

4406 Holland
Dallas, Texas 75219
September 8, 1969

Dearest Harold:

I am not quite sure exactly what was behind the letter I received from you today, but perhaps by using a little ESP I can manage to get your meaning... or your questions...

Harold, before I met you in person, I had heard many things about you and your work. Everything I heard about your work was good. (How could anyone say anything else? I had all of your published books!) But, not everything I heard about you would necessarily be taken as complimentary. When I say "not necessarily" I mean that not everyone admires a straight-forward person, a person who can be abrupt and demanding when the occasion calls for it.

Having worked most of my adult life for men who were in positions where they could afford to be demanding and abrupt, it has placed me, as a secretary, in the position of "passing the buck" and applying pressure and "bluffing" to get things done. Of course, I have had an advantage that you wouldn't have had. I could, when the occasion called for it, come on with this hillbilly accent and "act like a helpless woman" and get some things accomplished in that manner. However, I am very much a person who believes in "getting the job done" regardless of methods used.

I don't really know why I let all the things I had heard about your gruffness and other qualities disturb me and make me a little apprehensive about meeting you. But, frankly, I wasn't expecting to like you at all. But, when I met you, you struck me as a warm, friendly person and I realized that any thing I had heard about you had been something used to "get the job done."

In the past three months, perhaps I have frightened off any derogatory comments by stating at the first mention of the name "Harold Weisberg" that "I just love Harold Weisberg..." and that since meeting Jim Garrison in the spring of 1967, I have met no one in this case who has impressed me as much as Harold Weisberg. Needless to say, if unfriendly comments were about to be made, this would have stopped them cold.

If there is any way in which I can help to straighten out any difficulties you are having, please just call on me. (My husband will tell anyone, "Don't let her size fool you. She should have been a prize-fighter or a lady wrestler.")

Love,



Mary Ferrell

P.S. On a recent "visit", I did make the comment (as you would have-- in a straightforward manner) that it appeared that the buffs were spending more time fighting each other than trying to solve anything.