

A HISTORICAL NOVEL BASED ON A TRUE STORY BY

Duel Stone

**THE HUEY P. LONG ASSASSINATION
CONSPIRACY
UNVEILED**

THE UNFORGETTABLE STORY OF JESSICA LAUREN FIELDS

L/L

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A historical novel inspired by a true story.
The places, events, speeches and conversations are all fictitious.
All of the characters in this book, other than Huey P. Long
and Franklin D. Roosevelt, are fictitious, and any resemblance
to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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YOU MAY ORDER THEM DIRECTLY FROM THE PUBLISHER.

Preface

The purpose of this historical novel is to defend and vindicate the reputation, integrity, and competency of my Aunt, Jessica Lauren Fields. Although inspired by her true story, all names have been changed to preserve the privacy of the parties involved. The characters, places, events, speeches and conversations are all fictitious. Prior to telling her story, there are questions to be answered concerning the lack of recorded information and documentation from my research of the assassination of Huey Long and the incarceration of my aunt.

Until the "Watergate" break-in, politicians and other powers that are were totally untouchable. Fear prevented anyone from exposing cover-ups and corruption. However, "Watergate" opened the floodgates to whistle-blowing and tattling to journalists and the news media. For example: when I was attempting to locate the court records and trial transcript of my aunt's case, I was told by local, state and federal court authorities that it did not exist. The lady at the Clerk of Court in Washington, D.C., who had worked there for forty years, said they did not have transcripts prior to 1958. I was surprised.

Anyone who understands "Louisiana Politics," the U.S.'s "Banana Republic," certainly understands why I chose to mask the real names of the people and places. The name changes extend to everyone involved including my aunt. In addition, legal authorization and releases must be acquired to use real names unless the person or persons hold or held public office or they have been included in the public records. The Louisiana in which my aunt was taken captive and sent into exile by the authorities has not changed much in the six decades that have passed since the plutocratic elite (in alliance with the plutocrats at the national level) dispatched Huey Long into the great hereafter. Even today, if a telephone call is placed to Baton Rouge authorities about researching the assassination of Huey Long, and/or the incarceration of the lady who overheard the assassination plot, the answer one receives is a long silence followed by an evasive directive to the Louisiana Department of State, Division of Archives, Records Management and History which have a special section dedicated to the Long era.

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In the 1991 news article entitled "**Long Body Said Key to Killing . . . Best Clues May Lie With Kingfish**" reflects that the power of Louisiana politics in the 1930s still exists today. When a team of forensic and firearm experts requested exhuming the bodies of Long and Dr. Weiss, the Louisiana House attached an amendment to an unrelated cemetery bill to prohibit exhuming Long's body that is buried beneath his statue on the Capitol grounds.

Finally, in 1993, more than six hundred documents relating to the investigation of the assassination of Huey Long were released to the public for the first time. Some of the news articles and letters divulge an assassination conspiracy. The documents and the .32 caliber gun used by the alleged assassin doctor were kept by the Chief of State Police when he left office in 1940. Before he died in 1969, he passed the ownership of the documents and the gun to his daughter. Among the documents was a letter from a man who confirmed another man was ready to confess everything he knew. It was not clear but he also stated in the letter that the big man at the hall was part of the plot and there was a plot by a group to kill Senator Long about a month before Senator Long was shot.

The mystery question that remains unanswered is whether Long was shot with one bullet by the doctor or with two bullets . . . one in the front by the doctor and one in the back by a bodyguard. My aunt was incarcerated more than fifty years for trying to expose that scenario. In my opinion, should Long's body be exhumed, a bullet from a .38 caliber pistol would be lying in the bottom of his coffin to confirm that two bullets entered his body.

The conspired assassination plot has been common knowledge in Louisiana, since Huey's death. Many have discussed it, and several have it in writing. The famed historian and biographer, Dr. T. Harry Williams, who received the Pulitzer prize for his book entitled HUEY LONG (1969) New York: Alfred A. Knopf, documented the situation on pages 858 and 859. He stated that there were two groups of political enemies who were willing to use violence to overthrow Long. A secret organization of twenty-seven men, Minute Men of Louisiana, in Alexandria, planned to march on Baton Rouge and take over the Capitol and, if necessary, kill Huey. The second group of forty bitter men, who were contemplating violence, met in Baton Rouge. They were reorganized remnants of Square Dealers and resolved to kill Long. He expressed that they decided to meet and draw lots to determine who would do the deed. What is most interesting about Dr. Williams' book are his in-depth research and footnotes. However, the footnote pertaining to the second group of men who met in Baton Rouge simply reads "Confidential communication."

In Allan P. Sindler's book entitled HUEY LONG'S LOUISIANA (1956)

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Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, pages 96 and 97 states that Long supporters sought to label the assassination as political. Footnote number 56 references a meeting of anti-Long Louisiana congressmen at the DeSoto Hotel in New Orleans on July 24, 1935. After that meeting, Huey talked in August of an assassination plot. This was a group of pro-Roosevelt and anti-Huey leaders affirming their allegiance to the national administration. Footnote number 57 states that two anti-Long commentators maintain that Washington, D.C. had advance knowledge of the assassination (Allan A. Michie and Frank Ryhlick, *Dixie Demagogues*, New York, 1939, 116). Then Sindler writes on page 97 that some anti-Longs think that one of Huey's bodyguards accidentally, or perhaps purposely, shot his boss.

In another biography, *THE KINGFISH AND HIS REALM* by William Ivy Hair, the author writes that Senator Long was shot twice, once by Dr. Weiss and once by a bodyguard.

Herman Deutch wrote *THE HUEY LONG MURDER CASE* (1963) Garden City, NJ: Doubleday. He writes that Dr. Weiss acted alone in the assassination.

A REQUIEM FOR A KINGFISH by Ed Reed (1986) Baton Rouge, LA: Awards Publications/Ed Reed Organization, is an account of a parolee-witness who had no political ties and contradicts that the doctor killed Long. Reed concludes that Long was accidentally shot by his own bodyguards.

Glen Jeanson's book entitled *MESSIAH OF THE MASSES; HUEY P. LONG AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION* (1993) New York: Harper Collins, implies that Dr. Weiss shot Long once and he was also hit by a bodyguard's bullet.

The author of *ACCIDENT AND DECEPTION; THE HUEY LONG SHOOTING*, Donald A. Pavy, M.D. (1999) Cajun Publishing, is a relative of Judge Benjamin Henry Pavy and one of Long's greatest adversaries who is the father-in-law of Dr. Carl Weiss. The Weiss and Pavy family members think Huey was accidentally shot by a bodyguard after Dr. Carl Weiss approached Long, on behalf of his father-in-law. He demanded an apology for a reported remark made by Huey that the Pavy family had Negro blood. The author purports that Dr. Weiss did not have a gun on his person while in the Capitol Building that night of the shooting, and, after the barrage of bullets ceased firing, one of Long's men went to Dr. Weiss' car and retrieved his .32 caliber pistol from inside the glove compartment. After Long died, the public was deceived into thinking that Dr. Weiss was the lone gunman.

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JESSICA'S FAMILY MEMBERS and her children tried to get her released. No officials could or would do much. Her daughter constantly pleaded with the authorities and hospital to allow Jessica transferred to a nursing home in Alexandria, Louisiana, where she lived.

All of the conspirators had died and the Long political era was forgotten. In 1981, the hospital authorities allowed her to be transferred to a nursing home in Alexandria where she could have visitors. When Jessica was ninety-one years old, they finally agreed to Patsy's wishes because they knew she was not a threat to society at her age. The hospital informed Patsy that Jessica could be transferred to the nursing home at the family's expense. Patsy went to the Salvation Army for assistance and they paid for Jessica's trip from Washington, D.C., to Alexandria. Patsy visited Jessica almost every day of every week. In the nursing home she sat quietly staring at her visitors wondering if they were sent by the conspirators. Her final advice to her daughter was "See no evil, Hear no evil, speak no evil." In 1988, Jessica became ill and was taken to Rapides General Hospital in Alexandria where she died of natural causes.

Jessica was a political prisoner fifty-three years . . . incarcerated in Washington from 1935 to 1981 and then transferred to a nursing home in Alexandria where she remained confined until she died in 1988. She paid severe consequences for telling and defending the truth. She would not reveal the names of the thirty conspirators. She kept her word that she would take their names to her grave. She did not leave any writings about the plot other than the letters stolen from Patsy. The last cordial letter she wrote to Patsy was in 1965. She still felt she was watched by the authorities.

Jessica's granddaughter revealed to the author that her mother, Patsy, cried often, especially each Christmas, for more than fifty years. She admitted, "That's when Mama would miss Grandma the most."

The prosecution of the conspirators for the assassination of Senator Huey P. Long and falsely accusing and committing Jessica Lauren Fields to an institution for the criminally insane is yet to come, but the proper judgment will come in the end. The truth will win.

THIS STORY IS TRUE and was told to me by my father and other family members. My father was Jessica's brother. He was one of the two brothers who went to Washington, D.C., to visit her that one time in 1938, the year of my birth.

No one has ever written my aunt's story because it was covered up so well

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in 1935. It happened during the depression and Huey's supporters were hit with job-loss threats from the conspirators' fear-mongers. Fear spread rampantly across Louisiana about the assassination and the cover-up. People did not want to be involved. A lady cousin confided that after my aunt was incarcerated her parents were sorely afraid. They told their children not to mention to anyone at school or otherwise that they were related to my aunt.

My aunt's trial was held under the auspices of federal charges and court because Huey Long was a U.S. senator. Most are aware that anyone can bring charges of incompetence, slander, spreading malicious lies, or any other charges against anyone else at anytime. Twelve of the thirty conspirators did that to my aunt. She pleaded with the judge to hear her co-workers tell what she had overheard. The judge exclaimed that would be only hearsay. The false testimonies of the conspirators allowed the judge, who was in league with the conspirators, to find her mentally incompetent and a danger to society. He had her shipped out of state away from her family--without notice--and into Washington, D.C.'s infamous St. Elisabeth's hospital for the criminally insane. It was established in 1855 and also known as Governor Hospital for the Insane, United States Government Hospital for the Insane.

Today, U.S. prisons and mental institutions have many law-abiding Americans who have been incarcerated for the sole reason that they ran afoul of those in power. In 1935, Franklin D. Roosevelt was president. Huey Long was running for president in 1936. His "Share Our Wealth" program was such a threat to FDR's second term, protection for the conspirators was assured at the top and conveyed through the authorities including the FBI. I am convinced that politicians, with the long range goal of aspiring to be president, will do, say, and promise anything to reach that goal . . . and from history, especially FDR.

Many in my family and I denounce the corrupt political and judicial systems for the decision of my aunt's life sentence and the inhumane treatment she received for having the fortitude to come forward and tell the truth about what she had overheard. Her reputation was ruined for alerting the authorities about the planned assassination of Huey P. Long. Our family has talked about the Jessica Lauren Fields story since I can remember. Therefore, my true dedication is to get the truth out, for my aunt's sake, and for the posterity of the Long family. My father, Jessica's brother, asked me many times in the past to write and tell her story. He knew it would expose the conspiracy, and reveal her political incarceration for telling the truth.

Within five days of the shooting, the authorities arrested Jessica and charged her with incompetency, spreading malicious lies, and making slanderous

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remarks. The authorities held a kangaroo court and sentenced her to life in prison in an institution for the criminally insane in Washington, D.C. without any visitors or the possibility of parole.

My aunt's husband attempted to have her case appealed to a higher court. The appeal court judge denied the appeal by reasoning with him that her accusers would come forward again, whereby she would meet with the same fate.

It is not my intention to document all the facts in this case. I want to let the public know that Jessica Lauren Fields was competent. She was genuine, honest, and forthright. She was also beautiful and outgoing. She did overhear the conspiracy to assassinate Senator Huey P. Long. She notified the authorities and Senator Long's offices about the conspiracy in ample time to have possibly saved his life.

This one-sided and unfair prosecution of her reflects a dark side of the judicial and political systems that have concerned some in my family for more than six decades. The Jessica Lauren Fields story is only one of many about the vicious game of politics. Although Jessica and ten of her brothers and sisters have passed away, many of their heirs remain outraged over this unjust situation.

The conspirators were political foes who viciously opposed Senator Long. The authorities and conspirators did cover up all of the facts and protect the guilty people involved by immediately removing Jessica Lauren Fields from society for the rest of her life. The authorities did not make public any evidence from the investigation concerning the assassination until 1993. Ballistic tests were not done. No autopsy was performed. The conspirators wanted Jessica removed from society before they told their side of the story. The fourth coroner's inquest was scheduled and finally attended by the authorities eight days after the shooting. Even the judge did not appear for the first three scheduled inquests. The conspirators who brought charges against Jessica testified in the same pattern that the doctor was the lone gunman in the assassination. In 1935, politicians were so powerful, no one dared question the conspiracy. And, as my aunt discovered, telling the truth against the powers that are, in that day and time, required paying tremendous consequences. More than fifty years in an insane institution is an outlandish price to pay for the truth.

This story was inspired by actual events. I have fictionalized the events for dramatic purposes. The above paragraphs give an overview of the truth in the matter. All characters, other than Senator Huey P. Long and President Franklin D. Roosevelt, places, and the descriptions detailing the actual conversations and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is strictly accidental and coincidental. It is truly my desire that you receive as much interest and

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knowledge from reading as I did from researching and writing *The Kingfish Assassination CONSPIRACY UNVEILED*, the unforgettable story of JESSICA LAUREN FIELDS.

Duel Stone

1 According to Webster's Dictionary, a kangaroo court is defined as follows: 1. a mock court in which the principles of law and justice are disregarded or perverted; 2. a court characterized by irresponsible, unauthorized, or irregular status or procedures; 3. judgment or punishment given outside of legal procedure.

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SEN. LONG: HUEY VICTIM OF PLOT

By JOHN HILL, Capital Bureau

BATON ROUGE--U.S. Sen. Russell B. Long, remembering his father on the 50th anniversary of his assassination here Sunday, said he doesn't believe Huey Long was shot by one person, but by political foes.

Long said he believes there was a conspiracy to murder his father because the "establishment" was disturbed by his efforts to remove a poll tax.

He wouldn't elaborate after his lecture at the Louisiana State Library, which opened an exhibit of Long family photos, paintings and letters.

Long family members attending included Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Long of Shreveport. Palmer and Russell, Huey's two sons, later led a procession to lay a wreath at their father's grave on the Capitol grounds.

Most historians - including Long's Pulitzer-Prize-winning Biographer, the late Dr. T. Harry Williams - and witnesses at the time said Huey was shot around 9:22 P.M., Sunday, Sept. 8, 1935, by Dr. Carl Weiss, Sr., a young Baton Rouge physician whose father-in-law was a political casualty of the Long machine. The Legislature was in a special session and Long had just left the House chamber for an interview in the nearby governor's office when he was shot.

The Weiss family has contended the doctor was simply at the wrong place at the wrong time. Others believe Long was shot by one of his bodyguards.

Huey Long, who had maintained control of the state political structure when he was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1930, died less than 30 hours later, reportedly after saying, "What will the boys at LSU do without me?"

Sen. Long and Dr. Carl Weiss, Jr., a Garden City, N.Y., surgeon, who was three months old when the assassination occurred, met for the first time July 25. Long said Sunday they agreed not to discuss the meeting.

At the lecture, Sen. Long, who was 16 when his father was killed, came down squarely in favor of the conspiracy theory.

"Everyone has an opinion, I suppose, about Huey Long's assassination," said the Senator. "I do not believe that it was the act of a single individual. In my judgment,

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there were other people involved . . . "

"At the time of his death, it was clear to his opposition that they were losing the war they had been waging against him in Louisiana," said the Senator.

Long said he believes the cause of his father's death was his repeal of the \$1 poll tax, which doubled the Louisiana electorate instantly because poor whites - blacks couldn't vote in white-only Democratic primaries at the time - couldn't afford to vote. That would have given him even stronger political power in the state of Louisiana, Long reasoned.

"Huey never lived to see the benefit of repealing the poll tax. He was murdered by his opposition before the next election," said Long.

The Senator said he is undeniably prejudiced about his father, whose reputation he zealously defended in the lecture, covered by all three national television networks.

Long said that, among persons who remember his father, Huey is the most popular governor Louisiana has ever had. After being elected in 1928, he built more than 2,300 miles of paved roads where there had been only about 100, built up Louisiana State University and provided free textbooks to the public schools. He built up and improved the state's charity hospital system.

"At the time of his death, Long was a member of the U.S. Senate, where his "Share Our Wealth" campaign forced President Roosevelt to move to the left and start the Social Security system," Russell Long said.

"Huey, a Winnfield native who lived in Shreveport for years before entering politics, genuinely wanted to help the masses of people - and taxed the oil companies to do so," the Senator said.

"He learned to fight fire with fire . . . and, in so doing, he did some things he could be criticized for," Long said.

"But the other side was doing the same thing."

The Senator also said it is unfair for critics to blame Huey for the Louisiana Scandals of 1939 and 1940, when Gov. Richard Leche and the president of LSU went to prison for stealing state funds, bid rigging and using state money to finance improvements on their private property.

"None of the corruption in the years after his death could be traced to him for the simple reason that while he was calling the signals, when he was governor and senator, he did not tolerate corruption," said the Senator.

Huey Long wanted the late Allen J. Ellender, then his speaker of the Louisiana House, to be the next governor of Louisiana, not Leche, said the senator. Ellender

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was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1936 and held that post until his death during a 1972 reelection campaign that resulted in the election of U.S. Sen. J. Bennett Johnston, D-Shreveport.

"Allen Ellender was the most straight-laced politician I ever knew," said Senator Long. "Had Huey lived, he would have backed Ellender for governor, and the scandals wouldn't have happened," said Senator Long.

Mrs. Huey Long, who held the Senate seat following Huey's death until Ellender's election, tried to tell that to the leaders of the Long faction, but they didn't pay attention. "It's a shame they didn't listen to my mother."

Russell Long, who went to the U.S. Senate in 1948, is the only person in American history who has followed both his father and mother into the Senate. Earlier this year, he stunned Louisiana politicians by announcing he wouldn't run for reelection next year.

Among other commemorations here Sunday of Huey Long's assassination was the premiere of a film, "The Life and Times of Huey Long." The film, made for public television stations, will be aired nationwide later this fall.

The premiere was a fund-raiser for Louisiana public television. Persons who paid \$25 each attended a reception in the Capitol Memorial Hall, then watched the film in the Louisiana House chamber, where Huey spent his last moments. It was being screened at the exact moment of the 50th anniversary of the assassination.

1

Truth and consequences . . . the long agony . . .
Baton Rouge, Louisiana, September 13, 1935

EARLY THAT MORNING, the police had escorted beautiful, thirty-five-year-old Jessica Lauren Fields to the large courtroom in the federal courthouse in Baton Rouge. The hearing and the trial were finished. The witnesses were gone. Those who remained for Jessica's sentencing were the bailiff, the court reporter, two deputies, Jessica's court-appointed attorney, Mr. Henry Felding, and Judge Samuel Adams. She was dressed in a white, beauty shop uniform because she was arrested the previous day at the Capital City Beauty Salon where she was manager.

Jessica was a slender, lovely woman five feet, five inches tall with long, dark-brown hair flowing like corn silk below her shoulders. Her shapely one hundred fifteen pound body caused men to take notice. Her cheeks were naturally rosy; her olive complexion glowed with health. People stared at her deep blue eyes. Jessica had the longest eyelashes most had seen. They curled out in a sloping sweep with the ends turned upward and when she closed her eyes they touched only in the middle. Her long eyelashes commanded the attention of anyone speaking with her or anyone who even glanced at her face. Jessica's eyelashes were tantalizing to men and envy of every woman she met. They closely analyzed her face and eyelashes as much or more than men.

Judge Samuel Adams asked Jessica to rise. He stated sternly, "Mrs. Fields, it is the opinion of this court that you are incompetent to lead a normal life. According to these witnesses, you have made and spread serious, slanderous, malicious accusations of a murder plot against these people without any proof."

Jessica was offended and replied, "Your Honor, I have not!"

Judge Adams banged the gavel. "Mrs. Fields, you are out of order!"

"Yes, Your Honor," she respectfully tendered.

The judge continued, "This court has proven you to be a very dangerous

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person to society. Your actions give me no alternatives other than the following sentence. Therefore, I am committing you to spend the remainder of your natural life at the Hospital for the Criminally Insane in Washington, D.C."

She screamed, "Criminally insane!"

"The guards will escort you to the train station to be transported immediately to the hospital. You're not to have any visitors whatsoever. You're not allowed to see anyone before you leave here. You're to report straight to the hospital in Washington. Is that clear, Mrs. Fields?"

"Yes, your Honor! It's clear that you are in on this with them!" Jessica replied loudly, as she wept bitterly.

"Mrs. Fields, I'll not tolerate this sort of behavior!"

Suddenly she began screaming, "I didn't do anything wrong! If telling the truth is wrong then I deserve this! Senator Long is dead and they killed him! They know it, I know it and the Lord knows it!"

"Mrs. Fields, you are out of order!"

"Your Honor, this whole thing is out of order! This is a kangaroo court! I want a fair trial according to the law!"

Banging the gavel, "Mrs. Fields, you are out of order!"

With tears streaming down her face, her chin quivering, her lips trembling, she sarcastically responded, "Well, what are you going to do, give me another life sentence for telling the truth again?"

"Guards, please escort Mrs. Fields to Washington." He banged the gavel once on the oak block. "This court stands adjourned."

Jessica began to yell and squirms trying to prevent the guards putting the handcuffs on her.

2

From sanity to insanity . . .
Washington, D.C., 1935

JESSICA LEFT THE COURT HOUSE in Baton Rouge at 10:00 a.m. in handcuffs with the guards. They went to the train station and boarded the next train to Washington, D.C. While speeding toward the station in the 1935 police car with the siren on, Jessica noticed the campaign posters on telephone poles everywhere of FDR FOR PRESIDENT 1936 and HUEY P. LONG FOR PRESIDENT 1936.

It was the worst train ride Jessica had. The scenery had no brilliance. Between tears, She observed as many of the sights as possible because she sensed the outside world would not exist for her again. She felt alone for the first time in a long while. She could not believe the authorities, including the judge, were actually a part of the conspiracy cover-up. She had a feeling that her life was doomed and that she would not see her family and husband again because the sentence was a death blow: life imprisonment. Jessica wondered why she had been so obsessed with the Huey P. Long plot. Now she wished she had not said a word to anyone, but she could not stand by and say or do nothing.

While the train was streaming toward Washington Jessica decided to write her husband, Dan Fields, to carry on his life without her because she knew they could never see each other again. She wrote of all that had happened to her. She sealed the letter and handed it to one of the guards.

"Will you mail this for me?"

"I can't!"

"Why not?"

"I don't have the authority!"

"Who does?"

"The hospital, when we get there."

Jessica put the letter in her purse and stared out the window of the speeding

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train. Tears began rolling down her beautiful face leaving a mascara trail.

WHEN THEY ARRIVED in Washington, the two deputies exited the police car that picked them up at the train station. One of the guards got out of the front passenger's side and the other one the back. The driver remained in the car. The one in the front opened the back door for Jessica to step out. She exited the car wearing handcuffs. She stood and stared for a few moments at the front of the hospital for the criminally insane. In disbelief, she was studying the building that would become her home for the rest of her natural life. She heard a train whistle in the background. She mumbled, "Life on the farm wasn't so bad after all. See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

The deputies urged Jessica to move by taking her by the arms. They escorted her through the front entrance. They walked her across the lobby to the lady seated at the front desk. Jessica removed from her purse her letter to Dan. She smiled at the lady as she asked, "Would you please mail this for me?"

The receptionist smiled back and responded, "I'm sorry, but I can't."

Jessica's smile vanished. "What do you mean, you can't?"

"I'm not authorized to."

At that moment, Jessica went into a rage. "What do you mean? This is a letter to my husband down in Panama! This just can't be happening!"

The deputies grabbed Jessica because they saw she was out of control.

One of the deputies said, "Settle down, Mrs. Fields."

She yelled, "I'm not supposed to even be in here! The murderers are walking the streets and I'm in here because I told on them and exposed their evil plot!" She was kicking and screaming.

The hospital director, fifty-year-old, Mrs. Cromwell, came from her office and told one of the male assistants to bring a straightjacket in order to restrain Jessica. Without smiling she introduced herself. "Mrs. Fields, my name is Mrs. Cromwell. I'm the hospital director. I'm sorry about your situation."

Jessica shouted accusingly, "Are you in on this with them?"

"No, I'm not in on it with them."

Jessica sneered, "Well, if you think I've lost all my marbles, you have another think coming!"

The guards were holding Jessica by both of her arms. She was squirming trying to get loose.

Mrs. Cromwell calmly asserted, "No one has said you've lost all your marbles,

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Mrs. Fields. We just want to help make your stay here as comfortable as possible."

Jessica retorted, "Well, a life sentence for telling the truth isn't very comfortable. The Lord knows all about it. They will all get what they justly deserve from the Lord. I promise you that."

By this time the black male assistant and the two deputies had Jessica in a straightjacket.

The black assistant coaxed, "Come on, Mis' Fields, let me takes you back to yo' room."

Jessica sassed back, "You mean I get a room, not a cell?"

"Yes'm."

Monotonously, Mrs. Cromwell officially hummed, "Mrs. Fields, we're here to help you. This is Mr. Amos Kelly. Now, go with Amos. He'll show you where you will be staying."

Jessica was jerking in the straightjacket. "I should be staying at my house! This isn't right! It just isn't right!" yelled Jessica as she turned toward the hall and started walking. Amos was holding the straightjacket so she could not jerk loose. She tried to resist and then gave in.

As they walked down the hall, Jessica heard noises. Moans and groans reeked through the dark gray halls. People mumbled incoherently. She was suddenly very afraid. The hospital smelled of medication. It was almost unbearable. Trying to be friendly she inquired, "How long have you been here, Amos?"

"'Bout five years, Mis' Fields."

Surprised, she remarked, "Five years, and you're not crazy yet?"

"No, Ma'am!"

She smiled slightly. "Well, if we're not crazy now, we soon will be. I don't know how much of this I'll be able to stand, Amos."

"Mis' Fields, jes don't think about it and it'll be all right."

Jessica agreed, "You might have a good point there, Amos."

"Yes'm. Here bees yo' room for now, Mis' Fields. After dey gits ya checked in an' everthang, dey might moves you aroun' a little bit, but for now dis is it." Amos consoled her as he assisted her removing the straightjacket.

The room was on the first floor in the rear of the building. It was small with a single bed and one small window. It was neat and clean. Jessica walked to a window that overlooked the back grounds of the hospital and expressed, "I'm glad it's not in a ward. They won't move me to that ward down the hall, will they?"

Amos replied, "Well, I don't know. Ever'budy dat comes in here bees diffent."

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They does all dat up at the front office."

"I understand, Amos. Thank you for helping me."

"Yes'm, you welcome, Mis' Fields." He left Jessica.

Jessica stood and stared out of the window. Another dreaded fear swept over her as she thought and mumbled to herself, "It will be like this for the rest of my life. Lord, what am I going to do. Please help me, Jesus."

ABOUT THAT TIME a man came running out of a ward screaming, "Somebody help me! They're gonna kill me! They're gonna kill me! Please! Help me!"

Amos ran catching the man, wrestling with him, then holding him with his arms pinned against the black and white tile floor.

Jessica was in the hall watching.

Twenty-five-year-old Amos was of an average build, but very strong. He was raised on a farm in the south and moved to Washington for opportunity. He had learned how to handle the patients and the holds used to restrain them. He needed assistance only when a patient was having an emotional attack or a seizure and the patient's actions were beyond his normal strength.

"Settle down, Mr. Downs. It'll be all right. Jes settle down, you hear? It's jes yo' medicine is axsing you to do dat. It'll be all right."

Mr. Downs could not get free from Amos. He jerked and strained and moaned. After a few moments, he quieted. Amos assisted him to the Holding Room for the patients out of hand from emotional attacks, temper tantrums, or seizures caused by over medication.

Jessica went into her room and left her door open. Another patient walked passed Jessica's open door and shrilled, "What are you in here for, murder?" He fiendishly laughed loudly running down the hallway. It frightened Jessica. She screamed. The patient had already walked in a room out of sight as Amos came running down the hall.

"What's duh matter, Mis' Fields?"

She was nervous. "A man just walked by and asked what was I in here for and laughed like some kind of monster! Who was he?"

"I don't know! I didn't see'm! What did'e look like?"

"He was a big man and had on a red outfit!"

Relieved Amos replied, "Oh, dat must a'been Mr. Willis. He always actin' to scare peoples an' he do too! But I found out if 'n you don't pay'm no mind, he gits tired a' tryin' an' he won't do it no mo'."

"Why does he wear that red outfit?"

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Smiling, "He makes like he bees de devil, dats all."

"That's who I thought it was."

"I said he do a good job at scarin' peoples."

"Well, you tell him I'm Mary, the Mother of God and I said leave me alone or I'll do something to him he will wished never happened."

"Yes'm, Mis' Fields, I'll go tell'm right now!"

"Good, Amos!"

Amos left her room. Jessica sat on the side of the bed staring out the window. She knew then that she had a friend in Amos. She heard weird noises down the hall.

Amos went to Mr. Willis' room and relayed Jessica's message. It scared Mr. Willis. "Please ask her to forgive me for my sins. I repent. I won't do it again. I won't do anything else to her. Please tell her, Amos."

"Yes Sir! Mr. Willis! I'll tells'er right away!"

Amos went back to Jessica's room. "Everthang's okay now! You scared duh daylight out of Mr. Willis! He say he ain't never gonna do nary nothing else to you ever again and he ax you to forgive'm fer his sins too, Mis' Fields!"

"Well, if I'm going to make out all right in here, Amos, I guess I'll have to play the game just like they do it. Won't I?"

"Yes'm! Sho' will! And, Mis' Fields, from now on when somebody bees messin' wit'cha, jes look'em straight 'n duh eye. Stare at'em and dey a'leaves you alone!"

"Thank you, Amos for the help."

"You welcome, Ma'am!" He was leaving to go to the front, then turned back into Jessica's room and inquired, "Mis' Fields, I ain't s'pose to ebun bees axin' but I'm gonna anyhow. You jes ain't likes ever'body else dat comes in here. What did dey send you here fer anyway?"

"Farm life wasn't so bad after all, Amos."

"Yes'm. I knows dat 'cause dat was duh way I was raised."

"Yes, and you got away from it, too and ended up here also."

"Yes'm! But what do dat mean?"

"See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil, Amos."

"Yes'm! But dey wouldn't send you here jes fer dat, would dey?"

"Yes! Absolutely! If I told you why I was sent here, you probably would not believe me, and, you would think I just made up the story or you would think I was crazy."

"No, Ma'am! I knows you ain't crazy, Mis' Fields!"

"Well, I was crazy to get involved the way I did just to defend the truth."

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"Yes'm, Mis' Fields! Like I say, I woudn't s'pose to ax. Please don't tells dem, Mis' Fields."

"I won't, Amos. I promise! Thank you for caring. One day, when we have time, I will tell you the whole story."

"Yes'm!"

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