

Fred Murray's Open Letter to James Renner #2 (June 30, 2016) Originally posted on [John Smith's Blog](#)

I wasn't going to bother with the rest of this guy's drivel because I'm totally immersed in finding my daughter, Maura, and the dirtbag who grabbed her but it's clear that you deserve to hear the truth from me personally.

He has asserted as basic fact that I asked Maura's friends to not talk to him. This, of course, is another false allegation taken from his list of misrepresentations that he's tried to foist on you. The reality is that I said the girls should "play it the way they saw it". I wasn't going to chance it because I didn't trust him based on his unfounded and mean spirited hatchet job on his personally manufactured suspect, Dean Runkle, in the Amy Mihaljevic case. I don't think unjust collateral damage matters to him if it is likely to enhance his readership and thus his profit.

Another mainstay that he hangs his hat on is his beyond absurd claim that I ducked talking to the police for over two years. The record shows I spoke to the state police early and often because of their own performance both collectively and individually and also their intransigence concerning their non-acceptance of the Boston F.B.I.'s offer to enter the case. I was at their Twin Mountain station several times in the first few months and on a couple occasions with a roomful of the top police brass around trying to talk me out of seeking the F.B.I. I always went alone.

I compared the situation to the fire department asking for assistance from other agencies when the fire has them outmanned and overmatched. My request was doomed because there can be no major crime in the north country with its near total economic existence dependent upon unafraid tourists. The missing weren't grabbed by one of the area slimeballs but instead got lost in the woods or committed suicide. Downplaying and delaying has always worked in the past as the families of the victims get discouraged and drift away. That couldn't work this time since all the heat you folks put on kept their feet to the fire.

He seeds his tale with inaccuracies all over the place. An example is his implying that Sara Alfieri told me the whole story. Sara told me during the only time I talked to her that she was "asleep the entire time" and nothing more.

Another would be his constant reference to my brother's home in Weymouth as "Fred's house". This is a false platform erected to support establishing me as the owner of an adult magazine he says he found in the backyard in 2012 when I had moved out in early 2002. "Fred's house" has been in Hanson since he bought it in 1974.

Something that rankles me is that a former senior police official who was supposed to get the red stained carpet samples from the A frame to the state police lab still hadn't done so two and a half years later according to high state police officials.

He repeatedly mentions a hanger on want to be track coach named Hossein something who said he never knew Maura's father was alive when he met Maura and me while we were watching a race and told me of his prospective book about a runner. Maura had no interest what so ever in this guy. It seems the author starts with the finished product he wants and then back fills in anything he thinks might support the desired image he wishes to create. He's a real phony.

It's insidious how he tries to sell the notion that Maura was always camping alone with me when all my kids would go with me on every trip and no kid ever went alone. He gets this from my former sister-in-law who is his twin in spirit as exemplified by her claiming that Maura and I would share a tent when camping when she very well knows there was always the girls tent and the equipment tent which doubled as my quarters. She referred to me as being "odd" but why then did she let her own daughters go vacationing with us numerous times? She mentions an argument during which he "really reamed her" when no such event ever took place.

Screaming at kids is counter productive and is not how I've ever handled anything at any time. Her characterizing herself as Maura's confidant and frequent advisor is intellectually dishonest.

Tim Carpenter has never been considered the brightest bulb on any circuit to begin with. He severely compounded that status with a progressively increasing alcoholic debilitation reportedly resulting in borderline incompetence and near death last year. You need look no further than the bizarre "drunk and naked on a mountain top" statement he made to see there's not much left. Ironically, Carpenter himself has been mentioned concerning a yet unresolved highly suspicious incident in nearby Warren, New Hampshire, in April of 2004.

Everything the writer concocts about me is designed to imprint and project his desired negative image of me on his audience. His specialty is carefully crafting illusion that he hopes only someone who actually knows me very well can detect.

In my opinion, this guy redefines the term "pathetic" and is the literary equivalent of a carny-barker. His writing philosophy seems to be to keep repeating junk over and over and hope that it will eventually be accepted as fact. Just keep throwing you know what against the wall and hope some of it sticks. Throughout my life I've always thought that the worst thing you could possibly call someone is a sneak. This guy is a sneak!!!

Thank you,
Fred

P.S.

My family and I remain deeply appreciative for the unfailing support you folks have given us throughout this continuing struggle and also for your constant digging for information and following possible leads. We couldn't have continued and we'd be nowhere without you.