

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

1/4/89

Dear Mary,

You and I are, indeed, as you say, blessed. What few people realize is that without Ldl what I've done would have been impossible. You've no idea the amount of work that went into those countless, interminable affidavits used to fight all those FOIA cases. And so much more that she did, besides just being there. Locally, however, there is recognition of what she's done and I hope that in about a year or so there will be a meaningful expression of it.

She appreciated your letter when it came and she's back asleep now, headache having kept her awake much of the night. But despite them, her arthritis that is everywhere from her head down and her hiatal hernia she makes out fairly well. Although she doesn't say so I think worry is part of her sleeplessness.

People have been just wonderful and with what you've gone through you know how much that can mean. Within two days of my last hospitalization all the many old folks who get their prescribed exercises at the mall to which I've been going almost 10 years now and some of the employees got a large card, took up a collection, and had a basket of fruit two volunteered to drive to Baltimore to give me. And did. Even the nurses were impressed by all those signatures on a card. A Neighbor, much younger but who had a by-pass operation several years ago, brings the mail and papers in, reverse order, the papers about daylight, because the weather has been too bad for 'til to be walking that long lane that gets and stays icy when I'm not able to keep it clean or see to it that someone else does that. Three days a week he doesn't have to because the technologist from the lab that has been taking my blood twice weekly for 15 years brings the papers in when he comes, and he puts the mail in the box when he leaves. So many little things like these that mean so much. Mostly the thoughtfulness is what we appreciate, and after two weeks or more - more, Monday will be a month - I'm still getting cards from the walkers who were not there when they all signed the one they sent. Mostly we know each other by first name only and some of those not the brightest take a little longer to learn how to address the envelope. And don't include their last names so I can respond! ...What I'm saying is that everybody has been just wonderful and you know how much that helps one get well.

When Bud learned that this surgery was coming he offered to drive me up to Baltimore and to drive me home. Nice of him, too. But when I went up for the catheterization that confirmed the need for the surgery 'hi p Sleby drove me home for the second time. First was after the cataract was removed a little more than a year ago. Ldl's younger sister has retired to Frederick and she'd have provided all the transportation only when she took me up for the catheterization she was waylaid by a deer, who did about \$3,500 of damage to her car....I'd not know that they had to close up their Dallas archive and I'm sorry they had to. Some of these days 'ud will stop off on his way to or from his place in the western part of the state and he'll bring up up to date....Jim stays so busy I don't hear from him often but he seems to have taken an interest in what I suspect is a coming FBI smear of me based on records I'd just gotten that are a prejudicial and wrongful selection of what they have and withheld from me for years. These they admit are in response to requests by others of which I am the subject. How I wish I were a young man of 62 again so I could really fight the bastards! (I'm 3 months from 77.)

I know very well what you mean by what happens if you sit only a little too long. It happens to me and has for almost a decade. I can't walk too long, which is a real problem and has been for the same length of time, because of venous obstructions. They limit the return circulation and soon there is no oxygen in my leg and thigh muscles. That is happening even more right now because they've had to reduce the amount of anticoagulation on which I've lived since 1975 at least until al, they worked on at and around the heart

has little prospect of hemorrhaging. If I get wound up in what I'm typing and forget to get up and walk a bit every 15-20 minutes I've less control over my legs and that means danger of falling when a simple fall can be fatal.

Pretty much the same with walking. In the past, that is. I've still to learn about the future but I think I'll get back to at least where I was. Prior to this latest surgery I'd built my walking capability up to where I could take 500-550 steps without any loss of control over my legs and once or twice each early morning I walked until I could barely shuffle my feet. I think this did stretch the minor blood vessels, enlarged them so they could carry more. Some very quality and extraordinarily cheap spillo bought "my" mall and would not let us inside until 8, in practise mostly about 7:30. So, they having an illuminated parking lot, I got there early, sometimes before 5, walked, sat and read in the car while listening to the ~~music~~ stereo, walked again, etc., until it got too cold. Which is about when I went to Johns Hopkins anyway.

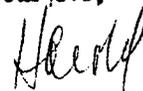
I can't stand still at all now. I hope that will change when I can move more. My legs engorge with blood that fast. So, I don't stand still. And make out anyway.

We learn to adapt and we do, as you have. And as you've learned, we can still be useful and are. Every reason why you should work part-time and do some good.

Our neighborhood is changing, too; not like yours. More of the farm land is now growing houses and at least one has cut into our water supply and come the spring I think we'll have to put in a new well. There is a limit to how close any houses can be built because we own more than 5 acres. Only our house is almost on one property line and before long there will probably be a couple of new houses there. Can't be too close and who knows, may be fine people we'll like to have nearby.

Please excuse the typos. I've been sitting too long and it is about time for the technologist, who stops off to take my blood on his way to work.

All our love,



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

December 29, 1989

Dearest Harold and Lil:

How incredibly fortunate you and I are, Harold! To have shared our lives with a Lil Weisberg and a Buck Ferrell... Buck and I are so completely different in temperament, backgrounds, likes and dislikes, everything marriage counselors claim are important to successful marriages. However, he has kept my feet firmly planted on solid ground for fifty years and I do love him.

And, you have had that wonderful angel of mercy, kindness, goodness and loving care for all these years. Lil Weisberg is absolutely one-in-a-million!

Harold, I am so sorry about all your physical problems. But, I am certain that when you completely recover from the triple bypass surgery, you will be as good as new. This will probably solve all your circulatory problems, as well. I know I hope it does.

I'm sure I am better than I was a year ago. But, I still have problems when I sit too long in one place, when I try to walk more than a few yards, or when I stand for more than a very few minutes. I seem to do better when I sit for a few minutes, then stand and walk about for two or three minutes. My right foot and ankle are no longer bothering me as they did a few months ago. But, my back and left arm give me constant problems.

Well, enough of all our ailments! I'm hoping that 1990 will be the best year for all of us in many, many years.

I suppose you have already heard that the John F. Kennedy Assassination Information Center was closed last week. The article in the paper indicated that the doors were padlocked by the landlord and the locks were changed. I hope this does not indicate that the materials inside were confiscated for non-payment of the exorbitant rent--something like \$8,000 or \$9,000 per month. The reporters could not reach either Gary Shaw or Larry Howard who operated the Center, but they did reach Bud Fensterwald and he gave a rather lengthy statement. He said the West End Market Place had changed its focus from what it was when they leased the place a year ago to a rock-and-roll type place appealing to the very young who were not interested in the Kennedy assassination.

It is sad because Gary and Larry had put a great deal of effort into the place, and Larry Harris had donated every minute

of his spare time and efforts for the past year. He did a lot of the actual constructing of the place. He had moved his computer down there. He also had a Xerox, letter-quality printer of mine but he did not move it down there. They were using Gary's laser printer. I purchased a Hewlett Packard LaserJet Series II printer about a year ago and loaned my Xerox to Larry Harris. I also purchased a 103 mg. computer almost a year ago but do not want to sell my IBM and Xerox because when I retire completely (isn't it hilarious that I'm still going to an office every day?) I intend to do word processing in my home for the lawyers who are in the high-rise office buildings (three of them) within walking distance of my home.

Most of them are criminal attorneys but I know them by their first names. They have called me repeatedly in the last few years wanting me to help them out of tight spots when they had to have something in court the next morning and their secretarial help all abandoned them at 5:00 p.m. Unfortunately, my three boys and their antics during the 60's and 70's put me and Buck on a first-name basis with all the young criminal lawyers in Dallas. Now they are well-established in their professions and still look on me as a friend and a competent legal secretary.

This neighborhood is such a mixture now of the really chic places that have been remodeled out of the old Oak Lawn houses by young professionals (most of whom are gay) the very expensive condominiums and town houses, and the new high-rise office buildings. Ours is one of the three or four houses in the entire neighborhood that have remained in their original states of disrepair. However, we are in walking distance (if we were able to walk at all) of our doctors, the drug stores, the grocery stores, and beauty shops and barber shops. It is a long walk, but possible to walk to the post office down on Oak Lawn.

Our children and grandchildren have about stopped trying to get us to move to the suburbs. They realize we are too old to even consider such a thing.

I am so grateful that there are as many of us remaining as there are to fight on to reveal the truth. You have been so much more effective than I have in this fight, but I think you know that I have tried to do what I could. Let's fight on, Harold--with the help of Lil and Buck.

Love to both of you,

Mary Ferrill