

Dear Bill,

3/13/94

Dear Bill, Oh, well! My typing is worse because of a split fingertip and this time I think I may have learned a contributing factor. But it is not nearly as bad as in other years of the recent past.

How did I become the national barbecue king? Because of a dear friend of the time, the Uruguayan military ~~attaché~~ <sup>attache in Washington, a pure</sup> ~~ambassador~~ <sup>blooded</sup> Scotchman who did not learn to speak English until in World War II he was sent to London as the military attache there. And he learned it with such a pronounced ~~Scottish~~ <sup>Scotch</sup> accent I believed when I first met him as a Uruguayan that he was Scotch. As he really was. He was the great grandson of the Scotch scientist who did, as I recall, some basic work on gases. <sup>General</sup> Guillermo Murdoch. The male line continued although probably with Uruguayan wives. He was a fine and an intensely democratic man. When he was recalled to Montevideo it was to become army chief of staff. One of his previous commands of which I remember him talking was along the border with Brazil, I believe a real hinterland.

At least in those days and in at least that part of Latin America the barbecues were rather traditional. They were called "asados" and usually were of whole animals, the size depending on the size of those to be fed. It was an all-male operation. His nickname was "Boo." I do not know why. Boo used to like to come up and have an ~~asado~~ <sup>asado</sup>. I would get a kid, a lamb, a piglet or once a half of a calf. And he would barbecue them with wood, not with charcoal. He ~~based~~ <sup>based</sup> them with what I used as my barbecue sauce. It was really a marinade. I've forgotten the recipe. But I think I have some of the literature I used to give our customers and that sheet has the recipe as I used it that extraordinarily hot <sup>day</sup> on the grounds of the Dover, Delaware high school.

And we were put in the sun, with no nearby shade!

Not only did I win, but that recipe was used in entry blanks for the contest for years.

I hated the parade, with Lil sitting next to me in an open convertible and having to wave back at the large crowd of strangers wherever we were driven. There was quite a number of cars led, I believe, by the national chicken cooking champion and her ~~queen~~ <sup>queen</sup> court of as I remember the <sup>farm</sup> beauty <sup>o</sup>ntest winners of a number of northeastern states, farm beauty contest winners, but I may be wrong in that.

What was fun, though, was the award that night in the high school auditorium.

The governors of <sup>(Calab Beigg)</sup> Delaware and Maryland were both there. I had known the governor of Delaware when we were at the state university, he a class or two ahead of me. Then Lil and I both knew him when we worked for the Senate, as he then did on the staff of Delaware's Republican Senator, John Townsend. There then was but one Senate office bldg.

Indigress. Townsend, often referred to as "Uncle Johnny," was an elderly, wealthy farmer. Whether strawberries were all of his farming I do not remember. Probably not. But he had lots of strawberries. And every year when they were ripe he had so many of

them trucked fresh from his farm(s) to the Senate. That day they were free to all who dined in any of the Senate's eating places. I remember the large restaurant in that building and its coffee shop and the main Senate restaurant in the Capitol building. Of course that cost the Senate. It provided the cream and sugar free. And it sold that many fewer orders of desert. But everyone enjoyed it and there were also free seconds.

Well, Cale was the governor of Delaware in as I now recall 1959 when I won the national barbecue contest. Maryland's governor, also there, was Willard Tawes. And it was the damndest thing, those two governors good-humoredly claiming me for his state. Cale had his routine of us being old pals from university days and working for the Senate together. But Tawes claims I was a citizen of and farmed in his state, so his state had the championship. And everyone enjoyed it.

Cale was making a deal of it for that purpose. I was a Maryland contestant.

As Boo had told me and as we learned, that marinade improved with uses. We kept it as long as six months and the more time passed the better it was. In use it picked up chicken juices, particularly fat.

Lil created an extraordinarily popular pate from it. I got us a butchering-size grinder and she ground boned pieces of chicken up and cooked them with that asado marinade and canned them and I sold them by the pint. I was a very popular dish and I supposed today would make a not inexpensive gourmet item. Our customers covered the Washington social and political spectrum, from receptionists to diplomats and cabinet members. And they all got it. If I remember correctly, a few once used those jars as Xmas presents, as they also did Lil's jellies, jams and preserves and oven birds.

Unusual for a military man, Boo used to boast about Uruguay's democracy, the most democratic in the hemisphere, north and south. And it was then true, too.

He also complained about his country being treated as a colony. They could ship us the shorn wool but no finished products. Only the raw material. He wanted their factories to have that work.

He had a place in a rural area as I recall the name <sup>Abre</sup> ~~Bare~~ per Domo, that had no real water supply. I remember getting for him from the ~~ag~~ Agriculture Department all it had printed on water systems for the farm.

The cookoff was in complete anonymity. The judges were nationally-famous foodeditors. They judged dishes in pairs, able to identify each dish only by its number.

That and the many millions of copies of that recipe printed in subsequent years lead me to believe I won it honestly.

I did have a secret weapon- a 5 and 40 cent store string kitchen-sink mop. I used it throughout the cooking to bathe the chicken halves with the marinade from the grill and when necessary, with what I added. That mop got all the pieces wet and kept them that way. I also had a buster that picks it up when you squeeze <sup>empty of air</sup> and blub and dispensed it when you squeeze to dispense it. That dishmop caught all eyes. And cameras, too!

With those reported <sup>ted</sup> False Oswald citations you spot in the 26 volumes, and not all are there, remember what you may have learned in your law practise, not all the people making such reports really saw anything. There were some fame-seekers, as always.

Some of our snow is melting fast, some isn't. The view from the living room is all snow to, past and on the frozen pond. Except a bare <sup>spot</sup> ~~snow~~ under the few pines in the clump below the house. But the lane is ~~mostly~~ mostly clear. Thanks to good neighbors, we made out OK.

I think you are correct on the political purposes of the to now baseless campaign against Clinton over Whitewater. It is intended to ruin Clinton by the GOP when it has little else it can use. What this does <sup>to</sup> the country they care nothing about. Or to how the government is impeded by it. It does interfere with the functioning of government. And further undermines all faith in all governments.

I think that if the national GOP really believed it has a story to tell, your words, it would do that. That is the way they get and hold members. But beginning about World War II they were mostly aginers, without anything else other than a determination to make the rich richer at the cost of all others and with an intent to lower wages to increase profits that way. Not like in Lincoln's day. Years ago there were some fine GOP senators who knew Lil's and my faces well enough to greet us. Like Nebraska's George Norris, who <sup>stated</sup> ~~stated~~ TVA, and William Borah. Reminds me.

One day before Pearl Harbor Norris, whose vision had deteriorated greatly, saw Hil and me walking into the building near an entrance, which had the light in his eyes. He said to her, Young Lady, you should wear lisle stockings. And he then explained Japanese atrocities in China. Politely, she thanked him and said she would. That ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> pre-nylon. And she was wearing lisle stockings. Among the other young women I then knew who were also wearing lisle stockings was your Kentuckian, Carol Agger, who married Abe Fortas, and Francis Wheeler, Senator Bert's daughter. (He was a GOP, too. And in at least part of his day a fine Senator).

The first of the more conspicuous GOP successes in the dirtiest of distiness in politics was pulled here in Maryland, A dum dum named J. Glenn Beall was running against the very conservative Democrat Millard Tydings. Tydings was such a man that on the Hill, behind his back, he was referred to as "Hitlord" Tydings. The Saturday before the Tuesday elections the GOP flooded the state with a small newspaper, as I recall only four pages, tabloid size, with a fake picture of Tydings and Earl Browder, then head of the Communist party, as though they were the closest of buddies. They actually got away with it when there was no time for the exposure of the fake and the refutation of the deadly political fake. (The next election, Tydings' adopted son Joe beat Beall. Joe Tydings was in some ways liberal, as his father was not in any way.) My first magazine expose of US corporate coziness with the Nazis was not that but it was Tydings help in bringing a Nazi here and in getting him started making shoes near where Tydings lived. A ~~bt~~ better way to put it

is that the reaction to that story, complete with documents bearing SECRET stamps in the Senate and elsewhere is what got me started on exposing Nazi cartels.

The success of that great GOP dishonesty encouraged it to make that evil practise its norm. They have repeated it elsewhere. Often. And as of now isn't that what their Whitewater campaign amounts to?

I think but I'm not sure that the basis of C & G's business is the reprinting of classics of the past. Gallen has done some good books on Malcolm X and Thurgood Marshall with them but I've not seen coming from them what is likely to make them best-seller lists.

It is not Israel alone that has problems from those radicals or from such radicals in general. Those radicals were largely but not entirely created by the Muslim radicals about whom ~~no~~ no body ever does anything or about or to those who have made them possible and have financed and succored them, beginning with Saudi Arabia. Or about the most frightful of similar abuses, some ever so much worse and practically unknown, by Muslims. As today in the Sudan. It is an immensely complicated problem with two peoples asserting legitimate claims to the same land. But the land in question is where the Jews originated. It was stolen from them and most of them, from time to time, were killed and driven off. They remain the only people denied their homeland, at least the center of it, and they have the rest yet to hold with the entire Muslim world save Egypt remaining in a state of war with it. I deplore and entirely disagree with those radicals but they were created. And as they may well be asking, when will the Russians be forced to give up what was eastern Poland, the Poles what was eastern Germany, the Italians what had been the Austrian Tyrol, the United States what it took from so many, all of which is justified if any of the now-called West and must be surrendered.

The basis of the UN resolutions is a guarantee to Israel that it can live at peace and within secure borders. Do you see any Muslims wanting that or any of those behind all the terrorists doing a thing to make it possible? Or that those groups will? Or that Arafat's word is worth anything at all? Complicated and troubling and not soon ending.

Our best,



Oh the chicken, there is one that lays a blue egg, the Araucanas, of Chile. Not from blue feathers, though.