

Mary McHughes Ferrell
4406 Holland Avenue
Dallas, Texas 75219-2133
(214) 528-0716

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Mr. Harold Weisberg
7627 Old Receiver Road
Frederick, MD 21702

Dear Harold:

Your reputation remains unimpeached! You are unparalleled in the area of inductive logic and investigation. You read the signals correctly. All is not right with the Ferrell household. Buck has been drunk the greater part of the past year. He surprised us by getting intoxicated the first of May just as our daughter was coming home, our son in Alaska was coming home, and our granddaughter was bringing her husband (George DeMohrenschildt's grandson) and our great grandson home on the fifth of May. We celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary on June 2nd. Carol Anne and I managed to get him sober for the trip to Memphis and he didn't drink a thing while we were in Memphis. Then he got drunk again when we got back to Dallas. Billy came home from an assignment at Edwards Air Force Base and was to return to Alaska the first of September. Buck hardly knew Billy came and went. Billy was terribly concerned about how I was standing up to the strain, but he had to leave. (I have never considered Billy very "family oriented" but he has been marvelous and calls to check on me at least two times a week from Fairbanks.)

I tried to get Buck to let me help him to a car and drive him to a doctor, an alcoholic rehabilitation place, or even to AA. He refused all my pleas. It became so bad that he didn't know when I arrived home from the office and when I left in the mornings. I was able to get a bit of food down him on the weekends, but was unable to get him to take a shower or a bath. Then, he would order more liquor from a liquor store that delivered on Monday morning and would be "out" when I got home. He had gained so much weight that he weighed almost 275. I could not do anything with him.

On Thursday, November 1st, I returned from the office at approximately 5 p.m. When I drove in the driveway, I saw our postman -- Mr. English, who has been on this route for almost 18 years -- coming out of my front door. I couldn't imagine what he was doing here. He walked over to my car and opened the door. He said, "Mrs. Ferrell, Buck is in bad shape." I answered, "Well, he's been drunk for months now." He said, "It's worse than that. As I was walking up the opposite side of the street about 2 p. m. today, I saw him stumbling around on the front porch and he fell off the porch and fell on the concrete

drive. He is all cut up and I fear he has broken bones. I helped the neighbors get him in the house and we washed him off. We left him in the living room on the couch. When I finished my route, I came back and he had made it to the kitchen but is on the floor and I can't move him. I think he belongs in a hospital."

I rushed in the house and called the paramedics. They came and it took two big men, Mr. English and me to get Buck up and on the stretcher. They took him to St. Paul Hospital and he stayed there for several days. They called me and said Buck needed long-term care -- preferably where they treated mental patients and alcoholics. They sent him home in an ambulance. I was frantic! Carol Anne is living in Munich now and commuting to Nice, France. She called her father in the middle of the day on his birthday, November 7th, and he was apparently up and waiting for his daily delivery of liquor. However, he didn't seem to realize who Carol Anne was. She panicked and called friends of hers in New York and they flew down and got Buck in a hospital in Waco, Texas, that specialized in alcoholics. However, since November 8th, he has been in intensive care and on a respirator. They say that he will be there at least three more months before they transfer him to another branch of the hospital that will give him alcoholic rehabilitation for about four weeks.

As to my health, I seem to be in better health than I've been since I had my fall. Possibly I'm going on nervous energy, but I seem to be doing fine. I did have security doors put up that require keys to exit or enter. (Yes, I have protected myself against being trapped by fire.) I have a bad Chow Chow dog who sleeps in the house with me. The few friends I have unburdened myself to have really been wonderful to me. (I would never have burdened you and Lil with all these problems, but since you guessed something was wrong -- well, you asked for it!)

You and I have had the same experiences. Thievery! I know we can't be suspicious of everyone who comes to us for help, but we can't tell by looking which ones will "lift" our files, either. I do not have the pictures, but I am in constant contact with Al Chapman's son, Randy. He is a bit of a highway robber (quite literally -- he has served time) but I think we can pry the pictures out of him. He does have his father's interest in the assassination and is quite bright. I look forward to meeting your friends from Baltimore. Jim and Taimé Leavelle have told me all about them. They really liked them. They attended a party at the home of one of them -- Richard as I remember it. They met Marita Lorenz and her sister there. (I think Jim was much more impressed with Marita than Taimé was, but such is the failure of most of the male species!) I'm sure they will be seeing Jim and Taimé while they are here. Those are two of my very best friends. (I still think Jim Leavelle could tell us quite a bit about what happened the afternoon of Nov. 22, 1963 when he and Bill Alexander were questioning witnesses and confiscating evidence.)

Well, I am relieved to know that both you and Lil are doing as well as the best of our age group. Seriously, 50 years ago, with the ailments you, Lil, Buck and I have now, we would all have been long dead and buried. We're all lucky! I'm especially fortunate to have friends like you and Lil who are gifted with ESP.

Love,

