

September 12, 1972

Dear Harold:

I am so far behind with my writing that I don't know where to begin... First, I am extremely interested in the Watergate Caper. Your analysis was the most interesting (and probably the most accurate) I've seen. Our news media is just now coming out with some of the "facts" you had in your letter. I ordered the Realist which is supposed to have 20 pages by Mae Brussels, but I doubt that when I get it there will be anything new... There were a couple of pages in the L.A. Free Press about an interview with Mae concerning the Caper. From what was in the Free Press, I couldn't decide whether it was a takeoff from Sprague's article in Computers and Automation or perhaps Sprague's article was based on Mae Brussels research.

There were only two small articles in any of our papers about Cyril Wecht's viewing the autopsy material. One of the articles made page 6 as I remember.

Harold, I might as well tell you some more of my troubles. I wouldn't do it but you seem to sense when something is wrong and it obviously bothers you a great deal when you know there is trouble and you can't decide from which direction... Buck stayed sober through Larry's accident and hospitalization but has been drunk constantly since then. The first of August he was so drunk and belligerent when he came home about 1 a.m. that I wouldn't open the doors. He slept on the front porch. The next day I went to a psychiatrist about my own sanity. He told me I have done all I could do in this situation and if I am going to save what little is left of my equilibrium I simply must give up on it and try to adjust and condition my life to living alone without all these leeches. For about three weeks I heard from Buck through the children--mostly offers to come home and "help me" if I would be more patient with him. The tune started changing then to threats because I had never done anything to help him. Now, there is a bit of amazement that I seem to be doing fine without any of them and it is apparent that I do not intend to change my mind. I sincerely hope I am strong enough to continue to resist all the pressure that will come.

Fifty years old is a bit old to change one's style of living completely. I have just quit answering the phones and the doors. I'm eating properly (for the first time in my life), getting lots of rest, and, of course, reading constantly.

I haven't written to Gary but did get a little note from him saying he would be in Europe for over a month. Have you heard anything further from any of them? I haven't had a word from Sylvia in months.

I do hope Lil's health is much improved. She is such a dear, precious person it really hurts me to know she has those "bad days." Harold, please take good care of her but take care of yourself, too. I love you both,

Mary

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