

Remarkable... He wore my ar... when giant man saw it, he went away!
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From: Kenneth L. Gregerson
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To: Gray Barker
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Info: Washington State Highway Patrol — *I censored their copy.*
Criminal Assault Division *Please note!!*
Olympia, Washington *Dated.*

Dear Gray Barker,

(Sept. 20, 1970)

The following notes will comprise a classic description of the M.I.B.'s (Men In Black) - as described in your most recent edition of the book by the same name.

2:15am Sunday morning Sept., 3, 1972. My wife Harriet and I were awakened by a car starting and stopping repeatedly and squealing it's tires

My wife did a very strange thing (unusual) - by opening the door of the house and yelling at the cars' occupants to "get the hell out of here and go make noise someplace else". We could not see into the car on the highway because of the distance to the highway and numerous trees between the house and highway.

A girl had been walking by the side of the highway. (Blond) She had either just gotten out of the car or had walked from town about two miles away. The men in the car were trying to get her back into the car by talking to ~~her~~ ^{her}. She said "all you want to do in f---". A very large man got out of the car at this point and tried to wrestle the girl. She had said half sobbingly "leave me alone". I had by this time gotten a lantern-spot light and turned the beam onto the man and girl, (young woman). I said "hey - what the hell are you doing to that woman?" The ^{man} screamed at me to "turn that G.D. light out of my eyes"/ At this juncture the two women had tried to get everyone into the car to leave. The huge man kept walking around the car saying "this is a public f---king highway - I will make all the noise I want".

I told my wife "go call the cops". I heard the other man say, "he called you a c--ksucker". The huge man trotted part way up the driveway and asked "did you call me a ce-ksucker?" Since neither my wife nor I had been talking to the people, I ~~said nothing~~ said nothing. The huge man started to go back to the car. The other man said two times more "he called you a c--ksucker"

I told my wife to call the State Highway Patrol.

The Huge man came up the driveway yelling at me ~~that~~ that he would "beat in my f--king head". I told my wife again to call the Highway Patrol as I picked up a chair to wield against the Huge man. He had to walk under a very bright Utility Company mercury-night light. When I was about 6-8 feet from my porch rail the huge man was about 35 feet from the porch steps. I was fascinated to see the Huge man lean forward with one outstretched had slightly ahead of the other. He was actually stalking me. By the time I had moved about 5-6 feet to the porch steps(landing) the Huge ~~man~~ man had made a quick break to cross at least 25 feet. I barely had enough time to lift the chair over the porch steps to get a half-swing at his head as he came up the steps to get me. As I raised the chair - the second man had just come into view under the night light. In the space of time it took me to lift the chair and swing - the second man had also crossed 35 feet of space -- stood on the bottom steps, locked both hands firmly on the stair rails, and broke the fall backwards of the Huge man who I pushed over backwards as he tried to keep the chair from hitting him in the head. The second man leaned inwardly and held the Huge man until the Huge man could get his balance and come tearing at me a second time with his long arms outstretched. (The only feeling I had, was that of being attacked by a large snake).

I had stepped backward about a half foot and stood by a porch upwright which the Huge man had to come around to grab me. I locked the left had firmly-with thumb over his Adams-apple and all four other fingers firmly on the neck bonds. I grabbed into the chest and drove the man up against the outer rail of the porch steps. Whatever look was in my eyes frightened the Huge man. His own eyes grew wide with fright. He shook himself and stood back from me about a foot and a half, saying nothing for a few seconds.

The other man came to top of stairs and laid both hands on my right arm - tugging at it, and letting out a sound more like a cress between a dog's snarl and low growl. I had a good look at the second man who was about 6'1", very slender, full olive complexion, straight dark hair parted on left side (hair about two and half inches long). He had egged the Huge man into the fight.

The Huge man looked slightly down on me, while I stood on the porch and he on the porch stair landing which is a measured 7 1/2 inches lower than the porch. Since I am 5'11"+ - it is safe to say the Huge man who is blond with crew cut straight hair - stands at least 6'7" and weighs easily at 300 lbs. plus.

The huge man began again to scream at me using every combination of four letter words; but he made no further effort to grab at me, even though I stood about one and a half feet from him with both my hands resting on the porch gate.

~~~~~ After about 3-5 minutes of carrying-on the two men turned and went down the stairs. The Huge blond man went down the driveway. The tall thin man (who was dressed in solid black with a white shirt only) stopped and turned to face me. He looked intently at Ted Owens disc  
beneath my undershirt. He seemed to recognize what was suspended from  
my neck. He sneered at me and then walked away.

On that same night a State Trooper had been beaten by a large man named John Von Hof. I thought it was the same person until I looked at a road-map to discover that Shelton, Washington is too far away from Granite falls; for the same person to have been both places that night. (I have checked with a State Trooper since; he seemed to feel it was the same man in both places).

My wife oddly enough never made her phone call until after the Huge man had finished attacking me. (I could hear her phone call). The dog never barked! Another oddity is the fact that no car came or went on highway, all the while the man in black was in the vicinity. (About a half-hours' time). It is unusual because the taverns close at 2am and usually, many cars are moving for about 45 minutes.

two weeks later to the night - ~~that~~<sup>the</sup> State Highway Patrol found a young woman who had been sexually assaulted, beaten and strangled - lying in the highway, in the vicinity of the approach to Whidby Island. She had Red hair and Green eyes. I wonder if there might be a connection since I have light brownish hair and green eyes. The large man (or the man in black) might have taken my insult out on some girl.

I was standing barefoot in my underwear when I slammed the man into the porch rail. (My right shoulder is still quite sore 3 months later)

On the evening of Sept. 4th the same car came by the house quite fast - hitting the brakes and making the tires squeal (signature) with no appreciable drop in car speed - or engine pitch ??? I heard the sounds distinctly. (Does he have an accomplice in Granite Falls?) It still seems to me the powder-blue and grey-blue auto is equipped with some kind of automatic equipment in the gears and transmission.

Another oddity is the fact that the blond girl who the Huge man had been wrestling; came into the yard under the night light and half chidingly said "he was trying to keep me from being raped".