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Mr. Harold Weisberg
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Dear Harold:

In November of 1992, I received a call from a man who said he was in New York and was coming to Dallas and wanted to interview me. He said his name was Peter McKenna and that he had been a writer for the New York Times, writing for the Financial Section. He claimed to have retired and wanted to write a book about the assassination -- particularly about the researchers. I explained that I do not give interviews and that, in addition to that, my husband is very ill. We hung up.

In December, Gary Shaw called me and said a man named Peter McKenna was here and was trying to interview him and Gary Mack. The next day, I received a call from Mr. McKenna and he was almost begging me to let him come by and interview me. I refused again. A few days later, Gary Shaw called me and said he had been interviewed by McKenna and "...I did not like him. There is something wrong with him. All he wanted was for me to say something bad about the other researchers."

I received a call every day for the next two or three days. Finally, I said I could not let him come to the house but I agreed to meet him some other place. He suggested a restaurant or bar. I suggested a small family-type restaurant where Gary Shaw, Bud Fensterwald, Tink Thompson, Larry Howard and I have always enjoyed the wholesome, well-prepared food. It is about three blocks from my home. The place is called Farmers' Grill. It is a branch of a Farmers' Grill in the downtown area near the Farmers' Market that has been operating for more than 50 years. We agreed on 1:30 p.m.

When I arrived, the man was seated in the center of the restaurant at a large table that would have seated at least six. He was already eating. He had a steak, potatoes, etc. I ordered beef stew and cornbread. (I paid for both meals since he did not offer to pick up the check.) I have never known the name of any one who worked there. I was dressed in black slacks, an old cotton sweater but had a nice cashmere sweater over that. Mr. McKenna did not touch me so I daresay he could not have told that I was wearing a cashmere sweater. I was driving a car that is now six years old. It is a 1988 Ford product. To call it a luxury car makes we wonder if he has ever driven anything other than a Volkswagon.

He was very polite to me. There are only a few areas in his "report" that bear any resemblance to what we actually talked about. We did talk about the recording supposedly

taped by Pamela Tunure's landlady. Sue Fitch told me that Paul Rothermel got the tape for her. Sue played it for me ONE time. We never discussed any White Citizen's Council (I never heard of that group until Harrison told me I belonged to it) or other right wing group that I belonged to. Primarily we talked about Mr. McKenna's mother who is 84 and he said I reminded him of her. He also said he owns a boat in New York Harbor and rents it out to large corporations for company parties. He invited me to call him when I am next in New York and said he would like to give me, my daughter and our family and friends a ride around the harbor. He did not give me a phone number or business card so that I might have contacted him -- if I had wanted to do so.

He asked me if Buck worked for Downtown Lincoln Mercury. I said, "He actually never worked for Downtown Lincoln Mercury. He helped Mr. E. C. McAlister get McAlister Lincoln Mercury open in 1992 and, in August, when Mr. McAlister called him in and explained that he could not make the money with Ford that he could with Chrysler and intended to make Ford take the dealership back, he gave Buck the opportunity to find another position." Buck did immediately go with John Eagle who had just opened Eagle Lincoln Mercury out on Lemmon. McAlister became Downtown Lincoln Mercury. Not one word was ever mentioned about Gordon McLendon and I certainly never gave him the idea that Buck ever owned any dealership. Buck never met Gordon McLendon.

We took Marguerite Oswald to Waco to meet with a former New Orleans man who had known Marguerite when she was a child. This man also knew Carlos Marcello. Marguerite and the man had a great time -- both having been friends of Dorothy Lamour who was a neighbor in their old neighborhood. Later, in 1967, we were in New Orleans and this man from Waco took us out. One of the places he took us was to a restaurant in The Town and Country Motel on Airline Highway and it was there that Carlos Marcello came in and we were briefly in his company. He did seem nice to me! He had no reason to act any other way. He was only with us five minutes at the most.

Harold, this man who claimed to have been Peter McKenna and claimed to have worked for the New York Times as a financial writer is the ONLY person who has interviewed me in years. The New York Times told Peggy that he had never worked for them -- not even as a stringer. Peggy has found four Peter McKennas on Long Island. (He told me he lived on Long Island.) We haven't been able to determine if one of those is a writer.

This year, Harrison informed me that I had admitted I was a member of the White Citizens Council to the New York Times writer he sent to my house in December. That was simply not true. It was never mentioned. I think I did say that I had investigated the extreme right wing and the extreme left wing -- the Democrats and the Republicans -- Castro and anti-Castro Cubans during the years I have been researching this. I have no more idea who did it today than I did on November 22, 1963.

I hope some of this will help you.

Love,
Mary