

Dear Paul,

2/11/98

Don't believe the story on the other side. Extra copy just found.

Sometime death is a blessing. We felt that way when my mother lingered for six months when she had no chance and was skin and bones and it is that way for both Buck and Mary. Who now has an enormous load removed. Not that she does not still have a real load of her own.

Buck was a fine person and from what Mary told me years ago, a fine husband as of the time I knew them, when all the children were grown. He was then a reformed alcoholic. He had a bottle for me and poured my drinks and did not touch a drop.

It is sorrowful but the poor man suffered so and Mary did, too.

Thanks for letting us know.

And for seeing Mary's letter.

When you are in touch with her, please give her our best wishes for the time that remains for her. May it be long and pleasant and productive.

And as healthful as it can be.

Suddenly there is not a word about Hersh or his book. It did not last on the best-seller list, I suppose because the Kennedy-haters got it and that was it. My ms. on that is done and I hope is being retyped. I'm thinking of changing the title from Faking Kennedy: The Dark Side of J. Edgar Hoover to Hersh-It Journalism: The Faking of Kennedy. I think that if a publisher got interested and edited this it would go. But I'm not in a position to make even the effort. Lost my agent with Whitewash and never was able to get another.

We are having the mildest February I can remember. Wear sports some days.

Best,

Paul

February 5, 1998

Dear Harold,

In today's mail, I received a long letter from Mary Ferrell informing me that Buck died January 24 and he was buried on the 26th. She wrote great detail about it all and felt, now that she was relieved of the responsibility, she could write more often!! Such a lady!!!!!! She has been tied down for many years and never complained. At least, the local newspaper finally recognized her efforts!! You probably know all this by now, but, I thought you might want it as direct from the horse's mouth (Mary) as possible!! From her letter, I felt she was more relieved than sorrowful!! There is not much one can do at this point; she did not have an obituary printed - because she did not want lawyers from all over TX and LA bothering her. Sorry to write such news but, that's life!!!

I am enclosing the NY TIMES latest best-seller list and Herresh did not make a comeback - perhaps he is ⁱⁿ one of the best cellars!!!! Such crap should not be called history!!!!

Now that you have the word on Verb, I will probably find his letter in the next check up. I will address your comments in a future letter, when I have more time. I still cannot find the handles I had before I left on my annual trek. And the fake flu works so well I am actually starting to feel sick!!!

Best of everything,

Paul Haller

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Paul". Below the name, there are several horizontal strokes, possibly representing initials or a flourish.

February 7, 1998

Sear Lillian and Harold;

Enclosed is a copy of Mary's letter - she would not mind me sending it on to you for she does think highly of you two!! It seems she had to unload to someone and I detect she is somewhat relieved! She has had quite a burden all these years! And all she has gone through herself!!!

She had to cancel a meeting with me in 1995 because Buck was not doing well, but, she did hear me out and contacted Parkland, the Archives, the ARRB, etc., on my behalf.

Quite a lady!!!!

Best regards, etc.,

PAUL Haller

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Paul". Below the signature, there are two small, handwritten initials or marks that appear to be "tt".

Mary McHughes Ferrell
4406 Holland Ave.
Dallas, TX 75219-2133
(214) 528-0716

February 1, 1998

Mr. Paul T. Haller
3170 Holiday Springs Blvd., # 6-311
Margate, FL 33063-5412

Dear Paul,

Buck died one week ago yesterday, January 24, 1998. We buried him on Monday, January 26, 1998. We had a private family funeral and my nephew and his wife sang Just a Closer Walk With Thee and Amazing Grace. My nephew is a lawyer in Austin but they go all over the country on weekends singing Irish folk songs. They both have marvelous voices. We didn't even put a notice of his death in the papers until after he was buried. I didn't want lawyers from all over Texas and Louisiana coming. All those old lawyers Buck knew and was fond of have been dead for several years now.

Robert Chapman came down from Memphis the day Buck died and, of course, Carol Anne flew in from Washington that afternoon. Buck died at 9:25 a.m. that morning. I actually think he died here at 6:30 a.m. before the paramedics took him to the hospital. They worked on him out front in the ambulance for over an hour before they finally left for the hospital. They called me five times between 9:00 and 9:30 that morning telling me that they hadn't been able to resuscitate him. Finally, they called me at 9:30 and said the doctors had pronounced him dead at 9:25.

Maybe I'll be a little better correspondent now. I guess his death was so much easier and faster than I had thought it would be. I had taken care of his father when he died from cancer in 1947. That was the most horrible death I had (or have) ever witnessed. At 5:00 a.m., Saturday morning, I heard the nurse take him to the bathroom. I jumped up and went to the bathroom door and asked if he had been sleeping well. (I knew he had not kept us awake most of the night, for a change.) He said, "Mother, I've been sleeping really well." I asked him if he needed a pain pill and he said, "No, I'm not in any pain right now." She put him back to bed and at 6:30 she woke me and said, "Mother, come quick. Something wrong with Daddy." I ran in there and he was gasping for breath and his hands had turned blue. I took one hand and Connie took the other hand. She commented on how cold his hands were. All of a sudden, he stopped gasping for breath and just closed his eyes. I grabbed the phone next to his bed and called my son-in-law and told him what had happened. He told me to call the paramedics and he would be right here. The paramedics beat him here and they tied him up in a wheelchair and rolled him to the front porch where they put him on a stretcher.

Paul, I apologize for rambling on at such length. This is the first time I've even tried to write a note.

I look forward to seeing you later this year and, as always, look forward to your clever and precious messages.

Love,

Mary