

8 Mar 72

26 MAR 72

Notes from file girl:

Thanks for the Karnow piece on the immortal words by both Nixons in China. It was carried by one of the local papers but we're glad to have the original. How did you know we (this half of the "we," anyway - the meaner half) already have a collection of these gems?

26 Mar 72

If it weren't for the fact that I try to be careful about dates I wouldn't believe the one at the top. Have been too pushed by too many other things to get back to this, and are bracing ourselves for what now turns out to be at least two weeks on the early shift, with only one day off between them, too, to be spent sleeping - and indications that it may be longer than that. Before going under, am snatching the time to clear up a few odds and ends. I'll mark with [] those that need an answer (sometime) from you.

Back to the gems above. Apparently neither I, nor the gentleman with whom it has been my great pleasure to be associated, hear what we're supposed to. For instance, Nixon's "Let us start a Long March together." GWWIHBMGPTBA didn't react as everyone was expected to, that this was a compliment to the Chinese - no, he heard: Deal me in. Bet the Chinese heard the same thing. What affrontery. (Just checked the word: means "impudent and insulting boldness; presumptuous self-assertion; audacity." From the French for "boldness.")

Many thanks for the LIFE's, none of which we'd seen, except for the one on Peking visit. Do you want them returned? You didn't say (or we've forgotten) and we're assuming you don't need them, but we don't want to clip until we know. I'd love to have an extra of Mrs. Leader in Peking kitchen, all coy and girlish, looking up at girl cook. The cook was the one with dignity, natural, composed.

I was especially pleased to have the Sidey piece on the landing at Andrews and the reporters getting off the plane, "their pockets stuffed, their satchels bulging, with more packages under their arms - rugs, jade, gold, silver, silk, sculpture. Still plundering China, I suddenly thought, recalling some of the books I'd read about the way the West dealt with the Orient in the old days. There was a little twinge of inner pain." There was a good deal more than a little twinge for me when I heard of Our Pat's first reported words on Chinese soil (on seeing gift shops at Shanghai airport): "Look at all the things to buy!" Exactly the wrong thing to say. I was surprised at the violence of my reaction, and after I'd calmed down (took some time) I realized that what I'd heard was, Here come the rich Americans who can buy anything they want, including your self-respect. The Chinese have had quite, quite enough of that attitude, and one of the things they're proud of is that they've got rid of it, finally. And will not tolerate it again.

Well, before I expode, on to other things. This is going to be choppy and disorganized, dealing with a little pile of things before I can file, and I'm pressed for time.

Your undated scrap-note, mailing of 28 Feb: "Can't for the life of me remember why I sent you copyright pages of Dell edition WW or asked its return." You didn't send and didn't ask, but in last paragraph of your letter to Panzeca (2/9/72) you asked him for this; since we had that edition, made you a copy.

In another of your notes, undated, same mailing: you mention the surprise, the incomprehension, of the TV people in Peking at the way the streets were cleaned of snow.

There was plenty about this on radio, too, over and over; this one thing seemed to rock everyone. What's so difficult to understand? No, it wasn't this way in the past, but now the people seem to feel the city belongs to them. This feeling seems to me to fit in perfectly with the fact that the same average citizens were free to volunteer their help with the building of the Great Hall, and did - on weekends, vacations, in the evenings. Designed, built, equipped, landscaped -- fully completed in ten months. Now there's an idea for J. Edgar and his new palace.

As a matter of fact, the same thing works right here on Castle Rock Drive. When we first moved here in 1958 there were no more than five or six houses and the road was so impossible there were many times when we all had to park on the highway and walk in and out. We formed a little association, assessed ourselves dues which everyone paid (some at great sacrifice), saved our money for several years and when we had enough, used it for the materials and blacktopped the whole thing with our own personal muscles, including feminine ones. Now there are twenty-some families, most of whom had no part in this project, but even the very newest people are very, very protective of this street. We still pay dues, and several times a year have clean-up, weed-cutting, fix-up days. And no bayonets at our backs, either. Of course you can't judge Peking by this, bayonet-wise, because as Severeid explained, while he didn't see any beggars there, of course his interpreter wouldn't take him where he might see them. No matter that visitors have said for years that there simply are no beggars. None. Anywhere.

Scrap-note, 26 Feb: Boyd Douglas, and that the only talk of violence and bombing came from him. Haven't come to that yet in the NYTimes but when I do, after clipping will remember to copy for you. Just checked Times 26 Feb and there is a story along this line. If you're in no hurry, will come to it when I come to it.

This would be a good place to explain what you may have wondered about: why I get so far behind. I made a rough count the other day and found we have about 75 files going - I'd guess about 50 current ones - and do quite a bit of clipping for others, besides. Quite a problem sometimes, when something is on the back of something else. And notations to be made for some files when something which should be in it actually had to be put in another file with higher priority. I'm simply going to have to cut down somewhere, if I can find the will power for it. Going to be hard, though, since this is something I really enjoy doing.

Scrap, 26 Feb, yellow pen: "I have no yellow pen of the kind \bar{x} you use. I presume you have a special reason." Not really. Use it partly because it scarcely shows up when we're making copies for others and they won't be distracted by our markings, but mostly because I can be sloppier than I could be with something darker, since it doesn't cover print. It's just one of those fiber-tipped things like Pektel, but with a finer point.

Scrap, 26 Feb - Wallace campaign contributions: Haven't seen a thing but if I do, will remember.

Scrap, 27 Feb, Dan Berrigan on Meet the Press: Thanks for offer of tape but wouldn't be worth your trouble sending it; don't know when we'd get to hear it. Haven't yet listened to one of the two cassettes you have sent!

Letter, 26 Feb, Don Oberdorfer piece quoting George Dixon on the length of time Nixon's been working on the China trip. Thanks very much for this clipping. A couple of months ago I started keeping track of this very angle (have now almost five single-space pages of notes) and this fills one of the cracks very nicely. If Herter was trying to arrange for such a trip in 1960, the Chinese knew then what a lever they had and what to do with it. Which reminds me of something. The general reaction to that first picture of the Chou-Nixon toast was, See how friendly, we're getting along famously, success! What I saw was Nixon as a clumsy, eager, very young puppy, wagging his tail so vigorously he's wagging the whole dog - and Chou, very cool, his smile saying Gotcha! Even better, in

Newsweek's description of the airport reception in Peking: "Confessed one Nixon aide: 'Chou had a faint come-to-me smile and I was afraid they were going to portray the President as a supplicant.'" Well ?

I think that whole airport thing was deliberate. Even as late as the stop-over in Guam Ziegler was saying (I think it was Z, can't take time to check) they still did not know the reception plans. So, only just enough so there could be no real grounds for complaint or really even hurt feelings, but without the (I'm sure) hoped-for TV pictures of happy crowds, enough to frighten RMN. Let this sink in, then wham! Mr. Mao will see you. (We can be helpful or not - your choice.) They gained two ways - started the thing with Nixon off-balance, and for other Asian countries a message, Mao summoned Nixon. This is the sort of thing that, to the Chinese, comes naturally; no need for the calculated planning that seems to be part of Nixon's character.

Same letter, last paragraph: dictab^let machine. Thank you for offering it but we really have no need of it, and someone else might. We have a compact AM-FM radio with cassette recorder built in and when we hear something we might need, leap and press two buttons and record it. Use the same thing when transcribing, which is very easy, and since I try to do it as soon as possible, no need to dub it on anything else to do later. We scarcely ever use the reel-to-reel recorder any more unless the program is longer than an hour and we don't want to miss the few words lost in flipping a cassette over.

Your note, 3 Mar, EMK: You had heard that morning statement by Rose Kennedy that she didn't want EMK to run so he wouldn't tempt assassins. We agree with you that it's more explicit than what she has said before; didn't hear it and haven't seen it in local papers; will watch for it in the NYTimes. But I'm nowhere near that date yet.

One more thing and I must stop (at least I think it's only one more thing.)
[Have been clipping everything on Irving/Hughes because we already had a little on Hughes/Maheu. Have decided we have no need for the Irving stuff but have kept clipping in case you might want it. Do you? If not, will discontinue. But if you do want it, will be glad to go on clipping.

No - this is the last thing. We've been really enjoying l'affaire Kleindienst and ITT, so much so we turn the radio on almost the moment we wake, to find out ^{WHAT} unbelievable new thing we have today for our listening pleasure. Naturally clipping, [tapping, a little transcribing. (If there's any angle you're particularly interested in, let us know.) For the sheer enjoyment of it, I'm clipping this one as I go - couldn't bear to wait for those papers to come up in their proper turn. We aren't ignoring the implications of the whole lovely mess - but it's a real pleasure to watch the right people setting traps for themselves. If I had the time I'd love to keep a diary of questions, day by day, some never answered, some never asked. For instance, if Mrs. Beard was in such precarious physical condition when she was to be questioned by the subcommittee, why did the doctors even consider permitting it? If she was well enough to be questioned, whose game were the doctors playing, with all that elaborate stage-setting and all those props? I suggested that some day the hospital might have a beautiful new ITT wing, but HE says - no, no, the Sheraton wing! As soon as it was definite that the subcommittee would be going to Denver I issued (to my favorite audience of one) my Prediction of the Day: big collapse scene.

Well, enough of the uncanny powers of

Jeane Dixon White

27 Mar 72

We'll be returning the Excelsior articles (whether with this mailing or separately, don't know yet; depends on what else needs to go). Have been trying for several weeks to reach our friend who was to translate the part of it we're most interested in, but phone was never answered when we called. She left them at the house today when we were asleep and when I called her this afternoon found they're leaving again, tomorrow, to be gone for several weeks. She had apparently completely forgotten that she had agreed to translate some of it. A scatter-brained type. However, when we first took the clippings to her weeks ago she skimmed through them while we were there, and could find nothing then beyond what Wm Buckley reported in his column (SF Examiner 16 Sep 71, of which we sent you copy), that "the truth of the assassination of President Kennedy has not yet been revealed." Since this seems to be all there is on this subject, there's very little point in pursuing it at this point.