

The [redacted] Ant.
[redacted]
Santa Ana, California.
November 14, 1964

REC-46

J. Edgar Hoover
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs

First, I would like to apologize for taking your time, but something has been weighing heavily on my mind for almost a year and I now feel that I should write you to get the matter off my mind.

As the enclosed excerpts indicate, I dreamed last November 19th of death, with a top hat, a figure which very much resembled the figure of Lincoln. That same week (see excerpts) I was scarcely able to refrain from making notations in a family keepsake about the strange hand movements of my deceased father's pocketwatch, unwound for three years and three weeks. On the night that Mrs. Kennedy left the White House, on the eve of Thanksgiving, I could no longer resist making the notations. The other details you can read in the excerpts enclosed. Nothing in the dream experience suggested what might have led to the assassination. (I have noted that the dream occurred about 5 or 5:30 on the morning of the day that Pierre Selinger and others left for the Honolulu trip.)

However, I have been much concerned that perhaps the dream came to me for a reason. I am a native of Dallas. When I left for Hawaii I was almost sick of the anti-black feelings as well as the anti-John Birch groups. I was also very upset about the way Mr. Lyndon and Lt. Jack Revill (intelligence section of Dallas police) attacked a particular problem I brought to their attention (relating to a certain "cultural and social" group). I subsequently wrote the Charter Section, a Mr. Bob Lewery, in Austin and received a reply from the Office of the Secretary of State. I do not know to this day why or how that group can flourish without strictest attention to their activities by the FBI. It is an international group, in body membership as well as in outlook, whose constitution was rewritten after the state charter was obtained (and amended immediately to limit the influx of American voting members). I explained all of this to an extremely uneducated and incompetent (it seemed to me) police officer who was sent out by Lt. Revill to my apartment. I insisted that the officer take the membership list, at least, and give it to the FBI. Reggie and Reggie, the then bar president (he, not his wife) in Dallas are the legal supporters of that group. I have no proof that the group is a front organization, but it has some of the earmarks. I have lots more of them noted in my file. At the time that I withdrew my membership (which is purposely failed to renew) and withdrew my support as teacher and membership chairman and proposed director for an equality language lab (the budget for which spelled of planned incompetence, -- as planned as the Oswald-Ruby neurotic sentimentalism), I had terrible impressions that my life was in danger because they became all secured over me with

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lines, etc.

In fact, the morning of November 22nd last year I felt almost like a traitor--I remembered how I probably should have stayed in Dallas insisting that the Dallas police and the FBI and State attorney listen to me. (Maybe they know all about the club; I still do not know.) The year before I had wanted to resist that international group, but I felt the energy and worry would be too much for one person of a passive nature without authoritative help. I somehow feel an involvement in the Dallas guilt that I cannot put my finger on. It is, I believe, more than the general sense of guilt that so many Dallasites have felt.

I have told you all of this so that you would know that I am conscious of the fact that I have, still, some bitter feelings towards that group. Because, now, my question to you is whether or not--in view of my dream experiences--it would be worthwhile for me to visit a competent, thoroughly American, hypnotist of your choosing, who might be able to take me back to last November to the dream state to see if there is anything in the thoughts leading up to the dream that would give any clues to the assassination. I have tried for many months to dismiss this notion, but the idea keeps presenting itself to me. Since I have experienced telepathy, clairvoyance and now pre-cognition, and have 'sensed' situations before, perhaps you can understand why I feel disloyal to my country if I do NOT offer to help in this small way,--though there is no guarantee that it might reveal anything. Psychiatrists have used the method successfully, I understand.

I hope I will not be labeled an alarmist or that I will give you false leads, as your book FBI in Peace and War indicates is often done. However, I must add one other bit of information:

The following is an account of an old-wives-tale type episode which occurred near Easter last spring in Honolulu when I decided, after writing several articles on the Warren Committee investigation, to check my files for the membership list of the Dallas International group, thinking I might send it to the Warren Committee and tell them what I have told you above about the group. In my haste I grabbed the wrong manila envelope out of the closet, not the one that the Dallas police had returned the membership list in, but a similar one that I had used to store the dictionary clippings in (see excerpts). As I dumped the contents on the bed I realized I had the wrong envelope and I started to put it back when something within me stopped me. It was some kind of inner force compelling me to look at the clippings--"as if any mistaken envelope could contain enlightening clues", I mused. But, I had thought that the other envelope might contain clues, of course. Anyway, I looked first at two items in the envelope and as I did I remember thinking, with a funny feeling creeping over me and the approaching idea causing me to shudder, "wouldn't it be funny if I found something in these old Dallas clippings that did give a clue." (by now, of course I had realized that I was psychic and I never knew when another experience might 'strike'.) It was as if I felt something coming. A small, thin pocket reference guide (supplement to Karch, 1943, Reader's Digest) en-

I opened the cover and glanced quickly over the insignia. For some reason I was centering my attention on the crossed skeleton keys, the label under the symbol reading "sterekeeper". I looked at all the other symbols on each of the first two pages, but the skeleton keys kept attracting my attention. "Sterekeeper" means nothing to me and meant nothing then; the whole idea was so silly that I started to put the clippings away. Once more, I felt I should look further. It was then, or just a bit later, that I noticed the title of that section of the booklet was "By their stars, bars, and stripes (insignia) You Shall Know Them". I picked up a clipping then. It was the entire front page of the Dallas Morning News (Friday, March 7, 1958). I glanced over the page to notice if anything would attract my attention as the skeleton keys had done previously. At once, I was attracted by the line LENTEN GUIDEROSTS: "God--lower Behind Men". Naturally, I felt I should look more closely. Immediately the words "Phoenix City" (Alabama) stood out.

Now maybe it was accidental that I had those feelings about the contents of the mistaken envelope and about the key symbol (which was pictured just beneath the gunner's mate symbol) and that the title was "By their ...you shall know them" and that each of the paper items were called, respectively, Guide and Guidepost; and, maybe it was accidental that I shuddered and shook and that I had to lie down exhausted after the incident. This sounds fantastic and maybe I am nuts, but what would you do if you had such strange feelings, especially after I had earlier in my life ignored signs of ESP ability and later found,-- just "woke up to the fact" one morning--that the ability might be put to practical use. I was shocked. I have recently looked briefly at the Warren Report and find no mention of any of the above-mentioned (people or symbols), but I am still dissatisfied with the one-man-did-it-all interpretation of events. Hence, I decided to write you. This is the only time in my life that something so ridiculous, and yet perhaps meaningful, has occurred.

There is much more information about the DICSC that, to my knowledge, neither the Dallas police nor the FBI have. The women running the group were very charming and I was not suspicious at all of the group until after the first year when I discovered that the emphasis was not on Americanization and English learning. Please let me know if I can be of further help.

In closing, I would like to ask whether or not my affiliation with such a group would prevent my getting a job with the FBI. On the back of the Security Check form that RAND gave me I did not see the DICSC listed. I would like to help in some way; could you send me an application form? Since I am not married, non-drinker, non-smoker and decorous, I might apply for a decoy type job if not for the intelligentsia type, or something quieter.

Sincerely,

Enc.: Ass. excerpts
DICSC pamphlet