

OLIVER BRINDLEY OWEN

Also Known As

Jerry Owen

(Tuesday night?)

"Tuesday night at 11 o'clock. Look, I didn't even know. I didn't know that there was any reception there or nothing, because I remember when Reagan was up, they most generally hold all their receptions at the Biltmore downtown. That's where Reagan was. I didn't know there was a blow out there. I didn't know anything was going on. Didn't mean a thing to me. In fact, I didn't even know where the kid went when he says, 'I've got a friend in the kitchen.' See.

(This is Bill Turner and this tape was cut with Jerry Owen from approximately 2:00 to 3:15 p.m. on July 2, 1968, in the offices of George T. Davis. Also present during this interview was Wes Gardner, Ben Hardister, and that's it.)"

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UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Los Angeles, California

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In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

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William Turner, a former Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose employment was terminated by the FBI, is associated with Rampart's Magazine.

Jerry Owen is an alias of Oliver Brindley Owen. Owen is an itinerant preacher. Owen originally came to the attention of the Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD) in connection with the assassination of former Senator Robert F. Kennedy when he, Owen, presented himself to the LAPD stating he had information of possible value to that investigation. As a result of information furnished by Owen to the LAPD, the LAPD conducted investigation which resulted in establishing that Owen did not, in fact, have anything of value to offer in connection with this investigation.

George T. Davis is a San Francisco, California attorney who represented Owen in the past, and whom Owen contacted in June 1968 following his departure from his residence in Orange County, California. Davis was a subject of an intensive investigation by the Immigration and Naturalization Service in 1947 in connection with obtaining false birth certificates for Chinese aliens. Davis was tried with two Chinese accomplices in 1950. His accomplices were convicted, but Davis was found not guilty.

62-587-1110

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The following is a transcription of a taped interview reportedly conducted on July 2, 1968 by William Turner with Oliver Brindley Owen, also known as Jerry Owen. According to the tape, the interview was conducted in the offices of Attorney George T. Davis. The tape was confidentially obtained by the LAPD from a source who wished to remain anonymous. The transcript of the tape is as follows:

"This is a recording. I'm not going to give the full details. I'm going to give the highlights of the incidents that happened on a Monday afternoon on June the Third in downtown Los Angeles.

"I have a 1948 Chevy pickup truck, half ton. And on the hood, I have a large chrome horse that extends out that everybody that is a horse lover is attracted to it whether driving, passing on the freeway, or parked. And I left my home in Santa Ana, California, headed for Oxnard to bring back a Shetland pony that I had sold to a school teacher from Huntington Beach, for his two little children. At Oxnard I had twelve Shetland ponies and a palomino saddle horse. And I was leaving a man up there, right, that works on the newspaper in Oxnard. And I received a call that a robe was ready for a heavyweight boxer by the name of O'Reilly. And I went down Los Angeles with the truck, dressed in my old clothes, with Levis on, cowboy shoes, and a plaid shirt. And parked in the parking lot, went in and picked up the boxing shoes, and picked up the robe and the trunks. And headed for Hollywood to a friend that I know that is a colored shoe man to have him put some green shamrocks on the boxing shoes, and his wife, who has her place of business joining his, who is one of the leading sewers, to sew the name and the decorations of shamrocks on the trunks. And her husband put the shamrocks on the shoes. So, as I came down Hill Street, I got over and headed down Seventh Street. And was stopping at a light on Seventh Street and Grand, knowing that if I made a right hand turn, I would come into the beginning of Wilshire Boulevard, which ends on Grand. And as I was at the light, I noticed two men, one of them was standing on my truck about to crawl into the back end, and the other put his head in the door and asked if I was going towards Hollywood out Wilshire. And

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without practically saying yes or no, the one boy jumped in and he said, 'We'd ride in the back.' So I saw no harm in that. And they both crawled in the back and sat in the open pickup with their backs against the back of the cab. I looked in the mirror occasionally and noticed the one was a kind of a bushy, dark haired fellow, and the other one was of the same complexion, and I thought they were Mexicans or Hindus, or something. And I got the impression that they were kind of on the hippy style. And as we stopped at lights and went on Wilshire and out through MacArthur Park and made the stop at, ah I believe it's ah Wilshire Place and then maybe one more light or two, it's close to Vermont and Wilshire. And there as I stopped at the light, I noticed the one stand up and get out. And they both got out, the taller one, and talked to someone standing there. There's a bank. And there's some seats. And they were talking to someone. And quickly at a glance, I noticed one was a well dressed fellow that wasn't a young man. He seemed to be past 30, maybe 35, in that neighborhood. And I noticed a girl who looked like she could have been around 19, 20, 21, dressed in slacks, and kind of straight-like hair, and kind of a, what I would call a dirty blond.

"And as the light was getting ready, I was watching my light to turn, the smaller of the two put his head in the cab, and he had the door handle, and started to open the door, and said, 'Do you mind if I ride with you on out?' So he got in, and as we crossed, he talked about the horse. And he told me that he was an exercise boy at a race track. And talked how he loved horses; quickly wanted to know if I had a ranch where he could get a job. And talking. And I can't remember the exact little conversation back and forth, but something to that effect. And he turned and said to me, said, 'Would it be all right if I stopped. I have a friend in the kitchen.' And as he pointed to the street, I made a left turn off a Wilshire. And if my memory is right, I believe the street is Catalina, Santa Catalina or something like that. And there was a new light building, a white place, Texaco parking lot or garage like. He left. I waited. And ten minutes had gone by, and I felt that that was the last that

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I was going to see him. But he did say something about he would like to buy a lead pony so he could go to work at the race track. And I told him I had a dandy up in Oxnard, a palomino, and so forth.

"And I gave up of him coming back. And I started the truck up. And I was going to make a U-turn at a little intersection, whip back, and hit Wilshire, and go on out to Wilshire and cut across into Vine Street and Hollywood. And he came on a run. I noticed his tennis shoes on, noticed his dress and sweat shirt. He got in and he kind of (Voice dropped off). He was sorry he was a little late. And we talked about little things going out. And I asked him if he was a Mexican. He said, 'No.' And he informed me that he was born in Jordan. Well that struck up a little conversation, because my wife and I are planning to go to Jerusalem and take a visit there. And we talked back and forth. And it seems to me that he said that he has been over here thirteen years or was thirteen years old when he left. Spoke good English. And seemed all right. And I just thought he was just a young kid in his early 20's, and so forth.

"As we turned and I stopped at the Hollywood Ranch Market where I had to park. And I went across the street and took the robe in, and took the shoes in, came back. And in the conversation, he told me that if I could meet him at 11 o'clock on Sunset Boulevard, that he would be able to purchase this horse for the sum of \$300. There was a little talk of \$250 or something, but I told him I'd let it go for \$300. I'd guarantee the horse. If it didn't work, I'd take it back, because the horse is a ten year old, coming eleven, and he's been used as a pickup horse, and as a pony horse and well broke, but he's spirited for one man. He's one man's horse.

"So at this time now, I would say it was late in the afternoon, it was before 6 o'clock. And I only went a few blocks up to Sunset. Turned right, went a few blocks. And there by the old, I believe back in '29 or '31 or '32, it was a Warner Brother's Studio, and then it was turned into a skating rink, and now it's a bowling alley. Just before you

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get to the bowling alley, on the corners a bar, and then there's another business or something, and then there is a sign that says topless, and I pulled there on that side, and he said, 'At 11 o'clock tonight, I'll meet you here and I'll have the money to pay for the horse.' And some where along there in the conversation, I said I could kill some time by going out to Saints and Sinners on Fairfax. And the minute I said Saints and Sinners, he kind of like startled, he wanted to know if I was Jewish, and I said, 'No, I'm not Jewish. I'm Welsh.' And he said, 'Well, I have no use for the hebes.' And I kind of smiled and laughed, and said I would be here by 11 o'clock.

"So I left, and I immediately went up to the Plaza Hotel and put the car in the parking lot. Right next to the Plaza Hotel, the truck, was Slapsy Maxey, my old friend for many years. And we talked and he said, 'Look,' he said to me, calling me by my name, 'Curly, you've got to be at the Saints and Sinners tonight. It's the last night. We've been there for years. Billy Grey been boxed. We're closing next Monday night. It's going to be out at the Friar's on Beverly, and this will be the greatest meeting of all, and with you and Henry Armstrong being the chartered members, come on and be there.' So Max come out and I said, 'I can't go, Max. I'm dressed like a hick.' And he said, 'What's the difference, Curly?' And he looked at the truck and the horse and laughed. And he said, 'See me drive the old '48 truck right into the heart of Hollywood.' And I went to Saints and Sinners. And I had O'Reilly the boxer with me, and they introduced him that night.

'And then 11 o'clock, a little after eleven in that neighborhood, I went to the appointed place down by the bowling alley. And as I pulled over to the right, plenty of places to park, and as I looked, I don't see anybody. But across the street there was a white, either 1948 or '49 Chevy, off-color white, and it looked like it could stand a wash job. And in the front was a man. Sitting in front of the light, he resembled a man that I had seen in the afternoon down on Vermont-Wilshire. And there was the girl

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from the looks of her hair and that; it looked like her. And on the other side was another person that I couldn't see. And this little fellow came across the street. Come up and he said, and 'I'm very sorry. Here's a hundred dollar bill. And I was suppose to have the rest of the money, I don't have it. But if you'll meet me, morning at 8 o'clock, I'll take the horse definitely.' So I didn't know at first, so I said, 'Look,' I said, 'I waited and I should be up in Oxnard, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you really mean business and want the horse, I'll stay in this hotel right across the street where I registered,' And I believed when I registered, it would have to be between 11:30 and 12:15 when I registered there in the hotel. And I said, 'I'll meet you at 8 o'clock, my truck will be in the parking lot right next to it.'

"So I went into a bar right next to the hotel and got a sandwich, a heated sandwich, and a cup of black coffee, cause I hadn't eaten. And went to bed and got up, and was shaving, cause I had a little cheap room with no shower, toilet. It was \$4 for the room plus tax. And the telephone rang, and the fellow, a voice that I had never heard before, wanted to know if I was the man that had the truck in the parking lot. I said, 'Yes.' And I came down.

"And it was close to 8 o'clock, and all I had with me was my shaving kit, dressed in my cowboy boots, my old clothes, and went out to the truck, which was parked right close to the street. Standing at the truck was a very well dressed man with a expensive looking late style suit. He had on a turtle neck sweater, and it was kind of an orangeish-yellow color, with a chain around his neck, and a big round thing that you see them all wearing now, even many on television and that. As I looked at him, he had on what seemed to be an expensive pair of alligator shoes. He had a manicure. He had one of those cats-eye ring on his little finger. And he said to me, he said, 'Joe couldn't make it.' And he said, 'Take this \$100.' And he said, 'If you can be tonight down on the street where you left him out this afternoon at 11 o'clock tonight, if you can be there with the horse and a horse trailer, he'll definitely take the horse.'

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And he said, 'Take the hundred now, and just give me a receipt.' And in my talking, I looked over, and here sat the car, and I recognized the girl because the car was parked close to me the night before; the car was on the opposite side of the street. And I could just see the driver and the girl. But this time the fellow sitting next to the girl, and the girl was in the car, and this man was the driver, because the driver seat was empty. And we talked back and forth, and I said, 'Look now, I waited tonight, I stayed in the hotel, and I was told we'd have it definitely at eleven. Told I'd have it this morning. I have to be in Oxnard tonight to speak at the Cavalier Baptist Church, and I got some business there, and I cannot be down on that street,' which is Catalina, Santa Catalina Street, 'tonight at eleven.' And finally I left. And before I left, I pulled a card out of my pocket, and on the card it said, 'Shepard of the Hills, free pony rides for boys and girls that go to the church of their choice, learn the Bible first, invite their parents', with my unlisted phone number on it and my address in Santa Ana. And I said, 'Now if he really means business,' I said, 'there's not much from eleven to eight in the morning.' I said, 'I can be there, and I can deliver the horse where he wants it delivered.' And with that, I left.

"Went on up to Oxnard, took care of my business. And in the morning, I went out. I went down and got, I think, five bales of hay to leave for some ponies I have there. I have a church man that feeds them. Got in my truck, hooked on to my two-horse trailer, loaded in a brown and white spotted mare, and I loaded in a little white stallion, and a black gelding. Two extras to see if I could have Ore Tucker sell them for me. And I needed a little extra finances. And I drove into Los Angeles, and it was around noon time, I can't be exact. I know I was hungry, I had nothing to eat, I hadn't had any breakfast. So I stopped at the Coliseum Hotel, which is just off the Harbor Freeway on Exposition. There is a man with the name of Burt Morris, who is an old time fight manager who had Baby Armendez and back in the '30's. And I knew he had

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this restaurant and sandwich bar and by the University of Southern California on Coliseum. I wanted to go in and talk to him especially about this boxer, heavy boxer, and a few things. So I pulled off the freeway and just circled corner and went right into the parking lot behind the hotel, and there was an entrance in through his bar and through his restaurant. And coming through the bar there's a television. I heard something about the rigmarole, and people watching, and about the eight shots fired and such. But being a minister, I just cut through the bar and went on in to the counters, sat down, and ordered a lunch. And I asked for Burt. And they said, "He'll be here in just a moment."

"So I'm listening to television blasts, and I believe there was a radio or something saying that suspect had not spoken. Can't get nothing from him. But fast work by the police department they have traced the gun. Found out the gun was sold to a lady in Pasadena. The lady didn't want it around, and the lady, I think, either sold it to either a neighbor or someone. And it came along about the names. Some funny name, what have you. And then as I'm listening why, I hear something saying, a commentator, on a boy, liked race horses, he was an exercise boy, and dressed in tennis shoes and different things, and black, bushy hair. And I'm not getting too much of it because, Burt, I'm waiting for Burt. And Burt comes along and I'm telling him, he's talking about his horses. He has a horse called Diamond Dip, and he has one called Hit and Miss. Talking about boxing and how well he's doing with his horses and so forth. And I told him, 'You ought to come out back. In back I got some nice little pony stallion back here. Boy, I have a little black one out on the ranch. It's a teaser. He's a dandy.' We're just talking old times and so forth. And I said, 'I had a funny thing happen.' I said, 'I'm going to have to get going pretty quick. My wife's expecting me. I start out Monday, pickup a couple of hippies, I guess, or kids, it isn't funny. A guy shows you a hundred dollar bill and wants a horse and stalls you. And I wait over, and I,' just as a matter of conversation.

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"All of a sudden, a picture was flashed on the television. And during my talking, I'm listening to him and thinking, and I said, 'Ha! That's the guy that was in the truck.' And then the 'Yah, that's the fellow that was in my truck.' And then the hostess and the cashier, she handed me the Hollywood Citizen News, who had a picture of him and the extra on the front page. I looked at it and I said, 'That's the kid. That's him.' So Doug Lewis, another old trainer, has some boys who train some up Jake's Gym, was there. And I went over the whole thing, and I said, 'Can you beat that, that rascal,' and so forth. We got to discussing and one of them said, 'Well man, may be they want you there at 11 o'clock so if this thing went as it should of, they could have jumped in and rode away with the horse and something.' 'Well,' I said, 'that could be. I wonder.' Just talking back and forth. So Doug spoke up and said, 'You ought to do the right thing and take this to the police.' I said, 'Ah, there's no use. They caught him single handed. Listen if there,' and saying, 'that after this athlete had grabbed him and got the gun, they don't need no more.' And then Burt spoke and said, 'I know, but have you been following this Garrison investigation of other stuff, and so forth. You never can tell. May be Kennedy will die.' You see at this time he was unconscious. And they must have talked to me for 15 minutes. And I said, 'Naw, man I don't want to, forget it, I'm in church work, a minister. And I don't want to be bothered with it,' and so forth. 'Just a coincidence,' I said. 'He sure looks like the fellow. I'll have to really hear his voice. I'm sure if I heard his voice, I'll know definitely.' Then the waitress come over, the hostess, and she said, 'Well,' she said, 'I'll tell you what I'd do if I was you. I'd be a good citizen. I think it's your duty,' and all of them together.

"So the next you know the University Police Station is just a little ways from there, and I played freshman football at the University of Southern California. And the station use to be right on the campus, but they moved up on Exposition between Vermont and Western. So I ended up driving the trailer down there, and my pony in the back.

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Go in, talk to the men, and the minute they hear it, they have me drive in and leave the car in back. And I heard them say something about taking fingerprints. And they took me inside. And I phoned my wife, and told my wife I'd be detained for a while. And they took a recording of what I'm saying here, and also had a stenographer there that took it all in shorthand. And as I told them about seeing the hundred dollars, well, one of them must have been listening in the other room, because the machine wasn't there. I think the machine was behind the desk in the relay room. And one of them come in and said, 'He sure knows what he's talking about cause it was just released now that they found four hundred dollar bills on this man, and there was nothing about any money on him until then.' And I had already told them about this in the early part that I was in there before they took the recording. So the detectives talked about what shall we do and, well, it's assigned to downtown and we'll turn our report in downtown. So I left and they had me there from the afternoon and it was about 6:30, quarter to seven when they were finished with everything.

"And I went outside. And it looked like on the doors and on the side that there been some kind of a powder or something. I didn't see them take any fingerprints, but I heard the detectives say they should. I got in my truck and went on home. And of course, my wife wanted to know. And I told my wife and my daughter about what I thought had happened. That this was the fellow that was in the truck.

"And the next afternoon, now the police assured me, the detectives assured me at the University Station, that my name wouldn't be mentioned and nothing would be in the paper, cause I told, I says them, 'Now looks what happen Ruby shootin a fellow and all this stuff that is going on. If this is, they are together, they got my card and telephone number, why anything could happen.' So they said that this is going to be one of the most secret things, nothing is going to happen in this case like happened in Dallas.

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"So the next afternoon, I don't know exactly what time, but I'm sure afternoon, 2 o'clock, telephone rang, and somebody answered at home, and no answer. Rang again, no answer. It was either my wife or my daughter, and I think my daughter just says, 'Well nobody's there, Daddy.' So it wasn't too long until it rang again and I picked the phone up and it said, 'Are you the Shepard? The man with the horses? Keep your mother blankety blanky mouth shut about this horse deal or else.' I don't know what. By that time I was startled. And I remember that much of it. And I remember the phone hitting fast like they just banged it. I went out in the back where the horses were. And looked at the these horses, patted the dog, and I got to thinking, and I didn't wish to say nothing to my wife about it. And that night she told me, she said, 'Well, honey, they, why did you give them our card, our phone number unlisted?' Well I said, 'Honey, I said, 'you know we need some money and it will help on the payment. I said 300 bucks isn't bad. A fellow shows me a hundred dollars and says that they have it there, I said, 'Well, I can't be there at 11 o'clock tonight, but if he wants the horse and he's got the money, why 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, I'll deliver the horse.'" So she said, 'Well at least anyhow they know where you are.' And I passed it off and didn't say anything. So that week went by.

"Next week, they've got it on record, I can't remember the day exactly on this, but I got a call to come to the detective agency downtown. And who ever called me said, 'Now look, you know where the place is.' I said, 'I know where the building is. I've never been in it.' He said, 'Come to the third floor and that's the detective information. You stand there. You be there at such and such a time and a man will come down and just say, "Are you Owen?" And you go from there.' So as I went downtown, I got hold of Reverend Perkins, a man that is almost 80 years old, retired Methodist minister, very dear friend of mind. And I said, 'Perk, come on. Come on let's go down to the police station.' And I briefed -- (Unintelligible) --. So he went along with me and of course, I told him. And I says, 'Perk, you believe in prayer, I says you pray. Cause, I says, 'Perk, I had one threat, and I haven't told Roberta or the kids about it.' So we walked up to the third floor,

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and a man came up at the time that my appointment was made. Took me to the eighth floor. I don't remember the room number, but as you walk into a large room, first is a small narrow place about this long, maybe 20 feet long, and it's all glassed, and here's a wooden counter. And as I looked through, I saw five or six typewriters going, and I saw a bunch of men around. Found out it was a special room handling this case and everything was on that case in there; the girls and all the detectives with their stuff. While I'm watching, a little door, like a cupboard I thought it was, open up and a man come out and he said, 'Are you Jerry Owen?' 'Yes.' He said, 'Well the man you had the appointment with is called away and could you wait for an hour?' And I said, 'Well, I'll tell you. I'm leaving for Phoenix. It's important that I go to Phoenix. I want to drive straight through and I want to get a little sleep tonight, because I got business early.'

"Now, this is in the afternoon. So he said, 'Well, just a minute.' I said, 'I'd appreciate if you could do it right now.' So finally he went through the door and two or three minutes elapsed. Another man came out and handed me a stack of pictures with the white, like this, facing me, but they were a little narrow and longer. And I believe, if I remember right, there was a picture on each side, see. I think it was divided in the middle and the same fellow, one with a front view and one with the side view, all had numbers on the front of them. See. He said, 'You look through here and see if you can find anyone that was riding in your truck.' So I took them like this ----. I don't know how many pictures there were, there were several. And after going through a few, I said, 'This is one of the fellows, right here.' I laid it down, and I went on through and I said, 'This is all I see.' But I said, 'Let me make sure now.' So then I asked him, 'Can I turn the pictures over?' And I laid them all down on this long thing on the windows, and went through and I said, 'This is him.' So he took the picture and had a piece of report set like this, with a snap on it (Unintelligible) picture like this behind like that, and he said, 'I haven't had time to read the report from the University Station. Is there anything that you can remember that you didn't put in?' And I said to him, 'Yes, I had a threat the day that Kennedy died in the afternoon.' And then Mr. Perkins said to him, he said, 'Is that Sirhan

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Sirhan's picture that he ----.' He said, 'I'm not at liberty to tell you.' He wouldn't say a word. I don't know if that is the way they do it. He said he wouldn't comment. He says, 'I don't know. I'm not at liberty; I don't know.' It was covered up.

"So now we leave. Now I go to Phoenix, Arizona. I'm in Phoenix three days. I get back. I leave Phoenix and drive all night. I get home early in the morning. My wife and I sleep until about noon. And she goes out in the back to fool with the; we've got a big back yard, an orchard and then a corrals. And she was watering her roses or something. The phone rings; I answer it right by the bed. 'We told you to keep your mother "F" mouth shut.' Again another threat like. Hung up fast. And my wife came in and 'Who was that?' And I said, 'Oh, honey, somebody called.' Brushed it off. Now that's on Saturday.

"Sunday, I go to Oxnard with my family. I come home. Monday goes by. Tuesday goes by. Wednesday afternoon between 3:30 and 5:00, the phone rings. My wife answers; calls me to the phone. 'Hello, is this Jerry Owen?' 'Yes.' 'This is sergeant somebody.' And now I don't remember the name. This was a sergeant. 'Like to talk to you about this case. Could you come right down?' 'Well,' I said, 'you caught me at the wrong time.' I said, 'It's a 106 miles to Oxnard, and I speak there tonight. The freeway traffic is terrible and if I leave at 5 o'clock, I'm lucky to get there at 7:30, two hours and half going all the freeway practically all the way to Oxnard.' 'What are you doing after your speaking tonight?' I said, 'I'm leaving. I'm packed. I'm leaving for the Bay, Oakland. I got important business.' 'When will you be back from Oakland?' I said, 'I don't suppose I'll be back until Monday, cause I'm going to speak at Hayward over Sunday.' 'Just a minute.' Now a man, someone comes to the phone and gives the name of Sandlin. And he says, 'It happens to be that I'm going to be in the Bay District Saturday. I'd appreciate it very much if I could see you about this, and have some time to set down and go over it.' 'Why,' I said, 'certainly.' I said, 'Officer Sandlin.' Then he turned and said to me, 'Are you Owens, the man with the lead around here? Did you go to high school?' I said, 'I went to Manual Arts.' He

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said, 'That's where it rings a bell. I see that your the same age as me when you were at Manual Arts I was at Jefferson. I guess we played football against each other.' So we reminisced a little. Now I never saw the man. I'm just talking on the phone.

"I leave; go on to Oxnard; drive all night. I arrive Thursday morning of this last week, which would be about the 26th or 27th I arrive up here. And I checked into a hotel on Telegraph. I phoned Ben Hardister who was an investigator friend that I've been at his ranch and rode horses, went deer hunting. And then over to George Davis' place. First met him when he was about 16 or 17 years old, which goes back to '30, maybe 30 years ago, 28 years ago, whenever it was. I phoned him, and I said, 'I drove all night.' He said, 'Well, partner,' he said, 'I'll pick you up around 1:00, maybe 12:30, 1:00, 1:30.' So he came over and we got into the car, and I went with him out to Richmond where he had to put some guards on a garbage place that had been -- (Tape Unintelligible) -- furniture store fire, and nothing left but the debris. And I said, 'Ben, I'm so tired, and I know your busy and I don't want to interfere. Take me back and I'm going to bed, cause I haven't had any sleep, and I lost sleep when I went to Phoenix over and back. I'll catch up. I'll go to sleep now and I'll sleep till noon tomorrow. You come at 12:00.' So I went right in and went to bed early in the afternoon, maybe 5 o'clock or something, and slept through til 10 o'clock Friday.

"Got up, and what I forgot to put in there -- (Tape unintelligible) --. He told me, wanted to know where to contact me up at the Bay District. And I gave him George T. Davis, 724 Market Street. Stated, 'I don't have the phone number here, but Information will give it to you. But here's my brother's telephone number in San Bruno.' And if I -- (Tape unintelligible) -- it's not too far from San Bruno. 'Sure I'll come and see yea. Let me know.' Now this is Wednesday afternoon. I hear no more until I phone my wife on Friday. My wife tells me that Mr. Sandlin will be at the Tower, in the Tower of the Hyatt House in Palo Alto, and

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that she assured him that I would certainly be there at Saturday before noon. So on the phone the girl there at the switchboard, just scribbled; I'm throwing her a pencil. 'Will you please write this for me?' And she wrote, I think, The Hyatt House. The message was 'Be in there Friday night, and stay Saturday and leave Sunday morning.' So I stuck the message in my pocket, thought no more of it.

"And went with Ben, and then about 4 o'clock, 3:30, 5:00, or 3:30, I think we stopped at the Adam's Club, and went in and sat down. Ben sat down, 'I'm going to be busy from 4:00 to 5:00.' It was about quarter to four then. 'You want a paper?' And he went over and purchased a paper and we sat down and, and he gave me the front half, he took the other half. And we read it back and forth. Kicked around a little bit. And I didn't read the one part of it. I looked at the sport's page and the front, and Ben left. So I picked the paper up again and I read the second or third page. I see witnesses disappear. I look at the fellow's picture first, see his name, then I look and I see it's the Ray thing; the fellow that's over in England. And the report there in the paper states that the two witnesses in the case mysteriously disappear. The woman that owned the rooming house, or the landlady, and one of the tenants there that saw Ray there, identify him with a gun or go into the bathroom or something, had mysteriously disappeared, nobody knows what happened to them. No information from the police, unless to the effect that they were under protective custody, but nobody knew anything about it. Then as I looked there at his picture, I got to thinking. I says, 'This is a funny thing.' My mind drifted back to Ruby going in and shooting a fellow. Then I have occasionally heard flashes about Garrison and witnesses dying or disappearing mysteriously or something happening all of a sudden. Then I really got to thinking about it. I says, 'Now what if this is so.' And then there was another flash, another section, a little tiny bit. If you remember, if you get that Oakland paper, it stated that the attorney on the case now had received two threats. One of them stating there was 250,000 Arabs over here. See. And that he had received

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a phone call and a written thing. See. Boy, just think they want to go after an attorney, wants to just prosecute a man. Then I started to thinkin' seriously for the first time. Now I had told, I was told by the University Division, I don't know which ones, of course. When I came in there I believe every detective left his desk and came around when I standing there telling about, see, on Wednesday. They were all babbling, the head fellows, the assistants, and all of them. And I was told not to say anything. Not to worry. That my name wouldn't be put in the paper or anything else. Then I got to thinking again, about giving them the card, and the two phone calls, and I wasn't going to tell Ben Hardister a thing about it.

"And Ben came back a little after 5 o'clock, and he says, 'Let's go to the ranch for the weekend. Let's go up and get your car, park the car in the parking lot here at the Adam's, lock her up, and come with me.' So I got to thinking. Well, I better come back and tell Ben. 'Ben, I'll be at your ranch tomorrow afternoon.' Cause I know about this appointment with this suppose to be man Sandlin. And I got in the car with Ben and if Ben remembers, he's seated right here, I said, 'Ben, I'm going to tell you something. It's like a pipe dream or a mystery. See. It's hard to believe, but here's what happened.' So I started telling Ben. See. I said, 'Ben, see, I'm to meet a detective tomorrow over in Palo Alto.' Well, I saw Ben startle a little bit. He said, 'What is it now, partner?' He has an expression of saying partner. I said, 'Ben, listen to this. Of all the people in the world, and the millions of people, I would be driving.' I went around the bush at first. I told him, 'I'm driving an old a truck with my old clothes on, and the horse.' And I tell Ben about it. Give him a run down. Tell him about the two threats. Tell him about this phone call. Ben's driving. He says, 'Do you know this man?' I said, 'Never saw him before in my life.' 'You can't identify him?' Ben said, 'You mean to tell me your going to go over there now and see somebody you don't know who is.' He says, 'I'm not going to let yea.' That's what he said. 'Your not going without me.' He said, 'No sir. If you've got an appointment tomorrow,' he says, 'we'll go to the ranch and we'll think this over.' So three or four times he shook his head, and he says, 'Just to think of all the millions of people,' you remember this don't you

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Ben, 'in California that you'd have to be at that time with that truck.' But he says, 'I guess there's a reason for everything. I don't know what it is.' He just seemed to be startled as he shook his head.

"Then he told me, he says, 'We'll stop at Napa. I've got a friend here named Wes Parker that,' I mean Wes Gardner, I'm sorry, 'who has been to the FBI school or something about FBI, and has been the Undersheriff or next to the sheriff, and lot of experience in, solved a lot of murders and different things. Let's just go and get his viewpoint. Let's talk to him.' So we drove into the Boys Club where he happen to be in his outer office back there. We told him the story. He told me, 'No, that's the worse thing you could do. You mean to tell me you don't know who Sandlin is? You never met him. You couldn't identify him. And your going to walk over there with two threats.' He said, 'Maybe that is just the way they're setting it up. No sir.' And Wes said, 'I'll tell you what we're going to do. We'll see if the FBI agents here in town that I know,' Found out that he wasn't, and that he was gone. So then finally he phoned the sheriff and I guess the sheriff didn't know of any FBI numbers there. The next thing we finally got some how. He got hold of an FBI agent in Vallejo. So, 'all we want you to do is to find out if there is an L. L. Sandlin, and if he is at the Hyatt House, and if this is a -- (Tape unintelligible) -- we want to know.' Well, that was approximately between 8:00 and 9 o'clock on Friday night, and they were to let us know by 11:00. We waited all night. We heard no word back. They knew where to contact Ben's home phone number for information.

"We get up in the morning, and we decide to go over and see George T. Davis, who've I've known since 1937, who has a ranch just a little ways from Ben's ranch in Pope Valley. George and his wife is having breakfast. And we set down, laughed a little bit. Then I 'talkin' over -- (Unintelligible) -- and I says, 'George, here's a funny thing happen.' So I tell George. And I says, 'George, what shall we do?' And he says, 'Why certainly,' he says, 'let me.

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We'll solve it.' He went to the phone. He picked up the phone. Now here it is between 11:00 and 12 o'clock noon. He puts the call through to the Hyatt House for an L. L. Sandlin in Palo Alto. We're listening to him there. The answer is there's no L. L. Sandlin registered. No reservation. They know nothing about it. So I get to thinking. Friday night, he suppose to be there; the man tells me Saturday. Maybe it's a good thing I did tell Ben about this. Maybe a good thing man, I could have walked in there got plugged, or a fellow come along, pose as an officer, and got me in a car, and says let's go in and see the sheriff or the policeman here, dump me in the Bay or something. I says maybe this is just the hand of God. So then George says, 'All right, the next move will be that I'll phone the District Attorney's office and find out who's in charge.' George ran up against a stone wall. Nobody was there Saturday. They knew nothing. Couldn't get through to nothing. It just seemed like they were stalling. So George says, 'I'll get hold of someone else.' I don't know if it was Unruh, Jesse Unruh or something. No, he put another call through to the sheriff, she couldn't get the sheriff. Then after the DA, no. So I says, 'Benny, get Unruh.' And we sat at George's house. Now it's pushing 1 o'clock. And the next thing the phone starts ringing back and forth. And he gets the, ah, chief of police phones him down there. Chief of police says, 'We'll check on things, this and that.' Phone you back,' Back and forth it went.

"So finally in the afternoon, maybe 3 o'clock or 3:30, the chief of police confirms there's an L. L. Sandlin that's a sergeant. Nobody I guess. So that's that. So we find that much out. Now in the meantime we heard not a thing from the FF, the FBI department.

(You don't know whether Sandlin was up here?)

"No sir. I'm going to go a little further. No sir, we didn't find a thing out. They knew nothing about it. Approximately 5:30, I was watching the clock off and on,

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because there was a reporters, cameramen, waiting to come in on the thing. And about 5:30 the phone rings and George talks, and there's another policeman in the investigation department that's talking to George and verifying that L.L. Sandlin, so forth. And they want to talk to me. So George puts me on. See. And he said, 'Mr. Owen,' he said, 'I can verify that you talked to L. L. Sandlin Wednesday afternoon.' Now Sandlin told this man, today, it was Thursday morning, that he talked to me, and it wasn't because I was up here Thursday. See. We had a conversation with him today. So I'll verify it. 'Yes, you talked to him. But we decided after he made the appointment that it was the wrong thing to talk to you up in Palo Alto. See. That we should talk to you here.' I said, 'Well then, why didn't you notify my brother, my wife, or George T. Davis?' 'Well, he didn't have an answer. See. I said, 'You phone me to make the appointment. And I says come on around; you know I've got some threats.' He says, 'Yes, I've read the report.' And I hadn't had time, I hadn't seen him. I only told him about the first threat, I hadn't told him about the second threat. Saturday, after I came back from Phoenix, see, but I was going to tell Sandlin when I met him. My next interview with him. See. And I said, 'I have a wife down there, two children, and a grandson; how about now?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I'm sure there'll be all right. Just a misunderstanding.' Yes, he should of put something, and they tried to apple polish the thing and do something to it in some way. And in the meantime, I didn't know that the Associated Press was listening on an extension in George's front room, and he heard this. See. The conversation to verify I had an appointment.

(Yea.)

"Finally he said, 'Well, how do you feel now?' I said, 'Well, I feel a whole lot better when I find out that this was Sandlin, and it wasn't somebody else. It makes me.' 'Well, I'm sure it will be all right. Just let things go as they were before. When you come back in town, when you come in Monday or Tuesday, come on in and see us,'

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and so forth. And then the last thing he said, 'Say, Owen,' he said, 'the report here some place. Could I have your telephone number and your address again.' See. And with that then, George took the phone, and the Associated Press fellow, that got him. He said, 'Boy, what kind of a police force is this that want to know your telephone number,' what and how they're handling things.

"So that is the situation, and from now on, why that's as far as I can tell you. That's it. And if Wes wants to say anything or if Mr. Hardester want to say anything, they can both confirm my part here at being in Oakland and so forth, and him telling me not to go over and see him, and taking me to his, the man that he works for, Wes here, he's with, see.

(There was a car that almost ran you off the road.)

"Well, I'll tell you this here what happen. With George, I came in with George Davis that Monday morning, and at Fifth and Mission, I got out of George's car to go into the Chronicle. And as George pulled away from the curb, there was a, about a Cadillac, was maybe a '66 or '65 or 7, pulled up with a heavy set Italian-looking man, with a cigar in his mouth and a hat on. He just pulled over and says, 'Say, was that George T. Davis who's car you just got out of?' And with that I said, 'Who's car?' And scrambled inside this building. I don't know who that was, it maybe could have been someone who wanted George or reporter or something, I don't know. And then I'm going to let Ben tell you about the car. He knows the roads and that. We had a car pull up and almost stop dead in front of us a couple of times. We're real slow. We couldn't pass it. But his fist up, and the, one of the fellow that wasn't drivin' kept looking back, so I took a pencil and a piece of paper, and started to get, got the license number. And they saw me writing, they disappeared, they spin on it. But Ben can explain that to you. That was a strange thing. So, if there's any other questions you'd like to ask me now, I'll answer them. Maybe Ben wants to say something. Maybe Wes does. I don't know. Is there anything else you want to ask me?

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(Jerry, you say you know Everitt Eugene Bradley
-- Tape unintelligible ---)

"Yes. Yes. I met him. I know that he was affiliated with Dr. Mac Intyre. And I met him at the Embassy Auditorium, place where they give all kinds of lectures and so forth. And I, two times, I shook hands with him once, and then I seen him another time.

(Do you know a Dr. Bob Wells down in Orange?)

"Very well. He don't live too far from me. Yes. He has the big Sunday school and church. Know him well. He started in a little garage or tent in an orange grove, and now he has the largest Sunday school down there. Yes, I know Bob Wells.

(Do you know of his affiliation with Bradley?)

"No, I don't really. And I remember, right, I think Bradley was advertised to speak for him once or something. I'm not sure.

(Right.)

"And I don't know, am I wrong? I'm going back by memory.

(Yea, that's right.)

"Well, that's it. That's right.

(Do you know of a man by the name of Lorenze? (Phonetic)
Jack Lorenze or Fred Lorenze?)

"Jack or Fred Ruanze? You mean the man that is down in Mexico?

(Well, it could be. Originally this Fred Lorenze is originally from Germany.)

"Yes, he's another. Yes, I ----

(Drives a car with Texas plates.)

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"Yes, yes. I don't know him personally, but I'm familiar with those; being myself a minister and following the advertising of papers and hand bills. Yes. That name is familiar. But I don't know any person ---

(You don't know the man personally?)

"No, I don't know him personally. No.

(Okay. Is there any question in your mind as to this initial engagement with these two men, that you were just a random choice for them? Is there any possibility that they could have been following you and then ---?)

"I don't know. It's very strange how that I could be downtown in this truck, this day to do this business, and how they would get in the back, and it makes me wonder, and think, I believe, after thinking much now. I really believe that the man approximately would say 35, that I told you was well dressed, he seemed to be of the same nationality. And my feeling was that he was the brains back of it or something.

(Well, in other words, they hopped on your truck. You didn't invite them to ---)

"No. No. I didn't invite them. It happened so fast. As my truck was there, I kept looking at the light at the side. If you look at a '49 Chevy custom cab, it's got a round window here and window in the back and you can see. And the tallest of these two younger fellows stepped on the running board and had one foot over, and I saw him coming over and of course, I'm wondering what he's doing, but there's nothing in the back of the truck. See. But some old hay that is laying on the thing. And he's half way in, and the other one takes the door and he's got it part opened with his head, 'Are you going towards Hollywood West?' I said, 'Like this way out Wilshire?' See. Cause I was clear on the right hand turn where you had to turn right.

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My blinkers on, I'm going to turn right. See. And before I could okay it, see, he said, 'We'll ride in the back,' and just help themselves. And they got into back and sat down, and they're not beside me, so nobody harm me. They're out in the open in the back.

(Now, if I understand what you are saying. One of the men that jumped in the back was the same one that offered you the hundred dollar deposit.)

"No. No. That's a different one. You have three men and a woman, and there was another one on the corner, that looked like the same nationality, that was standing about four feet from him, look like he was interested in what they were saying, but wasn't talking to them. See.

(This was from the hundred dollar deposit fellow?)

"No. No. No. This was the first meeting on a Monday afternoon. That was the first meeting. Yes.

(Now. When they wanted to meet you at 11 o'clock at night, a Tuesday night. Right?)

"I made the appointment with the smallest one. When I left him out on Sunset, he said, 'I'll meet you here on this corner at 11 o'clock tonight, and have the money to pay for your horse.' He showed me no money yet. He said he had money coming he was going to pick up.

(But then that was Monday?)

"That was Monday night.

(Then you met them Monday night at 11:00.)

"I met him, just him. The others was --- go ahead.

(And then the point was now, the next morning they come around here where you were staying.)

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"At the hotel, right.

(And they wanted to meet you at 11 o'clock that night.)

"Again Tuesday night, they would have wanted to meet me at 11 o'clock.

(And where did they want you to meet them?)

"That would be down on Catalina Street, at the same place that I let the little fellow out the day before in the evening to see somebody that worked in the kitchen. That's all.

(Is the Ambassador Hotel at that corner?)

"Yes. Ah, no. That's the side street that goes down along the side of the side Ambassador.

(Yes, that's what I meant.)

"There is no automobile entrance there. But if you go down about a block, you'll see a little street that deadends to a fence, and a gate that opens up. You go through that gate and it takes you into the back of the Ambassador on the side. See.

(When you said you had a speaking engagement in Oxnard that night, you couldn't make it at 11:00. Right?)

"I couldn't make it. That's right.

(Were they very insistent that you try to make it that night?)

"Yes. Yes. That's when I was offered to take the hundred dollar bill, give him a receipt, and they would have the balance of the money if I would deliver, be there and have the horse in the horse trailer. See.

(At 11 o'clock?)

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"At 11 o'clock with the horse, and then I was to pick my money up and take the horse where he wanted it.

(In other words, the hundred was the endorsement for you to break the engagement in Oxnard?)

"That's right. It looked like, I feel that it was a come on. I do in bottom of my heart.

(In other words, you feel that they were striving pretty hard to get you to be there at 11 o'clock?)

"Yes, they wanted very, very bad.

(Yea. When you made the offer of the date the next morning, they weren't interested?)

"Well, I couldn't say that. I said, 'Well, look.' I said, 'Look, if he wants the horse at 11 o'clock and I, I can't be there.' See. Get it. 'Here is my card, phone me tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock.'

--- Tape Unintelligible ---

left a message, my wife had taken the message. Then I could have brought the horse from Oxnard to wherever they wanted him to be. So I said, 'Here, phone me in the morning if he wants a horse.' I said, 'I wasted yesterday evening and stayed in a motel. Cost me \$4.00, see. And nothings happened.' See.

(Except they did offer you the hundred dollars?)

"They offer the hundred dollars. The night before the little fellow showed me the hundred, but didn't offer it to me. Said, 'I got a hundred, but I didn't get all my money. I'll have it in the morning at 8 o'clock.'

(Yea, he still didn't have it.)

"He didn't show. The other fellow showed.

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(The well dressed?)

"The well-dressed fellow, the girl and another fellow in the car showed.

(Can you give a comprehensive description of the well dressed ---)

"Ah, well, the well-dressed fellow I would say hit between 165 to 175 pounds, in there. And he looked of, ah, a Latin type.

(Could he have been from the Near East, from Jordan, or somewhere?)

"Yea, Yes. He could be either. Either an Indian, a Hindu, or something. He looked to that type.

(Or he could be Mexican or Cuban ---)

"Yes. That's right, that's right. He wasn't an American. He was -- that's right, that's right.

(What about his accent" Did he have an accent?)

"Very good English. Very good English. As a good of English as the little guy. The little guy that I thought was a Mexican. That's what got me. See. I said, 'Are you from Mexico?' 'No.' I said, 'Well, you speak good English.' 'No, I'm from Jordan.'

(Yea. Okay. He was about 5 uh ---)

"I would say he was about 5, for the little fellow, I would say he was around 5'3" or 4, and would weigh maybe about 135, 140 pounds.

(The well-dressed man?)

"Oh, no. The well-dressed fellow I would say was about 5'8" or 9.

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(How old?)

"Around 35, between 30, 40, in there. I would say 35. Half way.

(What was his hair like?)

"He had dark hair, see. And it wasn't kinky, see. And it wasn't straight. It had kind of a like a --. He didn't have any beard. He didn't have any long side burns. I mean he was neat.

(Right. Did he have any rings or anything that would -- ?)

"Yes. He had a little ring. You call them -- what are they, cats-eye? It's not a pigeon red ruby. What's the other? I mean for two days I've been trying to think of the names of those rings. One, no they're kind of a gray color. Popular ring. What is the name? For two days I can't think of the --. I say cats-eye.

(Okay. He had one of those.)

"And he had that ring on, that's right. Go ahead.

(Shirt and tie?)

"No, not a sapphire. No. No. No. He had on a yellow, a yellowish turtleneck, with a ---

(Turtleneck, with a pendant on.)

"He had a round, like a chain. Now it wasn't a strap. There was a link chain with a round thing hanging on it.

(And you had the impression the suit looked pretty good.)

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"His suit look like a, well it did. It had the late style. In fact like they had, like this here. And the pockets are like this now. There's a new style suit. Latest thing out in a suit. Alligator shoes. Man, his nails are manicured.

(Anything distinctive about him?)

"No. Not too much. Just the little conversation, 'Joe, couldn't make it, here's the hundred dollars.' But he did ask for a receipt for his hundred. Now I don't know if that was to make it legal or what. 'But if you give me the receipt for the hundred, be there with the horse, you'll have the other two hundred and that's it. See you at 11 o'clock.'

(When he showed you the hundred dollar he mentioned that he had more of these coming, didn't he?)

"No. Now this man didn't. The little fellow did the night before. The little fellow said, 'I didn't get all my money. I'm going to have more coming and I'll have it 8 o'clock in the morning, and I've got a hundred and I'll have more of it of these.' And he held it see. He didn't stick it out. But he's not standing too far from me. And he said, 'Well look, take this hundred and deliver the horse tonight and he --- .' I said, 'Yes. I have a two horse trailer.' I told him that I'm bringing a pony down. I was only going to bring only one pony down. But then when I did come I brought two more shetlands, and they're at Ore Tucker's for sale, now you see to help me out.

(Were they rather insistent you bring your trailer right to Santa Catalina Avenue --- ?)

"On that side street. See.

(Yea, at 11 o'clock?)

"At 11 o'clock.

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(Tuesday night?)

"Tuesday night at 11 o'clock. Look, I didn't even know. I didn't know that there was any reception there or nothing, because I remember when Reagan was up, they most generally hold all their receptions at the Biltmore downtown. That's where Reagan was. I didn't know there was a blow out there. I didn't know anything was going on. Didn't mean a thing to me. In fact, I didn't even know where the kid went when he says, 'I've got a friend in the kitchen.' See.

(This is Bill Turner and this tape was cut with Jerry Owen from approximately 2:00 to 3:15 p.m. on July 2, 1968, in the offices of George T. Davis. Also present during this interview was Wes Gardner, Ben Hardister, and that's it.)"

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UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Los Angeles, California

February 11, 1969

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

OLIVER BRINDLEY OWEN

Also Known As

Jerry Owen

William Turner, a former Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose employment was terminated by the FBI, is associated with Rampart's Magazine.

Jerry Owen is an alias of Oliver Brindley Owen. Owen is an itinerant preacher. Owen originally came to the attention of the Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD) in connection with the assassination of former Senator Robert F. Kennedy when he, Owen, presented himself to the LAPD stating he had information of possible value to that investigation. As a result of information furnished by Owen to the LAPD, the LAPD conducted investigation which resulted in establishing that Owen did not, in fact, have anything of value to offer in connection with this investigation.

George T. Davis is a San Francisco, California attorney who represented Owen in the past, and whom Owen contacted in June 1968 following his departure from his residence in Orange County, California. Davis was a subject of an intensive investigation by the Immigration and Naturalization Service in 1947 in connection with obtaining false birth certificates for Chinese aliens. Davis was tried with two Chinese accomplices in 1950. His accomplices were convicted, but Davis was found not guilty.

62-587-1110

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--The following is a transcription of a taped interview reportedly conducted on July 2, 1968 by William Turner with Oliver Brindley Owen, also known as Jerry Owen. According to the tape, the interview was conducted in the offices of Attorney George T. Davis. The tape was confidentially obtained by the LAPD from a source who wished to remain anonymous. The transcript of the tape is as follows:

"This is a recording. I'm not going to give the full details. I'm going to give the highlights of the incidents that happened on a Monday afternoon on June the Third in downtown Los Angeles.

"I have a 1948 Chevy pickup truck, half ton. And on the hood, I have a large chrome horse that extends out that everybody that is a horse lover is attracted to it whether driving, passing on the freeway, or parked. And I left my home in Santa Ana, California, headed for Oxnard to bring back a Shetland pony that I had sold to a school teacher from Huntington Beach, for his two little children. At Oxnard I had twelve Shetland ponies and a palomino saddle horse. And I was leaving a man up there, right, that works on the newspaper in Oxnard. And I received a call that a robe was ready for a heavyweight boxer by the name of O'Reilly. And I went down Los Angeles with the truck, dressed in my old clothes, with Levis on, cowboy shoes, and a plaid shirt. And parked in the parking lot, went in and picked up the boxing shoes, and picked up the robe and the trunks. And headed for Hollywood to a friend that I know that is a colored shoe man to have him put some green shamrocks on the boxing shoes, and his wife, who has her place of business joining his, who is one of the leading sewers, to sew the name and the decorations of shamrocks on the trunks. And her husband put the shamrocks on the shoes. So, as I came down Hill Street, I got over and headed down Seventh Street. And was stopping at a light on Seventh Street and Grand, knowing that if I made a right hand turn, I would come into the beginning of Wilshire Boulevard, which ends on Grand. And as I was at the light, I noticed two men, one of them was standing on my truck about to crawl into the back end, and the other put his head in the door and asked if I was going towards Hollywood out Wilshire. And

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without practically saying yes or no, the one boy jumped in and he said, 'We'd ride in the back.' So I saw no harm in that. And they both crawled in the back and sat in the open pickup with their backs against the back of the cab. I looked in the mirror occasionally and noticed the one was a kind of a bushy, dark haired fellow, and the other one was of the same complexion, and I thought they were Mexicans or Hindus, or something. And I got the impression that they were kind of on the hippy style. And as we stopped at lights and went on Wilshire and out through MacArthur Park and made the stop at, ah I believe it's ah Wilshire Place and then maybe one more light or two, it's close to Vermont and Wilshire. And there as I stopped at the light, I noticed the one stand up and get out. And they both got out, the taller one, and talked to someone standing there. There's a bank. And there's some seats. And they were talking to someone. And quickly at a glance, I noticed one was a well dressed fellow that wasn't a young man. He seemed to be past 30, maybe 35, in that neighborhood. And I noticed a girl who looked like she could have been around 19, 20, 21, dressed in slacks, and kind of straight-like hair, and kind of a, what I would call a dirty blond.

"And as the light was getting ready, I was watching my light to turn, the smaller of the two put his head in the cab, and he had the door handle, and started to open the door, and said, 'Do you mind if I ride with you on out?' So he got in, and as we crossed, he talked about the horse. And he told me that he was an exercise boy at a race track. And talked how he loved horses; quickly wanted to know if I had a ranch where he could get a job. And talking. And I can't remember the exact little conversation back and forth, but something to that effect. And he turned and said to me, said, 'Would it be all right if I stopped. I have a friend in the kitchen.' And as he pointed to the street, I made a left turn off a Wilshire. And if my memory is right, I believe the street is Catalina, Santa Catalina or something like that. And there was a new light building, a white place, Texaco parking lot or garage like. He left. I waited. And ten minutes had gone by, and I felt that that was the last that

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I was going to see him. But he did say something about he would like to buy a lead pony so he could go to work at the race track. And I told him I had a dandy up in Oxnard, a palomino, and so forth.

"And I gave up of him coming back. And I started the truck up. And I was going to make a U-turn at a little intersection, whip back, and hit Wilshire, and go on out to Wilshire and cut across into Vine Street and Hollywood. And he came on a run. I noticed his tennis shoes on, noticed his dress and sweat shirt. He got in and he kind of (Voice dropped off). He was sorry he was a little late. And we talked about little things going out. And I asked him if he was a Mexican. He said, 'No.' And he informed me that he was born in Jordan. Well that struck up a little conversation, because my wife and I are planning to go to Jerusalem and take a visit there. And we talked back and forth. And it seems to me that he said that he has been over here thirteen years or was thirteen years old when he left. Spoke good English. And seemed all right. And I just thought he was just a young kid in his early 20's, and so forth.

"As we turned and I stopped at the Hollywood Ranch Market where I had to park. And I went across the street and took the robe in, and took the shoes in, came back. And in the conversation, he told me that if I could meet him at 11 o'clock on Sunset Boulevard, that he would be able to purchase this horse for the sum of \$300. There was a little talk of \$250 or something, but I told him I'd let it go for \$300. I'd guarantee the horse. If it didn't work, I'd take it back, because the horse is a ten year old, coming eleven, and he's been used as a pickup horse, and as a pony horse and well broke, but he's spirited for one man. He's one man's horse.

"So at this time now, I would say it was late in the afternoon, it was before 6 o'clock. And I only went a few blocks up to Sunset. Turned right, went a few blocks. And there by the old, I believe back in '29 or '31 or '32, it was a Warner Brother's Studio, and then it was turned into a skating rink, and now it's a bowling alley. Just before you

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get to the bowling alley, on the corners a bar, and then there's another business or something, and then there is a sign that says topless, and I pulled there on that side, and he said, 'At 11 o'clock tonight, I'll meet you here and I'll have the money to pay for the horse.' And some where along there in the conversation, I said I could kill some time by going out to Saints and Sinners on Fairfax. And the minute I said Saints and Sinners, he kind of like startled, he wanted to know if I was Jewish, and I said, 'No, I'm not Jewish. I'm Welsh.' And he said, 'Well, I have no use for the hebes.' And I kind of smiled and laughed, and said I would be here by 11 o'clock.

"So I left, and I immediately went up to the Plaza Hotel and put the car in the parking lot. Right next to the Plaza Hotel, the truck, was Slapsy Maxey, my old friend for many years. And we talked and he said, 'Look,' he said to me, calling me by my name, 'Curly, you've got to be at the Saints and Sinners tonight. It's the last night. We've been there for years. Billy Grey been boxed. We're closing next Monday night. It's going to be out at the Friar's on Beverly, and this will be the greatest meeting of all, and with you and Henry Armstrong being the chartered members, come on and be there.' So Max come out and I said, 'I can't go, Max. I'm dressed like a hick.' And he said, 'What's the difference, Curly?' And he looked at the truck and the horse and laughed. And he said, 'See me drive the old '48 truck right into the heart of Hollywood.' And I went to Saints and Sinners. And I had O'Reilly the boxer with me, and they introduced him that night.

'And then 11 o'clock, a little after eleven in that neighborhood, I went to the appointed place down by the bowling alley. And as I pulled over to the right, plenty of places to park, and as I looked, I don't see anybody. But across the street there was a white, either 1948 or '49 Chevy, off-color white, and it looked like it could stand a wash job. And in the front was a man. Sitting in front of the light, he resembled a man that I had seen in the afternoon down on Vermont-Wilshire. And there was the girl

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from the looks of her hair and that; it looked like her. And on the other side was another person that I couldn't see. And this little fellow came across the street. Come up and he said, and 'I'm very sorry. Here's a hundred dollar bill. And I was suppose to have the rest of the money, I don't have it. But if you'll meet me, morning at 8 o'clock, I'll take the horse definitely.' So I didn't know at first, so I said, 'Look,' I said, 'I waited and I should be up in Oxnard, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you really mean business and want the horse, I'll stay in this hotel right across the street where I registered,' And I believed when I registered, it would have to be between 11:30 and 12:15 when I registered there in the hotel. And I said, "I'll meet you at 8 o'clock, my truck will be in the parking lot right next to it."

"So I went into a bar right next to the hotel and got a sandwich, a heated sandwich, and a cup of black coffee, cause I hadn't eaten. And went to bed and got up, and was shaving, cause I had a little cheap room with no shower, toilet. It was \$4 for the room plus tax. And the telephone rang, and the fellow, a voice that I had never heard before, wanted to know if I was the man that had the truck in the parking lot. I said, 'Yes.' And I came down.

"And it was close to 8 o'clock, and all I had with me was my shaving kit, dressed in my cowboy boots, my old clothes, and went out to the truck, which was parked right close to the street. Standing at the truck was a very well dressed man with a expensive looking late style suit. He had on a turtle neck sweater, and it was kind of an orangeish-yellow color, with a chain around his neck, and a big round thing that you see them all wearing now, even many on television and that. As I looked at him, he had on what seemed to be an expensive pair of alligator shoes. He had a manicure. He had one of those cats-eye ring on his little finger. And he said to me, he said, 'Joe couldn't make it.' And he said, 'Take this \$100.' And he said, 'If you can be tonight down on the street where you left him out this afternoon at 11 o'clock tonight, if you can be there with the horse and a horse trailer, he'll definitely take the horse."

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And he said, 'Take the hundred now, and just give me a receipt.' And in my talking, I looked over, and here sat the car, and I recognized the girl because the car was parked close to me the night before; the car was on the opposite side of the street. And I could just see the driver and the girl. But this time the fellow sitting next to the girl, and the girl was in the car, and this man was the driver, because the driver seat was empty. And we talked back and forth, and I said, 'Look now, I waited tonight, I stayed in the hotel, and I was told we'd have it definitely at eleven. Told I'd have it this morning. I have to be in Oxnard tonight to speak at the Cavalier Baptist Church, and I got some business there, and I cannot be down on that street,' which is Catalina, Santa Catalina Street, 'tonight at eleven.' And finally I left. And before I left, I pulled a card out of my pocket, and on the card it said, 'Shepard of the Hills, free pony rides for boys and girls that go to the church of their choice, learn the Bible first, invite their parents', with my unlisted phone number on it and my address in Santa Ana. And I said, 'Now if he really means business,' I said, 'there's not much from eleven to eight in the morning.' I said, 'I can be there, and I can deliver the horse where he wants it delivered.' And with that, I left.

"Went on up to Oxnard, took care of my business. And in the morning, I went out. I went down and got, I think, five bales of hay to leave for some ponies I have there. I have a church man that feeds them. Got in my truck, hooked on to my two-horse trailer, loaded in a brown and white spotted mare, and I loaded in a little white stallion, and a black gelding. Two extras to see if I could have Ore Tucker sell them for me. And I needed a little extra finances. And I drove into Los Angeles, and it was around noon time, I can't be exact. I know I was hungry, I had nothing to eat, I hadn't had any breakfast. So I stopped at the Coliseum Hotel, which is just off the Harbor Freeway on Exposition. There is a man with the name of Burt Morris, who is an old time fight manager who had Baby Armendez and back in the '30's. And I knew he had

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this restaurant and sandwich bar and by the University of Southern California on Coliseum. I wanted to go in and talk to him especially about this boxer, heavy boxer, and a few things. So I pulled off the freeway and just circled corner and went right into the parking lot behind the hotel, and there was an entrance in through his bar and through his restaurant. And coming through the bar there's a television. I heard something about the rigmarole, and people watching, and about the eight shots fired and such. But being a minister, I just cut through the bar and went on in to the counters, sat down, and ordered a lunch. And I asked for Burt. And they said, 'He'll be here in just a moment.'

"So I'm listening to television blasts, and I believe there was a radio or something saying that suspect had not spoken. Can't get nothing from him. But fast work by the police department they have traced the gun. Found out the gun was sold to a lady in Pasadena. The lady didn't want it around, and the lady, I think, either sold it to either a neighbor or someone. And it came along about the names. Some funny name, what have you. And then as I'm listening why, I hear something saying, a commentator, on a boy, liked race horses, he was an exercise boy, and dressed in tennis shoes and different things, and black, bushy hair. And I'm not getting too much of it because, Burt, I'm waiting for Burt. And Burt comes along and I'm telling him, he's talking about his horses. He has a horse called Diamond Dip, and he has one called Hit and Miss. Talking about boxing and how well he's doing with his horses and so forth. And I told him, 'You ought to come out back. In back I got some nice little pony stallion back here. Boy, I have a little black one out on the ranch. It's a teaser. He's a dandy.' We're just talking old times and so forth. And I said, 'I had a funny thing happen.' I said, 'I'm going to have to get going pretty quick. My wife's expecting me, I start out Monday, pickup a couple of hippies, I guess, or kids, it isn't funny. A guy shows you a hundred dollar bill and wants a horse and stalls you. And I wait over, and I, just as a matter of conversation.

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"All of a sudden, a picture was flashed on the television. And during my talking, I'm listening to him and thinking, and I said, 'Ha! That's the guy that was in the truck.' And then the 'Yah, that's the fellow that was in my truck.' And then the hostess and the cashier, she handed me the Hollywood Citizen News, who had a picture of him and the extra on the front page. I looked at it and I said, 'That's the kid. That's him.' So Doug Lewis, another old trainer, has some boys who train some up Jake's Gym, was there. And I went over the whole thing, and I said, 'Can you beat that, that rascal,' and so forth. We got to discussing and one of them said, 'Well man, may be they want you there at 11 o'clock so if this thing went as it should of, they could have jumped in and rode away with the horse and something.' 'Well,' I said, 'that could be. I wonder.' Just talking back and forth. So Doug spoke up and said, 'You ought to do the right thing and take this to the police.' I said, 'Ah, there's no use. They caught him single handed. Listen if there,' and saying, 'that after this athlete had grabbed him and got the gun, they don't need no more.' And then Burt spoke and said, 'I know, but have you been following this Garrison investigation of other stuff, and so forth. You never can tell. May be Kennedy will die.' You see at this time he was unconscious. And they must have talked to me for 15 minutes. And I said, 'Naw, man I don't want to, forget it, I'm in church work, a minister. And I don't want to be bothered with it,' and so forth. 'Just a coincidence,' I said. 'He sure looks like the fellow. I'll have to really hear his voice. I'm sure if I heard his voice, I'll know definitely.' Then the waitress come over, the hostess, and she said, 'Well,' she said, 'I'll tell you what I'd do if I was you. I'd be a good citizen. I think it's your duty,' and all of them together.

"So the next you know the University Police Station is just a little ways from there, and I played freshman football at the University of Southern California. And the station use to be right on the campus, but they moved up on Exposition between Vermont and Western. So I ended up driving the trailer down there, and my pony in the back.

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Go in, talk to the men, and the minute they hear it, they have me drive in and leave the car in back. And I heard them say something about taking fingerprints. And they took me inside. And I phoned my wife, and told my wife I'd be detained for a while. And they took a recording of what I'm saying here, and also had a stenographer there that took it all in shorthand. And as I told them about seeing the hundred dollars, well, one of them must have been listening in the other room, because the machine wasn't there. I think the machine was behind the desk in the relay room. And one of them come in and said, 'He sure knows what he's talking about cause it was just released now that they found four hundred dollar bills on this man, and there was nothing about any money on him until then.' And I had already told them about this in the early part that I was in there before they took the recording. So the detectives talked about what shall we do and, well, it's assigned to downtown and we'll turn our report in downtown. So I left and they had me there from the afternoon and it was about 6:30, quarter to seven when they were finished with everything.

"And I went outside. And it looked like on the doors and on the side that there been some kind of a powder or something. I didn't see them take any fingerprints, but I heard the detectives say they should. I got in my truck and went on home. And of course, my wife wanted to know. And I told my wife and my daughter about what I thought had happened. That this was the fellow that was in the truck.

"And the next afternoon, now the police assured me, the detectives assured me at the University Station, that my name wouldn't be mentioned and nothing would be in the paper, cause I told, I says them, 'Now looks what happen Ruby shootin a fellow and all this stuff that is going on. If this is, they are together, they got my card and telephone number, why anything could happen.' So they said that this is going to be one of the most secret things, nothing is going to happen in this case like happened in Dallas.

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"So the next afternoon, I don't know exactly what time, but I'm sure afternoon, 2 o'clock, telephone rang, and somebody answered at home, and no answer. Rang again, no answer. It was either my wife or my daughter, and I think my daughter just says, 'Well nobody's there, Daddy.' So it wasn't too long until it rang again and I picked the phone up and it said, 'Are you the Shepard? The man with the horses? Keep your mother blankety blanky mouth shut about this horse deal or else.' I don't know what. By that time I was startled. And I remember that much of it. And I remember the phone hitting fast like they just banged it. I went out in the back where the horses were. And looked at the these horses, patted the dog, and I got to thinking, and I didn't wish to say nothing to my wife about it. And that night she told me, she said, 'Well, honey, they, why did you give them our card, our phone number unlisted?' Well I said, 'Honey, I said, 'you know we need some money and it will help on the payment. I said 300 bucks isn't bad. A fellow shows me a hundred dollars and says that they have it there, I said, 'Well, I can't be there at 11 o'clock tonight, but if he wants the horse and he's got the money, why 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, I'll deliver the horse.'" So she said, 'Well at least anyhow they know where you are.' And I passed it off and didn't say anything. So that week went by.

"Next week, they've got it on record, I can't remember the day exactly on this, but I got a call to come to the detective agency downtown. And who ever called me said, 'Now look, you know where the place is.' I said, 'I know where the building is. I've never been in it.' He said, 'Come to the third floor and that's the detective information. You stand there. You be there at such and such a time and a man will come down and just say, "Are you Owen?" And you go from there.' So as I went downtown, I got hold of Reverend Perkins, a man that is almost 80 years old, retired Methodist minister, very dear friend of mind. And I said, 'Perk, come on. Come on let's go down to the police station.' And I briefed -- (Unintelligible) --. So he went along with me and of course, I told him. And I says, 'Perk, you believe in prayer, I says you pray. Cause, I says, Perk, I had one threat, and I haven't told Roberta or the kids about it.' So we walked up to the third floor,

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and a man came up at the time that my appointment was made. Took me to the eighth floor. I don't remember the room number, but as you walk into a large room, first is a small narrow place about this long, maybe 20 feet long, and it's all glassed, and here's a wooden counter. And as I looked through, I saw five or six typewriters going, and I saw a bunch of men around. Found out it was a special room handling this case and everything was on that case in there; the girls and all the detectives with their stuff. While I'm watching, a little door, like a cupboard I thought it was, open up and a man come out and he said, 'Are you Jerry Owen?' 'Yes.' He said, 'Well the man you had the appointment with is called away and could you wait for an hour?' And I said, 'Well, I'll tell you. I'm leaving for Phoenix. It's important that I go to Phoenix. I want to drive straight through and I want to get a little sleep tonight, because I got business early.'

"Now, this is in the afternoon. So he said, 'Well, just a minute.' I said, 'I'd appreciate if you could do it right now.' So finally he went through the door and two or three minutes elapsed. Another man came out and handed me a stack of pictures with the white, like this, facing me, but they were a little narrow and longer. And I believe, if I remember right, there was a picture on each side, see. I think it was divided in the middle and the same fellow, one with a front view and one with the side view, all had numbers on the front of them. See. He said, 'You look through here and see if you can find anyone that was riding in your truck.' So I took them like this ----. I don't know how many pictures there were, there were several. And after going through a few, I said, 'This is one of the fellows, right here.' I laid it down, and I went on through and I said, 'This is all I see.' But I said, 'Let me make sure now.' So then I asked him, 'Can I turn the pictures over?' And I laid them all down on this long thing on the windows, and went through and I said, 'This is him.' So he took the picture and had a piece of report set like this, with a snap on it (Unintelligible) picture like this behind like that, and he said, 'I haven't had time to read the report from the University Station. Is there anything that you can remember that you didn't put in?' And I said to him, 'Yes, I had a threat the day that Kennedy died in the afternoon.' And then Mr. Perkins said to him, he said, 'Is that Sirhan

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Sirhan's picture that he ----.' He said, 'I'm not at liberty to tell you.' He wouldn't say a word. I don't know if that is the way they do it. He said he wouldn't comment. He says, 'I don't know. I'm not at liberty; I don't know.' It was covered up.

"So now we leave. Now I go to Phoenix, Arizona. I'm in Phoenix three days. I get back. I leave Phoenix and drive all night. I get home early in the morning. My wife and I sleep until about noon. And she goes out in the back to fool with the; we've got a big back yard, an orchard and then a corrals. And she was watering her roses or something. The phone rings; I answer it right by the bed. 'We told you to keep your mother "F" mouth shut.' Again another threat like. Hung up fast. And my wife came in and 'Who was that?' And I said, 'Oh, honey, somebody called.' Brushed it off. Now that's on Saturday..

"Sunday, I go to Oxnard with my family. I come home. Monday goes by. Tuesday goes by. Wednesday afternoon between 3:30 and 5:00, the phone rings. My wife answers; calls me to the phone. 'Hello, is this Jerry Owen?' 'Yes.' 'This is sergeant somebody.' And now I don't remember the name. This was a sergeant. 'Like to talk to you about this case. Could you come right down?' 'Well,' I said, 'you caught me at the wrong time.' I said, 'It's a 106 miles to Oxnard, and I speak there tonight. The freeway traffic is terrible and if I leave at 5 o'clock, I'm lucky to get there at 7:30, two hours and half going all the freeway practically all the way to Oxnard.' 'What are you doing after your speaking tonight?' I said, 'I'm leaving. I'm packed. I'm leaving for the Bay, Oakland. I got important business.' 'When will you be back from Oakland?' I said, 'I don't suppose I'll be back until Monday, cause I'm going to speak at Hayward over Sunday.' 'Just a minute.' Now a man, someone comes to the phone and gives the name of Sandlin. And he says, 'It happens to be that I'm going to be in the Bay District Saturday. I'd appreciate it very much if I could see you about this, and have some time to set down and go over it.' 'Why,' I said, 'certainly.' I said, 'Officer Sandlin.' Then he turned and said to me, 'Are you Owens, the man with the lead around here? Did you go to high school?' I said, 'I went to Manual Arts.' He

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said, 'That's where it rings a bell. I see that your the same age as me when you were at Manual Arts I was at Jefferson. I guess we played football against each other.' So we reminisced a little. Now I never saw the man. I'm just talking on the phone.

"I leave; go on to Oxnard; drive all night. I arrive Thursday morning of this last week, which would be about the 26th or 27th I arrive up here. And I checked into a hotel on Telegraph. I phoned Ben Hardister who was an investigator friend that I've been at his ranch and rode horses, went deer hunting. And then over to George Davis' place. First met him when he was about 16 or 17 years old, which goes back to '30, maybe 30 years ago, 28 years ago, whenever it was. I phoned him, and I said, 'I drove all night.' He said, 'Well, partner,' he said, 'I'll pick you up around 1:00, maybe 12:30, 1:00, 1:30.' So he came over and we got into the car, and I went with him out to Richmond where he had to put some guards on a garbage place that had been -- (Tape Unintelligible) -- furniture store fire, and nothing left but the debris. And I said, 'Ben, I'm so tired, and I know your busy and I don't want to interfere. Take me back and I'm going to bed, cause I haven't had any sleep, and I lost sleep when I went to Phoenix over and back. I'll catch up. I'll go to sleep now and I'll sleep till noon tomorrow. You come at 12:00.' So I went right in and went to bed early in the afternoon, maybe 5 o'clock or something, and slept through til 10 o'clock Friday.

"Got up, and what I forgot to put in there -- (Tape unintelligible) --. He told me, wanted to know where to contact me up at the Bay District. And I gave him George T. Davis, 724 Market Street. Stated, 'I don't have the phone number here, but Information will give it to you. But here's my brother's telephone number in San Bruno.' And if I -- (Tape unintelligible) -- it's not too far from San Bruno. 'Sure I'll come and see yea. Let me know.' Now this is Wednesday afternoon. I hear no more until I phone my wife on Friday. My wife tells me that Mr. Sandlin will be at the Tower, in the Tower of the Hyatt House in Palo Alto, and

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that she assured him that I would certainly be there at Saturday before noon. So on the phone the girl there at the switchboard, just scribbled; I'm throwing her a pencil. 'Will you please write this for me?' And she wrote, I think, The Hyatt House. The message was 'Be in there Friday night, and stay Saturday and leave Sunday morning.' So I stuck the message in my pocket, thought no more of it.

"And went with Ben, and then about 4 o'clock, 3:30, 5:00, or 3:30, I think we stopped at the Adam's Club, and went in and sat down. Ben sat down, 'I'm going to be busy from 4:00 to 5:00.' It was about quarter to four then. 'You want a paper?' And he went over and purchased a paper and we sat down and, and he gave me the front half, he took the other half. And we read it back and forth. Kicked around a little bit. And I didn't read the one part of it. I looked at the sport's page and the front, and Ben left. So I picked the paper up again and I read the second or third page. I see witnesses disappear. I look at the fellow's picture first, see his name, then I look and I see it's the Ray thing, the fellow that's over in England. And the report there in the paper states that the two witnesses in the case mysteriously disappear. The woman that owned the rooming house, or the landlady, and one of the tenants there that saw Ray there, identify him with a gun or go into the bathroom or something, had mysteriously disappeared, nobody knows what happened to them. No information from the police, unless to the effect that they were under protective custody, but nobody knew anything about it. Then as I looked there at his picture, I got to thinking. I says, 'This is a funny thing.' My mind drifted back to Ruby going in and shooting a fellow. Then I have occasionally heard flashes about Garrison and witnesses dying or disappearing mysteriously or something happening all of a sudden. Then I really got to thinking about it. I says, 'Now what if this is so.' And then there was another flash, another section, a little tiny bit. If you remember, if you get that Oakland paper, it stated that the attorney on the case now had received two threats. One of them stating there was 250,000 Arabs over here. See. And that he had received

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a phone call and a written thing. See. Boy, just think they want to go after an attorney, wants to just prosecute a man. Then I started to thinkin' seriously for the first time. Now I had told, I was told by the University Division, I don't know which ones, of course. When I came in there I believe every detective left his desk and came around when I standing there telling about, see, on Wednesday. They were all babbling, the head fellows, the assistants, and all of them. And I was told not to say anything. Not to worry. That my name wouldn't be put in the paper or anything else. Then I got to thinking again, about giving them the card, and the two phone calls, and I wasn't going to tell Ben Hardister a thing about it.

"And Ben came back a little after 5 o'clock, and he says, 'Let's go to the ranch for the weekend. Let's go up and get your car, park the car in the parking lot here at the Adam's, lock her up, and come with me.' So I got to thinking. Well, I better come back and tell Ben. 'Ben, I'll be at your ranch tomorrow afternoon.' Cause I know about this appointment with this suppose to be man Sandlin. And I got in the car with Ben and if Ben remembers, he's seated right here, I said, 'Ben, I'm going to tell you something. It's like a pipe dream or a mystery. See. It's hard to believe, but here's what happened.' So I started telling Ben. See. I said, 'Ben, see, I'm to meet a detective tomorrow over in Palo Alto.' Well, I saw Ben startle a little bit. He said, 'What is it now, partner?' He has an expression of saying partner. I said, 'Ben, listen to this. Of all the people in the world, and the millions of people, I would be driving.' I went around the bush at first. I told him, 'I'm driving an old a truck with my old clothes on, and the horse.' And I tell Ben about it. Give him a run down. Tell him about the two threats. Tell him about this phone call. Ben's driving. He says, 'Do you know this man?' I said, 'Never saw him before in my life.' 'You can't identify him?' Ben said, 'You mean to tell me your going to go over there now and see somebody you don't know who is.' He says, 'I'm not going to let yea.' That's what he said. 'Your not going without me.' He said, 'No sir. If you've got an appointment tomorrow,' he says, 'we'll go to the ranch and we'll think this over.' So three or four times he shook his head, and he says, 'Just to think of all the millions of people,' you remember this don't you

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Ben, 'in California that you'd have to be at that time with that truck.' But he says, 'I guess there's a reason for everything. I don't know what it is.' He just seemed to be startled as he shook his head.

"Then he told me, he says, 'We'll stop at Napa. I've got a friend here named Wes Parker that,' I mean Wes Gardner, 'I'm sorry, 'who has been to the FBI school or something about FBI, and has been the Undersheriff or next to the sheriff, and lot of experience in, solved a lot of murders and different things. 'Let's just go and get his viewpoint. Let's talk to him.' So we drove into the Boys Club where he happen to be in his outer office back there. We told him the story. He told me, 'No, that's the worse thing you could do. 'You mean to tell me you don't know who Sandlin is? You never met him. You couldn't identify him. And your going to walk over there with two threats.' He said, 'Maybe that is just the way they're setting it up. No sir.' And Wes said, 'I'll tell you what we're going to do. We'll see if the FBI agents here in town that I know, 'Found out that he wasn't, and that he was gone. So then finally he phoned the sheriff and I guess the sheriff didn't know of any FBI numbers there. The next thing we finally got some how. He got hold of an FBI agent in Vallejo. So, 'all we want you to do is to find out if there is an L. L. Sandlin, and if he is at the Hyatt House, and if this is a -- (Tape unintelligible) -- we want to know.' Well, that was approximately between 8:00 and 9 o'clock on Friday night, and they were to let us know by 11:00. We waited all night. We heard no word back. They knew where to contact Ben's home phone number for information.

"We get up in the morning, and we decide to go over and see George T. Davis, who've I've known since 1937, who has a ranch just a little ways from Ben's ranch in Pope Valley. George and his wife is having breakfast. And we set down, laughed a little bit. Then I 'talkin' over -- (Unintelligible) -- and I says, 'George, here's a funny thing happen.' So I tell George. And I says, 'George, what shall we do?' And he says, 'Why certainly,' he says, 'let me.

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We'll solve it.' He went to the phone. He picked up the phone. Now here it is between 11:00 and 12 o'clock noon. He puts the call through to the Hyatt House for an L. L. Sandlin in Palo Alto. We're listening to him there. The answer is there's no L. L. Sandlin registered. No reservation. They know nothing about it. So I get to thinking. Friday night, he suppose to be there; the man tells me Saturday. Maybe it's a good thing I did tell Ben about this. Maybe a good thing man, I could have walked in there got plugged, or a fellow come along, pose as an officer, and got me in a car, and says let's go in and see the sheriff or the policeman here, dump me in the Bay or something. I says maybe this is just the hand of God. So then George says, 'All right, the next move will be that I'll phone the District Attorney's office and find out who's in charge.' George ran up against a stone wall. Nobody was there Saturday. They knew nothing. Couldn't get through to nothing. It just seemed like they were stalling. So George says, 'I'll get hold of someone else.' I don't know if it was Unruh, Jesse Unruh or something. No, he put another call through to the sheriff, she couldn't get the sheriff. Then after the DA, no. So I says, 'Benny, get Unruh.' And we sat at George's house. Now it's pushing 1 o'clock. And the next thing the phone starts ringing back and forth. And he gets the, ah, chief of police phones him down there. Chief of police says, 'We'll check on things, this and that.' Phone you back,' Back and forth it went.

"So finally in the afternoon, maybe 3 o'clock or 3:30, the chief of police confirms there's an L. L. Sandlin that's a sergeant. Nobody I guess. So that's that. So we find that much out. Now in the meantime we heard not a thing from the FF, the FBI department.

(You don't know whether Sandlin was up here?)

"No sir. I'm going to go a little further. No sir, we didn't find a thing out. They knew nothing about it. Approximately 5:30, I was watching the clock off and on,

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because there was a reporters, cameramen, waiting to come in on the thing. And about 5:30 the phone rings and George talks, and there's another policeman in the investigation department that's talking to George and verifying that L.L. Sandlin, so forth. And they want to talk to me. So George puts me on. See. And he said, 'Mr. Owen,' he said, 'I can verify that you talked to L. L. Sandlin Wednesday afternoon.' Now Sandlin told this man, today, it was Thursday morning, that he talked to me, and it wasn't because I was up here Thursday. See. We had a conversation with him today. So I'll verify it. 'Yes, you talked to him. But we decided after he made the appointment that it was the wrong thing to talk to you up in Palo Alto. See. That we should talk to you here.' I said, 'Well then, why didn't you notify my brother, my wife, or George T. Davis?' 'Well, he didn't have an answer. See. I said, 'You phone me to make the appointment. And I says come on around; you know I've got some threats.' He says, 'Yes, I've read the report.' And I hadn't had time, I hadn't seen him. I only told him about the first threat, I hadn't told him about the second threat. Saturday, after I came back from Phoenix, see, but I was going to tell Sandlin when I met him. My next interview with him. See. And I said, 'I have a wife down there, two children, and a grandson; how about now?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I'm sure there'll be all right. Just a misunderstanding.' Yes, he should of put something, and they tried to apple polish the thing and do something to it in some way. And in the meantime, I didn't know that the Associated Press was listening on an extension in George's front room, and he heard this. See. The conversation to verify I had an appointment.

(Yea.)

"Finally he said, 'Well, how do you feel now?' I said, 'Well, I feel a whole lot better when I find out that this was Sandlin, and it wasn't somebody else. It makes me.' 'Well, I'm sure it will be all right. Just let things go as they were before. When you come back in town, when you come in Monday or Tuesday, come on in and see us,'

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and so forth. And then the last thing he said, 'Say, Owen,' he said, 'the report here some place. Could I have your telephone number and your address again.' See. And with that then, George took the phone, and the Associated Press fellow, that got him. He said, 'Boy, what kind of a police force is this that want to know your telephone number,' what and how they're handling things.

"So that is the situation, and from now on, why that's as far as I can tell you. That's it. And if Wes wants to say anything or if Mr. Hardester want to say anything, they can both confirm my part here at being in Oakland and so forth, and him telling me not to go over and see him, and taking me to his, the man that he works for, Wes here, he's with, see.

(There was a car that almost ran you off the road.)

"Well, I'll tell you this here what happen. With George, I came in with George Davis that Monday morning, and at Fifth and Mission, I got out of George's car to go into the Chronicle. And as George pulled away from the curb, there was a, about a Cadillac, was maybe a '66 or '65 or 7, pulled up with a heavy set Italian-looking man, with a cigar in his mouth and a hat on. He just pulled over and says, 'Say, was that George T. Davis who's car you just got out of?' And with that I said, 'Who's car?' And scrambled inside this building. I don't know who that was, it maybe could have been someone who wanted George or reporter or something, I don't know. And then I'm going to let Ben tell you about the car. He knows the roads and that. We had a car pull up and almost stop dead in front of us a couple of times. We're real slow. We couldn't pass it. But his fist up, and the, one of the fellow that wasn't drivin' kept looking back, so I took a pencil and a piece of paper, and started to get, got the license number. And they saw me writing, they disappeared, they spin on it. But Ben can explain that to you. That was a strange thing. So, if there's any other questions you'd like to ask me now, I'll answer them. Maybe Ben wants to say something. Maybe Wes does. I don't know. Is there anything else you want to ask me?