

JDW- a Mr. Maio story

You may recall that I've been trying to help him with his many problems, most of all with snafus over immigrations of close relatives whose entry has been approved by the Department of Labor, whose assistance he needs urgently, and one of whom is a stockholder of some size in the enterprise.

Several weeks ago a negative response to an earlier effort provided an opportunity. The word from the Embassy in Taiwan is that they had reason to suspect fraud and on specific issues. He assured me he had been truthful, no fraud and I said this was good because we could begin to work on specifics and face them down.

We get the proof together and confront them with it.

It has given them confidence and they wanted us to come in for dinner. Lil had been going over his records and selecting out what we need, so she had it to take to him.

Funny - an aside. He had been visited by a representative of the State Unemployment or other Commission, a man wanting evidence of his payment for the third quarter of last year. Typically, Mr. Maio referred him to Lil. This is the way it started, with him reminding Lil. Yes, she said, they claim you underpaid by 20%. We all laughed. Then she said you did, I have the check for 20% where you made it up. The guy asked Lil if she'd please waste 10% more and mail him a copy. It seems that the computers got fouled up. In some cases they did not send out the required forms and information, and in other cases it was not posted on receipt, Mr. Maio fit both. When Lil did not receive what she needed her best guess was 20% off.

So, we chatted a while, chewed a while, and then Mr. Maio announced that his two older sons would be coming to work for me a day each week. I protested that he needed their help and that there was school. No trouble with school, he replied, and Tuesday was a slow day, so they come Tuesday. I protested they really needed some time for themselves as well as their many tasks plus schoolwork. He brushed it all off as their desire. I accepted with thanks, sincerely, I assure you, subject to his not needing them and their not needing their books.

Well, maybe I'll get that hundred yars of ditch needed to fill the pond dug yet. And some topsoil for the stony, washed-off garden!

Mr. H and Lil were chatting and I knew she had more work to do tonight than she could, so I excused myself to go into the kitchen to say goodnight to Mrs. Maio. She was just finishing the only remaining order, so she said she'd come right out. She took her apron off and lo! she was in a spotless white traditional Chinese costume made of a non-Chinese material - beautiful. Lil admired it and asked if she'd made it. "Cost \$3.00" Mrs. M. said proudly. Justifiably, too. She cooks six days a week, keeps house, and did this in parts of her one day a week off! Industrious is hardly the word.

As we left I suggested that I might come in and go over the information when he has it all put together in a binder. No need to say too much, I said. He understood. Too much info might make an untight bureaucrat suggest to the Taiwanese officials that there had

currency regulation violations. I know of none and don't suspect any but do suspect that someone is going to be very anxious to prove he was less than a skunk. There are bank records on the stock ownership payments and he'll get them. But we'll not let the certifications suggest improprieties that do not exist.