

Mrs. Mary Ferrell
4406 Holland Ave.,
Dallas, TX 75219-2133

2/11/91

Dear Mary,

We are both so sorry to hear that Buck is not recovered. Don't give up hope! Twice the surgeons did not expect me to survive what they were about to do and I'm still raisin' a bit of hell now and again. Let us hope he does make progress.

Thanks also for the Blowstory of which he said he'd send me a copy and didn't.

When the book came out David Real sent me a copy, asked me to read it, and said he'd call for my opinion. We'd had earlier contact on other matters. I read it as fast as I could because I'm a slow reader now and instead of awaiting his call, to leave a record for history, I wrote him in considerable detail. He therefore needed no call. I then phoned asking permission to use it and I said OK.

There isn't a single good thing that can be said about that book and so much bad that would fill a book. Moore is inadequately described by two four-letter words that come to mind, both ending with different kinds of tassues. I think his business is some kind of scam and that he visualized commercial possibility for a book on the other side. In some ways it is by far the stupidist. as you know without more details!

In some ways Sylvia was simply brilliant but she did, as do most of us, have her hangups. I think one is a suppressed motherly instinct. She was weak in judgement of younger men. I was like you about Al. I did like him muhh but not as she did. The rascal I have called Epsteinker for years was the first of whom I knew. She went for him!!! Said before it was out it was the greatest of all books. That led me to help it before reading it and its puffing-up of the FBI.

Reminds me, I made an extra copy of a page of a record you may not have and of an incident you can't begin to understand from Big Jim's rewriting of his own history that I understand Oliver Stone is going to use. Jim did not send him packing back to N.O. for wasting scarce funds, as he says in the book. And this is the beginning of the rea on Boxley had gone there. From there they lived it up at the Century Plaza in LA for a week. Where Boxley grabbed a package delivered to Jim, soaked it well in the bathtub to inactive the bomb he just knew was in it, then opened it to find a gift of books ruined!

I also was impressed by Greg but he made a terrible mistake leaving his records to that PhD bastard Melanson, who writes only the worst of impossible trash and has to steal to do that. He is trying to stake a claim to owning political assassinations and Greg has, alas, helped him. There are indications that at the last minute he was considering changing his will but he didn't. I've heard that he had been put on a dangerous and controversial drug, something like Prozac, and that there is a cal. suit by a widow claiming that it drove her husband to suicide.

We hope you are well and stay well and that in some way Buck does get well or at least as well as possible,

Mary

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Mr. Harold Weisberg
Rt. 12
7627 Old Receiver Road
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Dear Harold:

You will probably receive so many of these clippings that you can paper the basement with them. Jim Moore quotes me in his book and, as far as I can remember, I never spoke to him in my life. The quote he attributes to me could have been said, but my usual answer to any question about the acoustics or shots in Dealey Plaza was ". . . I am not qualified to make any judgment about acoustics or ballistics." Around here, Jim Moore is referred to as "an arrogant little bastard."

I was shocked and saddened to learn of Greg Stone's death last week. I only met Greg one time, but I was impressed with him and remember him fondly. In about 1969, Al Lowenstein and a Dr. Joffrey (I believe that was his name) from the University of Arizona visited me. There were three or four SMU students with them and Greg Stone was with them. I only remember that Dr. Joffrey was "dripping" with expensive turquoise jewelry. I love turquoise and can certainly tell the real thing (done by the Indians) from the imitation pieces turned out in factories. He had the real thing! Of the entire group, I think I was more impressed with Greg Stone than with all the others. (Of course, Sylvia was always upset with me that I did not fall at Allard Lowenstein's feet in adoration.) I liked and admired Al, but it was certainly not with the same degree of hero worship that Sylvia bestowed upon him.

Carol Anne flew home from Munich in January and went down to visit Buck and talk to his doctors. She was a bit discouraged after talking to the staff there. They want to put Buck in alcoholic rehabilitation but he has been there more than three months and is not yet able to walk unassisted. He is walking short distances holding on to a wheel chair and he is still having fifteen minute periods of respiration therapy four times a day. The doctors told Carol Anne they would like to keep him about three more months before they send him to alcoholic rehabilitation, but they don't know that he will ever be able to go through the rigorous program they have there.

Give my love to Lil and keep plenty for yourself. When we lose any critic, from whatever cause, it makes me wish we could all get together one more time. . .

