

Dear Dal,

3/27/95

Driving home from the physical therapy I have Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays following the blood tests I have those days, I was listening to a newscast until the announcer said, "The New Zealand ambassador said...." with which my mind left that newscast. It retreated more than 30 years to my previous New Zealand connection. I have a half hour before I call the lab to get the test results. Then I may have to phone the doctor to learn how much of the rat poison that keeps me alive to take. Not until I get the results will I know. If I do that can take hours before I get through and then it can take more hours before I am called back. With these uncertainties I do not want to get into what requires concentration. So instead back to that newscast.

I do not now recall how it happened ^{but} the New Zealand embassy was a customer when we farmed. I made deliveries of what we produced each Wednesday. For the most part my customers told me each Wednesday what they wanted the coming one. There were a few exceptions. Mrs. John Foster Dulles' secretary who as I recall was her husband's cousin phoned me Tuesday while I was in the middle of dressing fowl. So also did a few others. Some never ordered in advance and took a chance that I'd have what they'd want.

Sir Leslie Knox Monroe was the ambassador when I started serving them. His wife did and did not tell me what to bring next trip. I knew on the eggs. It was five dozen of the largest. And they were big! *(He had a Bimboish build and was very friendly)*

The embassy and the chancellery were next to each other on the east side of Observatory Circle. Perhaps Road. The street that bordered that side of the Navy's observatory of importance years in the past and to become ^{the} official home of vice president. The new British chancellery was on the ^{corner} of Massachusetts Avenue. I usually drove past the NZ chancellery, turned around and parks between it and the embassy. There was a gate in the wooden ^{fence} ~~bar~~ between them. It led to a paved walkway to the kitchen door that was six or eight steps down. They had a large black standard French poodle that was quite friendly with me.

I took with me, besides the eggs they got, either what had been ordered or a selection of what I guessed they might want next based on what they'd been getting. If Lady Knox Monroe was not in the kitchen when I got there, Rosie, the refugee Austrian cook would call her. The particular day I have in mind for the story to tell you she was obviously distraught because, as I learned, there had been an unexpected change in the social arrangement for the organizational meetings of SEATO, that treaty of the past. The change had them hosting that night's dinner on very short notice.

Looking at me while listening Rosie asked me with her eyes. I nodded my head yes. So Rosie suggested to Lady Knox Monroe that perhaps I might have enough extra to provide the main course. I did, of roaster. They were one of our two specialties. Relieved they got however many it would take to serve the number of guests they were to have that very night.

The next week I was greeted by two very happy and obviously pleased women. First Rogie told me that the birds were so big a success two ambassadors went to the kitchen to ask her where she got them. And then the Lady said something similar when she came. She was, obviously, very pleased that the dinner had been such a success and among those to whom exceptionally good food was no rarity.

(Manic Eisenhower also went down to the Dulles' kitchen to ask their cook, a Dane named Bertha, where she got that wonderful, individual-serving birds. Bertha told her. She told me Mrs. Dulles had picked what she, Bertha, regarded as the least appropriate presentation and preparation, with aspic. When the Dulleses were not home, Bertha's husband, Albert, gave me a shot of his, Dulles' favority whisky, Old Overholt, a rye.)

In delivering ~~the~~ to the Knox Monroes I perceived a change in their dog who had the run of the fenced-in area. He was ^{4/}turning bad. It showed in his eyes. The Lady did not believe me when I told her. Until the day he bit me. On the ramp as I was about to go down those stairs. It was not a bad bite because the tub in which I carried the birds, which had a handle, caught ^{him} ~~he~~ about the time he clenched his teeth. But they were upset, those two women. By the time I could get to the chancellery someone there had been told. One of the attaches took me into a room, ^{washed} ~~washed~~ the bite ^{with alcohol} and put iodine into the tooth marks. There were no complications. And it did not make a diplomatic incident. But it did lead to that dog being restrained early Wednesday mornings, ^{anyway}.

When Knox Monroe was made ambassador to the UN, I still left those five-dozen very large eggs there, they were taken to New York by train, and at the end of each month the Lady mailed me her personal check from the Hotel in which they lived, as I recall The Drake.

I had a similar arrangement with the British but all or almost all my dealings were with the French chef, Michel, who became a friend and brought his little boy up to the farm to see and feel live animals. The first time the kid did not want to go home. The arrangements there were through several different ambassadors. I remember the one with the bad arm and a record of not being all that much against Hitler. Was it Inverness? I remember Frank also. ^{Mr. Oliver} Michel bought his eggs and poultry on the commercial market for all but the family and their guests. That he got from me. When Burchill was to be there that was a big deal. I've forgotten the other special guests but for Winnie's dinner Michel ordered individual-serving birds, only five-six weeks old. Once in a while when she was nearby the ambassadoress would thank me for the success of her party.

To get to the kitchen I had to go past the several entrances to the chancellery, which those in it referred to as "the ^{ew} chewing-gum factory." The guard would phone my customers and they'd come down and get what they'd ordered or ^{more} ~~some~~ more than that. I usually spent several minutes at those doors. Once a rather smart-alecky comment was made by a stranger, about that hand-tub of fowl and the carrier of eggs some of which could not fit inside the cartons. When later his picture was in the papers I came to

believe that man was ⁱⁿ Philby. ~~He~~ was not a customer and that is the only time I think I saw him, as he was leaving.

What we produced was so popular there that when the top man in ~~the~~ poultry in the British government came to this country for a month's tour of the larger establishments, including breeding farms. the assistant agricultural attache, a Welshman, brought him to our place as his first stop. With his little daughter, ^{6 wimeth}.

Believe it or not the report that ^{expert} filed was actually classified!

But that attache, whose name I recall as Williams, was so please ^{d/} he took me to his office, warned me that I had to keep it to myself, and let me read the two mentions made of our birds. I recall one, that they had the finest ^{breasts} seen in this country.

I never traded on names but they had no way of knowing that. I'd have liked to have it as a souvenir.

Awaiting callback. As I look out my office window I see a pair of mallards in our swimming pool. Yesterday it was a pair of honkers, Canadian geese. The forsythia and narcissi are in bloom, just beginning. Some of the ^{will} flowering trees are beginning to bloom. The ^{we} habit has taken over one of ^{we} Hil's flowerbeds and there is little she can do about it. Prolific weed, first to bloom. ^{we} are just beginning to get the kind of nice weather you are giving up for while. I was just able to walk to the road and back without bundling up. I see the honkers are back and the ducks have gone. Breeding season is now time to be near a male ^g honker! Had some on the farm I'd tamed. Planned to ~~write~~ write a children's book about them, ^{through the glass} telling them the story of life, but ^{or} never got around to it. Took pictures for it. Had them so tame they came at my call and actually ate from my mouth without biting me. Have some pictures of that. The anti-Kennedy Richard Whalen ("The Founding Father" about Joe), right-wing thinker and Nixon White House aide, took some good ones.

Doing this instead of finishing a book I recommend to you. I've saving what remains to be read for Wednesday reading while waiting at the Lab and the physical therapists'. It is by Donald Gibson, Battling Wall Street (Sheridan Square). Good on JFK's policies and some of our more influentials who opposed him. Overpriced but watch for remaindering. ...Mail here. Mallrds came up to the house after they and the geese ate all the corn ^{il} put out. They did not fly off when she went out to give them more. Best

Harold