

Dear Jim,

4/19/80

A beautiful letter like yours of the 5th deserved better than response when I'm tired enough to be in bed but am not because if I were tomorrow would start at 2 a.m. Our weather has broken ; is magnificent, and I've been making full use of the narvellous days.

In the morning, as every morning, I must get to what has again become very productive, seeking withheld official records. Day before yesterday I got another 2500 on JFK, I've just finished reviewing King assassination records abstracts that have taken me in these synopses to the end of 1969, and I've several more important letters to respond to. I believe it is wiser to save those for when I'm fresher, when the day starts.

We both enjoyed your letter very much, and I do mean enjoyed because it is good news, and we appreciate the amount of time you made for a full and lucid explanation of what can't be fully appreciated without experiencing it. I'd never thought of most of what you explain.

I have a vague recollection of Elizabeth Rudel Smith as treasurer and cracks, if my recollection is correct, about her name on so much money. I also have a vague recollection of reports that she was not the run-of-the-mill political appointee, even though her post meant she was rarely heard from in public (or at least the press).

You are both so fortunate to have each others friendship and support! While it should be something that everybody deserves, it isn't something that everyone has and it is especially just that you have this extra bonus from all the good works to which you have dedicated yourself.

If your first joing adventure in non-Chinese cooking was a success, perhaps you'd consider an ~~asado~~ asado? It could be fun and you'd have enough left-overs in your ~~free~~ freezers so that for a long time you could remove packages for unexpected emergencies - and good eatin".

An asado is a South American barbecue, sexist as heal in South Smerica but not here in Maryland. I learned it (and since have forgotten it) through friendship with the Uruguayan military attache in Washington, Guillermo Murdoch. He was on pure Scottish blood, although a second or third generation Uruguayian. Great grandso, i suppose, but I know of the Scottish scientist who does pinoeering work on gases. His nickname was Boo. When he learned English it was when he was military attache in London, during the war. It came out with a genuine Scottish burr, too. I though he was a Scot when I first met him.

The biggest binge we ever had at the farm was the celebration of his 63d birthday. It lasted all day, from breakfast until after supper, and I look back on what we drank, and I know we drank, as well as what I know we ate, with disbelief. It was 12 full hours of eating, drinking and other good clean fun, during which I also tended my flocks. I didn't get drunk until about 9 p.m.

The tradition of the asado is that the men do it. All of it. The women and the men each stay to themselves, the men drinking and talking while they cook outdoors. (No discrimination in the eating.)

We used to barbecue entire small animals, like kids and piglets. I've forgotten how we used to baste them, but I know I designed my championship barbebecue recipe after it and maybe a copy of it is around somewhere.

When we lived in D.C. is used charcoal, but all you could get then waws plumbers charcoal. No briquets. I then barbecued on the windowsill, within walking distance of the ~~of~~ Capitol. From the time we left DC until the very day I became the national champ, in the 1959 contest, I never used briquets. Hard wood.

Did I ever tell you that we once had a woman farm hand, Ella Mae? She had two

daughters, about 10 and 11, and a tragically broken marriage. We had a little tenant house and they were happy there. Well, every Friday night in decent weather we had them up to supper, the girls to roast their hot dogs, marshmallows and whatever else they fancied. I'd build the fire for them and keep an eye on it. But we had a farout goose, Oskar, who was a pyromaniac. Literally. He would tend the fire, too, taking wood in his big mouth and actually moving it around.

You may not be able to get kids or piglets easily, but the same thing works for almost anything. But it is much fun and delightful eating if you can get either.

And doing it also is much fun. We used to drink, chat, ~~while~~ watch what we ~~were~~ were doing, and do it. Never did the drinking interfere with the eating. Not even when it rained.

I end this digression with a boast. My Chicken Asado recipe, which may have been the most often printed chicken recipe ever, is what popularized using a marinade as a barbecue sauce.

We all cooked out in the open and as they had it set up that extraordinarily hot day, in the full sun. I'd been drinking all night with the press party, got almost no sleep, and almost passed out.

It ended with the ridiculous, two governors fighting over me to claim the champ for his state. Md.'s Willard Tawes, a hack Democrat, was boasting about the Marylander who was the champ only for the Governor of Delaware (the contest was in Dover that year) to rush up and say, hell not, he is from my state, Delaware, and he went to college with me. (True. Also knew he when he worked on Capitol Hill. He was a hack GOP.

I'd had no idea that so many good and concerned people had done so much to be able to help those battered by grief. It is all so fine! With so much potential for helping almost everybody at a very difficult time.

As you may have gathered, I've not been content to get what assassination records I can. Others have pertinence and I have those on the domestic intelligence situation in Memphis before and after the King assassination. Fantastic, too! I've been pushing for the other political records, those on and about King and his later efforts. I've just learned that there are 50 volumes on his March on Washington/Pocahontas (Poor Peoples Campaign)/Resurrection City. That's where I start in the a.m.

Thanks for taking all the time, for the encouraging news and for all the worthwhile information.

Hope your non-Chinese dinner was a success.

best,

