

ML

7/14/67

Mr. Lynne Towne
1610 Division Ave.,
Lutherville, Md. 21093

Dear Mr. Towne,

Thank you very much for your note of 7/12.

I'd be interested in anything you have to say.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

July 12, 1967

Harold Weisberg
Hyatstown, Md.

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

I am writing to you in the hope that I may be of some help in solving the murder of our late President, John F. Kennedy.

I am a natural-born psychic who has been predicting future events all my life, such as the deaths of Carole Lombard, Joseph Stalin, and the current Jayne Mansfield, and many more.

I have been published in FATE MAGAZINE and have submitted my proven predictions to Dr. L. Rhine of Duke University.

I foresaw the assassination in a series of dreams six weeks before it happened and have confidential information for you. I saw you on the "Contact" show and decided you are the one I wish to contact.

Respectfully,

Lynne Towne

Lynne Towne
1610 Division Ave.
Lutherville, Maryland
21093

lcm

MEMO FROM

ML

Mrs. ROY C. TOWNE, SR.

7/18/67

Dear Mr. Weisberg,
Thank you for your
reply of 7/14/67 -
Am going out of town
for a week and am
rushing this to you before
I leave.

Mrs. Lynne Towne

CONFIDENTIAL MATTER

July 9, 1967

TO WHOM IT MAY ~~BE~~ CONCERN:

I have written the enclosed as factually as I could in simple language.

I wish to add that I was ill at the time and dreamed much more than I could decipher when I awoke. Perhaps I was not supposed to know more at that time, because of the mystery surrounding the events of the assassination from that time forward; all the publicity and words written on the subject. That is one of the ways E.S.P. functions.

I believe with all sincerity that if I were regressed through hypnosis the solution may reveal itself.

I also wish to add that when I stood next to "Oswald" on the little hill I was in such great terror that I am sure Nature protected me by changing the scene before he, "Oswald" could pull the trigger (if he did).

I have been published in FATE MAGAZINE and submitted the enclosed article, but was too late for acceptance and have a letter from the editor of FATE to that effect. I immediately sent the article to Dr. L. Rhine of Duke University and she replied with a "thank You" as always.

I have been a prognosticator all my life and have predicted the deaths of many famous people including Joseph Stalin, Carole Lombard, Jayne Mansfield, etc.

My main object is to be of some service to bring clarification and justice to this unsolved murder of our late President.

If you are interested please contact me at the below address.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Lynne Towne

Lynne Towne
1610 Division Ave.
Lutherville, Maryland
21093

RCM
LT/gfs
2 enclosures

September 4, 1964

words

Lynne Towne
1610 Division Ave.
Lutherville, Maryland 21093

I DREAMED THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

by

LYNNE TOWNE

Our late President, John F. Kennedy, was assassinated on November 22, 1963, but I saw it happen in a series of dreams that started about six weeks prior to that time.

When the first of the series of dreams occurred it was as though I were actually living it in reality, it was so realistic in fact, that it was difficult for me to realize that I was dreaming.

I will give it to you in scenes, because that is the way it came to me.

In the first scene I was walking around in a large room in a building. I noticed in particular the floors, they were old and made of wood; I studied them for quite some time and then began to look around me to see where I was. I realized I was in a warehouse for books. They seemed to be on a long shelves all about the large room, but I didn't go to chose to them for I knew in my mind that they were not for adults, but for children. I saw the titles vaguely and said to myself, "whatever they are they are not for adults; I'm not interested".

I saw the remains of a lunch scattered around among the large packing boxes, and saw a ghostly figure of a young dark-haired man standing there; he would walk over to the window look out and walk back again. He seemed to be in deep thought and paid no attention to me. I felt that I didn't want him to see me and tried not to attract his attention. My instinct warned me to be careful and so I kept my distance from him. Note-- (perhaps if I had been more aggressive I would have engaged him in conversation and could have proved something more than just what I did dream).

Then suddenly I was looking at the buildings from the outside. It was like a newsreel panorama showing me the location of the warehouse and the other surrounding buildings and streets. I then knew it was in Dallas, Texas; my voice said that to me; "it is Dallas, Texas."

I still didn't understand the significance of any of it and I have never been there; so I could only assume that perhaps it had something to do with my husband who has been to Dallas for business reasons.

When I awakened I asked him, "are you going to Dallas again?" He answered, sleepily, "why do you ask? I don't think so, but then I never know." I said, "I just dreamed about a building in Dallas and it looked like a warehouse for books. I was walking around in a room full of them."

(My husband has been listening to these reports on my dreams for eleven years and has seen so many of them come true that he didn't scoff at any of them any more.)

I don't remember the exact time lapse until the next dream, but it was at least two weeks. I saw a coffin this time; it was very clear and I looked at it for what seemed a long time. It seemed to be made of bronze with great ornate handles and it impressed me as being for a prominent personage or one of great wealth. Since it was large I just naturally thought it was for a man. The coffin was being carried by pallbearers and as they proceeded slowly I could study it at length.

When I awakened I thought about it all day and secretly prayed that it wasn't for anyone I knew, or some member of my family.

The following dream was of three bullets. They were very large and in gleaming brass. They stood in a row consecutively as in space.

There was a time lapse again and then came the last and final dream. It must have been about a week before the actual assassination. This, the last dream was the most important one; I stood right next to a young darkhaired, thin man. We were both standing on a little hill, I looked down and saw the earth and the shrubs; the dream came in color which was different from the others which had come in black and white. The man had his finger on the trigger of a long-range rifle; but the remarkable thing about it was the size of the gun-sight; enlarged to the

size of a television screen. It projected itself into the dream with full strength as if to show its later importance. When it was removed from the dream I could see what the man was aiming at. I saw a handsome, intelligent looking man in an open car waving to the crowds. His back was turned to me, but I could see his head and profile. He looked familiar, I knew he was a very important person or he wouldn't be riding with full entourage, but I can't honestly say his name was revealed to me in this dream. But, I knew that this was the target of the man I was standing next to. I cried out in alarm, "don't shoot that man, you'll kill him!"

I began to study this potential killer's face to see what kind of a person he was. He was inanimate, relaxed, serious and what seemed to me, completely heartless and cold. I didn't like him and a feeling of contempt for him was in me for I knew that he was going to kill an innocent man. However, he DID NOT pull the trigger while I was watching him.

The scene then shifted to the front of a small, cheap-looking theater. I walked in and tried to see through the dimness who was in there; I was looking for someone in particular. I saw mute faces staring up at the screen watching a movie. My eyes tried to pierce the darkness, I knew that man on the hill was in there, but I couldn't find him.

The day of the insensate murder, I needed a pair of shoes to wear with a tweed suit I had recently purchased, and I went down to the shoe store in Yorkridge Plaza, a shopping center

approximately four blocks from my home in Lutherville, Maryland. As I was trying on the different pairs of shoes, I became aware that the program on the radio was about the President being in Dallas on a campaign tour. This I had not been following, nor had I read a daily paper -- but I began to grow uneasy about him being in that city, and it was difficult to concentrate on which shoes fit me the best. I casually said to the saleswoman, "he shouldn't be there, Dallas is dangerous for him. I wish he hadn't gone there to campaign."

Over the air came the cheering and the shouting from the mobs as the entourage made its way down Dallas' main thoroughfare. I could hear the people shouting their welcome to President Kennedy. Then suddenly the announcer was saying in an excited voice, "the President has been shot! The President has been shot and wounded ...they are taking him away!."

It seemed so unbelievable and it happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I thought I had heard it wrong, but as the announcer continued, I knew it was true. "Oh God," I said resignedly, "I felt that he shouldn't have gone there."

I bought the shoes that I had decided upon, and hurriedly paid for them; went home; and then ran across the street to a neighbor's house to watch the news on television with her. When the commentator said, "the President is dead," I knew that what I had been dreaming was now taking place. Those dreams had been

showing this to me, step-by-step all those weeks.

Now the pieces fitted together. I knew that the room in the warehouse full of books was the hideout of the assassin; the remains of the lunch I saw on the floor were his. The great coffin was for Kennedy and the three bullets were the three shots he, the assassin, fired. The man I stood next to with his finger on the trigger of the longrange rifle with the powerful gun-sight was also Kennedy's assassin; the man he was aiming at was the President, and the theater was where he ran to after he fired the three shots. As the news progressed the following days, I saw the picture of Lee Harvey Oswald on television and recognized him as the man I stood next to on the little hill, in the dream...

The rest is history and you know the story only too well. I remember saying to my husband a few days prior to the assassination, "President Kennedy is beginning to remind me more and more of Abe Lincoln." He answered, "yes, both interested in Civil Rights."

My husband was called to Dallas a week after the assassination, so it was a prophetic coincidence that it did include him after all.

It is said that John Wilkes Booth and Lee Harvey Oswald were southerners favoring unpopular ideas. Booth and Oswald were both assassinated before it was possible for either of them to be

brought to trial. Booth shot Lincoln in a theater box, and afterward ran to a warehouse. Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse and ran to a theater.

I believe this atrocity to be the most coincidental circumstance that has ever occurred in our history, and one wonders if there was not some preordained predestination for these two great statesmen, Lincoln, and Kennedy.

-The End-

*note - saw the brown paper bag
saw they were fixing the flaws
on one end of the room
saw the large packing boxes*