

# Pat's Kitchen Taste

By Hugh A. Mulligan

PEKING — (AP) — In the family tradition of kitchen diplomacy, Pat Nixon made a tasting tour today of the kitchens of the famed Peking Hotel, the mother house of Chinese haute cuisine.

"This is, marvelous. I think I'll sit down and finish the whole bowl," exclaimed the First Lady, deftly locking her chopsticks into a morsel of chicken breast simmering in a soy and mushroom sauce.

All the chefs in their white Mao caps beamed with revolutionary pride as the President's lady gnoshed at random in the spotless white tiled kitchens.

There were golfish in white sauce, egg rolls rampant on a field of seaweed, steamed baby birds couchant and clam shell pastry, something hairy called "hair vegetable in in chicken soup" and hundreds of other delicacies being whipped up by the hotel's 115 chefs for the noonday delight of the 200 guests in residence, in the massive old hotel.

## Hour-Long Romp

Sun Hein Ming, chairman of the hotel's revolutionary committee, which in Maotalk means head chef, played galloping gourmet for Mrs. Nixon's hour-long romp through the menu.

"You Chinese are so artistic in everything," said the First Lady, admiring a piece of pastry in drag as a bird of paradise.

Mingling with the comrades slaving over a platter of hot hors d'oeuvres, Mrs. Nixon was persuaded to sample a sweet and sour stuffed pickled squash.

## Warning—Late

"It's delicious. Here, try it," said she, turning to a reporter.

He swallowed as directed and experienced a small nu-

clear explosion in the duodenal chamber.

"Very spicy," explained Mrs. Nixon's interpreter, too late.

Amid a flood of TV lights and a push of reporters reminiscent of her husband's

kitchen debate in Moscow, Mrs. Nixon proved an apt student of the four styles of Chinese cooking.

She barely blanched in passing through the rooms where pheasants and ducks hung out to drain, and with

instinctive savoir faire she refrained from asking the gourmet's name for the pork fillets that the chefs were kneading and molding into flaccid lumps.

"That one called Beautiful Woman's Rolling Buttocks."



**MRS. NIXON TRIES CHOPSTICKS—AND AMUSES AN ONLOOKER**

The First Lady's tour of the Peking Hotel kitchens was a social success

—AP Photo

# Tour

volunteered an interpreter out of range of the First Lady's hearing but with sufficient volume for the TV microphone.

"The President loves Chinese food," Mrs. Nixon assured the wives of the Chinese foreign minister and vice premier who accompanied her on the kitchen tour.

"I'd love to try some of these dishes on my friends, but I'm afraid I don't have the right equipment."

Toward the end of the long march down the endless corridors, the First Lady firmly turned chopsticks down on further sampling.

"All I seem to be doing all day is eating," she sighed, waving aside a proffered egg roll. "I don't want to buy all new clothes when I get back."

Mrs. Nixon revealed that on her first day in Peking she had solved the ancient Chinese puzzle of where to park the chop sticks between courses.

"You just lay them on someone else's plate," she said.

## At Summer Palace

In the afternoon Mrs. Nixon took advantage of the sunny weather to tour the capital.

Leading a contingent of reporters and TV cameramen through the Hall of Longevity and Happiness, she admired the jade flowers, the lacquered throne room of the famed Dowager Empress and the marble boat she had built to satisfy her conscience after squandering millions of dollars worth of naval appropriations on the elaborate palace.

The First Lady halted her tour down the famed Long Corridor leading to the Pavilion of the Fragrant Buddha to watch a group of schoolgirls jumping back and forth over two long elastic ropes.