

limits" so that she could finish that book - so important for her to finish - for Dad's sake. I'm sending you a copy, because I know you admire her as we all do, and will enjoy her book.

I'm out in Portland, Oregon, and have been meaning to write earlier to let you know about Mom. Although I've had time to get over the initial grief, I still miss her very much. Some-
how, she's still here. I'm sure you understand.

In case you don't remember me, I'm the youngest daughter. I was happy that you are still in contact with "the Rhines." Your family sounds delightful.
Love, Rosie Rhine

June 4, 1985

Dear Ted,

I was in Durham in April when your kind letter arrived at Mom's house. My sister Betsy usually answers the mail, but I remembered you and told her I'd answer.

Mom died three years ago (actually less than that - March 17, 1983). The year before, she had a coronary, but recovered in her indomitable style, so that she could finish her book about Dad's journey, Something Hidden. Six weeks after she

Postmark
6-10-86

Monday, June 9, 1986
Scientists:

Jeffrey

My UFOs have severely crippled NASA
and taught Russia (and the world) a
valuable lesson at Chernobyl —
now they will turn their full attention
to obtaining their UFO Base, which means
that they intend to intensify and amplify
pressure on the U.S. government to provide
same ... by sweeping "waves" of other-dimensional
psi-force across the U.S.
Now anything can happen!

Ted Owens
(PK Man)

May 23, 1986

Dear Rosy Rhine:

I enjoyed~~x~~ very much hearing from you. I can still see vividly your cute little face, smiling impishly at me...a face sitting atop a chubby little girl's bod. My age then was 26 (now 66) and I had brought you a little gift on my way down to Duke from Bedford, Indiana. It was a wooden doll that danced when you pressed the bottom block of wood. I believe that you wore pigtails then.

What ever happened to Robby? Read an article about the Rhine family in Fate mag...all members of the family were described, but no mention whatever of Robby.. ???

No, was not aware that Louie had passed away. She was something else. Seems like yesterday that Louie and I were walking through the woods and she told me, "Ted, you have to learn to channel your psychic powers...control them." She and JB (the Bull of the Woods) were my "displaced ~~FAMILY~~ parents" at Duke. They would have me go over to your house in the evening to eat supper with you, around that big table. A man gave me a set of drums...and Louie told me to ~~go~~ over to her house and set them up in front of the fireplace in the living room to test them out. When a millionaire's daughter invited me to a Duke dance...I had no tux so JB took out his tux which he used to wear to lectures and put it on me so that I could go to the dance. The pants were too short, too tight...old and frayed...but at least it was a tux. My date wore a dress covered, believe it or not, with diamonds, pearls, rubies and emeralds. Ha ha. (She was in law school; was from Miami). Your dad dictated "The Reach of the Mind" to me and I typed it out for him to send to the publisher...believe it was William Sloane and Associates. The publisher wanted JB to let Phillip Wylie write the foreword for the book but JB had a fit. He wanted a dignified scientist to do it...not some "young upstart" like Wylie. Ha ha ha. JB and Louie would have me over some nights to the house for seances. I was the medium. Betty Mac and Betty Humphreys would be there, too. One funny thing that happened...JB, Betty Mac, Betty Humphreys, myself and a few others were playing touch football one afternoon...I was on one side and JB was on the other side. After a play was over (JB ^{had} the ball) JB and his team gathered in ~~xxx~~ a huddle to plan the next play. They didn't know I had sneaked across the line of play and gotten into the huddle with them. "Now here is what we're going to do..." said JB, and he outlined a play. "No, Dr. Rhine, that won't work" I said, cackling with laughter...and JB and the others chased me all over the field in mock rage. One day JB took me down into the basement and told me there was a secret door and a hidden room there. I could not figure out where the door was...until he showed me how that entire concrete wall could be pushed away from the bottom so that one could slide into the hidden room.

Later your dad got awfully mad at me. My fault, of course. Before coming to Duke I had spent two years on an island in the Pacific... as a sailor...and hadn't known any intimacies with females. At Duke I was allowed to have breakfast in the girl's dining hall on East Campus because that was where the Parapsych Lab office was.

And those mischevious Duke girls had a lot of fun making me sweat copiously by going to breakfast in their bathrobes, or much less, and parading their goodies in front of me. It was sort of like a starving man being turned loose in a huge room full of delicious culinary delights. Ha ha. I had so many dates my dates had dates.

JB finally got me aside and sort of suggested that I find some pretty, lonely widow in town to consort with...since I was much older than the little Duke kiddies. Then, to top it off, I found out that my best friend in the world, Granpa, was dying from cancer back in Bedford and had only a couple of months to live. Instantly I dropped my books and studies and left Duke without a word to anyone there...and hitchhiked to Bedford, where I took care of Granpa, along with granma, until he passed away. Now, JB had gone to one heck of a lot of trouble to get me to Duke, originally, to work for him as a secretary...then to get me admitted as a student. (The Dean there told me personally that he hated ex-GIs because they were on the GI Bill (had no money) and were usually goofing up (which was true...a fellow ex-GI, friend of mine at Duke, accidentally broke his Duke girlfriend's arm showing her a judo hold he'd used in fighting Japs in the Pacific.) Anyway, my leaving Duke the way I did...really sent your Dad up the wall. Not Louie... she's always been real cool about everything; understanding, you know?

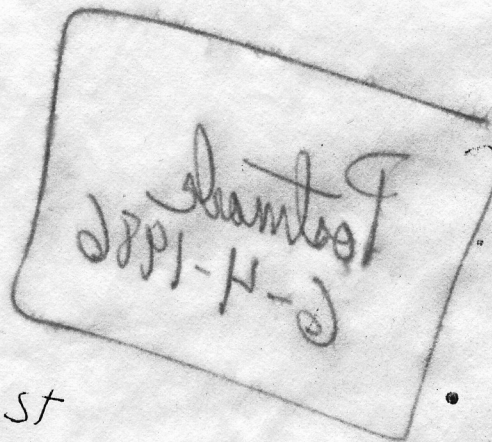
I⁺ was completely in character...Louie's bod folding up but her iron will add determination holding Nature off until she finished her book. I salute her...a great woman...and I also salute your Dad... both of them absolutely smashing human beings and ones-of-a-kind, most certainly.

My own bod is in the process of folding up, too. Happens to everyone.*

Rosy...I made a tremendous discovery myself in parapsych. You know that time and space are irrelevant and immaterial in psi phenomena. Well, doing my own research I discovered that ~~XXXXX~~ MASS also fits into that formula. I.e., using the same psychic ability to influence the numbers on dice to come up past chance (PK) it is just as easy to make a ~~storm~~ occur over a geographical area...or lightning strike a target. Humans are brainwashed from birth into believing that the larger an effect the more power^{ful} must be used. T'ain't so.

In 1976 I was invited to go to London and appear and lecture before famous parapsychologists and physicists, etc., on my work in parapsych. It was quite an experience. There are bunches of books in your library written by scientists on psi forces and parapsych. No

R. Rhine
1937 NW Johnson #5
Portland, OR 97209



Ted Owens
1713 NE 29th ST
Ocala, Florida
32670