip the 2^{nd} and 4^{th} layers so that brown stripe is adjacent to white stripe in the layer below. Butter this stack from side to side to create a glued stack. Refrigerate, as above. Then, cut down on this new stack in slices about the width of one slice of bread to create checkerboard cross sectional slices. These are four by four checkerboards. I create two stacks to begin with and find that I cut about six slices from each, which means that I wind up with three secondary stacks…thus no waste; all ribbon sandwiches become incorporated into

four-by-four checkerboard sandwiches. Do you see why this works only with an even number of slices of bread? Think about when you are creating the secondary stack. If you had used five slices, then the ribbon sandwiches would have brown on the outside stripe on both edges and it would not be possible to arrange the ribbon sandwiches so that brown was adjacent to white. Math, particularly geometry, is everywhere in this activity!

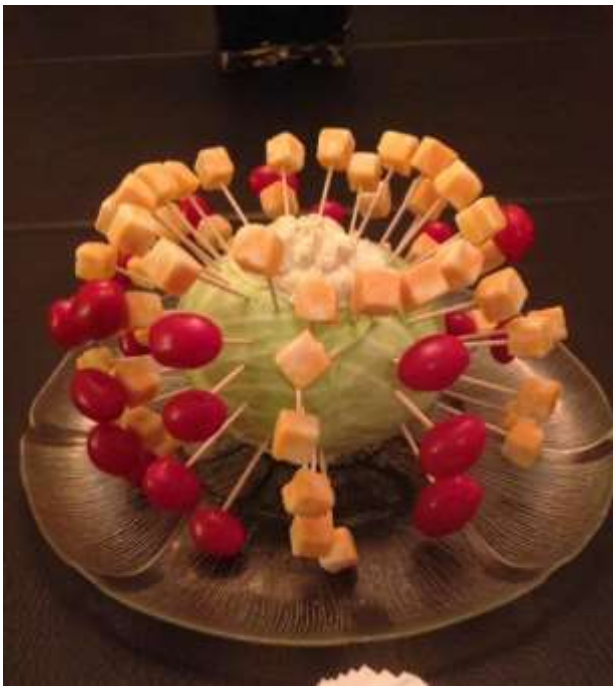
- Put the large display platter into the refrigerator to get it fully cold before filling it with food. You can stack other things (within reason) on top of it.
- As you complete the individual sandwiches, get them back into the refrigerator (they will have warmed up a bit as you process/handle them). If your hands are naturally relatively cold, it all works better. Otherwise, keep a bowl of ice water next to your workstation and dip your fingertips occasionally (just be sure to dry off before going back to work). You can put the sandwiches into a lidded plastic container, with a damp paper towel in the bottom and over the top. Then you can stack boxes of sandwiches; they will keep this way as you continue to make more.
- Once everything is prepared, remove all the sandwiches and anything else (centerpiece, sauce, etc.) from the refrigerator and arrange them on the cold platter. Then cover the display with damp paper towels and refrigerate until just before the beginning of the party. Remove the towels about five minutes ahead of time and adjust things that might be out of kilter from the towel covering.

Cabbage Centerpieces

Perhaps the orange in the center of the photo of my fourth birthday party served as a model of sorts, embedded in the recesses of Mom's mind and my mind, for a favorite appetizer display we used for many years. Mom made a cabbage head to serve shrimp and hollowed out part of it and loaded the hole with Mississippi Comeback Sauce—always a hit at her various Soirées over the years. I often make a cabbage loaded with cheese chunks, sausage chunks, tomatoes, peppers, and more, skewered with toothpicks and displayed on a cake stand as a centerpiece for a grazing table.



Vegetables, only. Cauliflower base.



Meatless, cheese and tomatoes. Cabbage base. Stuffed with sauce.





Cabbage on the left emphasizes symmetry. Cabbage above adorned with a necklace of peppers.



Sausages and olives from the party the previous day. Parties piggybacked on the weekend. No 'leftovers' here! Top right New Orleans LA. Others Meridian MS.

For one party, I made two swamp platters that appeared to be identical. I told guests that one had a male frog and the other a female frog. I said the male frog had seeds in him. After a while, a pool of orange fluid appeared around one frog. I had sealed, with butter, orange caviar inside one frog—evidently the female. The room warmed up, the butter melted, and presto, the female was revealed as having her menstrual period—a bit gross, but the women in the crowd found it hilarious. However, that was a one-time only event.

Platters of all sorts, inspired by my early observations, continued over the decades. In Ann Arbor at Huron Chase Garage Parties, Institute of Mathematical Geography Colloquia, Bridge Parties, or Student Parties. And, more recently at home events in Meridian, Mississippi. There was wide variation in content but not in symmetry. Perhaps symmetry was an interest superimposed by my study of synthetic geometry with H. S. M. Coxeter at the University of Toronto!



Variation on a theme: using a cauliflower instead of a cabbage as a base. Dining room on Country Club Drive, Meridian, MS.



Dining room on 23rd Avenue, Meridian MS.

IMaGe, Solstice, and Food

In 1985, after Bill and I returned to Ann Arbor, having previously taught at both Ohio State and Loyola of Chicago, I wore multiple hats, one of which was as the Founder of the Institute of Mathematical Geography (IMaGe), a small independent academic organization in the European tradition. We had weekly meetings, wrote collaborative

papers, had celebrations of pertinent events, and eventually (in 1990) published an online professional journal, *Solstice: An Electronic Journal of Geography and Mathematics*. There were regular participants, student participants, and folks who participated from elsewhere, either remotely or by visiting. My husband Bill, and I, along with John Nystuen and Bill Drake were the most regular participants. Also, both Alma and Donald connected there, as well. For a full archive of IMaGe activities, see the following link. What is noteworthy here is that every astronomical solstice, as well as any special meetings of IMaGe, we celebrated the events not only with conversation about mathematical geography but also with food that in some way reflected on the academic topic at hand. Typically, this would mean that at every solstice celebration, there would be a circular platter of devilled eggs, representing the sun, and a swamp platter with a frog in the middle representing life under the sun. Regular participants would show up for the event, as would a few with tangential interest; part of the goal of such parties was to encourage those who might not be sure if they were interested to join in and have a nice time with us. And all authors were invited. The key was to join in and get to know us! Food was a catalyst.



Food for a typical Solstice/solstice party for a small group of eight regulars of the time. The journal is now in its 35th year. 1964 Boulder Drive, Ann Arbor.

Community Events and Food

Over more than 30 years, Bill and I were involved in running neighborhood organizations/homeowners associations. While much of the work had little to do, at least directly, with any food system, there was an underlying power that food had that was important in unifying neighborhoods in a positive way. The basic philosophy was that in all neighborhoods, owners will have disagreements, sooner or later. That is natural. However, it is much easier to settle a disagreement, without being disagreeable about doing so, with someone you already know than it is with a stranger. So, the key to an harmonious neighborhood is for people to get to know each other in friendly settings. And interesting food is a good way to get that process started.

Thus, when I served for five years as President of the Bromley Homeowners' Association, 231 homes in Northeast Ann Arbor, we hosted picnics in Bromley Park and Pool parties at Dolphin's Pool (the neighborhood swimming pool). Property owners, or renters, came and had a good time with each other. They also got to know their Board members in a casual way, rather than waiting to interact with them until they had a complaint. Neighbors from different cultures brought their own favorite foods. There was always plenty to talk about and plenty of good times. Then, to continue the constructive process, begun over food, I issued a monthly newsletter about what was going on in the neighborhood so that people could see a system evolving from the starting point of an event.

When we subsequently moved to Huron Chase condos, Bill shortly thereafter became President of the condo complex of 50 townhouse style condos on 17 acres of property (adjacent to the west side of Huron Parkway, just south of the Huron River and Huron Hills Golf Course). At the same time, I became Chair of Hospitality and Newsletter Editor. Again, we employed the same basic philosophy that had worked well in Bromley. We had a giant Thanksgiving dinner at the south end of the complex. I made a huge turkey with all the trimmings and several whole beef tenderloins with accompaniments to kickoff our general program. It was a big success. Not long after that, a Newsletter appeared. And, I continued with the system by following up with 'garage parties'—every week for a month in the spring and every week for a month in the fall. Come to one or come to all. People who live in condos often like to travel so that getting them to come to big annual events is like herding cats. Just have frequent events and come if you can. For these, people could bring food if they wanted to but it was not required at all—I made enough so there was something for everyone (the condo association gave me a budget of 50 dollars a month, which I supplemented with my own food as I wanted to). There were large swamp platters, devilled eggs, tossed salads, meats of various kinds. People brought their own drinks but set-ups were provided.

Nonetheless, a number of kind people started bringing food or wine and of course as other guests saw that the process accelerated. In the Fall, the local tradition before we had moved in, was to have one large event. So, of course we continued that, too. After

a couple of years, our wonderful Chef neighbor, Ricky Agranoff, volunteered to cook the beef tenderloins and to make chicken satay and other dishes. We had lots of fine food of various kinds! Much of it was chronicled in a Newsletter that I did on a monthly basis. The Newsletter again continued to cement a system of positive neighborhood relations begun with food events.



Entertaining in a garage? Strategies that incorporate multiple styles of food can work well as a cold all-in-one dish. Here, smoked salmon slices cover a potato salad mound and are covered with cucumber 'fish scales'. Garage, 1964 Boulder Drive, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Bridge Tournaments and Food

As Bill became more involved with the bridge scene, thoughout the decades, I became more involved in supplying food and events for tournaments at various levels, from

local, to sectional, to regional, to international. "Small world" adventures were abundant for us in bridge: I introduced Bill to my childhood friend, Janet Friedman (Jan Martel); he introduced me to Henry Bethe, with whom I had played as a child one summer when my father taught at Cornell University. Often, these get togethers took place in situations where I had been making the food for some segment of the tournament; food brought our worlds together in unforeseen ways.

Take a look at a selection of what was done at various bridge tournaments; there are constants and there are variables. And, there is continuous learning and adaptation to unusual conditions associated with entertaining in remote venues one has never dealt with. Often with no kitchen--lessons I had learned early from spartan kitchens in France and a mother who illustrated through her actions how to adapt quickly to changing circumstances were no doubt critical to success.



How to keep a platter cold in a hotel room? Fill a foil roasting pan with ice and set the platter on it. Frog, frog slices with radish tulips, and lilies, create a swamp platter. Lack of good tools in the suite make presentation precision more difficult than in a home kitchen. Platter kept cold in rough form; then cleaned up just prior to presentation.

Even in remote venues, considering the choice of background or presentation platters

can turn an ordinary display into a more interesting one: varying shapes, patterns, sizes,

symmetries, geometries, and so forth.







Something as easy as care in arranging slices can help make otherwise mundane items more interesting. Pattern variation creates interest in sensitive individuals.



Variation on the frog swamp platter theme in the simplest of manners: change the platter shape and the arrangement pattern against a different backdrop.



A few interesting platters, of various shapes, sizes, dimensions, and content help to make a covered hotel pool table look special for guests at a late night party after a full day of bridge. Use of Solo cups for plastic silverware and cocktail glasses for olives, carrots, and cherry tomatoes, help to reduce footprints on valuable lateral table space while offering dimensional variation. Now there is room for a few specialty platters, custom-made, to make an otherwise predictable table into a special presentation. Spatial arrangement and planning are critical.

Geometric patterns include spheres, cubes, and even a spiral (in the arrangement of the stack of beverage napkins—lay a Coke can on its side on top of the stack and twirl the can; the stack of napkins under it will follow the motion; think about laws of Physics). When producing actual food was not in the cards, I wrote about it in digital mystery short stories based on bridge

tournaments!

Sometimes I made the entire arrangement alone. Other times, family was also involved in creating these large events: fine bonding experiences using food as the focus. When Billy was in high school he did find time to help me with one bridge tournament in the metro Detroit area. Before computer scoring of tournaments there was often a substantial wait-time for the scores to come out. It was nice to supply players with food and good times during these periods. While Bill was Tournament Chair, I planned to serve the group my usual cabbages covered with snacks and submarine sandwiches. Billy helped and got to see first-hand the need for flexibility in planning for catering an event at a remote venue. As we stood working in our kitchen, getting all the materials together, a massive storm came across Ann Arbor. The power went off across the entire region. I got out candles and flashlights, and we proceeded. Fortunately, we had engaged in getting all our materials out of the refrigerator in advance—mis-en-place wins again. And so we assembled these items in dim light. When done, we wrapped them in wet paper towels and opened the refrigerator only once. Other items we placed in Styrofoam coolers with ice in plastic bags. It worked because it was planned in advance; we both had that lesson reinforced that day. What we found on the other end, at the tournament, was more awkward. We set up the display. The cabbages were placed on tables remote from a long central table, with the subs and drinks, as well as chips and dip (Vichysoisse dip, made from sour cream, mashed potatoes, and Knorr Cream of Leek Soupmix). There were three cabbages, each located in the center of a remote round table, with all chairs moved away (to promote circulation of movement

and to prevent any small group from commandeering the cabbage as 'theirs'). The cabbages were identical in content; no one was 'better' than another—again, designed to promote ease of movement of the crowd. At the central table, long baguettes were filled with good deli meats and lettuce, tomatoes, onions, and sliced green peppers (all thinly sliced using a mandoline). To accommodate the vegetarian group, we had made some without the deli meat but instead with tuna salad, artichoke hearts, and sliced boiled potatoes in addition to the lettuce, tomato, onion, and green pepper. That strategy was a mistake. Bridge players grabbed veggie pieces from out of the veg sub and started remaking their meat sub piece on the fly. Some were arguing with each other over artichoke hearts! We put a stop to that, but we continued to need to supervise that table carefully. We thought all was going well at the cabbage tables. However, when we went to clean up, we noticed that at one table chairs had been brought back to surround that table and that the cabbage itself had giant chunks removed with teeth marks left on the surface of the cabbage! Let's hear it for computer scoring for bridge tournaments!

The Horizon: Parallel Tracks Converge

The turn of the century/millennium brought difficult times, once again. Again, I back up a bit and then move forward.

Hard Times, Again

Alma and Donald's last trip to Ann Arbor, as a couple was in March of 1999 to

celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary. The photo below shows them together with their young adult grandson, Bill E., and Great Grandson, David (who was then 7 years old). After this spring trip to Ann Arbor, they returned to their apartment in Chicago.



The years following that celebration were difficult. In October of 2000, Donald died after various illnesses. Mom, with characteristic toughness, eventually went back to being creative with her computer and even to considering working on her Chinese cookbook. However, the bit of time to work became highly limited. First by a serious fall that saw her wind up with a broken femur, reducing even further her mobility. She had fallen trying to hang a picture of a complex blue plant, that required quite a bit of PhotoShop effort to repair holes from scanning, in the lobby of her Chicago apartment building. She climbed up a three-step ladder and fell off onto the hard tile

floor. She spent months in hospitals and physical therapy. Once again, she had to be taught how to walk. We made weekly trips from Ann Arbor to Chicago to help her. After a while, thanks to all the effort and fine medical care, she was able to walk again, albeit with a walker. Nonetheless, she was now safe enough to continue living alone, although we encouraged her over and over again to move to Ann Arbor—but, no, she wanted, understandably, to stay in her home in Chicago.

Then, in 2007, another disaster hit. The ceiling in the master bedroom in her apartment in Chicago fell. Plaster and lath were everywhere. Her bed was crushed; had she been in it or near it she would not have survived. Fortunately, she had been in another part of the apartment.







Photos dated May 15, 2007.

In June of 2007, we went to Chicago, to celebrate with her the award of the Dame of Distinction presentation at a Les Dames d'Escoffier event. Shortly after that, we were able to convince her

that she really MUST come to Ann Arbor; she was living in unsafe conditions.

Alma in Ann Arbor

We promised her we would find her a nice apartment in a regular building (not something for seniors) with a garage for her car and an elevator so that she never had to negotiate steps. Soon, we had signed a lease for her on an apartment in Nature Cove condominiums, about a five minute drive from our Ann Arbor condo. Our attorney friend Donna K. Tope was a big help in making all of this as seamless as possible. Alma kept her apartment in Chicago in case she didn't like the one in Ann Arbor; however, we moved some of her favorite furniture pieces, books, artwork, and so forth so we could make it look like her Chicago apartment. When she came to Ann Arbor she absolutely loved her new place. She had a wonderful medical team at the University of Michigan and very quickly we got her freed of being covered with plaster dust and sleeping 20 hours a day to being back to her old self, running around town, entertaining in her new apartment, making new friends, and even joining a new private club for more social contacts.

She insisted on hanging the complex blue floral picture she had failed to hang in the lobby in Chicago (because she fell) in her new lobby. She found a receptive audience. Soon the residents of Nature Cove were enjoying new floral images, scenes of the beautiful grounds of Nature Cove, and other scanned and photographic images on the walls of the lobby, in the community entertainment room, in the garage, and on the walls of the elevator. We helped her hang the images and soon others did too. No more climbing on ladders…



Over time, she even developed a special friend who was a neighbor in Nature Cove: Bob Kahn. Mom had become friends of Bob and his wife Bea; sadly, Bea passed away after a while and Mom cooked for Bob, entertained with him at wonderful soirées, and just generally became a good friend. The two nonagenarians were friendly companions in many regards, but of course each with fully separate paths and continuing career interests.

In early 2008, Mom became involved with me in helping to orchestrate a major international event. Bill and I and Ron Horwitz were co-chairs of a North American Bridge Championship held in Detroit at the Renaissance Center and other hotels. It was expected to draw 10,000 tables of bridge players from around the world over the course of 10 days. (A full chronicle of our

involvement with that event may be found at this link.) I was in charge of hospitality and had a budget for food of over $100,000 and 200 volunteers working under me. Mom was fascinated by this and passed along a few nuggets of wisdom she apparently had accumulated over years of running her own food consulting business. She told me, "never order from a menu the hotel provides you. They always have food they need to turn over and if you just give them a very general idea of what you might want, they would rather sell it to you at a heavily discounted price rather than have to throw it out in the next two weeks." So, I told our Marriott person that we were prepared to pay five dollars per head for food. She laughed but said that since I had asked to speak to the head Chef she would arrange that. And, so I did; he was a well-regarded Austrian and was fascinated to know that my mother, holder of the great diploma from the Cordon Bleu in Paris, had told me how to negotiate this and why it should work. All agreed that Alma was correct. We had wonderful food for the tournament players, some negotiated for five dollars a head, and some for a bit more. In fact we had more food than even hungry bridge players could consume, and all for less than the 100,000 I had been allocated by the ACBL. And Mom came down to the Marriott to see the event and to meet some of the personnel—all in all a marvelous experience for everyone, and, all centered on developing a local food system.

Mom continued to enjoy entertaining in her Ann Arbor apartment and wanted to venture out to host her own large parties elsewhere. I helped her to host parties in the entertainment suite in her condo. She was quite the planner; together, we hosted a party to celebrate her Great Grandson's 21st birthday in 2012. She invited the whole condo community and we made food to serve a large number of people. What I had not known, because I did not see the invitation, was that she had told the group that David was her Grandson (cutting our son out to the equation). You can

imagine my surprise when one of the guests at the party said I had a nice son; in fact, I had to argue with this guest that our son was not present; that the party was to honor our grandson who was therefore Alma's Great Grandson. The guest asked if Mom knew this….I assured the guest that Mom knew exactly what she was doing and that there was no doubt a logic behind this action that was simply not evident to us…that Mom was indeed 'with it'. Later, I asked Mom about this issue; the answer was simple, she didn't want people to know how old she was. And, she encouraged me to lie about my age so she wouldn't look 'old'. I refused.

Along with parties and other adventures, Mom continued to focus on using her computer in support of her various interests. She found the flowers in Ann Arbor to be beautiful and readily available to her.



She scanned them, photographed them, made cards, posters, and more. She handed out beautiful flower cards to everyone she met; medical personnel, delivery people, waiters and waitresses….everyone. At the University Hospital, she became known as 'The Card Lady'—support staff posted her cards on the walls—too pretty to use. She entered her posters in local contests and won top display positions. I helped her by formatting the material so I could use the wide-format plotters at the Duderstadt Center of The University of Michigan. The University of Michigan Cardiovascular center worked cooperatively with her to display posters and cards. She won prize placement of posters in premier display spaces of the Ann Arbor Public Library.



Two scanned floral images installed in the 'consult room' of The University of Michigan Cardiovascular Center. This room is one where patients come who are anticipating counseling in regard to a possible heart transplant. Alma's preventive cardiologist, Dr. Kim Eagle (not shown here; a pacemaker technician is shown here) suggested that something as beautiful as her art would work well in a room in which difficult conversation was taking place.

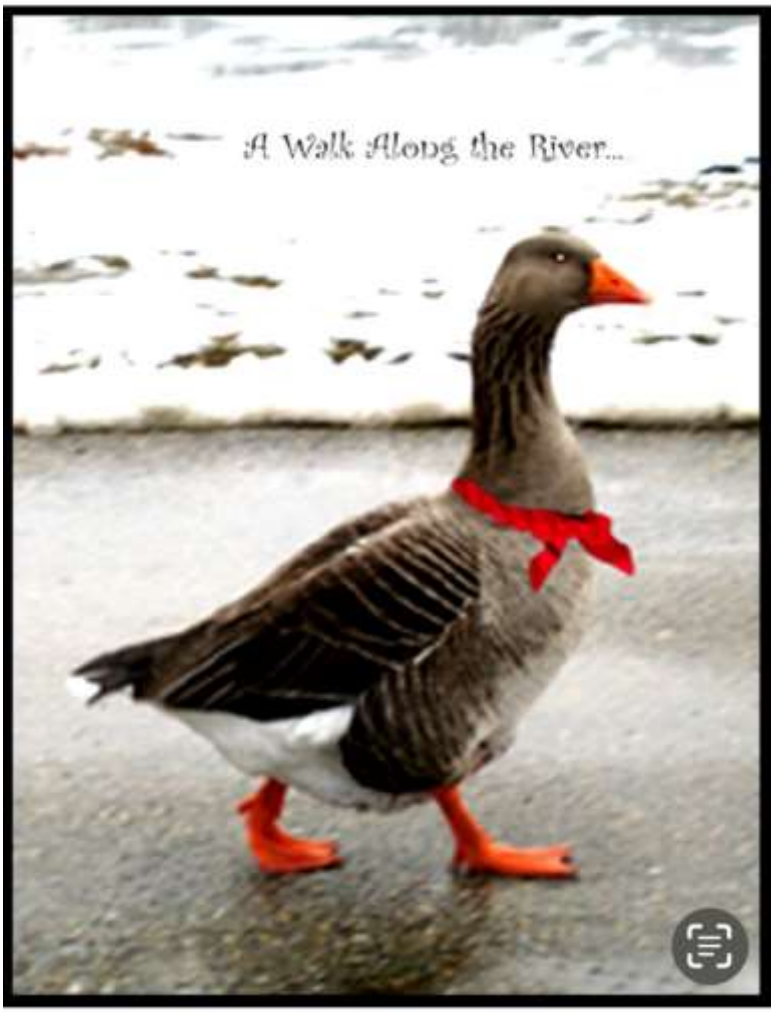
After a while, Alma once again spread her interests beyond scanning flowers. She enjoyed using the new digital cameras, too. She found them quite remarkable, with no film to 'develop' and no sequence of settings to master along with light meters. Her background with such traditional photography made mastering the digital camera natural for her: from box camera brownie, through to fancy German and Japanese cameras, to any number of digital cameras.

Her social life had picked up, too. She enjoyed playing poker at the Ann Arbor City Club; she enjoyed playing NTN Buzztime Trivia with a team at a local chain restaurant. And she particularly learned to enjoy meeting "Gordo" a juggler, magician, and balloon animal expert where we played trivia. We went regularly and Alma became friends with Gordon Schott (aka "Gordo"). She featured balloon animals in her photographs.

Beyond balloon animals, Mom began collecting insects again, as she had in Chicago, but found living other animals to be more interesting. When we took her to see Dr. Eagle at the Domino Farms U of M medical facility (the gigantic former world headquarters of Domino's Pizza, architect designed in the Prairie style of Frank Lloyd Wright), she loved driving around and looking at the antelopes from Africa, the Baudets de Poitou, from France, and the baby animals in the petting farm. I think it drew together various elements of the past, from living on a farm, to living in the Frank Lloyd Wright Robie House at the University of Chicago, to living in France, the home of the Poitous. She could see her various tracks of interest from the past

converging here in Ann Arbor.

I used to go with her to Gallup Park, along the Huron River. She loved the Canada Geese that were there and insisted on feeding them even though the City did not want residents feeding the geese. She used to make treats for them, tuck them in her purse, and carry them off to the park. Alma became particularly attached to one tan goose with a white belly (not a Canada Goose) whom she declared was pregnant. She insisted that that goose needed special treats and care. The last time we saw that goose was the day that Alma decided she should bring it home with her to take care of it. I told her that she could not do that. She started to get out of the car and told me that obviously I thought that she was incapable of taking the goose home—that she would show me—she could lure it into the back seat of the car. I told her no, I had absolutely no doubt of her capability to lure it into the car (the goose had already waddled right over next to where Alma was standing). I did mention that I thought that the Homeowners Association would not be happy if she brought a goose into the lobby, and then into the elevator, up to her third floor apartment. She continued, undeterred, to work at getting the pregnant goose into the car. Finally, I told her that if she got the goose into the car, I was getting out; I would not ride with a goose in the back seat of the car, chauffeuring it around Ann Arbor.



She noted that the goose needed her more than I did so I could just stay in the park; but, then she said that since I didn't drive that I would be stranded so I had to stay in the car whether or not the goose was in the car. I told her that I would simply take out my smart phone and call a friend to come get me. Apparently, that latter idea bothered her and finally she ceased with her determination to take the goose home. But of course, she did feature Mother Goose on a number of cards and often dressed the goose or adjusted its colors using her skills with Adobe PhotoShop.

Her natural curiosity and enthusiasm brought in a whole set of other objects for her to photograph. Bill and I had driven to Horn Lake, Mississippi, for the grand opening of the new headquarters of the American Contract Bridge League. On the way, I discovered a beautiful small tree with gorgeous flowers in various colors: the crepe myrtle. Naturally, I thought Mom would enjoy seeing it and so took a number of photos of them. Indeed, she did. Next thing I knew, she had ordered two crepe myrtle trees for her apartment. When they became too large, she gave them to one of her helpers to plant outside her Ann Arbor home. There followed any number of other pets: baby ducks, chicks, kitten….nothing permanent….presumably visitors to replace the goose that never made it.

And of course, Mom continued raising more normal plants on her sun porch. In Chicago she raised African violets which she candied and used in cooking; in Ann Arbor it was Christmas Cactus. If she ever used the latter in cooking, I did not know about it.

She continued entertaining probably two or three times a week. She enjoyed coming to the weekly Garage Parties, filled with interesting food made by various residents, that we hosted at our Huron Chase condo complex in the Fall and Spring where she also met many new friends.



Old friends came from elsewhere to visit. Richard Landau came to visit from Chicago; Ted Foss and Kent Dymak came from Oak Park, Illinois; Diane Morgan came from Portland, Oregon. During the time she lived in Ann Arbor, I think I counted a total of 11 different 'helpers' she had working at various tasks, from heavy housework, to animal and plant management, to help cleaning after parties. Mom had worked out quite a system to permit her to entertain in the style she had done so well in Chicago.

Les Dames, Again

After about 5 years in Ann Arbor, Alma had done remarkably well on almost all fronts of her life. She had a beautiful apartment, wonderful friends, a fine medical network,

remarkably good health for someone in her late nineties, friends who came from elsewhere to visit, lots of opportunity to go out, intellectual stimulation, a network of helpers, and her family. She even had a private club to belong to, the Ann Arbor City Club, that reminded her of the Quadrangle Club in Chicago. She never returned to Chicago once she came to Ann Arbor. But, she did seem to miss her connections with the world of haute cuisine that she had enjoyed for decades in Chicago. Yes, she knew fine local culinary experts in Ann Arbor: Jan Longone and Ricky Agranoff. Wonderful contacts to be sure, but isolated individuals. One day she said to me, "let's start a branch of Les Dames d'Escoffier here in Ann Arbor."

So, I set out about it by contacting some of her Chicago friends from Les Dames. Barbara Glunz was interested in the idea and friendly, as always. Toria Emas suggested to me that we add on an attorney as soon as possible. I introduced Alma to my long-time friend and colleague on the City of Ann Arbor Planning Commission and on the Ordinance Revisions Committee, Donna K. Tope, M.S., J.D. I was confident that Alma and Donna would get along well: both insightful, brilliant women capable of multi-tasking in many far-flung arenas. Donna's children had gone to Greenhills school at the same time our son had. Donna, in addition to her professional credentials and work as an attorney and an epidemiologist, had recently run a stationery and card shop that also did venue catering. What could be a better fit—cards, food, family, planning, and more. And I was right. Donna and Alma got along quickly as fast friends and as collaborators with me in founding a new chapter of Les Dames d'Escoffier in Ann Arbor! Although Alma did not live to see the formal establishment of that chapter, she

was excited to work with us and was instrumental in the early, foundational work.

Alma's 99th Birthday Party

On June 8, 2013, Alma turned 99 years old. I offered to host a large party, for all her friends, at her apartment—she would not have to lift a finger, just have fun. She steadfastly refused, however. She did not want them to know how old she was; she believed that people did not take old women seriously. Perhaps she was correct, in general, but I refused to agree that her friends were like that. Of course, we honored her wishes. She did agree to a small party with me and Bill, and one more—Donna. On that day, Alma took center stage and spent almost the whole party talking to Donna about how to make floral cards.





Alma explains to Donna the significance of the flower scanned from her tulip tree.

Alma says her father planted a tulip tree on the grave of Ann Rutledge in a cemetery near Alma's home town of Petersburg, Illinois and that Alma planted seeds from that tree outside her apartment building in Chicago where the trees were still alive. Donna no doubt found this interesting as she had helped Alma get permission from the Homeowners Board of Alma's Ann Arbor apartment building, following a squabble between Alma and the Board, to plant a tulip tree. Alma liked to name her pets—plants, animals, cars (she named her car of the time for my husband "Bill"—he had

shopped with her for the car after Donald died)—and so she named the tulip tree "Donna."



Alma scrutinizes the detail of the card, explaining how she might improve it a bit in PhotoShop.

Finally, Alma shows Donna her latest creation, a beautiful yellow chrysanthemum card, made from about a half of an actual flower. Alma had recently mastered symmetry transformations in PhotoShop and was extremely happy about this additional feature in her imagery arsenal. She

and Donna engaged in a lively conversation about it as Bill looked on.







In late October of 2013, as Bill and I were enroute to a bridge tournament in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, we got word from Mom's neighbors at Nature Cove, Bob Kahn in particular, that Alma had had a bad fall, hit her head, and died. She was in good health generally, but apparently her lower body finally just quit. Naturally, it was a shock to everyone at the time although many remarked that she had had a marvelous 99 years—and that they had had no clue that she was that old. No one thought of Alma as 'old'. Apparently, she had fooled even a number of her close friends about her age, right up until the very end.

There were a number of events, commemorating her remarkable life (links earlier in this document): we hosted two, one in Ann Arbor and one in Chicago. At Alma's remembrance ceremony, in her apartment in Ann Arbor in 2014, we hired Gordo to come and do magic tricks and create individual balloon animals for the guests. They all loved it. Mom's wonderful primary care physician, Dr. Jennifer Lukela M.D. of The University of Michigan, enjoyed taking home an armload of balloon animals to her children! Mom's dear friend, Bob Kahn, spent time talking to Gordo about magic, balloons, and life!



Gordo and Bob Kahn in Alma's Ann Arbor apartment at her celebration of life.



Gordo with balloon dog with bone, specially created for Alma. She had wanted to make sure the dog had something to put in his mouth that he liked to eat or chew on. Gordo accommodated the wish.

The University of Chicago hosted a special event in association with the Collections we donated to them. About 100 friends, colleagues, business associates, and family (a guest book is archived in the Collections) attended a fine French dinner, created with Mom in mind by Chef Mary Mastricola of La Petite Folie restaurant in Hyde Park. Mom and Mary were both Cordon Bleu graduates and both innovators, in various ways, in haute cuisine. Chef Mary's outstanding meal was accompanied by a wide selection

of crystal wine glasses and many fine wines by Barbara Glunz of the House of Glunz, Chicago's oldest--with a long-standing Family Food/Beverage System of its own. This event, in the entertainment space adjacent to the display of a sample of the Collections we had donated, was a spectacular event.

Even Mom's plants seemed to participate in the sequence of memorializations. The Christmas cactus in her Ann Arbor apartment burst into full bloom, out of season, the day after her death, and then again in a special pattern early in 2014.



October 27, 2013



January 23, 2014. Three blooms. Two together on one side; a single third one, opposite. Parents and child? And an empty chair on a cold, snowy winter day.

Even the tulip trees on Kenwood Avenue that she had planted, bloomed as never before

on June 8, 2014, the 100th birthday of Alma Elizabeth Satorius Lach:



From the full robust tree core…



…to the single branch, previously thought not vital, which in one last effort produced a stately yellow-orange bloom amidst a few green leaves.

Beyond the Horizon: Meridian, Mississippi

The years immediately following Alma's death were difficult in many ways. But, it was time to move on—she would have! In 2010, our son Bill came to Mississippi. We had never been to Meridian. We gathered he liked it. Certainly, when we had visited

San Diego, CA, we enjoyed the climate. The Michigan winters were getting tougher and tougher to take; we lost one friend who fell on the ice, hit his head, and was gone immediately. Others we knew had problems with ice although not that serious. San Diego was certainly an attractive alternative; however, it was so expensive and also so remote, particularly for those who don't fly. So we thought about Meridian. The more we heard, the more we thought that might be a good alternative for us: our son was there and our grandson and family were there.

Snowbirds

As we looked into Meridian housing costs, they were hard to beat, anywhere in the country; we had friends who were snowbirds and avoided the ice that way. With the cheap housing in Meridian, we could afford a second snowbird residence there, keep our condo in Ann Arbor, and still have plenty to live on and travel if we wanted to do so. In the Fall of 2014, about one year after Mom died, we decided to do that: to become snowbirds.

Our son Bill E. helped us obtain a house. We all looked on the Internet; it was easy to choose the neighborhood—Bill E. had been there long enough to be confident in that regard. Then we selected two houses within that neighborhood; he went and looked at both of them and was able to eliminate one. He and a real estate agent went to look at the other one and took me on a virtual tour via FaceTime on my iPhone. It looked like a fine house for our purposes: 2800 square feet, 2/3 acre lot, an inground pool, built in 1952 Dutch Colonial architectural style with interesting, traditional arched doorways, crown mouldings, and more. Soon, we had an accepted offer on 2003 Country Club

Drive.

When Alma died, she owned two furnished residences, one in Chicago and one in Ann Arbor. We sold the one in Ann Arbor to our friend Donna along with some of the furniture there. It was comforting to me to know that a mutual friend would now enjoy that apartment. In January of 2015 we moved a truckload of Alma's furniture, dishes, kitchen stuff, and more from Ann Arbor and another from Chicago to our new snowbird home. Friends and family from near and far helped us to get it settled and soon we were happily entertaining people in the humid subtropical warm winter climate of Meridian.

Planning and entertaining lessons learned from the past translated into our new snowbird world where we built on them and shared them with a set of new friends. Many parties in our homes in Ann Arbor (and elsewhere earlier) centered on the beautiful large hand-carved brass table in the living room that my parents had brought to us from their trip to India in 1967. They also had one, and so that table now arrived in Meridian whereas the one that was a gift to us remained in Ann Arbor. Dishes in various styles and shapes meshed with the rotational symmetry forced by the background shape and pattern to create parties that were new and different to the local folks; and, they were different to us because we had a variety of china and serving dishes from Alma's Chicago apartment.



Rotational symmetry. The circle is the dominant shape, but it plays off against others.

Brickhaus Brewtique and Brickhaus Sauce

We had fine times in Meridian getting to know our new culture and new people as an added network to our system of entertaining, not as a replacement for old friends (whom we saw in the summers). It was easy to meet people of all ages; one of the businesses that Bill E. had acquired was a downtown bar/grill, right in the heart of Meridian. It had been an old dive bar/pool hall, called the "Brickhouse" situated in an historic brick building more than 100 years old, with a vacant, rubble-filled lot on the corner next door. Bill bought that business (not the building) and continued to rent the building. He renamed it, in association with his own last name, the Brickhaus Brewtique; he became certified as a first-level Cicerone (beer sommelier) and had taps that could hold as many as 63 different draught craft beers. This was an exciting venture that seemed to take advantage of Bill's language skills as an owner/bartender, and his business acumen in sales. He developed an interested set of 'regulars' and a steady stream of traffic from the freeway motels of travelers looking to relax for an evening with bar food and a craft beer. His bacon cheddar burger won an award as 'Best burger in Meridian' from the Meridian Star. It was served with Brickhaus sauce, a sauce he created to appeal to the palate of the local Mississippi population from which the original 'Comeback' sauce had sprung decades earlier. Perhaps there was passive influence from his grandmother Alma? Indeed, her family food system had now, in fact, 'Comeback' to (East) Central Mississippi—a long 'Way' to come!



Award-winning Brickhaus bacon cheddar burger. Served with pickles and Brickhaus sauce.

When Bill first started the Brickhaus, the laws in Mississippi were very restrictive on what a bar might serve. One could obtain a 'beer license' rather easily, and cheaply, from the local municipalities. If, however, one wished also to serve wine or spirits, then one needed to obtain a more difficult to acquire and more expensive license from the State. Places that sold beer only tended to be cheap, perhaps rough, pool hall bars of the sort one might imagine from many years

ago. So a bar that served primarily the newly-emerging (in Mississippi) beer, curated by a trained master, and sold as one might sell premium wines or liquors, was unheard of. It was a real novelty for the local population although travellers from states outside the Deep South were generally familiar with such bars and sought them out as places for fine intellectual, relaxed enjoyment.

One event Bill created was based on Mississippi beer law of the time. It was the case when he first started the Brickhaus that it was not legal to sell beer, even with a beer license, that was more than 6% Alcohol By Volume (ABV). However, much fine craft beer from elsewhere is over that mark. Thus, 'beer club' was born. Once a week regulars got together on an otherwise slack night to share beer they had bought elsewhere; much of it was over 6% ABV. And, they gave it away; there was never any sale of beer of over 6%ABV. The regulars often bought dinner and sometimes one of the current beers on the wall. While this was an interesting variation, it really didn't solve the problem. Bill and some others lobbied the State to raise the limit. Today it is at 10.3% ABV which is still too low but it is high enough to include a number of great beers from elsewhere as well as from Mississippi. Further, beer is tested for ABV prior to being aged in a barrel; thus, it could happen that a beer that is measured at below 10.3 ABV actually turns out later to be more than that if it is aged in wine or whiskey barrels. The laws here are better than they once were, but still seem to be needlessly complex. There is room for improvement. And so beer club still exists today; the photo below shows beer club shortly before the pandemic with Douglas Hall, frequent contributor of fine beer, on the left, and Weston Lindemann, young afficiando and Meridian Mayoral Candidate, on the right. Others not in the photo include me and both Bills, and Pam Stuckman (landscape architect, also a snowbird from

Michigan). We first met Pam in Meridian, at the Brickhaus—she came in looking for craft beer, saw me, pointed at me and said "I know you…!!" When I heard her accent, I asked if she were a Michigander. It turns out she had seen me when I served on the City of Ann Arbor Planning Commission and she worked as Parks Planner for the City of Ann Arbor—small world, coming together far from the source.



Another interesting twist to the laws in this State had to do with the fact that, by default, a county was deemed 'dry'---one had to elect to allow any alcoholic beverages to be served. This

situation caused problems with drunk driving—folks who lived in a dry county would drive 30 or 40 miles to a bar in a wet county, drink all night and then drive home. Law enforcement found 'roadblocks' as one remedy; a simpler one, eventually enacted, was to make all counties 'wet' by default, the current situation. And, finally another peculiar ordnance had to do with golf carts. An gas-powered golf cart was seen as equivalent to an on the road vehicle and therefore it was illegal to drink while driving a gas-powered golf cart. An electric golf cart, however, was seen as equivalent to a lawn mower; it is not illegal to drink while using a lawn mower. Naturally, one observes far more golf carts of one type than another. It will be interesting to see how this pattern might change as electric cars become more widespread.

After a while, Bill saw a certain advantage to using the adjacent courtyard for various purposes associated with his newly thriving activities. Soon he had put a fence around it and cleaned up some of the rubble. We noted that one really should own property prior to using it, even though the current owners had no objections to his use of it. So we bought it, as a family venture. Bill had already started to develop it and we finished it into a landscaped outdoor space for eating and holding events. With the indoor and outdoor venues connected, events could be planned well in advance of the performance date—held outside, weather permitting, and otherwise, inside. It was a plan that was working well.



Travelers were finding the Brickhaus and locals were learning about craft beer. Bill began to add other events: trivia games with prizes, karaoke, name that tune, and concerts with local groups. That success built on attracting musicians from New Orleans, Ohio, Tennessee, California, and elsewhere. His language skills, talkativity, and general good nature enabled him to interact successfully with clientele from all over the world who were looking for intellectual stimulation along with entertainment in this pleasant small town in the Deep South. His fine language skills complemented his fine early food training to create a unique venue. There were big shows: Oktoberfest in the Street, concerts, Clydesdales delivering beer to his aptly-named Brickhaus Brewtique, along with suitable bar food.



Oktoberfest in Front Street, Meridian, MS. Bill on the left, Tate Reeves (then Lieutenant Governor of the State, currently Governor) on the right. Notice that Bill's hat is made of pretzels. 2015.



The Clydesdales are outside the Courtyard with its outdoor stage.



Special delivery!



Bill's Bacon Roses, Valentine's special.

Creativity, from beer to food, continued. Bill added an item to the menu based on an invention of his Grandma Alma using her Curly-Dog Cutting Board. Cutting hot dogs

so that they curled was not new; having a cutting board so-designed was.





As Alma had cut beet stems to curl, exploiting differential geometry, so too did her realization that uniformity in cutting of the hot dog was critical in getting it to curl up as a circle to fit on a hamburger roll. Years later, Alma's own grandson was able to exploit this advantage and stock only hamburger rolls from which he could serve both conventional burgers as well as exciting curly dog sandwiches; he also sold the residual cutting board stock (originally sold at Marshall Field's in Chicago) to Brickhaus patrons who wanted to replicate, at home, the meal just enjoyed at the Brickhaus!

Yet Another Generation: 2014, 2015

As the Brickhaus flourished, so too did our family. Bill's young adult son, David, worked at the Brickhaus and lived nearby in Meridian with his own family. David was

an extremely popular, and skillful bartender. He had had previous experience in high school in the north (and shortly thereafter) working in a supermarket baking donuts and at a country inn serving as a sous chef and when needed as a chef. As a teenager, he had decided on his own initiative to make Peking duck in his home. As an adult, he enjoyed cooking for his family and still does to this day.

In Meridian, he took to tending bar as easily as he had to cooking. He created layered drinks of different beers, taking different viscosities into account. He marketed a beer mixed of all 63 beers on the wall along with an associated T-shirt. And, he created interesting dishes that went far beyond conventional barfood, most notably one that used long hand-cut deep fried battered chicken breast strips to form a pyramid or teepee, with a blood orange slice holding the top together and filled the interior with salad goodies, introducing some presentation and nutrition aspects into an otherwise commonplace bar dish.

And, in Meridian, David's nuclear family began to grow. On March 7, 2014 (a little over half a year after Alma's death), Edwin Blaze Arlinghaus was born to David and his partner Kay.



Four generations (left to right): William C. Arlinghaus, William E. Arlinghaus, David E. V. Arlinghaus, Edwin B. Arlinghaus. 2014.



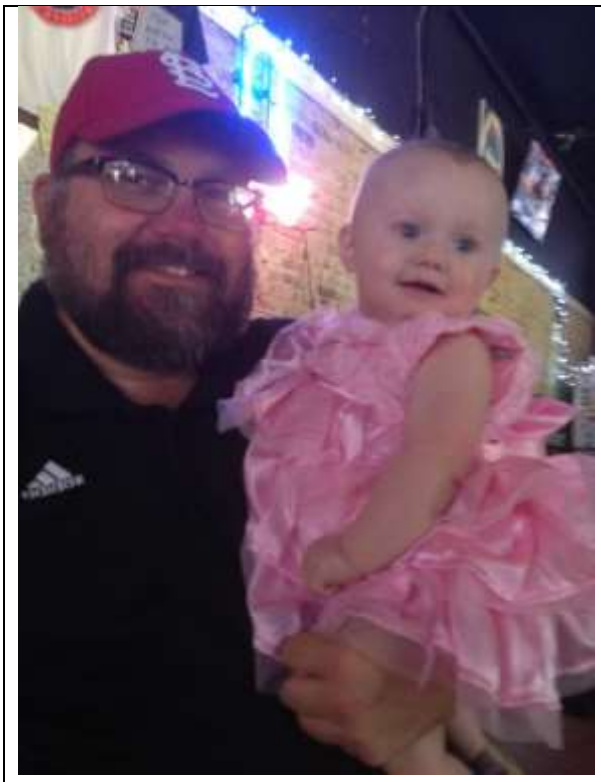
David and Edwin at the Brickhaus for Edwin's second birthday party.





Edwin enjoys cake! And parties!
What parts of the family food system will emerge in his future?

On August 31, 2015, Edwin was no longer an only child. His sister, Adeline Mae Arlinghaus was born to David and Kay.



Easter 2016. Adeline and Grandpa Bill.



September 3, 2016 (50th Wedding Anniversary of Bill C. and Sandy) Adeline and her Great Great Uncle Frank Arlinghaus (brother of Bill C. and Uncle of Bill E.). Edwin is in the background.

What does the future hold for both of these young children. In 2016, all was moving forward and the future was bright; the Brickhaus moved along with innovative programs. Bill E. joined the new Chapter of Les Dames d'Escoffier, as an Affiliate. David and his young family continued to grow. They moved out of Meridian to Cleveland, Ohio, for greater opportunities for all. Kay had an opportunity to work on her interests in graphic design. David became a line cook / sous chef at one of Cleveland's upscale Mexican restaurants, Momocho. After a couple of years in the restaurant business there, he participated in a contest to design an exciting new dish to be served at the home baseball park of the Cleveland Indians (Progressive Field). His entry for a Banana Peppers snack won the contest for his restaurant, and he was excited to think about

implementing it in the stadium in the near future. Thus, David personally trained the staff of Progressive Field to create, cook, present, and serve his winning recipe! All was now set to begin serving the snack, at multiple locations throughout the stadium, during the forthcoming baseball season in 2019. Once again, a young family branched off on its own new trajectory. Meanwhile, the Snowbirds continued spending part of every year in Meridian and part in Ann Arbor and enjoying fine food, times, and experiences (from the academic to the business) on both ends.

More Hard Times: Pandemic

During the late part of the year 2018, Bill and I were talking seriously about making Meridian our main residence. Being a snowbird is demanding. We could no longer deal successfully with the ice in the winter in the north. Living where our extended family did made sense to us. Getting a new, fine medical network in place was the key roadblock. Also, we had wanted to include Bill's older brother Frank. Frank seemed interested in possibly moving to Meridian. So, we had him down to see some houses in late 2018. He did not find something he wanted, and so nothing happened for him on that front. However, in the process of looking at houses for him, we found one that we thought would be perfect for us—large, all on one floor, architect-designed, Tudor style, and on a large lot.

In February of 2019 we closed on our new snowbird home that would become, at some point, our primary home at 3401 23rd Avenue in Meridian. We began moving stuff into our new home and by the Fall, had it settled, in a preliminary fashion, nicely.

Moving is hard work. In late December we decided to take off and go to a bridge tournament at Orange Beach, AL, adjacent to the Florida panhandle, beautiful white sand beaches, marvelous Gulf shrimp, seafood, and fish. All in the off-season and all very relaxing.

That trip, however, was to be the last relaxing time we would have for the next few years. Shortly after we returned to Meridian, the CoronaVirus SARS2019 (Covid-19) virus hit the United States. Lives were disrupted, plans changed in major ways, travel was no longer possible, and more. It was the beginning of a global pandemic. Our plans to move stuff from Ann Arbor were put on hold. Our long-time friend, Donna, took care of our place in Ann Arbor and developed creative ways to ship things to us. The Brickhaus had to close. Bill developed ways to market his games using PayPal and Venmo. Soon he had people playing trivia at the Brickhaus online from all across the Deep South, the Midwest, California, and New England. The amount it brought in was meager, but it was at least something. He could not sell either beer or food. He had expenses that were greater than his earnings. We were happy to help him during that time; after all, we could not travel. And that's what families are for; they are there to help.

Once he could at least have people in the Courtyard, we supplied outdoor heaters. Bill found wonderful help, eager to work and eager to learn from Bill about fine craft beer. Duncan Trahan did, and continues to do, a fantastic job as a bartender, with a considerable following, and as a host and jack of all trades in the front of the house. Everyone wore masks. Things moved along but at a snail's pace. And they have

continued to move along. Trivia was the first event restored. Then outdoor concerts. Then indoor concerts. And finally karaoke, which was the most hazardous activity with a shared microphone used by amateurs. Bill has done an amazing job at rounding up musical and other events, again from all over the country.

Creative activity began again and continued. Bill created a young people's night to support child singers with an opportunity to sing to a crowd, using professional sound production equipment (Peavey is headquartered in Meridian) and to hear comment on their performance. Bill took a course at the MAX from Marty McCann, retired Peavey sound engineer, to enhance Brickhaus capability to optimize concert sound dynamics. The young performers enjoyed any number of enhancements and opportunity not ordinarily available to them. Bill was also able to once again begin giving back to the community. His Thoughtful Thursday event gives back a portion of the Brickhaus receipts to a local person or project that for some reason falls between the cracks of receiving disaster, or related, funding. Some of his more recent support projects have been to raise funds for a local artist whose studio was burned down in a house fire; to raise funds for another woman who lost her entire house in a fire; and yet another to raise funds in support of the bike-riding marathon of Ed Abdella in the "Ride Across America" (RAAM) as a small part of Ed's wish to generate a gift of 1 million dollars to Hope Village for Children (in Meridian). Things are getting back to normal; concerts are all booked for Friday and Saturday nights for the next three months as well as for Wednesday nights for Young People's Concerts followed by Name that Tune, Tuesday Karaoke, Thoughtful Thursday and Trivia.

At the same time in Cleveland, David lost his job in the Mexican restaurant (which had to close during the pandemic). And, the Cleveland Indians did not open as scheduled so his exciting new dish never saw the light of day at Progressive Field. He was able to live from hand to mouth with some support from the government and from extended family. Once he could go back to work, his financial needs were greater than what he could earn as a beginning chef without a culinary degree (yet). Over the course of the pandemic he read widely, on the Internet, on a variety of topics. When the job market opened up, he went to work for Amazon where he had many needs, in addition to a regular salary, taken care of. He became interested in using robotics in warehouse management (perhaps similar to spatial relations in kitchen management?) and today continues rising through the Artificial Intelligence administration at Amazon. Despite his enormous success in moving forward in an exciting new world, David and I still have text message conversations about food: from the center cut pork chops with a balsamic reduction, green beans, and risotto he was making one evening, to his views on the merits of agar-agar over gelatin in the haute cuisine context. Evidently, he added to his previous interests, rather than replacing them: an approach of strength!

Meanwhile, Bill and Sandy continued getting moved; moving during a pandemic is not an easy thing to do—there were travel restrictions and workers were hard to find. Eventually, though, we were moved by the end of 2023. What should have taken a year to do, took four years. In January of 2024, we sold our Ann Arbor condo.

All of us experienced hard times during the pandemic, as did people all over the world. Our strong family network worked in a unified manner to pull us all through; and,

perhaps, we learned more about our new world by pulling together.

Transforming Snowbirds

During the four years of moving from Ann Arbor to Meridian, we were able, periodically, to meet new people and socialize with them in accordance with local pandemic restrictions of the time. There were the usual parties with devilled eggs and swamp platters; there were parties that took advantage of other interesting service platters. Typically, I would create cold food for these parties, and then put it out on the kitchen counter (which was also cold, given that it's granite), and it would keep that way for several hours. Guests came when they could and sat outdoors on the deck, in chairs spaced widely apart, each with a small table. They entered the kitchen, adjacent to the deck, one or two at a time, wearing masks--got a plate of food, sat down, and then I called the next group. We began with those most vulnerable. It worked very well. People got out, especially important for the most highly restricted group, and had a chance to interact with others in a semi-social setting.





Governor Tate Reeves, and Dr. Thomas Dobbs (State Health Official), were doing a thoughtful job of handling the pandemic in this state of unique character. They were able to interpret the federal guidelines to fit the low population density of the state and the scattered pockets of high or low educational level. They treated the 'hot spots' with regulations and left parts with no or little Covid alone. Meridian, and its county (Lauderdale), was one of the earliest hot spots. But, once it recovered more normal status, regulations were loosened.

Thus, on one cold evening in Meridian, when we could entertain inside our home (but when the beer club could not yet meet at the Brickhaus), our friend Pam Stuckman

made dinner for the beer club; she brought two kinds of homemade beer soup and a loaf of freshly baked bread. Douglas Hall brought beer. I brought out some of Alma's service pieces and china. An antique French copper double boiler, lined with ceramic, was particularly nice to use to keep the soup warm. A few other friends joined in and we had a wonderful time; it felt so good to actually entertain more like we once had, it seemed like eons ago. It was the first dinner party we had hosted inside our new house, in the dining room!





Pam Stuckman created two kinds of beer soup for a tasting. Served in our dining room using copper and china of Alma Lach. Family food network expands in various directions!

Once I got some of Alma's copper out for the dinner party, I began to retrieve the rest of it. One interesting piece served as a source for a movie as a basis for a Zoom meeting of Les Dames d'Escoffier of Ann Arbor. Naturally, they could not meet during the pandemic and in fact went on 'hiatus'. To help keep some level of interest going, I made movies and had Zoom calls of

various sorts. The one below, showing Alma's antique French copper potato steamer is an example of such.



Antique French copper potato steamer. The shape directs steam around potatoes in such a way that water does not fall on them.

With persistence on all fronts, life began to revert back to where it had been. It had not been easy, and the effort is still ongoing.

Brickhaus Surges Forward!

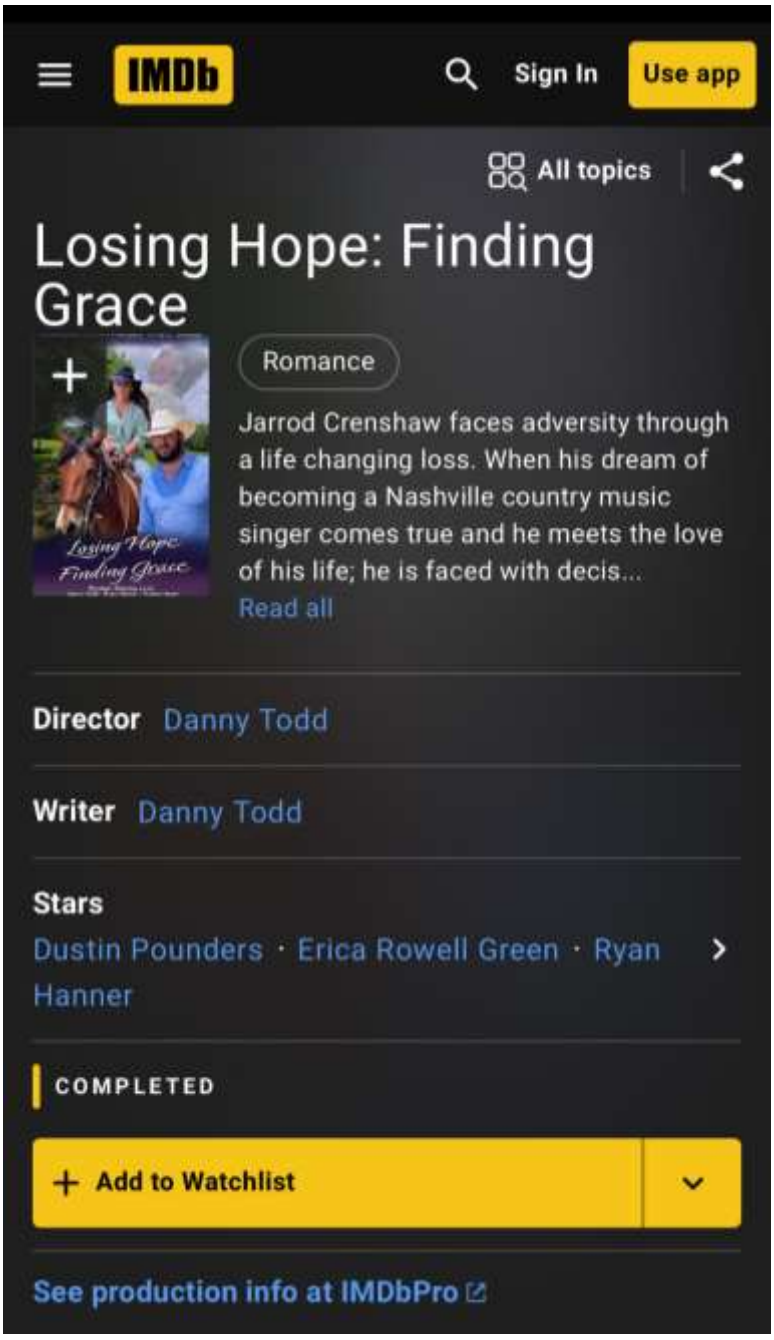
As life began to return to normal, so did business in the downtown, although many restaurants and other businesses had suffered greatly during the pandemic. Pre-pandemic, the Brickhaus had relied on regulars and folks who worked at the Kemper County Coal Plant to keep it going, along with a few Winging parties from Naval Air Station, Meridian. There were still regulars, of course, although the group had changed in composition and interest; now there were people moving in from out of town and they were quickly finding the Brickhaus and establishing it as their hangout. The Kemper County Coal Plant no longer existed; the hundreds of well-educated engineers, and others, working on the problem of gasification of lignite coal were now gone. However, once the threat of disease had passed, via having it controlled in various ways, the Winging parties were back in force and they were one of the earliest events to make a big comeback.

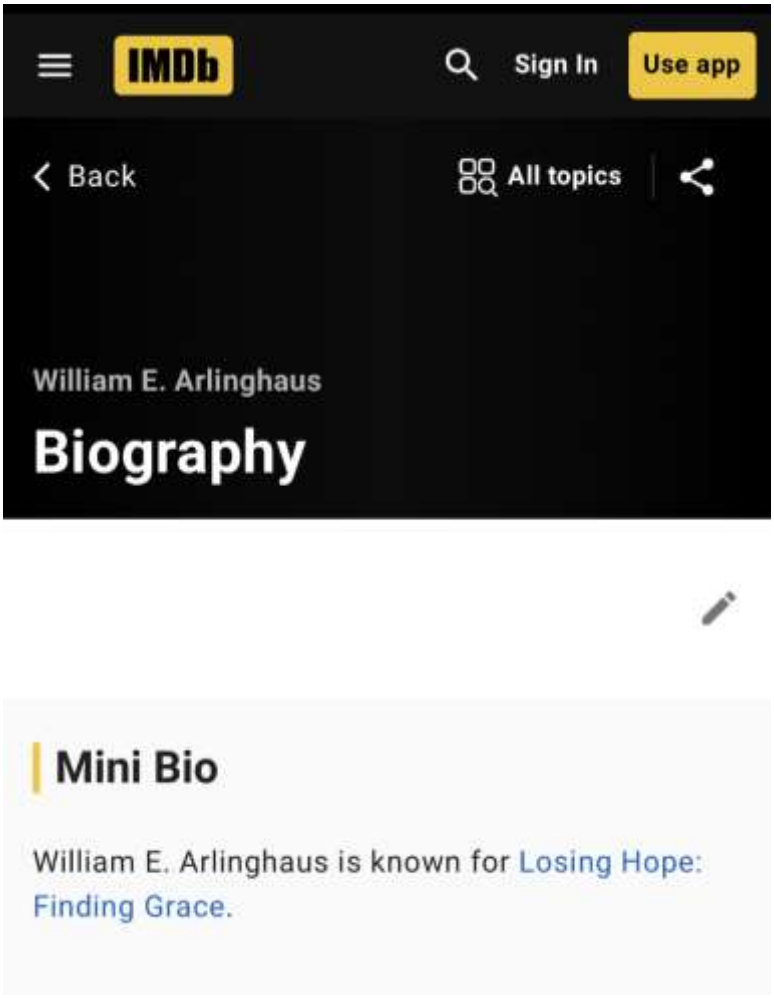
Bill seized on the idea that it was events, and not food and traditional barroom socialization, that would carry his business forward into the new post-pandemic future. It was simply not realistic, in relation to high inflation and over-priced food, to expect to make much from selling food. People were willing to pay for what they could not produce for themselves at home: live entertainment as the center of an evening that might also involve food and drink. Thus, he spent many hours each day lining up a variety of acts and events to use either his indoor or outdoor facilities at the Brickhaus. Here is a sample of events scheduled by June 1, 2024 for the month of June:



With a full line-up card marketed via social media, other events found their way to want to reserve the facility, as well. If you demonstrate that you are popular, others want to hop on the

bandwagon and join in. This past spring, the Brickhaus served as a staging area for a bar scene of a movie set in Nashville; and, Bill was in the movie as the bartender. The Brickhaus retained its name in the movie, too.





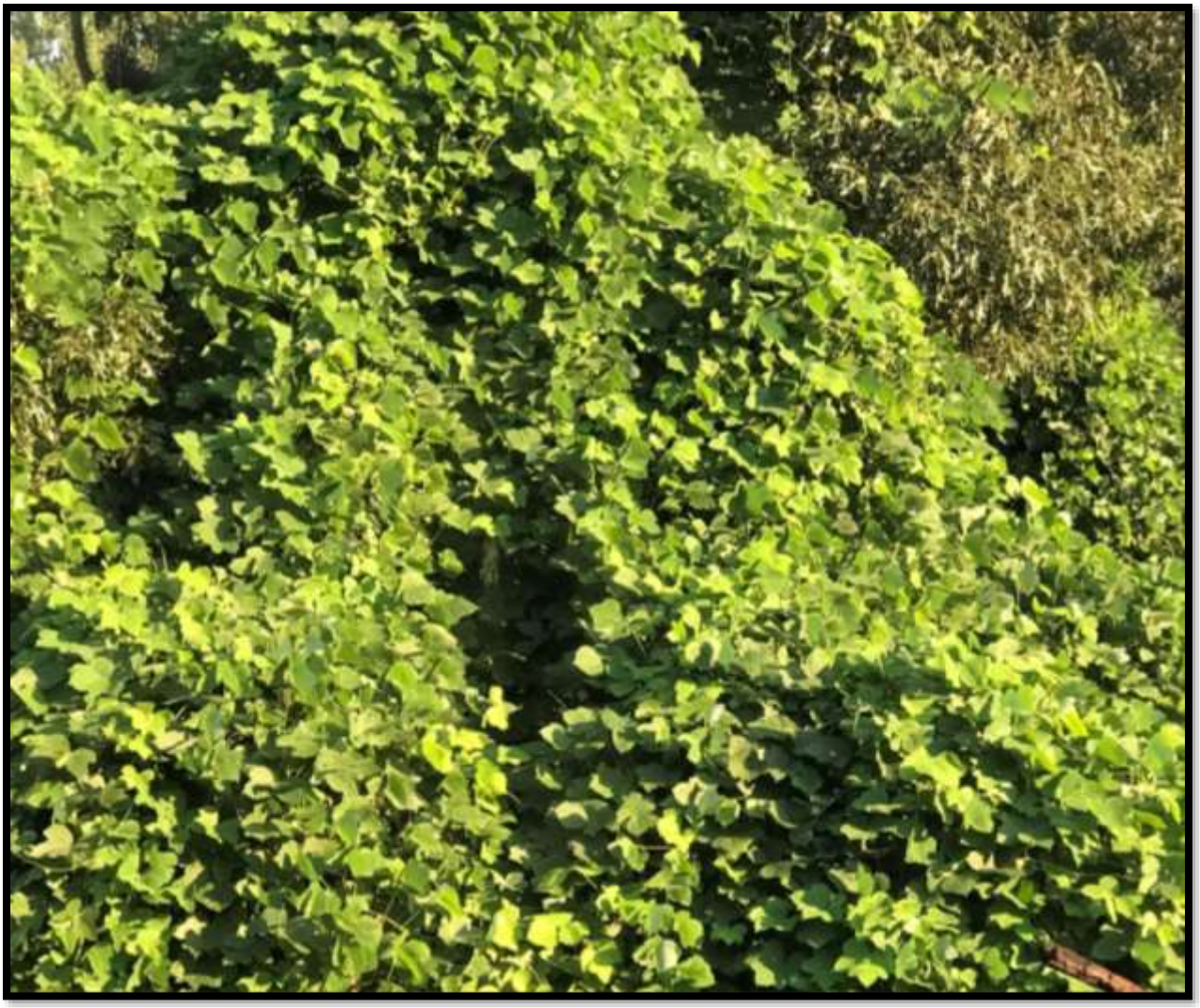
A few weeks ago, a married couple, each celebrating a signature birthday on the same day, leased the entire facility, and made it open to the public. They rented a mechanical bull for the Courtyard and the party goers roamed around as they also listened to the already scheduled concert at the Brickhaus for the evening. Piggybacking compatible events pays off! Indeed, the night before these two simultaneous events, Bill had hosted a winging party for 17 graduating first-strike Navy pilots, and many family members and guests, and at the same time hosted another concert in the Courtyard. Hundreds of people had a fine time in downtown Meridian that weekend! Bill was back in the swing of things, as once again life was taking off!

All Together Now: The Kudzu Project

A contemporary project, currently underway in Meridian MS and elsewhere, involves the invasive plant species known as kudzu. This crop is growing wild and covers an estimated 7.3 million acres in the Deep South. Its growing habit causes it to be a net emitter of carbon as its rapid growth rate and large rootball are disruptive in nature, contrary to the admirable goal of current environmental scientists of reducing soil disruption from tillage.

For a number of years, we have been working on creating a network of demand for kudzu as a crop for people to eat. Chemical eradication simply adds to the planetary burden; eating the crop removes that extra burden as well as killing the invasive character of the plant and its disruptive carbon habit, while providing food from unharvested food already present and creating jobs and infrastructure to do so. The goal is to create a wining situation for humanity and the planet from a situation that is currently only a disaster.

To summarize our ongoing activities, we reprint the most recent updates on this project that appeared in *Solstice: An Electronic Journal of Geography and Mathematics*, Volume XXXV, Number 1, 2024. They appear below, with salmon-colored background. Only the formatting has been modified to fit with formatting in this work. At the end, there is an image gallery suggesting ways in which elements from the past are working together with those of the present to drive the project forward into the future.



Kudzu choking an oak tree by depriving it of sunlight; oak leaves upper right and a few on the left.

Kudzu Project Update

(Solstice article authors: Sandra L. Arlinghaus and William E. Arlinghaus)

Introduction

Kudzu is a leafy green plant that cascades over existing vegetation, telephone poles,

and even buildings, as it sprawls across the landscape choking out sunlight, and

therefore life, for all that it covers. One method for its control, largely untapped, is to eat kudzu: to transform a serious problem from an invasive plant into a constructive edible for a broad segment of human population.

There are about 7.3 million acres of kudzu growing wild in the southeastern part of the USA. It is human food that is treated as a waste product, at best, when instead it might be used as food. Even worse, it is a net emitter of carbon as it grows at breakneck speed creating large rootballs (of up to about 400 pounds) that fracture the soil open as the plant invades the landscape, often with a foot of growth per day.

In an effort to balance the large supply of existing wild kudzu with a created large demand, one critical goal of this project is to lead humans to choose to eat kudzu. In references cited at the end of this article, we presented various efforts in this direction, involving kickoff events, suited to the spring and summer weather. With Autumn, came tougher kudzu and eventually no kudzu for harvest.

Winter Progress

Over the past winter, our team has continued to work in directions not reliant on having a ready supply of fresh, green kudzu leaves. Initially, we tried to freeze the tough, mature kudzu leaves. We froze them on the vine, wrapped in plastic—as perhaps the easiest way to deal quickly with a possible large, simultaneous, influx of thousands of leaves. That process did not work well; the plant material froze quickly, but when thawed it became smelly and unattractive. We tried that simple process in two different freezers: one home freezer and one commercial freezer. We did not

pursue this approach with any more mature kudzu leaves; if we had, the next step might have been to remove the leaves from the vines, parboil the leaves, chop the leaves, and package them in an airtight container. That strategy would create a huge increase in processing costs and time and, we thought, was best left to commercial/industrial establishments that already had facilities in place for such procedures (such as companies that produce packages of frozen chopped spinach for supermarkets) to be executed in a safe manner.

Thus, we proceeded with cooking with other leafy greens with the idea that what works for various leafy greens would likely also work for kudzu. In addition to regular cooking with fresh organic spinach, rainbow Swiss chard, and kale, we also experimented with broccoli leaves. These leaves were a beautiful deep green and larger than young kudzu leaves. We found that eaten raw, they had a mild flavor that tasted a bit like broccoli and that they made an outstanding side dish when briefly cooked in chicken stock and served with butter, as one might with spinach leaves. They were also attractive when used as a garnish or as a base on which to place cheese on a serving board or platter. We found that patrons at the Brickhaus enjoyed shredded broccoli leaves, served instead of shredded head lettuce, on chicken breast sliders.

In summary, we became convinced from our various efforts over the past year that:

- Kudzu made a fine garnish on serving platters.

- Young kudzu worked well as a leaf to wrap around sausages (or others) in much the way that one might use grape leaves.
- It was likely that young kudzu would work well in any conventional dish, such as spinach lasagna, mixed greens salad, and more. That it could be served alone, or in combination with other greens so that, for example, spinach might be used together with kudzu in creating a green layer within lasagna.
    - Kudzu, alone, has a somewhat grassy flavor but is generally mild-flavored with a verdant appearance when eaten raw or lightly cooked.
    - Kudzu leaves take on the flavor of what they are being cooked with. Thus, it is a taste that is easy to acquire.

What has also become evident over time, is that the biggest problem in converting kudzu into a crop eaten by humans, at least within the local realm of the Deep South where kudzu is dominant, is one of perception. Many of the people who were actively interested in eating it with us, as guests, were not from a hometown where kudzu was prevalent.

Kudzu Resistance

We have had the opportunity to talk to local folks about their attitudes toward kudzu. The most common reactions to the question, "would you eat kudzu" are disbelief expressed in various ways:

> "What??? Kudzu??? Is it edible?? NO! Why would I eat that. It's a disgusting common weed! No way!! YUCK!"

When we asked why they felt this way about it, there typically was no further additional articulation. When we pursued the issue, and asked how they thought it might be different from eating kale, for example, again there was sometimes no further comment other than repetition of the first reaction, but also there was growing hostility. Over the winter, we found this reaction to be a consistent pattern.

One woman said that not only would she refuse to eat it, serve it, or recommend it, but also that it had no nutritional value. When we offered her a reference to the contrary (on the latter point) she refused to take it. About a month later, when we saw her briefly, she asked if we were still interested in that 'stuff' (meaning eating kudzu). When we assured her that we were, she just shook her head with clear disdain. We talked to a man, over 85 years of age, who was clearly adamant that one does not eat kudzu, nor should one even consider such an idea. The wisdom of his years had not landed on the prospect of human consumption of kudzu. Then, just recently, we were both talking to an African-American man who said yes, he had lived his whole life in East Central Mississippi and of course he ate kudzu. He said it was good and that he liked it, as he liked collards. As Bill and I thought about the cultural background of those who had expressed negativity toward kudzu, we concluded that they were probably all from a Southern white background (predominantly male, but some female). Perhaps the sample we had talked to needed enlargement.

Our next step is to see if we can locate others, across a broad cultural local spectrum,

who already eat kudzu and then to work with the local churches these people are affiliated with to see if larger organizations of individuals might be interested in harvesting wild kudzu as a way to feed those in need. We might also learn a great deal from them about how they already enjoy preparing kudzu; do they add sugar to water or stock they boil it in? Do they add spices of various kinds? Do they serve creamed kudzu? Do they serve pickled kudzu? Do they use it as a 'mix-in' of some sort? What sorts of pairings do they consider? And more…

East Central Mississippi appears to be a community that prides itself on taking care of those who are less fortunate than most, often through church and other outreach efforts. Perhaps kudzu harvesting (acres of 'free' food) would be something they could get behind, from serving kudzu dinners at the church to outreach in overcoming produce-inadequacy in local food deserts. Time will tell.

Haute Cuisine Connection

Once the ready adopters have encouragement to continue eating kudzu, perhaps through local churches, then we seek to educate others to the possibility of eating kudzu. When people see kudzu as a simple replacement for spinach, kale, or other habitually-eaten greens, they may see no particular reason to incorporate them into their diets—despite pleas from well-meaning academics and other environmental advocates to do so. People need to choose what to eat, rather than be told what to eat. Most mothers of toddlers know this: give the child a choice from among three vegetables rather than just shoving your choice at him. Then, the child has partial

ownership of the process and wants to like the choice he made.

And that sort of process applies elsewhere, as well. Give an adult a choice between a yellow snack cake filled with fake crème and a French éclair made from scratch pâte à choux dough and filled with handmade crème pâtissière, all topped with dark chocolate ganache. Some adults may choose the snack cake for dessert but most will probably choose the éclair. They should be free to choose for themselves; however, wonderful cuisine can help to educate and thereby guide choice in a desired direction.

So, once we all know how to include kudzu in salads, in pasta dishes, as a creamed side dish, or as a pickled topping for burgers, it is time for classical haute cuisine to enter the picture. To offer extra, perhaps particularly desirable, alternatives that increase kudzu demand as they focus on other well thought-out ingredients in association with constructive environmental pictures. And that is where we enlist the aid of Les Dames d'Escoffier, and others, to help lend a creative culinary, as well as marketing, helping hand.

Imagine, for example, chefs on the Food Network TV shows, such as Chopped, challenging contestants to come up with creative ideas for making intensive use of premium-Meridian wild kudzu? Or Guy Fieri, visiting local diners that make interesting use of kudzu? Thousands and thousands of followers are influenced by these shows, from the diner to the luxury restaurant. Create demand for kudzu, designed to exhaust its wildly overwhelming supply, by increasing its panache!

Kudzu: Next Steps of William E. Arlinghaus

A Major Green Industry—Future Dream?

Imagine, a Deep South embracing eating kudzu in the future much as folks there eat collard greens today. Everyone knows how to cook them. Chefs and homemakers, grandmothers and school teachers, all pride themselves on their own personal touches for making kudzu special for their loved ones, customers, and students. The burden of kudzu is diminishing and its invasive character is no longer a particular threat. We know how to control it although it remains present among us (perhaps a lesson learned with the recent pandemic?). The demand for kudzu now outstrips its supply; the carbon footprint of kudzu has been reduced; native plants are surviving and thriving. Life is good, in terms of the threat from kudzu.

How do we make this dream a reality? The answer may lie in developing kudzu as a green industry. Envision it as headquartered in Meridian, to take advantage of numerous opportunities such as 'premium kudzu' (fed only from the finest waters from the PFA-free aquifer underlying East Central Mississippi). House the headquarters in an historic building, such as the Temple Theater, that would benefit from such a restoration and usage. As the current downtown Meridian Renaissance evolves, Green Kudzu LLC, could become part of that with an eventual buildout of hiring 500 local workers, at various educational levels, many from the local resource base. We would need harvesters, food processors, chefs, packagers, administrators, landscape architects, environmental scientists, teachers, and a host of others. And we

would need avenues for funding, perhaps through governmental grants of sorts, awards from various entities, or support from human demand sustained over time. As the kudzu problem becomes controlled, we might morph one successful strategy to manage other similar problems with wild bamboo, seaweed, and more. The prospects seem unlimited: the key is to turn apparent disadvantage into advantage through creative effort.

Previous Material on the Kudzu Project

The list below enumerates our effort of published materials on this topic, to date. If no author is specified, then it is the *Solstice* Editor (Sandra L. Arlinghaus) who wrote about the topic.

2023, December. *Solstice: An Electronic Journal of Geography and Mathematics*. Ann Arbor: Institute of Mathematical Geography, Volume 34, Number 2. December 21, 2023.

- Update: Kudzu Project (Sandra L. Arlinghaus)
- Kudzu Project: Beyond the Kickoff (Sandra L. Arlinghaus)

2023, June. *Solstice: An Electronic Journal of Geography and Mathematics.* Ann Arbor: Institute of Mathematical Geography, Volume 34, Number 1. June 21, 2023.

Special Issue: Kudzu Kickoff

- Kudzu Kickoff—Initiation (Sandra L. Arlinghaus)
- Kudzu Kickoff: March 26 and May 7 (William E. Arlinghaus)

2021, December. *Solstice: An Electronic Journal of Geography and Mathematics*. Ann Arbor: Institute of Mathematical Geography, Volume 32, Number 2. December 21, 2021.

"Update on Activities (Water supply/aquifer free from PFAs)."

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"Update on Activities (Kudzu Project)."

2020, December. *Solstice: An Electronic Journal of Geography and Mathematics*. Ann Arbor: Institute of Mathematical Geography, Volume 31, Number 2. December 21, 2020.

- "Update on Activities (History Garden)."
- "Planning Units: Kudzu Opportunity Zones?" Sandra L. Arlinghaus, William E. Arlinghaus, and Weston Lindemann
- "Kudzu, Carbon Footprint, and Bioplastics." Sandra L. Arlinghaus, William E. Arlinghaus, and Weston Lindemann.

2020, June. Arlinghaus, Sandra L., with William E. Arlinghaus and Weston Lindemann. Green Tables Section. "Eating 'the Vine that Ate the South': Turnabout is Fair Play." Les Dames d'Escoffier International. *Quarterly*. Spring 2020, p. 28.

2019, December. *Solstice: An Electronic Journal of Geography and Mathematics*. Ann Arbor: Institute of Mathematical Geography, Volume 30, Number 2. December 2019.

- "Introduction" to the Special Issue on Bonus Use.
- "Kudzu Cascades: Bonus Use Leads to Economic Opportunity?" Sandra L. Arlinghaus, William E. Arlinghaus, and Weston Lindemann.

2018, December. *Solstice: An Electronic Journal of Geography and Mathematics*. Ann Arbor: Institute of Mathematical Geography, Volume 29, Number 2. December 2018.

"Cascade: Observation and Challenge."

Image Gallery



At this event in the summer of 2023, there were a few dozen food stations serving crawfish boil, a local tradition. At the Brickhaus station we had the required crawfish boil and we also had steamed sausage wrapped in kudzu leaves. We made only about 200 servings; people came running across the City Hall (white building corner in upper left) lawn to try some. They were orderly about sampling the different crawfish boils; they clamored for Brickhaus kudzu!



Conecuh sausage, a local Alabama specialty, wrapped in kudzu leaves, mounted on skewers, and steamed in proprietary Brickhaus crab boil.



Young kudzu leaves: the underneath side shows very little fuzz at this stage. It is good eaten raw, as is, with a verdant flavor and quite tender. I like it much better than baby kale. However, my favorite leafy greens remain Swiss chard and watercress.



Combining the old with the new: notice potato steamer upper left; one form of conventional platter with kudzu as a garnish. There are various ways to use kudzu, all of which create demand for it!

Kudzu Nutrition Links



Quince tree, loaded with large fruit, near 2003 Country Club Drive, Meridian, MS. We grow what we eat, in the real or poetic worlds. What else…quince….kudzu and beyond…

"They dined on mince and slices of quince, which they ate with a runcible spoon."
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat, Edward Lear

- CDC Report: https://www.cdc.gov/nutritionreport/pdf/Isoflavones.pdf
- Healthline: https://www.healthline.com/nutrition/kudzu-root
- As fodder: https://www.mdpi.com/2077-0472/9/10/220#:~:text=Corley%20et%20al.,for%20growing%20ruminants%20%5B20%5D.
- Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center: https://www.mskcc.org/cancer-care/integrative-medicine/herbs/kudzu#:~:text=Kudzu%20is%20an%20herb%20used,anti%2Dinflammatory%20and%20neuroprotective%20properties .

Into the Future…Circling Around the Spiral!

What began for me as a characterization of 'World Food Systems' coming from a course taught by John Nystuen in the Department of Geography at The University of Michigan in the 1970s, became for many a reinterpreted view of food systems from the global to the regional. In conceptually traversing various scales of food systems, starting with the global, the antipodal point must be the most local: that of the individual family unit. That is what I have looked at here for my own natural family. And, I encourage others to do so, as well. It is not easy to do; different generations overlap in different ways and it may be difficult to discern traditions and opportunities that arose through such overlap.

Mathematics might not be particularly useful in characterizing single food systems. But as an archive of more and more individual family food systems emerges, might it become useful in considering systems of food systems (MetaSystems)? For example:

- What are the middle values of food systems between global and local—what traits do they have in common? That is a use of the Law of Excluded Middle.
- Does the union of small food systems make a larger one—applications of Set Theory? Overlap in systems might be represented using Venn Diagrams—pinpointing common food waste areas? How does a union of small food systems compare and contrast to a single large food system conceived at the global level? Is there continuity of some sort leading to a point-set topology of food systems?

- Is there an algebra of mappings to describe transformations or food transitions? Are there food morphisms, food categories, and food commutative diagrams?
- Is there a layering of food systems—organized perhaps in a manner similar to central place theory? Can fractal geometry then be used to capture elements of the layers that endure as the system morphs over time?

Stay tuned—these are exciting questions to continue to think about; in the meantime, one challenge is to create a library of food systems at various scales to work with as input elements in this abstract structure!

Acknowledgements, References, and Further Reading

In addition to links already present in the text, we offer the following links and sources.

- University of Chicago, Special Collections Research Center: Daniel Meyer, Eileen Ielmini, Catherine Uecker, Joseph T. Scott. http://news.lib.uchicago.edu/blog/2016/10/25/alma-and-donaldlachs-legacies-continue-in-special-collections/
- Photographer: Marc Monaghan, Chicago. http://www.marcmonaghan.com/home--singles/ Full photographic set: Contact Sandra Lach Arlinghaus, sarhaus@umich.edu , http://www-personal.umich.edu/~sarhaus/
- Alma Lach website links:
  http://www.AlmaLach.org
  https://www.mylovedone.com/AlmaLach/#
  https://www.mylovedone.com/AlmaLach/pixell.html
- Arlinghaus, Sandra L. and Arlinghaus, William C. The fractal theory of central place hierarchies: a Diophantine analysis of fractal generators for arbitrary Löschian numbers, ***Geographical Analysis: an International Journal of Theoretical Geography***. Ohio State University Press. Vol. 21, No. 2, April, 1989, pp. 103-121.
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