

July 18, 1970

Mr. Richard Vallance
311-B
22nd Street
Virginia Beach, Virginia

T. Sprinkle

Postal
APM
19 Jul 70
RLL

Now you can see, Richard, how the Si's take care of people who give me a hard time. Let's recap.

You brought Pincon over to see me. He was insulting. I wrote you and told you the Si's would give him a spanking for that. (He got off lightly compared to what has happened to others who insulted me.)

In the newspapers a few days ago I read that Pincon's house... which is a haven for hippies... was raided by the police, who caught one of the men in the house with hashish in his pockets.

Now, what will be the result of that?

From now on you may rest assured that all mail going to and going from that house will be intercepted and scanned.
Mail cover.

The phone(s) may be tapped. Probably.

The doctors and respectable professional men who have been dealing with that house... now will have sober second thoughts, certainly not wishing to be embarrassed by having their connection with a "haven" which shelters dope addicts with dope in their pockets, and police running in and out, known. They will probably drop away their professional support.

Pincon himself will no doubt have his past scrutinized as it has never been scrutinized before. And if I read him right, it will not stand scurinizing.

In short... nice spanking.

Ted Owens (PK Man)

P.S. And of course it will be much more difficult for him now to get financial backing for the "haven". Or cult, as the case may be.

Owens
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Saturday, July 18, 1970

Dr. Sprinkle

President Nixon:

At 2:15 P.M., as I was having lunch at the Puritan Cafe in Norfolk, the top intelligence of the Si's appeared on the empty seat opposite me...it has a black, shapeless head with blazing eyes...that's all I could see...and this is the first time it has ever done this.

As I looked at it in astonishment...it seemed to fumble for words...as I would in Mexico City trying to order something in Spanish...and slowly, very slowly, the following message appeared:

"TELL PRESIDENT DANGER SOON!"

And then it vanished. And that was all I could get.

I tried to figure out...if it meant danger for you, personally.. such as an attempted assassination by some nut, or danger for the U.S.

About the only way I could get a clue...would be to go by my "feeling" that went with the message...and the "feeling" is that it is personal danger to you, in the immediate future. Say, for the next 90 days your life might be in the greatest danger from some unexpected source. (That 90 days is my guess.)

I called the Secret Service here in Norfolk at 2:30, but no answer; guess they don't work on Saturday here. There's no quick pipeline to you for info the Si's give me, which is a pity. If they warn me of some disaster on Saturday or Sunday...and it strikes on Saturday or Sunday...there's no way to get it topside, the message, that is.

I.e., "soon" as the Si's say...might mean today or tomorrow... in which case this message would be too late. You see? No way to get it to you at all from Norfolk.

So, seeing as how the Si's used a "first" to get this message across...not relying on their usual method of communication... I would guess that something really big is up, aimed at you personally...and it might be a good idea to avoid the White House for a bit. Or tip off just where you'll be for a bit. And be ~~xxx~~ careful, very careful, at this point of time...keep well guarded. Trusted guards, even.

Ted Owens, (PK Man)

Box 3141 CHS, Norfolk, Va.

P.S. I think the danger may stem from a Senator or Congressman or perhaps official high official, willing to pay the price for an attempt on your life.

Owens
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