

Trujillo's son-in-law or brother-in-law, military attache, with the ellipsis his role in the Arbenz overthrow, from Venezuela. She was his mistress when I knew her because he couldn't shed the Trujillo woman, repeatedly described by others as a whore. The Washington assignment was an accomodation to free them both, with a \$1,700 monthly remittance to him. He couldn't live on that, a fine income for the 1950s.

Harold Weisberg
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9/23/73

Dear Vivian,
It is with many regrets that I read of Nando's death in this morning's Post.

One always regrets the death of a friend, more that of one who so fully enjoyed life and living, and especially one who was so warm, so giving and so intensely human. He was, more than most latins I know, all of whom are that way by nature, a born raconteur. After all these years - and I knew Nando for some time before you and I met - I remember some of those stories so clearly. Particularly his account of how he survived birth and the means of his sustenance. I have often thought of and used in speeches one of his aphorisms, his special twist of Socrates and Ecclesiastes.

After the events of 1965, I made a number of efforts to learn where in Santo Domingo he lived. Didn't I once ask you?

As I was not always a farmer, so also did I want very much to talk to him about his unreported role in some important historical developments. He had indicated some to me rather broadly and at the time I did not question him because at the time it would have been wrong for him to respond. With the passing of time and the end of secrecy, of course, that changed. Some of our mutual friends in the diplomatic community also indicated knowledge, especially one other military attache.

How I wish I had known of his return to Washington! And that you had married. I recall your poignant sorrow when he was recalled. If his was a lingering heart condition, he would have enjoyed visiting us where we now live. We had to move from the farm. We are part of the way up a mountain, generally above the air pollution that may have given him problems. I think he would have enjoyed our situation, close to a city and close to Washington (an easy hour during rush traffic) yet isolated, in calm, quiet, and deep in nature.

I hope that in time you will visit us, one of the purposes of my writing to express our sorrow instead of sending a card.

Nando was so outgoing I doubt he told me anything he did not tell you in more detail, so I doubt I can tell you anything of him you do not know except a couple of humorous stories, perhaps. I remember one about his daring to trick Trujillo, which took some guts.

I suppose his return was after the attention to my books. However, if he did try to phone me, we have not been at the farm for six years. I don't think the petty sum he owed me would have deterred him.

When you feel up to it, I would like to discuss these historical things with you, for I would like to leave a record of them as he knew them. I think I do have a background for this, coming from myx life before I was a farmer. To the best of my knowledge, and I followed those things with care even when I farmed, there has never been any public acknowledgement of his services.

We join the many others whose lives Nando brightened in expressions of sorrow and sympathy that are not just formal. How can one be but formal when he remembers the time Nando and I were both broke and I needed some money he owed me that he could not then pay and he dashed off to return with three bottles, one of El Mono, anisette he gave personally to my wife and insisted was for her alone? (She didn't like it but from boyhood I have loved it - and it was the last good stuff I had!)

We do hope you can visit us. Please feel free to do it anytime, and I suggest that when the pain is sharpest, our surroundings here can mean much.

Sincerely,