

5345 E. Ocean Blvd.
Long Beach, California
Saturday, June 22, 1968

Dear Raymond,

Enclosed is the full account of the experience I have been calling you about.

Although I am sending you a carbon, I have not shown this to anybody else. I am most hesitant about implicating any poor, unsuspecting, innocent people and I keep telling myself that this whole thing is just a series of coincidences which I have pieced together in such a way as to look significant. The "two men" were probably Finance men trying to repossess an automobile or some such thing.

As I told you, I called the F.B.I. yesterday and told them about these two pictures, but I really think that I should have tried to find other pictures in other poses before I said anything. It is possible that another picture of the same person would look entirely different. I am well aware of that, - but I suppose the F.B.I. is well aware of that, also. It was not my intention to "stir up" anything, nor to seek any publicity - you know that. I gave it a lot of serious thought and I kept coming up with the opinion that it was extremely unlikely that two men looking so much like those pictures would come to Long Beach looking for a man named Ray on that night, and that it would be pure coincidence. (But that is probably just what it was!) I'll probably hear nothing more about it, - in fact, I HOPE I hear nothing more about it. I still think it entirely plausible that, if it was actually them, and they think I might recognize their pictures, it would occur to them that I should be silenced. (Believe me, any men coming to my door in the future are going to get short shrift from me!)

I would be most interested in hearing from you as to your opinion of my story and whether you agree that I should have reacted as I did.

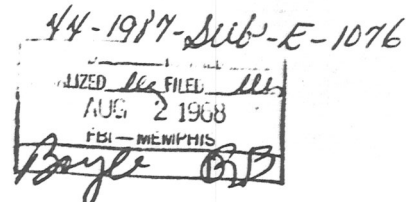
Love,

Me

P.S. I realize that I did not make my account very succinct, but I did not want to leave anything out; AND I also realized that the literary style leaves much to be desired, but I never said I was Fannie Hurst, did I?

P.P.S. When I phoned you the other afternoon and talked with Kathy about the pictures I had seen in the paper, she said that she didn't think that you wanted any part of this matter! When you didn't call me back, I figured that you were not interested, so that is another reason why I called the F.B.I. myself rather than contacting you again.

P.P.S. #2 I am thinking of looking for a job as an expert typist. Wish me luck!



On the night of April 1st, I was sitting alone in my den watching television. I heard heavy footsteps walking back and forth between the building in which I live and the building next door. This is not unusual, but for some reason, the sound attracted my attention. Shortly after that, my front doorbell rang. It was exactly 11:45 P.M. I went to the front window and, peering between the closed drapes, I saw a man standing at the door, facing the window, holding what at first glance appeared to be a camera. He was holding it very high and close to his face, as if he was looking at me through the view-finder. I immediately jumped back and called out, "Who is it?" His reply was, "The Police." Having seen that he was not wearing a uniform, I said, "Come on, you're not a policeman. What is the camera for?" He replied, "That is not a camera. I was holding up my badge." Telling him to wait a minute, I went to put on a robe. When I returned to the window and pulled open the drapes, he was still holding the badge very high and close to his head. He was smiling very broadly. The badge looked "odd" to me, but I cannot explain exactly why. It was large and seemed to have a coppery cast. It was attached to a wallet or folder. In his other hand, he held a small, chrome flashlight. I noticed a small red insignia on the end of it. It was then that I saw the second man standing below on the steps. When I asked what they wanted, the man with the badge said that they were looking for a man who, according to reliable information, was "holed up", (or some similar slang expression), with one of the tenants next door. He held out a picture. I remember thinking that, since we were yelling through the closed window, if the man they sought was next door, he would surely hear them. Since I could not see the picture clearly, I opened the door. (I am positive that the man said that they were "police", because as I opened the door, I remarked that I was hardly in any condition to talk with anybody, much less the police.) The first man, who did almost all of the talking, apologized for the lateness of the call and said that, since mine was the only light on in the vicinity, they had decided to "take a chance and ring the bell". He asked if there was a "caretaker" in the building next door. When I replied that there was not, he again held out the picture, asking if I had seen the person around there recently. I still could not see clearly, so I opened the screen door and told them to come in. (I don't know why, but I distinctly remember that he sort of chuckled and said, "Oh, all right.") They both entered. The first man was dark with black hair and brown eyes, and looked to be of Italian derivation. He was about 5'10", of medium build, wore an almost constant smile and smelled strongly of shaving lotion. He had a decided dimple in his chin. He was wearing a dark suit, white shirt, dark tie, and a black raincoat or trench-coat. I seem to remember that he was wearing one glove and was carrying a hat, which he placed on a nearby chair. The second man had light brown hair, flecked with gray, cut in a "butch" style. His face was more wrinkled and his blue eyes had rather large circles or "bags" under them. I think that he had a round scar on the lower left side of his face and he wore a very serious, almost apprehensive expression. He was slightly taller and wore a gray suit under a black raincoat or trench-coat. He had no hat, but I think he, too, was wearing gloves. I have the impression that they were both wearing scarves, - one was dark red; the other was brown, blue and gray plaid. The first man was between 38 to 45 yrs. of age; the second looked older.

I took the picture across the room to look at it under the light from a table-lamp. The two men remained standing just inside the door. The picture was a combination of full face and profile views of a young man, probably in his early thirties. It was a rather ordinary face which would not make a striking, lasting impression. I have the impression that he, too, had a "butch" haircut. At least, it seemed shorter on the sides than the top. He had a dimple in his chin, and I remember noticing his ears particularly. I think that the photo was in a cellophane case, the multiple kind which holds credit cards, etc., but it was folded in such a way that the one picture was all I saw.

I told the men that I could not be sure that I had, or had not, seen such a person. The first man said, "He is a little older now than he was when that was taken." As I passed the picture back to him, the second man spoke for the first time. He said, "His name is Ray." The first man, who had been facing me, turned his head quickly and threw him a sharp look, as much as to say, "What did you say that for?" This was the definite impression I got, because I had been on the verge of asking what this person was wanted for, but upon seeing that look, I decided to ask no questions. (I am positive that the name was "Ray", because my brother's first name is Ray and I made that connection in my mind.) The first man turned back to me, resumed his smile, and said, "He is a really bad boy. We're very anxious to get him. Do you know any of the tenants next door? Do you have any idea what "flat" he might be in?" I replied that I had known only one of the tenants, but he had moved away just the previous day. I said that, as far as I knew, all the tenants were young men, with the exception of two girls who shared one of the second floor apartments. The second man then spoke for the second time. "They're who we should be talking to!" The first man readily agreed, indicating that if there were girls over there, Ray would have certainly made himself known to them. He asked me if I had seen a white car parked in front of the building recently. I described an off-white car, with red upholstery, I had seen there recently, but they did not seem to think that it was the one to which they had reference. Apologizing again, and going all through the same explanation of why they had "bothered" me, they left.

As I returned to the den, I heard them walking back between the buildings and up the stairs to the second floor next door. Again, I thought that they certainly weren't being at all quick. I heard no sounds for between five to ten minutes. Then, I heard a door close, and they ran down the stairs, - not fast, just sort of trotting down, as if they were finished there and were leaving. As they walked back to the street, one of them said something that SOUNDED like, "We'd better stop on the other side of and call Paul.....find him waiting around "barstools".....3 or 4 o'clock....." Then I heard "Pacific Coast Highway" and something about a Freeway. I had the impression that they were going to a bar, and I wondered why, if this person was hiding out, he would be "waiting around" a bar. (It was more idle curiosity. I did not concentrate on what was being s.

I walked out to the kitchen window and saw them cross Ocean Blvd. and get into a dark-colored, late model car. They left the inside car light on and sat there for several minutes looking at a large map. I knew that it must be a map because of its size. I remember wondering why, if they were local police, as they had given me to understand, they would need a map. Then they turned out the light, but did not start the car right away. Just at that time, my husband came in from work. I told him to go back outside to see if a black car, with two men in it, was parked across the street. He returned to say that there was no car at all in the area I had indicated. It was exactly 12:20 A.M.

This whole episode "bugged" me. There was something "wrong" with it. I considered calling the Long Beach Detective Bureau immediately to check on it, but decided against it. I wondered, "Why the raincoats? It was not raining, nor was it chilly. (Such coats are seldom, if ever, seen in this area) Why were they so noisy, if they were actually trying to "catch" somebody? Who let them in next door? If nobody let them in, what were they doing up there so long? I had seen no lights in the building, but I was certain I had heard a door close. Why did they need a map? Why did I have the definite impression that the first man had not wanted the suspect's name divulged? etc. etc. etc.

It was at this point that I started to remember and piece things together, and my story now enters into the realm of conjecture, interpretation and, probably, my own imagination.

Almost every night, from the time we first moved here last October, I had heard the fellow who lives in the second floor apartment of the building next door, on the side facing me, get out a car at about 3:30 or 4:00 A.M., walk between the two buildings past my window, climb those same stairs and stop. Then I would hear his keys as he unlocked his door. The door would close noisily, his kitchen light would go on, shining down into my window, and I would hear him moving around in his kitchen. This occurrence was so regular and so much the same each night, that it became a sort of habit with me to listen for it before I went to sleep. Shortly after the visit from the two men, I suddenly realized that this fellow's "pattern" had changed some time recently. The same man was still coming home at the same time. I recognized the footsteps going up the stairs and stopping, but he did not unlock the door. It seemed to me that the door was being opened from the inside. Then I remembered that I had heard him speak, one night, saying, "It's me. Let me in." I had idly wondered about it at the time, but had attached no significance to it. It struck me that the lights in that apartment had been turned on during the evening for perhaps the last couple of weeks, where, previously, the windows had been dark. I mentioned this "change in pattern" to my husband, saying, "I'll bet the guy those men were looking for was up there." He laughed at me, telling me I was imagining things.

The fellow who lived in the first floor apartment in the building next door was in the process of moving out on the day President Johnson made his announcement of not running for office again. His first name was "Dick" and, although I did not know him well, I had had several conversations with him. His front door was so close to my kitchen door that I could hear everything that transpired over there almost as well as if I was in the same room. On that afternoon, I heard two fellows come down the stairs and stop at Dick's open door. One of them introduced the other to Dick, telling him that this person had been staying with him for several days. Dick expressed surprise that he had not been aware of the person having been there. I seem to remember that the man was planning to end his visit that evening or the following morning. Although I was not consciously listening to their conversation, I remember some discussion of a trip to Mexico and gathered that the "visitor" had been there recently. Dick was taking his time about getting his belongings packed into a 9-foot truck, so they stayed over there all afternoon, talking and drinking beer. There was a long conversation about renting a boat. (It may not have been on that same afternoon that I heard it, but I think it was.) Dick was the only familiar voice to me, so I remember best what he said. He was very much impressed with the size of the boat, the sleeping quarters, etc. He asked about the cost of renting such a boat, etc. I know that nothing was said about fishing. I gathered that it was rented for the purpose of taking a rather long voyage or cruise. The two girls, previously mentioned, were also in and out of that apartment all afternoon, talking to the fellows. I distinctly remember that one of the girls said something about one of the men having taken dancing lessons. She seemed to think it was most unusual and rather humorous. From what was said, I realized that she was referring to ballroom dancing. That same evening, after Dick left, there were two or three couples dancing in the livingroom of the aforementioned second floor apartment. (I noticed it particularly, because it had never happened before, since I had lived here, - and it has never happened since.) When I took my dog out that evening, I glanced up at the windows and saw a tallish, slender, dark-haired fellow dancing with one of the girls. I did not recognize him. As I remember it in retrospect, it was just about that period of time that both my husband and I noticed a late model white automobile parked in a space behind that building. Neither of us is certain about the "make", but it was a compact car. It was there only a few days and had not been seen there since.

I did not connect any of the pictures which I had seen with either "ing" until the name "James Earl Ray" was mentioned in the news. Then it really started to bother me as I compared the things I had seen and heard with what I read in the papers. I tried to clearly remember the photograph which had been shown to me that night. If that was a picture of the same "Ray", it was not the same picture as any of those I have seen published, with the possible exception of one which had been taken of him several years ago. However, because of the coincidences, the subject continued to bother me to such a degree that I finally telephoned the Long Beach Detective Bureau on the afternoon of May 2nd or 3rd. I got no satisfaction from the woman I talked with at that time, so I phoned back that night. The officer who answered told me that no men from his office had been looking for any man named Ray previous to the death of King. He advised me to call the F.B.I. which I did. The gentleman who answered the telephone in the Los Angeles Office of the F.B.I. that night quite obviously did not believe a word I said. He did assure me most definitely, however, that had any two men come to my door as I claimed, had they been F.B.I. Agents, they WOULD CERTAINLY have identified themselves QUITE CLEARLY as being from the FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION and there would be no subsequent doubt in my mind. I asked him, "If they were not Long Beach Detectives, and they were not F.B.I. Agents, who were they?" He did not seem to care. I tried to convince him that I was not a nut and was telling the truth, but he ended the conversation by telling me I had better forget the whole thing.

In the June 17th issue of The National Observer, there were four photographs printed on the front page. One of them was the usual one of James Earl Ray wearing the dark-rimmed glasses, but two of the others struck me immediately as looking vaguely familiar. I read underneath to see who they were. I studied the faces, even using a magnifying glass to see them more clearly. In order to help myself, I drew black coat collars on them. That didn't seem to make them look exactly right, so I made their hairlines recede a bit. That was better, but it seemed that one of them should have a "bitch" haircut, so I gave him one. The more I fiddled around with the pictures, the more certain I became that they were the two men who had come to my door that night looking for a man named "Ray". The two pictures were of the two men whose names James Earl Ray had been using, Raoul George Sneyd and Eric S. V. Galt.