

Did not take this into town to mail it but went into town anyway. Reasons: modern postal efficiency and 60 Minutes WC segment. Efficiency means cutting down on service so the last mail had left town by the time 60 Minutes was over. Today it is also the first mail that is the last. We went to Mike Miao's and had a fine meal Lil did not have to cook. It is his last night at this place. In a couple of weeks he'll open in one of our shopping centers. We hope he can make it with the extra load. Fine people...While the new contrivances are not wired to tape from TV, there is still the cord and plug coming from the alligator clips on the TV speaker and there is that old and heavily used Craig I'd had gone over so there is a tape. I think it is not worth your while or I'd send it. Pretense about exposing funny business with money when it doesn't and carried farther this time, with Wallace making a poor stab at grilling his own boss. What this boils down to is why did he not pay more than Frost. Corn but not tall enough to entertain Je or I'd send for that purpose...Of the whole waste of time the one thing I found interesting is that Frost has been able to grow a pair of bags under each eye. As I say too often, I don't know what the younger generation is coming to. ...Had Nixon's agent, Swifty or Shifty or Sneaky Shapiro, something like these. Stages shots of him driving up to NBC. His most visible accomplishment is finding a hat that had no brim at all. High fashion. Ugh. ...When JL phoned to ask me if there is anything I'd like to tell the nice-speaking lady judge tomorrow when she has scheduled a status call in the 1975 King records case I said yeah, if she asks where I am, tell her not wasting my time in her court. (I did say this, with more point, last time.) He asked anything else and I said yes, when will she force the fancy-pants lawyers of the DJ to comply. He may do the latter. She was aghast when I forced her to face the fact, the obvious fact, that the AUSA was lying right to her face. Not approving official lying to a court makes me a radical, of course...Before going to bed I've a Chinese Story for you. Two winters ago, when we went to Mike Miao's, before the monstrous and unused multi-tiered parking deck of the city ruined him, he had enough business for his youngest, Danny, to work some nights. Danny was in charge of the cloakroom. He greet us with a bow so formal you could imagine the swirl of the cape. They he'd go into the kitchen and bellow loud enough for us to hear it in the dining room, "Hey, pop- the Weisberg's are here." He is now 14. Three of the last four Saturdays he has bicycled out here to help us with running the copying machine. He got quite fast at it, on his own. Yesterday he was here but we were almost caught up on the accumulated copying, I seem to have pulled a back muscle, so I asked him if he'd mind raking some plowed and harrowed ground - where the garden used to be, on a rocky slope. He would be happy to. So I gave him a cart and told him to put the rocks he raked up in it and I'd show him where I want them. my first trip out he had too many in the cart to drag up the hill, but I knew better than to say anything about it. Or to help him. I let him struggle with it and did show him where I'm building up the low side of the improved and straightened lane with them. Then I went back to my less taxing work. I knew when he had to leave so about 15 minutes ahead of time I went down to remind him. As I did this I noticed what seemed like an easier way up the hill, around some trees. I called it to his attention. His thanks were

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quite sincere. I told him I'd walk back up that way to be sure it was all clear. Again he thanked me. So I did walk that way. And I saw the tracks of the cart from his previous trip. He'd figured it out on his own. Hey pop or not he was not about to do or say what in Chinese concept could cause me to lose face...I enjoyed the whole thing. I think, thanks to you, that I understood it...You know the people better than I. I know them as a fine people. But can you imagine a 14-year old Chinese who speaks idiomatic English, all the slang, too, yet remains Chinese in his concepts? He lives in the eastern part of Frederick. We are past its northwest border, uphill. But he bicycles out here to help. I do not believe it is because we pay him. I believe it is because in the family circle he has come to understand that we are not only the family's friends but have made special efforts. Anyway, I thought it was great that at 14, for all his use of current slang and his lack of any accent he was concerned about what could be considered to be my face,

Best, HW 5/1/77