

Hastings 1364.

Flat 1, 75 Felonsay Road,
St. Leonards-on-Sea,
Sussex.
26th. November, 1963.

Your Excellency:

Please do not dismiss my letter as the work of a crank or (as you Americans say) - nut-case for what I have to say is absolutely true and now, suffering from hindsight, I am grieving to think I ought to have taken some action earlier. But I just could not interpret the dream as I think it was meant to be. But let me explain more fully ...

On the night of the 21st November I went to bed as usual about 11 p.m. but at 1.30 a.m. I awoke - wide awake so I got up and stood at my window watching the stars and thinking - perhaps rather deep thoughts - then I made myself a cup of tea and went back to bed. I read until 4 a.m. and turned out my light and went to sleep only to have one of the most terrible dreams of my life.

In this dream I was looking across the Atlantic and I could see the coast of America very clearly indeed where to my horror a huge ship was foundering - half under the waves and half above. I watched in horrified silence as one after another of the crew were thrown overboard and then suddenly a man appeared from beneath the waves and asked me to look after two wretched and shivering puppies. I refused but he repeated his request and warned me that they must be saved from two men whose names were Valentin and Andry.

I was so upset by this dream that I mentioned it to a friend and said I must be going to get some bad news from America but I could not understand it for I do not know anyone in America, nor have I ever been there (although it has always been an ambition of mine to do so).

You must wonder why I am writing to you now after all the tragic events of the past few days but the fact is that I am still troubled and although I could not interpret the meaning earlier, I am now wondering whether the two names have any connection with the children of the ...

Let me assure you Sir, that I am an ordinary housewife, living a very quiet life down in Sussex and that I am not in the habit of having such distressing and troubled dreams. Only once before in my life a similar experience happened when I was living in Spain. I was warned to get out of Spain and on the day I landed in England, the Moors were swarming over the ground on which I had been standing when I received the warning.

Naturally, my only reason for writing is to ask you to warn the FBI, to seek out any questionable people whose names are Valentin or Andry (or something like that) and that double precautions are taken to guard the Kennedy children.

Sir, I hope this letter will be treated as secret and not as the raving of some weird person for I am very deeply grieved to think that (if some Spiritual power) or in the words of Shakespeare -

"there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of"

that I could not have been of assistance of help in saving the life of that most noble and brilliant young man, John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Believe me Sir, I have spent many years over my own impotence.

I hope you will respect my wish and see that no one can make capital or publicity out of this most disturbing experience which I had on the morning of the 22nd. November, 1963...

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

Ella M. Peaker

(Mrs) E. M. Peaker.