

# Wild Boar Barbecue for Philadelphia Chaîne at Janssen Farm

By BARBARA ANN ROSENBERG

The guests came from far and near to Bengt and Josephine Janssen's farm to enjoy the wild boar (which had, itself, traveled all the way from Texas to provide the centerpiece for this festive outdoor barbecue, the summer *Dîner Amicale* of the Philadelphia chapter of the Chaîne).

Chargé de Presse James Batt, manager of the Trusthouse Forte's Palace Hotel in Philadelphia, and a stalwart crew of helpers began the preparations at 2 A.M., building and banking the fire to the proper state of coals before hoisting the critter onto the hand-turned spit. No way were they even going to consider using one of those commercial mechanized contraptions. Nosiree . . . this was a Texas pig and it was going to get the old-fashioned pit barbecue treatment. So, with a sip of wine from time to time to give them strength and staying power, these *Rôtisseurs* basted and turned, turned and basted . . . and sipped again to fortify themselves once more.

By the time the boar was beginning to glaze and brown, and the aroma wafted over the meadow, up to the swimming pool, over to the trout stream, the guests were beginning to assemble . . . with fishing rods, bathing suits, badminton racquets and appetites. They all brought appetites, as well they might, because they knew they were in for a special feast. The day was sparkling clear, humidity-free and perfect for any of the choice of activities suggested by the host.

Mostly, though, they chatted and strolled over the idyllic grounds, quaffing *Gewürtztraminer*, or delicious German beer drawn from a keg, or *dacquiris* made from the perfectly ripe peaches just then in season. This was no classically designed meal. It was a pig roast, a barbecue, and whatever struck anyone's fancy and contributed to a good time were the only things to be considered.

In the meanwhile, the Batt crew kept turning and basting, basting and turning until that wafting odor had everyone salivating uncontrollably. So they brought on the *pâtés* . . . an assortment . . . *pâté maison*, liver terrine, and *terrine de canard*, all delectable. Not traditional barbecue fare, but just right for the occasion, and in keeping with the spirit of enjoy, enjoy!

At last chef Batt pronounced the boar was done. They gave it a last twirl or two for good measure, and the carving began.

No surgeon ever operated with more finesse, as the Chaîne Chevaliers and Dames and their guests, including the Finnish ambassador, Richard Muller, and his family, watched in fascination. (Chevalier Janssen is, himself, consul for Finland, Sweden, and Norway.)

The shiny, crisp-skinned boar was properly garnished with an array of vegetables, including a *ratatouille* of vegetables grown at a farm less than a mile from the Janssen property. The Silver Queen corn, too, was locally grown and picked minutes before it was consumed.

The boar was served, attended by assorted wines appropriate for a picnic . . . the sort of pleasant wines that might accompany a French family outing (different ones at every table, prompting lots of tasting back and forth). Hyped appetites went for helping after helping, with much laughter and merriment accompanying the feast.

Then fresh fruit pies were brought on . . . berry, apple, cherry, peach, with and without streusel topping, and pots of steaming coffee. The merriment went on until not a crumb was left, and the carcass of the boar and the happy memories of a splendid feast were all that remained. □