

TRUE COPY

Miss Margaret Kinner
31 Central Ave.
Albany 10, N. Y.

May 4, 1964

Dear Sir;

I have been trying since Nov. 22 to write to you. But I haven't had the courage or nerve. I want to tell you what happened to me. Two weeks before J. FK's murder; I dreamt about it. On the day that it happened, I was at work at Nathon Liben, a wholesale tobacco Co. One of our girls came running upstairs screaming "He's dead." Everyone asked who she was talking about. "She said President Kennedy." I said your crazy" But she insisted she had heard it on her radio. Finally when I got home and turned on the radio, I heard it myself that it really was true, I got scared I didn't know what to think. I locked myself in the house, I didn't cry because I was too shocked. The next day I started to think back about the dream. The day their son was being buried; I was watching it on TV. No one was home but myself. As they walked up to the gravesite I said out loud! "Three months from now he will follow his son in death! If I am correct about the day of his funeral, it was Aug. 22. three days before my birthday. What gets me, it's as if someone put those words in my mouth. Now the hard part. This is the dream about JFK. About two weeks before it happed; I was sound asleep, Next thing I know, I see out local night paper The Knickerbock News in front of me. I am reading the headlines. "J. FK. Assasinated" His picture was exactly in the same spot. The left hand corner of the paper as it was in real life. All the details were the same. One exception, the printing in my dream used his initials in big, black, bold print. In real life it was ordinary print. I tried to put it out of my mind as a bad dream or a night mare. Sir, If I had told you at the time that I dreamed of it; would you have believed me? I feel kind of guilty telling you now. Because I have no one else to turn to. Who would have believed me back then?

Thank you for letting me take-up your valuable time.

Yours truly

Margaret Kinner

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Mrs. Margaret Kimerly
31 Central Ave.
Albany 10, N. Y.

May 4, 1964

Dear Sam,

I have been trying since Nov. 22 to
write to you. But I haven't had the
courage or nerve. I want to tell you
what happened to me.

Two weeks before J. F. K.'s murder,
I dreamt about it.

On the day that it happened, I was
at work at Nathan Libson, a wholesale
tobacco Co. One of our girls came

running up stairs screaming "He's
dead!" everyone asked who she was
talking about. She said President
Kennedy. I said "you're crazy!"

But she is right. I should have heard it
on her radio.

CORRESPONDENCE R8

Finally when I got home and
turned on the radio, I heard to myself
that it really was true, I got scared
I didn't know what to think.
I locked myself in the house,
I didn't cry because I was too shocked.
The next day I started to think
back about the dream.
The day their son was being buried,
I was watching it on TV.
No one was home but myself,
as they walked up to the gravesite
I said out loud: "Three months from
now he will follow his son
in death. If I am correct about
the day of his funeral, it was Aug. 27.
Three days before my birthday
I heard Getama, it was if I had heard
those words in my mouth
Now the hard part.

MAY 8 1968

Miss Margaret Kinney
31 Central Ave.
Albany 10, N. Y.

This is the dream about G. F. K.
About two weeks before it happened,
I was sound asleep, next thing I
knew, I was out local night paper
The Knickerbocker News in front of
me, I am reading the headlines
"G. F. K. Assassinated" His picture
was exactly in the same spot
The left hand corner of the paper
as it was in real life
All the details were the same
One exception, The printing in
my dream was his initials in
big blocks, bold print.
In real life it was ordinary print
I tried to put it out of my mind as
a bad dream or a night mare
But I had told you

at the moment I am of
it, would you have believed me?
I feel kind of guilty telling you
now. Because I have no one else
to turn to, who would have
believed me back then?

Thank you for letting me
take up your valuable time,

Yours Truly

Margaret Kerner