

9/10/79

Dear Mrs. McNamara,

Your mailgram and letter, with enclosures, have come and I've read them.

However, they deal with matters about which I regret I am not able to do anything.

I'm sorry.

However, I do not believe that anything is going to happen to you - or by now it would have.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

MRS DENNIS L MCNAMARA
1025 VALENCIA DR
BAKERSFIELD CA 93306

western union Mailgram®



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HAROLD WEISBERG, PUBLISHER
RT 12 OLD RECEIVER ROAD
FREDERICK MD 21701

BELIEVE MAILED TO YOU YESTERDAY ADDRESSED TO FORMER ADDRESS. PLEASE
CHECK AND BE CAREFUL. THIS MATERIAL CONTAINS THE KEY TO THE TRUTH,
LETTER FOLLOWS.

HELEN MCNAMARA
1025 VALENCIA DR
BAKERSFIELD CA 93306

14:41 EST

MGMCOMP MGM

Bakersfield, California
September 6, 1979

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

The other material that I want you to have will have to wait until I can get it organized, however, I do want you to have this memo. that I am inclosing. It alone is dynamite and has the town of Bakersfield worried. They are responsible for this and I want it exposed all over.

As I sit here writing this I can see a big transport truck parked across from us. It's a Custom Eng. Inc., Peoria, Ill - Whittier, Ca. These are the kinds of threats that are used whenever I try to expose what I know. The clues: My sister who lives in Georgia has a grandson Jimmy Cannon who drives one of those big trucks. My sister also has a daughter who lives in Bartonville, Ill. That is the suburbs of Peoria. Whittier is the home town of Mr. Nixon. Just wanted to get that out of the way. When you receive my other mail you will understand this. This is another reason that we have to get the truth out. These acts go on continually around here. Bakersfield is the home of the men.....

I'm inclosing accouple of letters that I have extra copies. There are more.

This isn't a good day for me. I'm without transportation. When my son and I were in Sacramento about 4 months ago, my car was rammed from behind. It's an old car so isn't worth the price of the damages. However, it was a good running car. John and Joe have little run about cars and I use them. In fact, I'm going to get John's fixed so that I can drive it.

Am inclosing on separate sheet just how we got my husband home.

And my other letter will be following this one, soon.

Sincerely,



Mrs. D. L. McNamara
1025 Valencia Drive
Bakersfield, California 93306

6 enclosures

Even though I asked the attorney and court not to proceed with that divorce proceedings, they completely ignored me. The date was set for Dec. 22, 1977. Just before the holidays! Intentionally? Of course. I did not go over there. It would have been impossible. I felt sure the suit would be dismissed. (On the morning of Dec. 21 the wind began to blow here. It gradually became worse until we had the worse storm we have ever had. I have never seen anything like it. There was no rain. It was all dust. Trees were uprooted all over, roofs were blown off some houses, and the dirt was unbelievable. This storm continued through the night and into the next day. I sometimes wonder about that storm. I told a friend of mine that Bakersfield had finally gotten some dirt that it had to clean up)

So the divorce was granted and it is the most fraudulent piece of legal action one can imagine. It's as fraudulent as that transaction in Texas with mine and my husband's names forged on it. And it has been the cause of many disasters. These I will describe in my next list of papers.

Last August I became eligible for Social Security benefits. I went to our local office on August 29, 1978 and made application. We sent the papers to my husband for his signature, which we never did receive. When he got the papers he began to drink again. We got a call from over there (Glendale) on September 9, 1978, from a woman asking about my husband. She said he had disappeared, etc. Well, I called the police and the office manager of his apartment and the information I got was that he was all right. We couldn't get any direct word from Dennis so John decided to go over there to see about his father. Again the SS called me and wanted me to come back down there. They wanted me to sign up as a divorced wife. I would not do so. They tried everything to coax me into signing the papers. The young man kept coming back and explaining to me the advantages I would have and that I would get more money if I signed as a divorced wife. It was only \$45.00 more and I couldn't see signing those papers for that amount. I'm sure he had another thought in mind, which I will explain later on. The next day the man called me about another matter. And then in about an hour John called me from Arizona and said, "Mom, Dad's coming home." He wanted me over there so on Oct. 1 (a Sunday) I took a bus over there. John and his father met me at the bus depot. I had never seen my husband like that. I don't believe I would have known him. My heart cried out and inside I said 'Oh my God, what have they done to that dear man?'

On October 3 we loaded up the car and came home. Dennis could hardly walk so he slept in the back seat and I did all the driving home. It's about 500 miles and I was very tired when we got home. Incidentally, Oct. 3 was the date you wrote me..

So you see what I meant about my getting more money. My husband could not have lived much longer if we had not gone to him when we did. And if I had signed those papers.... I told them at the SS office that signing those papers would be signing my husband's death warrant.

Later on I went back to the SS and they still refused me benefits on my husband's unless I would sign the divorce statement. I sent the whole bundle along with a copy of this Attorney's letter to the main office in Kansas City. Needless to say, I got the benefits.

Bakersfield, California
June 1, 1976

Mr. Carl Albert
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C. 20510

Dear Mr. Albert:

The allegations by Miss 'Elizabeth' Ray should be investigated to the fullest. This is typical of the satirical abuses that have been going on by the intelligence groups for many years now.

Mr. Hays, although perhaps guilty of falling for the charms of a young woman, has, in my opinion, been another victim of the 'H' game. There was another Miss Ray - Once Upon a Time - who was in love with her boss, my former husband, a Texas oilman. And this isn't the first time the name Ray has been used.

If the FBI and CIA spent just half as much time trying to do good as they do in looking into the personal lives of innocent citizens - for harassing purposes - this country would not have so many problems. I have been putting up with their nonsense and meanness for more than a decade now. And I am not yielding.

Please, let's have a real expose.

Helen Warren McNamara
(Mrs. D. L.)
Helen D. McNamara
1025 Valencia Drive
Bakersfield, California 93306
(805 366 8398)

P. S.
My background is composed of some most interesting names:
Grandmother Warren was a Kennedy
Gr Grandmother Warren a Ford! Interesting?

Helen 'Elizabeth' Warren Boone McNamara

7-20-77

MEMO.

In March of 1959 my husband, Dennis, and I signed a contract with a Texas law firm to represent us in a property hearing. This property - a mineral deed - was mine by way of a former marriage. My former husband was deceased so I was the sole owner of the deed.

It took them a year to bring the case into court. Dennis did not go to Texas with me at the time of the hearing. I had never been in any kind of court hearing so it was all new to me. However, I thought everything was strange and I was rather suspicious about some of the things that took place.

note

At one time Mr. Steger, one of the attorneys, asked me whether I knew the date that I had signed a certain paper. I said that I did not know so he suggested we have a look at the records. The date November 24 was pointed out to me and impressed upon my mind as being very important. I couldn't see that it meant anything. And there were other incidents.

There was only one way for anyone to gain this property and that would have been for us to sign it over to them. This we did not do. I did not know it at the time but that is exactly what they intended to do, sign our names to the deed - and then destroy us. I know the whole truth today.

The first thing they did after we signed the contract in 1959 was to run an investigation on our lives, our friends lives and any and everything related to us in any way - even the streets that surround us have been used in the plan, the names of the streets. When they ran this investigation, these are some of the things they learned: My grandmother Warren was a Kennedy before marriage - I might add here, also, that my great grandmother was a Ford! - My stepfather was an officer of law and was killed in the line of duty. My brother Donald was a Marine during WW2. He was wounded and spent some time in a psychiatric ward as a result of the shell shock. They learned, too, that my husband had a bit of a drinking problem.

→ Oswell
near by

Tippit ←
Lee H.

So with all that they had learned, the conspiracy was formed. First, they got to my husband and used some kind of hypnosis on him. I remember that he began to act strangely shortly after we had signed the contract in 1959. And then he began to drink too much. He had never behaved this way. We had been married nine (9) years and he had always been considerate of his family. We had a very happy life together. I had such a problem with Dennis for several years that I couldn't think about anything else. Never would I have suspected that anyone had tampered his mind. Now I know that it was tampered - I have known it for about two years.

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I suppose it was too much that they had done so much and it had gone right over my head so in 1965 they went to work on me. Without my even suspecting it, they had been moving people all around me. Finally, after much planning, they began their dirty tricks. I won't even go into all of that. I was followed in or by cars with Texas license plates, my telephone rang all the time.

After this went on for a time I began to realize that something definitely was going on and it was coming from that Texas deal. They got my attention, which was what they were trying to do. At first I thought I would just ignore it but then it finally got to me and I began to think it out. I realized that it was bigger than I had thought in the beginning. I confided in my cousin who gave me the Warren Report to read. I began to see it all - but couldn't understand why. I wasn't even doing anything about that fraud in the Texas case, so why were they doing this to me? I didn't really fall apart but thinking about it so much began to work on my nerves and it was difficult for me to sleep so I had to go to the doctor for some kind of relief. It would be impossible to tell anyone what it was like. Oh yes, I did try to do something about it legally, but the authorities refused to help me.

My husband insisted that I go see a psychiatrist and I finally agreed just to please him. And that was my big mistake. I talked to a psychologist who hypnotized me. Fortunately, I have a very strong mind so one day when I was trying to concentrate on something and my mind kept wandering around, I became irritated at myself and the strangest thing happened: that psychologist's face flashed in front of me. I had formed a dislike for him from the beginning and seeing him like that did something to me. My mind seemed to snap back and I said to myself, "That psychologist hypnotized me." I refused to see him again. I was my ole self again - or so I thought. What I knew about hypnosis was nothing. I did not know about post-hypnotic suggestions, that one could have a suggestion planted in his subconscious to surface whenever it is triggered by some act or incident.

Everything had been going along fine and then my husband began to drink again. I was completely well but believe it or not I began to think I was sick and that I had to go to the hospital. And I did go. They had finally accomplished what they had set out to do in the first place. The doctor at the hospital said there was nothing wrong with me and that he was going to send me home as soon as he could - and he did. He told me that I should never let them do that to me again.

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After I had been home from the hospital a few days my husband received a letter from a clinic in Pasadena, California stating that I had cancer and should return to the hospital for treatment. I refused to go. That was eleven years ago and I still do not have cancer.

After I was home I decided that I would just have to contend with the situation the way it was until something could be done about it. But the same old annoyances began again. There was one woman who used to park her car in front of our house and then take off in a hurry. So finally I decided to talk to one of our legislators who sent me to see our Chief Criminal Investigator. The Investigator seemed eager to help me and then something went wrong. I went to see him a second time and he said he couldn't help me. I asked whether it was too big. He said that maybe it was but that he couldn't do anything about it. I suggested that he call the governor. He said he couldn't do that so I said that I could - that I could go right up there and sit beside him in church. He must have thought I might do that because before the day was over they had me back in the hospital. This time I was sent to the VA Hospital where I was given every kind of examination imaginable. I do not know what kind of record they have on me; however, one of the officials at the hospital said that the Kern County officials were not to bother me again and that if they did that I should report them. They have tried to bother me again by suggesting that I go down to the clinic and talk to them. One of the Social workers wanted me to go down there for some medicine and tranquilizers. I said that I did not need any tranquilizers, that I sleep well and am not about to go down to that clinic. I told my husband that if they didn't stop pestering me that I was going to report them. I haven't been bothered since.

It would take a book to write everything that has happened so I will try to make it as brief as possible. I do want to say this: In 1967 I bought the paper back book *Rush to Judgement* by Mark Lane. On the back cover is a picture of Ruby shooting Oswald. Over to the left is a man whom I recognized as one of the attorneys who supposedly represented me in 1960. I already knew they were involved in this but I kept wondering why he was there. I had read the book about half way through and then began to study the picture again. Then it came to me - the date was November 24. That was the date Mr. Steger had pointed out to me when we looked at the records..... Then I knew why he was there.

One evening Dennis and I were watching the news and I asked him what he thought about the Hearst case. He said, "Well, I'll say this, if she had never been kidnapped it would never have happened." That was just a short time before he went on vacation. And I suspect that it was then they got the idea to kidnap him. On June 16, 1976 Dennis went to Canada to visit his mother and other relatives. I took him to the airport and while we were waiting for his flight we discussed matters that concerned us. He said he would be home on the 4th. He kissed me goodbye and I knew nothing about any intentions of separation. (This does not mean that we haven't had differences - most of it about this matter around here. It was all so clear and yet he kept saying he couldn't see it. I was upset much about all of it; however, about a couple of years ago I began to realize that my husband had been a victim of hypnosis - I don't know why I hadn't figured it out before. One day when I mentioned something to my husband, he jumped up and said that he couldn't get one moment's peace, that there was nothing to this and he did not want to hear it any more. And then he said something that sounded very familiar to me. It was a repeat of the allegations in my old divorce papers. I got the papers out and looked at them. Then I knew what was going on. Dennis had never seen those papers, but the attorneys and 'doctor' in Texas had seen them. I began to see things differently then and felt more compassionate toward my husband. It was then that I knew his mind was being tampered.)

On the evening of July 4 the telephone rang. John answered the call. It was his father who said he would not be home until the next evening. I heard John ask whether he was still in Canada. He said he was. The next evening my husband did come home. He had been drinking and was in a strange mood. But there was more to it than that. He wanted to leave and the next day he did leave. He went to a motel and was there until July 8. John had gone by the motel at noon that day and tried to get his father to come home but he refused to do so. He said that he had to make a decision. And then he said something about some friends who wanted to help him..... if only we had known what was going on and had brought him home, perhaps with the help of some kind of authority. But we did not know so we let him alone, thinking that he would come home when he decided to do so.

When John went by the motel on the afternoon of July 8, his father was gone. His car was still there so he had left either with someone or had taken a taxi. We tried desperately to find him, and then on Saturday night - the 10th - we telephoned the sheriff's office to report my husband missing. However, knowing the danger he could be in, I telephoned a private investigator and asked his assistance in locating my husband. The investigator came by here on Sunday morning and I gave him all the information that I could. The following evening the investigator was here with what information he had. He had traced Dennis to the airport but could find no record of his having taken a flight. Right after the investigator had left here, I said to John and Aileen that I should have had him check the motel for any long distance calls that Dennis might have made. Within a short time the Investigator was back here with some more information. He was listening to his radio and picked up a message from Mrs. Frost. (Mrs. Frost is the wife of Jack Frost of Calcot, my husband's former boss) The message he had was not too clear so the next day I telephoned Mrs. Frost and asked about the message. She said the telephone rang about 6pm. She answered the telephone and the operator said she had a long distance call for Jack Frost. Mrs. Frost asked who was calling. She said it was from Dennis McNamara but would not say from where he was calling. She did give a telephone number, but no area code. Jack talked to Dennis and tried to get him to say where he was but he would not tell him. Jack was terribly annoyed and told Dennis to get himself back here and on the job. We tried everywhere we could think of to locate Dennis. We tried every number in all the different area codes that matched the one given us. We couldn't locate him. (My husband was never out of the Bakersfield area)

On Wednesday evening I told John that if we had not heard from Dennis by morning that I was going to the sheriff's office with what information I had and ask that they help locate my husband. Whoever had him brought him home that evening - after we were all in bed..... Our house is monitored..

My husband would not say where he had been nor whom his friends were. He said he had made a promise not to reveal their identity. He did say that they worked secretly with AA and were helping him to stop drinking. I knew that was not true so I telephoned a friend who works with AA and asked about such an arrangement. She said it was not true and that their people do not work that way and that if any of them had had Dennis that they would have let me know that they had him.

The next morning I noticed that my husband had bruised circles around each wrist. When I asked about the bruises he would say only that he bruised easily.....My husband is a very determined man and I know that his friends must have had him tied up but he would not say so. That evening I prepared a steak for his dinner. He remarked how good it tasted. I asked whether his friends fed him that well. He shook his head no and then his lips began to tremble. He began to shake a bit so I put my hand on his and said, "It's all right."

Dennis went back to work and was beginning to be himself again. And then on the 28th of July - the eve of our 26th anniversary - I asked whether he knew what the next day was. That was the trigger. He said, "I've got to get out of here." No amount of talking could change him.... It was then that I knew what had happened to my husband. At first I thought he was being held in an effort to gain an objective; however, they had gone further than that. My husband had been put into a deep somnambulistic state of hypnosis and brainwashed into deserting me. I had suspected for a long time that they might try this but it would take a deep state of hypnosis to get him to go against his will. My husband was gone for about a week and I suspect that they had hypnotized him every night that they had him. This would account for the bruises around his wrist. 'In the disguise procedure of inducing hypnosis, one takes a person from sleep into hypnosis, and at the termination of hypnosis returns the subject to sleep again without the subject's ever being aware of the fact that he has been hypnotized. The only changes needed in the technique of induction that has been described are the tone of voice (from very low to low), attracting the subject's attention by physical contact with the hands, and repeated statements that the subject will hear the hypnotist's voice, will not awaken, and will be able to talk.'

(From Hypnosis Fact and Fiction, Marcuse.)

While in this state of hypnosis the subject can have suggestions planted in his subconscious and when the suggestions surface - at a given time - the subject believes they are his own ideas - they have been so deeply implanted that the only way to erase them is with therapy or by removal, using the same technique as induction. On the last day of the month my husband moved into an apartment on the other side of town. Some of his co-workers at Calcot helped him to get an apartment. He would not even tell us where he was living. Everything was so secretive. John just happened to be in the area one day and saw his father drive by and out of curiosity he followed him.

When my husband told us that he was leaving, we begged him to stay. I said to him, "Honey, don't let them do this to us." But he had his speech all ready. He said he was giving me everything, that he just wanted to leave. I asked him how he thought I could get by without any support. He said that I could get out and get a job like other women. I reminded him that I had given up my job long ago to be a mother and homemaker. John tried to talk to his father. "He said, "Dad, you can't just walk out on Mom. You have a contract. Everything you have belongs to both of you. You are the breadwinner and Mom keeps the home. You can't just break a contract like that." He told John that he didn't want any of this and that I could sell the house. I told John that he would probably come back, just to leave him alone.

Dennis did continue to deposit money in our account for me - until he was fired. That was the latter part of August, 1976. Finally I was just fed up with what had happened so I went to the sheriff's office. I took letters with me to explain what had happened. I also wrote to Jack Frost and told him what had been going on. I recall that I said to Jack: Remember all the trouble we had with Dennis several years ago - how could we have known then that anyone was tampering his mind. (Jack and I had been friends for years, even before either of us knew Dennis. We had worked together at the Southern Pacific Freight Office before Jack went to Calcot.)

Right after I went to the sheriff's office and wrote those letters Dennis was dismissed from Calcot....after 24 years of service. My husband - a man who would have fought for his rights - had been reduced to such a state that he just let them push him around. Here he was without a job and I knew they had joined together to put more pressure on me. I went to the sheriff's office again but they didn't want to talk to me at all. Dennis came over for dinner on September 16 - John's birthday. And he was here again about the 21st - when Joseph left for college. I asked him then to come back home and I thought for a while that he would come back. He was out of work and was beginning to be depressed.

In October Dennis and I had a talk and I believe he would have come home if I had had someone to talk to us. So I went to see a friend of ours whom we had worked with before we were married. The friend said he would talk to Dennis. That was about the middle of October. It was on a Sunday and John went over to see his father. He talked to Dennis for a while, said his father was in a strange mood, and he was concerned

about him. He said he left the apartment for a while and when he went back his father was gone. He said he waited for a while thinking he might return but he never did. We checked the apartment several times but there was no answer. Again we were upset about his disappearance. Then on or about the 20th of October we received a call. It was for John from his father. John talked to a woman who said Dennis was with them. The call was from Phoenix. The woman told John that she was just sick about the whole thing and that she wanted no part of it. She said that Dennis should be home with his wife so she could take care of him. She said he would be on the plane the next day. The next day I went to the airport to meet my husband. While I was waiting my daughter came out there. She said the woman had called her at work and said Mr. McNamara would not be on the flight and that he would be home in a few days. A few days later he was back at his apartment.

Then last November my husband went back to Arizona. He said he had been offered a job over there with Calcot and that he thought he should take it. He called me just before he left and said he would let me know how he was as soon as he was settled. He had been gone nearly two weeks and we hadn't heard from him. I was beginning to worry again. So I went out to Calcot and talked to Jack. At least I tried to talk to Jack. He was not the same person whom I had known. I tried to get him to tell me where Dennis had gone and who the truck driver was that took Dennis over to Phoenix. Jack said that Dennis did not go to Arizona and that he did not go with a truck driver. He told me that Dennis had taken a flight to San Francisco and from there he didn't know where he was. I asked Jack how he knew all of this. He told me that they had ways of finding out. The whole truth is that Jack just lied to me. Dennis did take a truck to Arizona. We had a short note from him just before Thanksgiving. (If one wonders why we are so concerned about Mr. McNamara - it is because we know there are those who would like to get rid of him because of the forgery on the deed.) Another reason for getting Dennis away from Bakersfield is that he was in the mood for coming back home. So Calcot took part in the plot to get him away from here. Also, it would be easier to keep him under hypnosis if he were away from his family.

Although we had heard from Mr. McNamara, it wasn't until about ~~the~~ 1977 the 10th of March of this year that we knew where he was. He had sent us only a box number. But then on about the 10th of March (5pm) John received a call from a man who would not identify himself. He said that Mr. McNamara needed someone to take care of him and he gave the address in Glendale, Arizona.

Bakersfield, California
October 31, 1978

Arthur Van Haren, Jr.
Attorney at Law
1432 North Seventh Street
Phoenix, Arizona 85006

Dear Mr. Van Haren:

About a month ago we brought my husband home. He was not too well when we brought him home but he is beginning to improve and in time perhaps he will be allright. He definitely is not the same man he was before he was kidnapped in 1976. But I have hopes that we can work things out to some satisfaction.

As you will recall, I told you that my rights have been violated for many years but the most damaging to my well being was the breaking up of my marriage which was brought on by outside forces and mind tampering. Some of this could have been resolved; however, when it went all the way to the divorce courts, it became a most difficult problem - one that I cannot forget nor accept. Therefore, I am going to refile with the Social Security for benefits as a wife and if I am denied I will have to take it to court. I feel that when the entire story has been told that my rights will be restored.

You surely understand my situation, Mr. Van Haren, and what my marriage means to me. My belief is that a marriage is a Holy Sacrament and should never be tampered without a definite reason, which there was not in my case. My entire life as a christian and conscientious objector depends on this.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Dennis L. McNamara

Mrs. Dennis L. McNamara
1025 Valencia Drive
Bakersfield, California 93306

cc: Wilson D. Palmer
Clerk of the Superior Court
Phoenix, Arizona 85003

Social Security Administration

John and I drove over there and brought Dennis home with us. He was drinking and in a bad way. He hadn't eaten in a week and just looked awful. At first he wasn't going to come home with us and he said he would have to ask his friend. And that's another thing. Even though he was drinking all the time that we were there, there wasn't one bottle of booze in his apartment. He would go out for a few minutes and then come back all boozed up again. He said his friend was helping him. Dennis was home with us just long enough to get well and then he was ready to go right back. Again we talked about his coming back and at one time he said he would like to come back - if I would take him back. I pleaded with him to stay and not go back to Arizona. He told me that he was coming back home but that he needed to go back over there to take care of some bills and just as soon as everything was taken care of that he would be back. He even left some clothes here and said that there wasn't any need for him to take them - that it would just be more to bring back. I took him to the airport and while we were waiting for his flight we had time to talk about some things. I told him about a letter that he had written and left lying on his desk. I told him that I had read the letter and then destroyed it. He didn't believe he had written the letter but I told him that all he had to do was ask John - because we both had read the letter and decided it should not be left there for anyone else to read. I told him that if I had gone over there alone to get him and if anything had happened that the letter would have been all anyone would have needed to convict him. (This is more proof that Mr. McNamara was under hypnosis. He was never the kind of person to put anything of that sort in writing, even if he had thought it.)

Dennis did not come back home and then on July 13 of this year I received a summons to a petition for dissolution of marriage. I responded to the petition asking for Legal Separation and not Dissolution of marriage. However, I am going to ask that the petition be dismissed because of the circumstances that have brought about this action. It never should be and is not a willful act on the part of either Mr. McNamara or Myself. And it is my hope that the Court will consider this and that my husband will come back home to the ones who love him.

Helen Warren McNamara
(Mrs. Dennis L.)
1025 Valencia Drive
Bakersfield, California 93306