

3/11/93

Mrs. Mary Ferrell  
4406 Holland Ave.,  
Dallas, TX 75219

Dear Mary,

While talking to me yesterday Gary Mack suddenly laughed. I asked him why. He said that from <sup>my</sup> ~~he~~ he knew I am worried about you and from you he knows you are worried about me! Well, I suppose that is how friends are.

While I can give you no guarantee, I am confident that ~~if~~ Harry's book is published it will not have the chapter on you he threatened.

He got the contract and advance based on the sale of his crappy books, without a word about the new book. On paper, that is.

I do not recall the exact words he used but he told Mark Crouch, who told me, that he is under some kind of warning from his publisher. Who is just now reprinting my book on the King assassination.

The firm's lawyer is a friend. When I sent him ~~Harry's~~ February letters to us he showed or gave them to C & G and told them they'd have to read anything Harry submitted with great care.

~~Harry~~ he has them involved in one lawsuit already, Groden's. They are not anxious to have another one.

My concern about Harry after those letters has been what~~is~~ irrational as he is, he might do when the whole fiction he has been fabricating, with some help, comes falling in ruins around him. And that I am so accessible to him and live in relative isolation. You may remember how beautiful it is around our home. If you saw the quail and the pheasants when you were here, the nearby boys killed all of them but the deer come up to the house in daylight and in recent days, when I go out early for the newspapers, I've flushed a possum, raccoons and skunks. <sup>or</sup> The possum reminds us that soon the mallards will be back for their nesting. But I've been on borrowed time too many years for Harry to cost me any sleep and he hasn't. After the Baltimore police complete whatever they will do I may seek a peace bond or something like that. But believe me, I am not taking any time to worry because I don't have enough time for what is important to me. .

I've completed the massive rough draft of a book that Dave Wrone, Wisconsin history prof. friend, has been retyping on his computer. He said that historically it is unprecedented, his word this past Sunday to a local history prof friend who was here when Dave phoned. (I use a speakerphone because of my impaired hearing so it was like a conference call.) The local prof., in recommending that Hood College give us honorary degrees, said of the less than half he'd read that it "should revolutionize thinking about the JFK assassination." I'm saying nothing in public pending college announcement of it but a week

ago Monday the president phoned<sup>d</sup> to tell us that the previous Friday the trustees had "voted unanimously and enthusiastically" to give us these honorary degrees this coming August, at convocation. And they did include Lil, which I think is just great!

I'm mailing the last chapter with corrections back to Dave this morning. When he makes the corrections I'll have to read it from the beginning, chiefly, because I can't take time for real editing, to be certain there is no factual error and to eliminate some of the duplication. The rough draft is more than 250,000 words, probably 300,000 or more. It is a fairly encompassing overview that, as Wronę said, has impressive documentation.

I'd started <sup>a</sup> to book Honorable Men, on the commission's counsel. We had a furnace blowback. That deposited fine soot all over everything. The insurance company sent a crew of professional cleaners who took a couple of weeks to get the place clean. They ~~area~~ <sup>appear</sup> to have thrown out the box of documentation and <sup>d</sup>rafts for that book! There is another, started more than two decades ago, to which I returned when I could after sending Wronę the last chapter about <sup>u</sup>two months ago. After I've read this one, working title Never Again!, I'll <sup>u</sup>return to that.

So, in days usually of about 18 hours, sometimes longer, I don't<sup>V</sup> have time to worry about Harry. Besides, I have it on good authority that I don't have to. The authority? The FBI! <sup>T</sup>hose representing it in my FOIA lawsuits used to tell Jim Lesar, when he said I was not able to be present because of my health, "That old son-of-a-bitch ain't never gonna die He's gonna live <sup>u</sup>forever to give us trouble."

There is no possibility that Harry will go down there and try to hurt you and I think there is little poss<sup>b</sup>ility now that the book he <sup>u</sup>indicates he is writing will be published.

C & G's lawyer is an old friend. His sons are now grown and also are lawyers. When they were little boys, about five or six, and I stayed with them when I was in New York, and when they were abed, I'd tell them real animal stories to put them to sleep. We did not discuss the two of Harry's February letters when I sent copies to him but they, among other things, address malice, one of the reasons I'm anxious to have as complete a file of them as possible. So, even if they feel they can claim we are public figures if they think in terms of our suing them over Harry's supposedly coming book, <sup>u</sup>f we can prove malice they <sup>u</sup>know they are lost. This is to say that even if Harry can claim to have <sup>u</sup>sources on the evil he would write about us, the real reason Mark Lane won Howard Hunt's lawsuit about which he lied in Plausible Denial, that will do them no good at all because <sup>u</sup>Hunt did not <sup>u</sup>prove ~~malice~~ malice in what Marchetti wrote and Willis Carto published. This is why, <sup>u</sup>after getting those letters, Graf warned Harry, as Harry told Mark <sup>u</sup>rough, who told me. And there is no proof of any kind for what, with some help down there, Harry has concocted and convinced himself of.

What I am saying and what I believe is that, separate from the magnificent job Peggy has done with the Baltimore police, I see little chance at all of anyone publishing what Harry has threatened you with.

He seems, as Mark Lane did in Executive Action, to have stolen the inventions of Farewell America. He chided me for not believing it and then outlined his version, which involves your old law firm and H.L.Hunt. He has me, as he told me, involved in his imagined and vast conspiracy, because, he said, I helped Hunt. This appears to be the corruption of the reality Paul Rothermel gave him.

What "help" did I give Hunt? Garrison told Ivon to give me a manuscript copy of Farewell to give to Rothermel. Rothermel paid my air fare from New Orleans. He offered to have me met at the airport and to have a hotel room for me but I needed neither and accepted neither. That was the time I went to Dallas with Matt Herron and John Pilger, the British reporter. Pilger's paper paid for the room I shared with Matt and when they left before I did he gave me the car he'd rented to use until I left. The old man appreciated it and remembered it. I could and did walk in unannounced and he saw me immediately. But he gave me nothing except his sick propaganda and I asked for nothing.

The actual "help" was when Paul asked me about right-wing extremists who sought money from Hunt, so I could give him the information he needed to talk the old man out of risking getting in trouble by giving those wild people any money. And there isn't anything else. Whatever Rothermel may have told him. But ought we not wonder why he is feeding the obviously sick Harry such nonsense? And who else is in on it? Harry, who is not renowned for his honesty, told me that it was not Paul who gave him the memo in which Sue Fitch says I am some kind of Red. It has no FBI markings. And I can't think of anyone else who could have been the source of that nonsense.

Two weeks ago I learned exactly how serious a problem you had when Buck fell in the backyard and couldn't get up. I tripped on the last cellar step and fell. I could not get up although I wasn't hurt. Fortunately a student was here. She got me a chair and with some difficulty I was able to get up, using it to help push me up with. But you did get Buck up, I did get up myself, and that is what counts!

Don't worry, Mary, because what Harry threatened you with is not going to happen now! I'm sorry you've never seen the archive Our love to you both, Harold

I have and Hood will get. 60 file cabinets plus innumerable boxes besides the 20 boxes and two file drawers I have given it already. The vice president was here for other purposes, not including the honorary degrees, and when she saw them and looked into them and saw how they are arranged it blew her mind. Most are records I got via FOIA. And every file drawer is labeled with its contents, as is each file folder, with sections and serial numbers included on each. *Non Unsolved Mysteries, on King assassination 3/71. Headlights showed 6 of head of small young deer at 3:45 am. They did not run - just looked away. Way to live huh?*