

Sunday, February 5, 1967

Lance & Ruth

Rowland Swank, Organization of Scientific Research

Remember you told me...that when I told your Group some of my predictions they just laughed...because they knew how impossible they were...but then my predictions came to pass? This letter they really won't be able to believe.

First...am conducting a new sort of experiment with the Si's...and if it is successful, have asked them to appear over Philadelphia plainly, in the near future (few days, few weeks) so they will be written up in the papers. That will be my signal...my experiment has been successful. Now we wait and see.

Now to business...the Si's caused the Cape astronaut tragedy. Same with the San Antonio spacecraft tragedy. How? They were there...in the craft with the men. They explain that in pure intelligence form they can't be seen by us humans...our eyes are not geared to pick up the make-up of the vibrations of their form, or something like that. Trouble is, when they are near our materials...they cause fires. Something about their make-up can cause fires, when near our earth materials. Skeptical? Listen further.

The Si's are...what we call poltergeists. They have tried, long in vain, to establish contact with humans. They won't risk their craft, so they go, in their pure intelligence (invisible) form, into human habitations, and try to communicate. Remember I told you, and George Clark long ago, they communicate with us generally by "signs"? That is what they have been doing as poltergeists. Trying to communicate by signs. Think for a minute. In most polt cases, what happens? Plates and dishes fly through the air, plus other things. The "other things" are to get attention and perhaps draw those people who might catch on. The plates and dishes...mean flying saucers. They know we call them such...and they are trying to say, "Look, this is what is trying to communicate with you" and they sail some dishes across the room..."see, we are what you call flying saucers...beings." But so far, nobody caught on. Remember, these beings are not vocal...they can't talk...and in pure intelligence form they have power, but no hands or arms. They can cause things to levitate. Let me say it again...when a plate or dish or saucer flies across the room in front of the startled farmer's family...the Si's are trying to say: "Look, there is something invisible in the room...which has intelligence and has force...and we are trying to say, by sailing this dish (plate, saucer, etc.) across the room that we come from the UFO's or flying saucers that are seen in the skies." So from now on scientists can go to the spot, not of a "sighting" but of a "polting" and can try, through reciprocal signs, to communicate with the Si's on the spot. Knowing that the Si's are going to use a sign language of objects and things.

As for the astronauts tragedy and the San Antonio space craft tragedy...they deliberately caused it to happen...two almost at once, to show that the one was no accident...to dramatically try to show us by their "sign" method how close we Americans are to a nuclear holocaust. They, who can see ahead, look ahead, are trying to warn us as best they can to let them help us...before it is too late. Just as Cape Kennedy, and the astros, thought everything was safe and all secure...so we Americans think we are safe and all secure...before tragedy strikes the Nation as quickly as it struck in the astros spacecraft.

By the way...Aircraft Carrier Essex just ran aground...and U.S. sub just

collided.

Owens

08/07/2025 17:04

Feb. 5, 1967

Dear Lornie:

Why haven't you written for months? Didn't you like yo r camera? It worked fine for me...sent you some of the pictures. If it arrived damaged, I had it insured for \$50. We can have it fixed or replaced. That is a long way to send a camera. I have sent some rings that have gotten to my Sotas broken.

And why didn't you answer Irene Kuvala? She is a very nice person. She thinks you haven't written because you think she is a "kook", to quote her. Well, she isn't. Write her, if only to say thanks for writing. She's human.

I hope school is going well for you, and your boy friend is working out.

I also hope you are being a pal to your little brother, who needs you, and your love, and what guidance you can give him.

The Si's just destroyed the Cape spacecraft and astronauts, to put more pressure on the govt. Things are getting "down and dirty." The govt. is so stupid.

Write.

Love,

Dad



P.S. Am sending you some pictures of you as a little girl. Keep them, because your future husband and children will enjoy seeing them.

Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1967

Dear Lornie...

good to hear from you. Dr. Irene Kavula's address is 2 Cliff St., Wolcott, Connecticut.

Am returning the picture Air Mail, as you request. Have two larger, wallet size pics made for Martha and me...plus a 5x11 pic...and let me know the cost. Will send it to you, and you send me the pics. Okay? This is a fine picture, honey. You look great. And he does, as you say, look like a fine young man. I am very happy that you have such good taste in the opposite sex.

So you flunked History, eh? But you did fine in your other subjects. Congratulations on a good score. I had trouble with History, too...had a dull teacher, also. But maybe you can profit from a lesson I learned in high school. In my Senior year I decided to hell with whether I liked the teachers or not...they were my grades that were going to show, and it was my time which would be wasted if I flunked...so Lornie, believe it or not, all I did was study study study on Physics, the toughest course in Bedford H.S., with the toughest most unliked teacher...and I got a B. The teacher told me himself, afterward, that any other teacher would have given me an A...but being him, he didn't give out A's. Just B's to top students. Ugh. What a man. If I'd based my action and hours of time on whether I liked him or not...I'd have flunked flat out. But I used to be like you in my early H.S. years.

Incidentally, your camera will use color film. Just get 35 milimeter film. It has a terrific lens. You know, I sent you some pics from it.

Don't worry about presents, hon. Remember all the times when I was flat broke at Xmas or birthdays. Ha ha. Nothing new to us, eh?

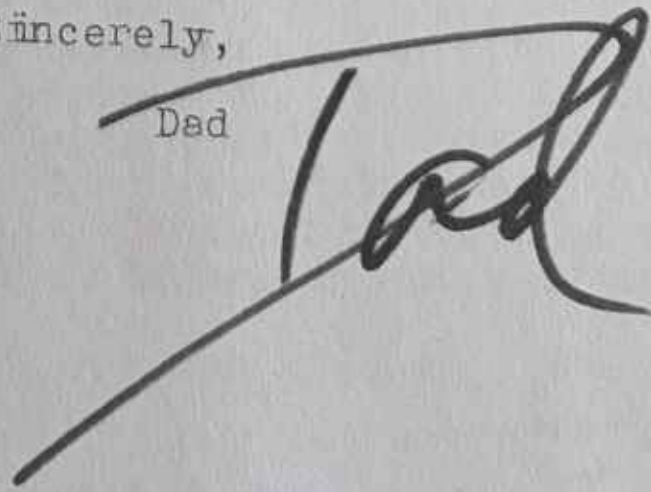
Beau is something else. Words cannot now describe him. He has to be observed to be believed.

It is good that you have to earn your own money, honey. Builds character. I was so proud of you and Rick on our adventuring, when you kids sold card fortunes, ironing board holders, etc. It was for the good of the gang...and no one knows better than I that you two can hold your own, anywhere, any time.

Must go now Your three pals love you...always know that.

Sincerely,

Dad

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Dad' or a similar name, written over the printed name 'Dad'.

Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1967

Mr. George Clark, Central Intelligence Agency

Lorrie
Rick

Dear George:

This is probably the most important bit of intelligence I have ever brought to your attention.

We need to go back a bit. Remember when I came to see you, with my children, in Washington, D.C., in 1965? I told you the entire incredible story...and warned you, rather CIA, that if I died or happened to be killed, accidentally or otherwise, the Si's (it turned out) warned they would destroy the U.S.? They were quite adamant on that point...and it perhaps was the main reason I wound up finding you.

Now, you understand...I myself have no power to control weather, attack NASA's rockets, etc., attack the Air Force activities, etc. The Si's do all that. I am the "middle man" telling other humans what the Si's are going to do, before they do it...so that the other humans will know the reality, and the various powers, of the UFO intelligences. In that respect I have incalculable value to the Si's. Actually, there is no one else that can do it. That is why I am so valuable to them.

They are counting on getting me isolated, eventually, so they can get to me, to arrange a meeting with U.S. Govt. officials. This is important to them, and most important to the U.S. Govt.

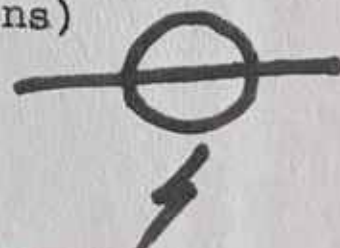
Last night, to get to the point, I was shocked when they communicated with me and told me why they caused the great tragedy at Cape Kennedy in which 3 astronauts were lost. The reason? The U.S. Govt., instead of giving me the protection I asked for in 1965, had allowed my life to be jeopardized...threatened...by a fire that was set, deliberately, underneath our apartment January 2. Just a few more minutes undetected, and my family and I would have gone up like a match in this old building.

They had planned to merely harass the Moon Shot, and bring about a mechanical failure that would force abandonment of the flight. But when they monitored the near-catastrophe to their one and only link with humans...they decided to show the U.S. Govt. their feelings in the matter...and brought about the stiffest possible punishment they could think of at the time. (The fire in our building happened Jan. 2; the Cape tragedy happened several weeks later.)

One of my Sota members, Earl Mack, dropped in last night and pointedly, several times, reminded me that the U.S. Govt. undoubtedly would have me killed, to eliminate a "threat" to U.S. security. After he left, the Si's contacted me and gave me the above startling information.

It would be well for the Govt. to remember...even with me gone, the Si's, if they did not destroy the U.S. as they say they will...could go on being destructively hostile...my being gone would not change a thing, since I have no power of my own. The U.S. would simply lose its one really important link with the Si's and their intelligence. Always remember their tip on the North Viet attacking our carriers...and their tip was correct.

P K Man (Owens)



08/07/2025 17:11

Sunday, Feb. 26, 1967

Mr. George Clark, CIA

Louis
Ricks
Pat

Dear George:

The Si's have just communicated with me, and asked me to send the following intelligence on to the U.S. Government:

They, the Si's, have severely punished three of the top U.S. Govt. agencies these past several months:

- (1) NASA
- (2) CIA
- (3) AIR FORCE

NASA was punished BY THE Si's by having its moon hardware and astronauts destroyed, and the moon program delayed a year.

CIA has been punished by the recent blow-up of its financial subsidy of NSA and other organizations...and ~~SIKE~~ this was quite a heavy punishment, since the lash-back of the blown activity included several negative, damaging ramifications.

AIR FORCE has been punished by the Si's by knocking out two Blue Angels fliers, many Air Force plane crashes in the U.S., and just now...a devastating 32 cheating Air Force Cadets who had to resign.

As I told you, several years ago when I visited you, this "PK" effect is constantly growing...like an ancient Egyptian curse. That is, the Si's are ever-increasing the scope and depth of their pressure against the U.S. Govt., in an effort to bring them around to paying attention to their requests and, eventually, to manage to meet with the top officials of the U.S. Govt. to make a base in the U.S. - and this would be done through their contact, myself.

I told a friend of mine here in Phila. last year that it made no difference whether the Govt. believed me, or cooperated with me, or not...that the Si's phenomenon would go on, and would get worse. And my friend, a member of a scientific group, didn't quite understand this remark. But I think you do.

The Communists and Red Chinese...are not the main concern of the U.S. Govt. The Si's are. Until CIA and the Govt. realize this, God help the U.S. Govt.

PE Man (Owens)

Owens

Shaw Lornie this
UFO article, has.

Thursday, Feb. 16, 1967

Dear Rick:

No, honey, I am never ~~WANE~~ mad because I don't get a present. Look at all the times I couldn't get you a present, when we were travelling around, broke a lot. Besides, your card and letter were a fine enough present.

Beau and "momma" are fine. Martha is changing, almost imperceptibly, into a heavier build...but not fat. Beau has shot way up, is big now.

The government has not responded...and I agree with you, they will. Now I mean they have not responded with money or help...actually, Rick, they have responded, about ten times, to my letters. Will tell you about it some time. But what I am waiting for them to do is respond with financial help to get isolated and meet the UFO's in person, as they want to do. Don't worry about my proving how real my communications are with the Si's, Rick...it has been proved by now, without doubt and absolutely. For the past year I have been sending you and Lornie copies of all my letters, care of Pat. So you should know what I am talking about. What upset the Govt. the most, according to Swank, the scientist who is studying my work, was when I told them, against the Weather Bureau and against the Miami Hurricane Center, first that Hurricane Inez would turn right at Cuba and go to the U.S., and then when I told them that Inez ~~H~~ would back up and take Betsy's ~~XX~~ track of the year before. Inez did both things...and Swank says he never saw people so excited in his life, as those Govt. people were, who were keeping tabs on the whole thing.

The Si's killed the 3 astronauts in the spacecraft fire...because someone tried to kill Martha and Beau and I a couple of weeks before (Jan. 2) in our apartment building, according to the firemen who investigated the fire. I had actually predicted in my Year 1967 Predictions that astronauts in this year in a space shot activity would wind up in tragedy...and I predicted in August that the Si's would "chew up and clobber" the Moon Shot...which is exactly what happened.

Happy Valentine's Day to you, too, pal.

If you will give some thought, Rick, to making plans for the day when Russia attacks the U.S. with nuclear bombs (or China does, or both do at once) then you will be way ahead of everybody else, and have a better chance to live. Don't count on any plans ahead more than a year; two at the most. I am sure we will be attacked in that time. That is, during 1967 or 1968, and probably '67.

Now, someone would argue that I shouldn't tell you something like that...might add to your anxiety, etc. Well, it adds to my anxiety, and I believe in facing enemies and fighting them...not pretending my enemies aren't there. Moses was told he was as nutty as a fruitcake because he was building a ship in the middle of the desert (no water around) just because God, or something, warned him to. Well, everybody who thought Moses was a nut...drowned. Moses was ahead of everybody else.

And, incidentally...and fill Lornie and Pat in on this...my intelligences tell me that the Coasts are going to be destroyed in quick order...East coast first, West coast second, Gulf coast third. Then the exact center of the U.S. will be devastated, leaving only the "corners" of the U.S. relatively undestroyed.

I plan to move, and settle into, the northeast corner, as far from New York as I can get. If you-all are smart, you will do the same. I'll be on the Canadian border, and if destruction begins, ~~XX~~ we will slip into the Canadian north woods and find a cave somewhere near a lake and dig in and to hell with it. We are going to survive.

If you want a laugh some time, get Pat to tell you about the time she and I went to New York and got me a bullet-proof vest, then took it to New Orleans and tried it out with a .32. Ha ha. For a present, she bought me a bear-trap that you could put your hand into and snap it shut with a bang and it wouldn't hurt you. Get her to tell about the time we left a toilet-paper message for our landlord in Des Moines, Iowa. About the picnic we went on in the middle of a driving rainstorm and, I think, tornado. About the seances she was in, with me as medium, at Dr. Rhine's house, where I contacted ghosts and spirits. Get her to tell you about the time six guys jumped on she and I in Durham, and how we beat 'em. Get her to tell you about the time in Las Vegas we did our mind-reading act.

You and Lornie will have a ball, if you can get Pat to tell you about those things.

Don't worry about getting blue...everybody gets blue once in a while. I bought a picture of Jesus, once...in Ft. Worth, and hung it on my wall.

Before you rush out and buy two tape recorders, check and double check to make sure you want to commit yourself to an idea that far. I do that, check myself, and sometimes back away from an idea because it is not good enough, or as good as I thought on thinking it over...or the poker odds on it are not good enough. But if I check it out and think it over, and it still sounds and feels right, then it's green light-go ahead all the way. My Sota deal in Fate mag was that sort.

Be good now, or I'll tell Linda how you sat in that girl's lap in Washington D.C., you playboy you.

08/07/2025 17:11

Love — Your pal Dad

Tuesday, March 7, 1967

Mr. Rowland Swank
Organization of Scientific Research

Dear Rowland:

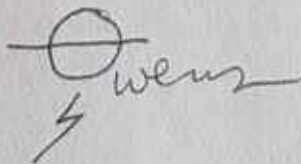
I wrote you a week or ten days ago and told you I was going to liven up Philadelphia with a lightning attack, tornado, storm, etc.

It just happened last night...whole town is flooded... water holes two feet deep in the streets...basements flooded out... cars stalled everywhere (all this according to radio reports). The Si's didn't throw in lightning, which puzzles me. Just tons of rain. And it's still raining, later in the day.

The reason I didn't give you the date of the letter, and quote, is because Beau, my baby, got all my papers out and made a carpet covering the living room and kitchen...so that we are actually, literally walking on a carpet of papers. I can't find anything at this point. However, because he did this ...

The FBI, the CIA and the Secret Service combined, could not have caught what we had in our apartment Sunday night. Now get this...the baby was asleep in front of us. Martha was sitting behind my right shoulder, and we were watching Porgy and Bess on TV. Suddenly I heard somebody walking heavily, very heavily in the kitchen on all the papers Beau had spread on the floor. I wondered why Martha would leave this good show and go into the kitchen. In a few seconds there was a tap on my shoulder. It was Martha, still sitting behind me. "Ted," she whispered, "who is that walking in the kitchen?" "My God," I said, "I thought you got up and went out there!" But she had no moved from her position. I got up and went out into the kitchen and turned on the light, and immediately was struck with the same feeling I had not felt since Durham, North Carolina, in about 1946, when Pat, my ex-wife, her mother and I were having a seance in their house...my hair stood on end, goose pimples broke out all over me, and I felt as if I were charged with electricity. This lasted only for about 30 seconds, then went away. So I knew it was no burglar who'd got in. Nothing could be seen. But we both heard this heavy walking around in the kitchen on the papers, thick on the floor. That's the point. I know absolutely, therefore, the Si's can come into our apartment, and cannot be seen, when they want, in some form.

P K Man (Owens)



Sunday, March 5, 1967

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Lornie and Rick:

This is an important letter, keep it with all the file letters I have been sending you.

Since that couple, written up in Life, were said to have been taken by the Si's into a space ship, then the memory removed, and they lost several hours they couldn't account for...it made something click in my mind, and I used auto-hyp to check it out.

While in Noumea, Caledonia, as a sailor, I ~~XXXXXX~~ used to take a little portable radio and hike up high onto a mountain near Noumea, all by myself. Up there high, alone, I could see far out over the sea. And I usually fell sound asleep for hours. Shortly after doing that, I ran across a book in the Red Cross library which got me interested in ESP. I began to experiment, and discovered I could read minds...and proved it with witnesses and signed statements. Then I read in a magazine about Dr. Rhine, wrote him, sent him my experiments, he wrote back and told me to come to Duke when I got back home. Many unusual things happened to me in Noumea...all alone one day, on the beach far from people, I sat looking out to sea...wishing I could get back to the U.S. alive and have children...when suddenly (there hadn't been a sound) little hands came over my eyes. I sat still, because for some reason it didn't scare me at all...although there were still a few Japs hiding out on the island. I turned around, pulled down the little hands, and there were three tiny children...two little boys and a girl, I'd guess about 5 or 6 years old. They didn't say a word, just smiled at me. Immediately, as if they'd told me in words, I knew that something had answered me...that I would go back to the U.S. and have three children. Now I have three children (speaking loosely, of course.)

Now, after I got back to the States, I went to Duke, and I am going to tell you the many strange things that happened there. But first let me tell you this. I have a keen memory, absolutely. I can tell you tiny details of my childhood, the names of grade school teachers, etc. Yet there are parts of my life that are blanked out...which I have no memory of...and all of these blanked out portions are in the areas where I made long trips across country, desert and mountains, alone! I'll tell you about those later. Using auto-hyp, I have managed to bring some of it into focus, enough to give me the answer to it.

At Duke I worked for Dr. Rhine...and Dr. Rhine investigated my strange powers thoroughly. My powers...for instance, I would be broke...and be walking along and find a \$5 bill on the sidewalk. Or, I saw a rich boy with a pearl-handled pocket knife and wished I had one...then couple of days later Pat and I were walking downtown and I looked out into the street and saw a beautiful, expensive pearl-handled knife...and got it. If I walked down the streets at night the lights would go out all along my side of the street. If I dated a girl and we were at home watching her TV...the TV would go dead. When I was inside a building getting my freshman courses lined up...all the lights blew out in the building. When I would date girls...fountain pens would vanish from their purses. Earrings would vanish off their ears...gloves would vanish off their hands...and Dr. Rhine even had his assistants right therealong with me, double-dating, and it still would happen. I was used as a medium by the Rhines, and knocked a pair of scissors off a table about ten feet from where we sat, in full light. With my mind. And got knocks in a

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radiator, consistent knocks in a pattern, to answer questions the Rhines asked. While surrounded by scientists...in full light...and with Pat there. Ask her, she will tell you. Then I discovered Granpa was badly, fatally, sick...in my second semester. I couldn't study, couldn't think, worrying about him...so, with no money and in light clothes, I walked away from Duke onto the highway, in the middle of winter, to make the long trip over the mountains, to Indiana and Granpa. I remember nothing of that trip after being picked up in a car by a man and a woman. I went to sleep in their car, and the next thing I remember I was on the front porch of Granpa's house. I have a vague recollection of offering to tell the couple's fortune in a roadside cafe in exchange for food...but I believe they smilingly refused, we ate and left. Back at granpa's...one day he was shaving and the light went off over his head. I was sitting nearby and asked him if he wanted the light to come back on. He looked astounded, and said yes. So I told the light to come back on, and it did. He said, "T, I've seen you do some good magic tricks...but how did you do that?" The minute he died (I was alone with him) I saw him get out of bed, apart from his body which was still in bed, dead, come over to me and shake hands. Then he simply walked out the closed windows.

Life went on. I went out to Texas with Jack. Married Pat. We travelled, Des Moines, New Orleans, etc. Then Pat's uncle gave us a lot of money, and this tool got us a car...and lo and behold...I began making long long trips, alone. On one occasion, however, with Pat in the car, we were driving across a railroad tracks and the car went dead smack over the tracks...with a train coming. I ran to a bar nearby, yelled to some men, who ran out with me and pushed the car off the tracks and the train went by. This was odd. While Pat and I were in Evanston, with double locks inside our front door, we left Lornie alone for just a few minute in the living room. When we went back, she was gone. We looked under furniture, in other rooms, she was gone. I unlocked the front door and looked down the flight of steps outside, and there was Lornie, sitting, playing with her toes. How she got through a double-locked door, before she could hardly talk or walk, is a mystery. I then made a trip down to Bedford in mid-winter to help granma, who was having an operation. I have no memory of driving down, or driving back. Then I made a long trip across the U.S., driving, through Texas to New Orleans...and should have been killed twice, but was saved by miracles. First, in San Antonio, I bought a magnum pistol. I drove out into the country to test it. I found a lonely, uninhabited spot, and set up paper plates all over the side of a hill. Then I got out my .38's, magnum, .25's, etc., and began target practice. I was walking along, firing, in a little flat valley. Pretty place. Solid ground everywhere, but no birds singing...not a noise. Was an eerie place. Suddenly the ground seemed to open up under me and I went straight down. The magnum pistol saved my life. It flew out of my hands, about five or six feet away...and my main concern, while sinking, was not to lose the pistol. I struggled somehow out, arms reaching for the pistol, and got it. The green ooze had sucked the shoes right off my feet, and I knew I was in a hell of a spot. After about a half of hour of maneuvering into a flat position, I wriggled like a snake out onto solid ground, and just lay there, wondering what the hell it was all about. I was covered with green ooze from head to foot, bare-

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footed, with my magnum in my hand. Finally I got up and looked at where I had been. There was absolutely no sign of mud or anything. It was absolutely normal looking ground, grass and all. There was no sign of anything unusual. I gathered up my stuff and got out of there fast. Wait a minute...that was outside Corpus Christie, Texas, after I had left San Antonio. On the way back, across the mountains, at night...the most unusual thing of my life happened...I was driving up a mountain in the dark of night. To my right was a sheer drop down hundreds of feet, no guard rail. To my left was a solid cliff. I could see the road up ahead, straight, for a far distance. I figured I was going the wrong way,

Just then I came to a road, cut through the solid cliff to my left. I checked the long road up ahead...no car lights, and swung the car left into the side road, then I backed it straight out, cutting off the road completely for a minute. At that exact moment I saw, in my rear view mirror, car lights rushing down the mountain right at me, not far behind...I was paralyzed...the car was so close I had no time to do anything and even if I made a sudden quick move, I might go over the cliff. So I wrapped my arms around my head and waited for the smash. Then to my amazed eyes...I saw the car clearly in front of my car, going down the mountain road at high speed. It had passed right through my car! I know that sounds mad...but it is exactly what happened. I saw what looked like negros in the car, and an arm waving a bottle out a window. Shaken to the core, I quickly and carefully finished my backing move, and went ~~XX~~ down the mountain, found the nearest motel, and checked in. I called Pat, I believe, long distance, and told her what had happened. Then there was one other thing I remember about that long trip (and remember, these few things are all I can remember...I don't remember eating, sleeping, or anything other than these few details of this trip which took a week or two. I was driving along mountain tops at night when suddenly I saw a strange looking side road where no side road should be. It was about 10 at night, no cars on the road, and I was very sleepy. So I drove to the left off the mountain highway along this tiny road cut through solid cliffs. It came out on a flat plateau about 1000 feet in diameter. Except for a mountain side at the left, you could look for what seemed hundreds of miles out. It was an out of this world view. So I secured the car, got out my blankets, and rolled up on the ground and went to sleep looking up at the stars. I don't remember leaving there, and could never find the place again on my other trips along that highway, though I looked high and low. After that trip, my mind is hazy on what happened the rest of that year and the few years afterward. I only know I made many long, lonely trips. And do not remember what happened on any of them. I drove to Mexico City one time. In a rattletrap car. I do remember driving down clearly. A long long trip 1500 miles across desert. But coming back...ah, that is something else. I am puzzled how I got back. I had no money, don't remember buying gas, and had no food. I did have some giant cigars I had bought in Mexico City, and smoked them. I seemed to drive and sleep at the same time. This is true. Also I read, while driving. Once I woke up, going 50 miles an hour down over an embankment where the road made a hairpin turn to the left. Somehow, I don't know how, I managed to swing the car around while it was whizzing down the 10 foot embankment

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with a steel fence at the bottom, and run the car alongside the fence until I got it stopped. Then somehow I managed to get it back up the ten foot embankment onto the road again. I don't know how. Some time later at night, driving along the Mexican desert under the stars, I got so sleepy I pulled over...no other cars on the road as far as the eye could see in either direction. I got out my blankets, walked straight out into the desert about 500 feet from the car, lay down on the blanket and fell right asleep. The next thing I knew was a blazing hot sun beating down onto me. I opened my eyes. Things were moving around me. I stood up. There in a perfect circle around me were an army of tarantulas, each as big as my hand. They were moving, backing and forwarding, but keeping a perfect circle, and at about five foot distance from me. I would estimate there were at least 50 of the things. I scooped up my blanket and took a flying leap over the circle, ran to my car, and took off. I wondered why they hadn't got onto me while I was asleep. The sun was high, and evidently I had slept long. The next thing I remember is certainly weird...I woke up in the car, while driving, near a bridge. I wondered what on earth I was doing sleeping, and stopped the car for a moment. Just then I was hit from behind with a terrible smash, which threw me violently forward then whiplashed me backwards. It knocked me out for a minute. When I came to I was lying outside the car. I was mad. I got up, and there was this truck behind me, with two men in it, just sitting there. They didn't talk, didn't say a word, just stared at me. That is all I remember until I was driving out of Juarez into San Antonio. Now another weird thing happened. I must have been out of my head. I had no money to speak of...just a few dollars. So I drove to the finest hotel in downtown San Antonio, the Hilton, in my '36 Chevy, went in, and asked for a small inexpensive room. They sent me up to...a penthouse suite. A \$300 day layout. I stayed there for a day, sleeping, then they moved me down to a small room. No reason for any of this was given. When they moved me down to the small room, I got delirious...knew nothing for several days. Suddenly my mind cleared and I left for Los Angeles and you kids. How I paid the hotel bill, I don't know. Several years later, while working for Jack Danciger in Ft. Worth, I was driving from Ft. Worth to ~~XXXXXX~~ a tiny town in New Mexico, where Danciger had grown up, to get information on a story I was writing about him. When I got to New Mexico...I only remember three things. On the way to the tiny town in the evening there wasn't a cloud in the sky...this was just before dusk. Except one huge white circle of a cloud...an immense thing...looked to be as big as one or two football fields, a perfect circle. I marveled at this, because there was no other cloud to be seen as far as the eye could see in any direction. And the cloud did not move. It was just there. And it didn't disappear or thin out. Was a solid white consistency. Then on the trip back in a few days across New Mexico away from the little town my car kept going dead, and I had to have it repaired in some town. Then one night, at about two in the morning, I noticed I was running out of gas. I pulled into a tiny dark town and there, to my surprise, was a filling station all lighted up. I parked alongside the gas tanks and this man walks up. Instantly I knew this was a UFO creature. And this at a time when I wasn't even thinking about UFO's. He had green, slanting eyes. His face wasn't human...is all the way I can describe it. When he talked, and I deliberately got him into conversation...he had a strange weird accent...and I am familiar with almost all

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foreign language accents. He spoke broken English. I don't remember even driving away, or the rest of the trip back to Ft. Worth. Back at Ft. Worth, I quit Jack Danciger because suddenly ideas kept coming into my head re how to heal people using light waking hypnosis. I began using these ideas, and people began getting well right and left. I put the ideas into a notebook, and soon the notebook was filled up, jammed with these ideas....none of which I had ever encountered in psychology or abnormal psychology or the study of hypnotism. About this time Lornie and I found ourselves on a lonely road one night with the cigar shaped UFO near us.

Much later, when the AMA ganged up and framed me with a lying man... Lornie and I got into our car and proceeded to drive around the United States in a complete circle...across mountains, across deserts. One night we were driving along the road in the Rocky Mountains...it was so pitch black you couldn't see a thing...there were thick trees lining the road on both sides. Suddenly in our car headlights...walked an old man. In the middle of the pitchblack highway. He couldn't possibly have seen a foot in front of him. Yet there he was, walking along. I stopped the car, and he walked over to us in the pitch blackness. He had a kindly face. I gave him our flashlight, so he could see. He smiled, and put his hand over my hand in an odd way, then walked off into the blackness. Lornie and I talked for a minute or two about how weird this was...and decided to give him something else, I forget what...so we turned the car around and drove up and down the highway, but there was no sign of the old man. He had just disappeared.

Just one other miracle thing that has happened...while Pat and I lived in Evanston...we were driving in the downtown area around a circle-like thing in the center of the square...suddenly I saw an old woman in the rain directly in front of our car, in the rain, an instant before our car passed over her. I jammed the car to a halt and said to Pat "My god, did you see that?" She said, "Yes, an old woman. Quick, Ted, let's get out and see." We leaped out...and there was no old woman. No one. We had both seen her. Like the old man in the Rockies, she had come from nowhere, and then disappeared. I imagine Pat remembers this. One other strange occurrence...Pat and I were living in Evanston and I was working at Arthur Murray, teaching dancing. We were in our room one night, going to sleep, when Pat suddenly said, "Ted, there's something in the room." Then she let out a terrible scream. Out of the murky dimness of our room sprang an immense black cat right onto Pat, who was sitting up in bed. Our door was closed, so we don't know where it came from.

After the experience of the fields...I now firmly believe that the Si's drew me out into lonely places...many manytimes...and blanked me out, then turned me loose again. Time and time again. This would account for my spot amnesia and behavior at times which was not like me at all. And I believe that Pat will now understand why many things turned out like they did. Let her tell you about the jeep at the top of the mountain...only me outside, and the brakes went off. I had the regular brake on, plus the hand brake. But they both went off. Now Lornie was tied with a rope inside the car, so she couldn't fall out while we drove

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up the almost sheer side of the steep mountain. You must understand, only a miracle could have saved you two and Pat. Rick was being held by Pat, and Lornie was tied in, and the ton or two of jeep was plunging downhill backwards, picking up speed. I believe the Si's wanted to know what value I placed on you three. They found out. Pat used a judo roll and dove out the side with Rick, rolling on her back so Rick wouldn't be hurt. I hooked my left hand onto the inside of the roof, hanging onto the outside of the jeep, with Lornie ~~XXXXXX~~ inside not making a noise, as I recall, but just watching me. By this time the jeep was plunging full speed down the side of the mountain, backwards. I don't know to this day how I did it, or even got the idea, because there was no time to think...out of the corner of my eye to my right I saw a huge boulder, and I reached in with my right hand, still clinging to the side, and twisted the wheel, careening the jeep in a sharp curve at the boulder. The jeep hit, I flew up into the air, and was knocked out for a minute. When I got up, Lornie was scratched. Pat ran down with Rick...said she saw me pinwheel high up into the air, turning over and over. Probably my arduous and thorough judo training saved me and I broke my fall automatically. Anyway, there was no good reason why any of you three should have lived through that. Pat, by all rights, should have gone under the wheels of the jeep, or broken her neck in her dive. And tiny Rick was in her arms. Lornie had no chance at all, tied in with that rope. She should have gone all the way down that mountain in that jeep and smashed to pieces. *Pat: I got a little wine afterward and celebrated our "good luck."*

I have caught the Si's testing me, these past few months. They do it with dreams, believe it or not. They put me in situations...moral situations...and see how I react to them, in dreams. One night I dreamed I was flying (my usual dream) and it was wonderful. But down on the ground below were little Beau and Martha, trying to keep up with me. I flew far ahead, then circled, and went back to them. I wasn't about to fly off and leave them. And in the dream something seemed to ask me...if I could fly...far...would I be willing to leave Martha and Beau, and in the dream I knew it was impossible. I would not leave them on any account, for any reason...even if I could fly. I realized they were the reality of what makes my present world. And I have had other like dreams...clearly testing my thought patterns and moral patterns. You try covering up in a dream...you can't do it. IN a dream you are what you are, and you react as you really are.

I believe the Si's had wanted to work with Pat. She and I were drawn constantly into lone, woodsy areas. The side of a hill one night outside Salt Lake City...to a cave in the darkness, one night at Spring Mill Park when Lornie was tiny...many places, many times. But for some reason Pat didn't jell with them. I think Pat subconsciously knew or suspected, and drew away from them...leaving me at key times, breaking up the efforts of the Si's to train her, for she and I were a natural pair together in this area.

I am glad to be a part of the Si pattern, willing and able to work with them, trained by them. Perhaps it will come to something worthwhile. We'll see. Meanwhile, you imagine their frustration at not being able to break me loose from the City of Phila. into the lonesome woods again.

Love,

Dad

Owens

08/07/2025 17:17

Tuesday, March 7, 1967

Mr. George Clark
Central Intelligence Agency

Dear George:

Have two important things to tell you:

(1) A price has just been put on the head of any Kennedy... Jackie... Robert... Ted, etc. This information comes from the Si's... who have given you accurate information before, as you well know. From this day on, they say, no Kennedy will be safe, anywhere, under any conditions.

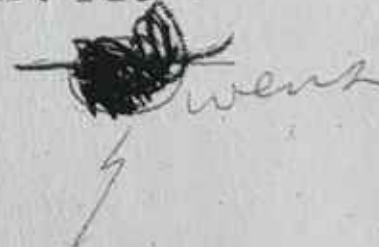
(2) Last chance to let me go to Viet Nam... and let the Si's follow and dissolve the war in favor of the U.S. Only they can do it. Last time I suggested this... Dunn saw me at CIA headquarters, and when I said Pres. Johnson would cry in the future... he evidently thought I was a nut, and showed me out. Well, Johnson did cry... not once, but several times, and it was described in the newspapers. So I was 100% right, and not a nut. And Dunn was wrong not to hear me out.

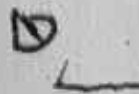
If you don't send me to Viet Nam, and let me have a crack at ending the war with the help of the Si's... the U.S. will have its worst disaster in history. That's a promise. The Si's say so.

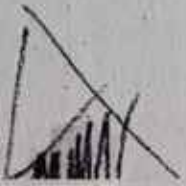
You might as well start listening to the Si's. You've got everything to gain... and not much to lose, at this point. CIA was just dealt a hell of a blow, as you know. It could do worse... than make friends with the Si's.

Sincerely,

P K Man (Owens)
1114 Spruce, No. 33
Phila. Pa.







March 9, 1967

Lorne, Rick, Pat

To All Sota Members - A Special Letter

One of our Sota members, has come into a lot of action with the Si's, who are evidently very interested in her.

Sota Member #114
Dr. Irene Kavula
2 Cliff Street
Wolcott, Connecticut

First of all, Dr. Kavula received her Sota ring...and shortly thereafter felt absolutely driven to sit down and write a newspaper article in defense of the Si's. She did so, and submitted it to a newspaper and it was published. Enclosed is a Xerox copy of same.

Then Dr. Kavula began to see various phenomena on her TV screen that has occurred in my own apartment, as written about in "Searchlight."

She also saw a UFO with her own eyes, in the area of her home.

Then the newspapers began to print accounts of UFOs being seen all around her area. For instance a UFO was seen in Bridgeport, Conn., in her area, on February 20. It was seen and observed for a space of 30 minutes by a police officer and other people who were with him.

On Oct. 1st a picture of a UFO was taken in New Haven, 17 miles from her home...and printed in Saucer News, Spring Issue. This date was important, Oct. 1st, because she had written her article re the UFO's which appeared in the newspapers Sept. 29. This same UFO was seen by Dr. Kavula.

UFO's also have been seen and reported in the papers in Prospect, Conn., and Thomaston, Conn....all within several miles from her home. She reports "It seems that ever since I joined SOTA, and have had my mind on the Si's, that they have been sighted in and around Connecticut, and especially near here."

I suggest that you drop Dr. Kavula a line, and ask her what she is doing right...for she is the Sota member getting the most action at this time with the UFO intelligences.

P K Man (Owens)
President, The Sotas
1114 Spruce, No. 33
Phila., Pa.

Owens
⚡

March 20, 1967

Mr. Russell Swank
Systems Management Analyses - Organization of Scientific Research

Dear Russell:

I really enjoyed talking to you today, and was most interested to hear of the large UFO seen in Wynnewood nearby over the weekend. Not a thing in the papers on it, though...?

Am confirming, for the record, in writing, what I told you today... Am asking the Si's to double their intensity in another attack on aircraft in the U.S. in the coming days and weeks ahead. This should produce a startling account in the papers of planes down everywhere, under all conceivable conditions...and more heavily in numbers than the last "demonstration." I just hope they don't get tired of constantly proving their point the same old way. I'll also ask them to try and keep from killing or hurting anyone. That's pretty tricky... knocking down planes and keeping the occupants safe. But they did it once with the astronauts, and they have done it since on other times. Always the papers say it is a miracle no one was killed or seriously hurt.

Also...I told you how Shiekan broke his foot last week, and is on crutches up at the office. And Steinberg had a heart attack Wednesday and is in serious condition at Pennsylvania Hospital. Today found out that two different secretaries...Marylou Schienblum and Sylvia Gross... both had separate car crashes last Friday. Marylou had her car wrecked completely. Sylvia was badly hurt in a whiplash, and is under intensive doctor's care. Also Miriam, who works in the filing room, had to go to New York over the weekend because her uncle had a heart attack there.

Enclosed is the article I sent you, but you didn't get.

It is my hope that you will, one of these days, sign and return to me the confirmation I sent you some time ago. Or some confirmation. It would motivate me much more better. (Alliteration, and who cares?)

P K Man (Owens)

March 23, 1947

Dear Rick —

I enjoyed your letter.

Today was on Ed Harvey's "Talk of Phils." radio show. This evening the John Bandy TV Show called me, and wants me on their TV show, taped next Tuesday. So if you get the John Bandy Show out there on TV, look for it! I'll send you a TV Guide later.

Glad to hear you've found out what a girl is. Good luck with Lynda. She sounds like fun. Remember that wild blonde that sat in your lap in Wash? Laugh, I threat I'd die!

So many says write books. Sure. I type 90 words per minute all day in my law office — by Sat. so tired I can't wiggle. Somewhere in there I write a book? Hah.

Couple of people in school you don't like? Grandpa told me once there'd always be one or two bad things I'd have to take to get the goodies. Life's just that way. Don't let "those few" stop you from being a winner, eh?

Beau talks eloquently now. He's brilliant. But he gets hurt too much. Always hitting & bumping his head on things.

Julio must be a right guy — if you and Lornie pass on him. No, I didn't say I have 150 in the Sotas. Only 22. My first one I gave the no. 101, so he wouldn't feel lonely. Too bad Jim accidentally broke the TV set. Well, accidents will happen.

I love you too, pal. Be a good boy. You know how.

Love,
Dad.

April 13, 1967

Russell Swank, Organization of Scientific Research

Dear Russell:

(1) In my predictions for 1967...I predicted a possible large earthquake for Denver (one of three cities) and it just had its largest quake in history, 5 1/2 on the Richter Scale. But the damage I "saw" in my mind did not materialize.

(2) One of the predictions I made to the four office girls has come to pass...that the UFO's would be seen and reported on a big scale. They sure were. Last Saturday on the radio, KYW, it was reported that hundreds of school children and their teachers watched a flying saucer maneuver for ten minutes in Florida. That same night on Channel 3, TV, the same announcement was made. Not one word in the local papers, or the N.Y. Times, or the Miami or Tampa newspapers. Not a word one. Which shows what a tremendous suppression job someone is doing on the news. But there is more. While checking the Miami paper I discovered that last Friday a Phantom Jet crashed there. This was not reported in the local papers or N.Y. Times - further, on Saturday, the day of the UFO, an airliner with over 100 people had a close call and had to belly-land at the Miami Airport. This was not reported in any of the above-mentioned papers...just the Florida papers. Therefore, in keeping track of my airplane incidents I am not getting the news in the local papers or the N.Y. Times. So I can't tell how many planes the Si's are forcing down, because "they" now seem to be restricting that sort of news to local areas. It's something new.

(3) Martha saw that "creature" that dropped down beside her on the balcony not long ago...in our kitchen the other night. It popped its head out from underneath the stove. She said it had an odd "band" that ran up the middle of its face back over its head. She had never in her life seen any animal like it, if that is what it was. I couldn't find it, but I know her, and she was not imagining it.

(4) Am "planting the seeds" now for beautiful hurricanes, to come sweeping and swooping in on the Electro (Florida) target in the weeks and months ahead. Am working especially for another "earliest hurricane on record to hit the U.S. mainland." Well, I was successful last year...why not again?

P K Man (Owens)

Owens

Kids - send the
1, 2, 3, 4 sequence
pics of Martha
back to me.
That you'd appreciate
seeing them.
Love, Dad

Friday, April 21, 1967

Mr. Eastwood, Inventions, NASA

Listed as follows are the rockets, satellites, etc., that have been destroyed, harassed, or their mission ruined...since I began working with "PR"...the "intelligence behind Nature" which turned out to be UFO intelligences: (Not exactly in the order ruined):

Saturn rocket
Ranger 6
Titan 2
Titan 3
OCO-A (Orbiting Geo. Observ.)
Minuteman I
Imp 2
Meriner 3
Minuteman I
Tiro's Feather Rocket
Centaur Rocket
Scout Rocket
Titan 3A
Space Glider on Thor Delta
(Project Asset)
Atlas-Centaur Rocket
(Project Surveyor)
Snapshot - Ion Engine Rocket
Air Force Tracking Rocket, Star
Gemini 5 - hit by storm, fire,
lightning & mechanical failure
(but still managed to get up
and down)
OSO Flying Laboratory, 8/25
X-19 Experimental Plane
Thor Agena
Titan Rocket
Agena Atlas Rocket
Titan 3, with 4 satellites
piggy-back
Gemini 3 wrecked; astronauts
managed to escape.
Gemini 3 Agena went wild; useless.
OAO - Orbiting Astron. Laboratory
Atlas-Centaur Rocket
New Polaris Rocket, Cape K.
Explorer Satellite Rocket
Saturn Moon Rocket Test Stage

Kenneth Rich

Apollo Space Craft, Cape K.
Lunar Orbiter II, 12/66
Apollo Upper Stage and Gentry
blew up, Sacramento, 1/1/67
Diosatellite I, from Cape K.,
lost in space.
Tosa 4 Satellite, failed, 1/1/67
Space Capsule in Texas, 1/1/67
Super-Titan Piggy-Back Rocket,
blew up after launch, 8/1/66
Surveyor II, had to be blown up
after launch, 9/1/66
Lunar Orbiter I, failed to
complete mission.
Luni-Bird "Switchboard" misfired
at Cape K., destroyed, 10/1/66
Gemini 12 - made flight but
seriously harassed by breakdowns
and mechanical failures, 11/1/66
"Handyman" Camera Satellite, up
from Cape K., failed to orbit,
4/1/67
Surveyor 3, needed to shoot at
Cape K., found so full of "bugs"
had to be returned to West Coast
as useless.

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Page Two

Now let us look at the devastation among NASA personnel...not in space at all.

Dryden, Deputy director of NASA, died.
Lovelace, Chief of NASA, killed in crash.
One Astronaut killed by a bird that flew into his plane.
Two Astronauts killed in plane crash.
General Branch of NASA killed in crash.
Three Astronauts killed in Apollo mishap at Cape K.
Kris-Kraft, NASA head, plus 13 top NASA officials, attacked by gunman on plane.

We must add the destruction by fire of The Space Eye, only one of its kind in the world, in Cape K. area.

Also we must add the hurricanes which attacked:

Hurricane Cleo
Hurricane Dora - all three sideswiped Cape Kennedy
Hurricane Dora
Hurricane Gladys missed, but just the same tore up the work at the Cape K. for a time.
Hurricane Mick Hilda made a bullseye on the NASA Michoud Space Complex.
Hurricane Betsy made a bullseye on the Michoud Space Complex, and also made a bullseye on NASA's Bahamas setup.

The ones that got away...got by the Si's (UFO intelligences)

McNamara's Minuteman from silo, Cape K.
Gemini from Cape K., 1/'65
Explorer Satellite, 12/'64
Minuteman 2 from Cape K., 12/'64
OSO, 1/2/65
Cape Rocket, 2/17
Cape Rocket, 2/18
Gemini 8
Ranger 9
Gemini 6-7
New Polaris, Cape K.
Surveyor Moon Rocket
Lani-Bird II

That's it.

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Let's recap. I notified Cape Kennedy and other government agencies in 1964...that Cape K. would be attacked by hurricanes, lightning strikes, and all shots going up from there would be affected by "PK" (now explained as Other Dimensional Effects from the UFO's). When I talked with you in Washington...I warned you that this force against NASA would increase as time went by. It did, and the latest explosive culmination of the force was the Apollo disaster with the loss of the three Astronauts and the program delayed for a year...not to mention the other disastrous side-effects.

As you know...after my warnings...lightning struck a lightning-proof pad at Cape K...and the next year (the day I went on the Jack McKinney radio show here) lightning again struck a rocket pad, actually striking some workers on the pad. Again, lightning struck very near Gemini 5...or actually struck the wiring.

Speaking for the Si's...I can assure NASA that they will create more "Apollo disasters" in the future, and keep the NASA program in a semi-helpless state...until their wishes are met, and you know what that is. Govt. aid to me, their middle-man and spokesman, to enable me to meet with them and set up a meeting with top govt. officials.

There is no possible way humans can cope with the Si's and their effects from another dimension. There is no possible way we can force the Si's to change their minds...or make them do anything in our way, only their way.

The Air Force and the U.S. Govt. proper have also been severely racked up by the Si's...but this report concerns only NASA.

It is much later, in Si time, than NASA thinks. I've said it before, and I'll say it again and again...somebody had better get together with me, in a constructive way. The future of NASA depends upon it. NASA has already lost billions of dollars in destroyed space work, and lost good men...from the strange workings of the Si's, who brought it about...and are enabling me to tell you about it these past three years. It's way past time...someone in NASA listened, and paid attention.

Remember when I warned you in my letter that the Si's said...what if they destroyed NASA? Then after that Kris Kraft and all the officials had a close call on the airplane with the kid who put a gun to Kraft's head and pulled the trigger, then shot through the floor of the plane? And in the Apollo disaster...this, in a big general way, very badly crippled NASA. You see my point. The Si's are not limited to one method of attack...they utilize unlimited methods of attack. Quite unlike humans.

Sincerely,

PK-Man Owens

April 2, 1967

Mr. Tutwood, W.A.A.A.

Today I communicated with the SI's (several intelligences) and asked them to allow the launching of the Giant camera-carrying whatever it is next week...to go unopposed by them, the SI's. For I happen to know they are planning to destroy it.

Their answer was...for NASA, or the U.S. Govt., to furnish me with the money I need to become isolated to meet them, for one year...then they will consider deflecting their destructive mechanisms away from Cape Kennedy to allow experiments there to succeed.

I reminded them that recently I had a bit of luck in bringing their story out to the public. And they told me they would pay back the U.S. Govt. in kind, in their own way, for this. But they are adamant about the Cape.

I sincerely urge NASA to think...contact me Monday or Tuesday, before the Cape shot...and arrange to honor the SI's wishes.

P K Men (Owens)
1114 Spruce St., No. 33
Philie., Pa.

Owens

Kids - I'm on TV for one hour, prime time, Sun. night, April 16, 10 PM - Channel 48, John Bandy Show. Several drawbacks to the program, but the SI's got their money across fully.

Sunday, April 23, 1967

Mr. Rowland Swank, Org. of Scientific Research

Dear Rowland:

Another one of my predictions has come true...amazingly...and took two years to do so.

In No. 16 of the files that you xerox'd, read my letter to George Clark, CIA, dated April 11, 1965, and I quote the last part of it as follows:

"And Nature (the Si's) to show you its omniscience - warns that U.S. personnel in Viet Nam, in the future, instead of being attacked with explosives - will be attacked with silent weapons, individually. Watch for blowguns....."

Today, April 23, 1967, in the Phila. Bulletin, appeared the following news clip:

"USE POISON DARTS,
VIET CONG URGED.

Seigon, April 23 (AP)-

Vietcong documents captured recently by American troops suggested that terrorists begin utilizing poison darts and blowguns as a means of assassination, the Army reported Sunday.

The weapons were particularly recommended for use in Saigon and other crowded cities, and at night, when a gunshot would attract attention and possibly result in capture of the terrorist."

P K Man (Owens)

Owens
⚡

Lornie, Rick, Pat

April 6, 1967

Mr. Eastwood, Inventions, N.A.S.A.

Dear Mr. Eastwood:

Just as I told you would happen in my letter to you of April 2, "Handyman" was destroyed for its purpose.

It was supposed to go up Tuesday night at 9:27. How come it went up on Wednesday night? Not that it would make any difference to the Si's.

And so another valuable space rocket bites the dust...because N.A.S.A. continues to ignore the Si's wishes. It is too bad my letter was ~~not~~ not given favorable action by N.A.S.A, because right now "Handyman" would be up there percolating and in good condition...instead of hanging up there a piece of useless junk.

Sincerely,

P K Man (Owens)
1114 Spruce St., No. 33
Phila., Pa.

Owens
⚡

This is red-hat kids -
you've got my April 2
letter in your file.

Love,

ad

April 2, 1967

Mr. Westwood, N.A.S.A.

Today I communicated with the Si's (saucer intelligences) and asked them to allow the launching of the giant camera-carrying whatever it is next week...to go unopposed by them, the Si's. For I happen to know they are planning to destroy it.

Their answer was...for NASA, or the U.S. Govt., to furnish me with the money I need to become isolated to meet them, for one year...then they will consider deflecting their destructive mechanisms away from Cape Kennedy to allow experiments there to succeed.

I reminded them that recently I had a bit of luck in bringing their story out to the public. And they told me they would pay back the U.S. Govt. in kind, in their own way, for this. But they are adamant about the Cape.

I sincerely urge NASA to think...contact me Monday or Tuesday, before the Cape shot...and arrange to honor the Si's wishes.

P K Man (Owens)
1114 Spruce St., No. 33
Phila., Pa.

Owens

U. S. Satellite Is Stranded In Wrong Orbit for Test

Cape Kennedy, Fla., April 6 (AP)—A \$9 million U. S. satellite circled the globe in the wrong orbit today, its mission ruined by a rocket engine failure.

The failure apparently doomed a plan for the satellite to transmit television pictures from space that could be seen "live" on television sets in American homes.

The satellite—called ATS for Application Technology Satellite—rode an Atlas-Agena rocket into space last night from Cape Kennedy.

The Agena upper stage hurled the 815-pound payload into a preliminary orbit ranging from 114 to about 7,000 miles high, but after it fired, a fuel valve failed to close.

With the valve open, the engine could not ignite a second time to shove the payload into a 7,000 mile-high circular orbit, and it continued in the long elliptical path.

However, the satellite, as planned, deployed six long sta-

bilization booms that gave it the appearance of a giant spider and the nickname of "Daddy Longlegs."

The booms, extending to a span of 251 feet, were part of an experiment to use the earth's gravity as a means of keeping one side of the satellite always facing earth. But they were designed to operate at the high circular orbit.

In the circular orbit, the earth's gravity pull would have been the same all the way around. But in an elliptical orbit, the pull varied in relation to the changing distance from the earth, causing the satellite to spin out of control.

A television camera aboard the craft relayed pictures of the boom deployment to a ground station in Australia. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration had hoped to use this camera to transmit live pictures from space to home viewers through the TV networks.

LATER... Rocket Trouble Handyman In Poor Orbit

CAPE KENNEDY, Fla., April 6 (Thursday) (UPI). — A new Handyman satellite ran into rocket trouble Wednesday night and was stranded in a poor orbit that was expected to hamper its mission.

The satellite, designed to stretch four booms to a record 251 feet in orbit, fell victim to an errant Agena upper-stage rocket that failed to drive the spacecraft properly into its planned 6900-mile-high circular path.

It left it, instead, in a long, egg-shaped path.

The trouble was blamed on a fuel valve that failed to close properly.

Scientists received an indication that there was a problem a few minutes after launch, but this was not confirmed until three hours later.

The multipurpose moonlet, equipped with a pair of weather cameras, was supposed to soar into a circular orbit 6900 miles high. To reach it, the Agena had to fire twice and coast a record one hour and 40 minutes between firings.

The indication of trouble was radioed back from the rocket as it shut down its engine for the first time.

The satellite was the second of five Applications Technology Satellites designed at test new techniques for future weather and communications spacecraft.

Sunday, April 16, 1967

Mr. Ed Harvey, WCAU

Dear Ed:

Last week a plane crashed in the Pa. mountains. Not a word of it in the papers...heard all about it on KYW radio.

The plane crashed, and the man in it was not hurt. He managed to find help, and was taken to a hospital for examination. Hours later they found out he'd been in a plane crash. But they couldn't get back to the plane that night because of heavy fog. In the morning when the authorities found the plane in the remote mountain area...all its instruments had been removed. Now who do you suppose did that? It could easily have been the Si's...to examine the instruments to see how better they can bring down planes without killing anyone.

Now let's look at our plane record since I last wrote you about Johnson's plane trouble.

"KENTUCKY CRASH KILLS 9 ON PLANE" - Lexington, Ky. April 3. It was run by Piedmont Airlines and Lexington Air Taxi Service. What was interesting was that Piedmont would not identify the passengers, and Lexington refused to name the pilot.

"PLANE CRASHES IN FOG, PILOT NOT BADLY HURT" - Quakertown, April 7. Man crashed in his plane; only had some face cuts.

"5 AMERICANS MISSING ON FLIGHT IN LAOS" - plane and Americans vanished.

"JET LANDS 105 SAFELY WHILE ENGINE BURNS" - N.Y., April 6, an Eastern Airlines jet with 105 people aboard made an emergency landing at Kennedy International Airport after one of the plane's engines burst into fire after takeoff. Passengers climbed down ladders. No injuries.

"ERRATIC ICBM DESTROYED" - Vandenberg AFB, "A malfunction forced Air Force scientists to destroy a Minuteman ICBM."

"TEXAS WINDS DAMAGE 100 ARMY HELICOPTERS" - Mineral Wells. "A base spokesman said winds up to 70 miles per hour battered Downing Army Heliport" and wrecked about 100 Army helicopters.

Now, get this...Friday, April 7, a Phantom Jet crashed at Avon Park out of Miami, Fla. Next day hundreds of school children and their teachers watched, in broad daylight, a flying saucer play peekaboo with them outside their school for ten full minutes. The saucer would go behind a row of trees...hover up in full view...go down again...etc. That same day, on the front pages of the Tampa Tribune and Miami papers it was reported that an United Airlines jet with 102 aboard made an emergency belly landing at MacDill AFB. They put down foam but the plane missed the foam...and landed okay anyway. No injuries. I had to get all this news from the Florida papers about the planes; nothing in the local papers or N.Y. Times. The UFO sighting came from KYW radio and Channel 3 TV, Phila.

P K Man (Owens)

Owens

08/07/2025 17:34

Sunday, April 16, 1967

Mr. Rowland Swank, C.S.C.A.R.

Dear Rowland:

Well, NASA has suffered the tragedy at the Cape with the astronauts... and just lost the giant camera-carrying satellite...and still have chosen to ignore the Si's, and myself.

Therefore I can only say that the usual is going to happen...all of the Si's ODE forces will be brought to bear on the Essa shot going up tomorrow for the soft-landing on themoon.

They usually get their NASA rocket; only miss very occasionally. So am sure disaster will overtake tomorrow's shot...the Essa rocket with its built-in shovel. The Si's will be after it, to destroy its mission.

Interesting that Al Capp, the cartoonist, has a man bringing down NASA shots with double-whammys. Wonder how he stumbled on that plot format?

Amazing...the Govt. refuses to give me \$5,000 to carry out the Si's wishes...and loses billions. Well, that is exactly why the U.S. Govt. at present is doing so brilliantly at home and abroad, politically and militarily. Brilliant thinking. Save the nail, and lose the horse, and thus the battle.

P K Men (Owens)

Owens

May 7, 1967

Mr. Leonard S. Buccellato
444 Saddle Lane
GrossePointe Woods
Michigan 48236

Dear Leonard:

Would you believe...Leonard is 15 years old? I wouldn't. Ye gods.

Thank you for the most intelligent letter, Leonard.

Let's start with the end-question first. "Should the people know of my 'mission' and of the intelligences." Leonard, they had better know...the future of the U.S., and ultimately the world depends upon it. I am the only human able to communicate with the Si's and prove it...and the Si's...well

send 50 cents to I. N. Service, Beckley, 3 Courtland St., New Brunswick, New Jersey...ask for the Searchlight book on the Sotas and H. Owens...and your questions will be answered, mostly.

Do that, Leonard, without fail. Now, to your questions: I, too, believe either that Christ was one of these Si's (saucer intelligences) or a human who could communicate with them and use their powers. How do I know what I am doing is not ESP? Because I have, by now, predicted to scientists and govt. agencies on five occasions the oncoming appearance of UFO's...on some occasions where and when and what they would do. They are from both beyond our universe, and a zone of another dimension here around us, inside our universe.

They can appear and disappear at will. Yes, they can use energy to form into matter, and reverse the process. I do not know how. There are different forms of Si's...some can appear instantly...others use craft for other purposes. Their key purpose is to set up a base in the U.S., and from that base to stop all wars and bring peace and harmony back to the world. No, they are not 'up to something'...if they wanted something for themselves, selfishly, they could take it at will...or destroy us at will.

Sincerely,

H. Owens, President
The Sotas
1114 Spruce St., No. 33
Phila., Pa.

May 10, 1967

Dear Rick...you sent a good letter. Your grades were okay...what did you get A and B in? Quite right about your PK ability and autohyp power...I was a teacher and "recharger", and you left your source of knowledge and power. You could tap power on your own...but you don't know how, and I hadn't taught you yet. When you left you were still a "baby" in the ESP world, and I couldn't teach you many things. Yes, I too hope we see each other, soon. Like I say, if so, bring ~~your~~ ^{BEAT} your pool cue and we'll shoot 50 point straight. You can't ~~beat~~ Dad...but you'll sharpen up your game by playing a pro. Later on, you'll be able to beat your Dad. Sure, we ate good on the long trip. We ate better than I've eaten in Phila. Of course, we did eat in a funny way. Ha ha! Linda...well, she's 13, and has a cute personality, probably. Not too much character there, though...but how could there be? Hasn't had a chance to develop yet. You must be drawn to the fun girls, instead of to the "deep" kind. Be interesting to see how that department goes, as you grow up. I didn't mean to be critical of Julio, Rick...I don't even know him. He must be a dandy if you add Lornie like him...nobody could fool you and Lornie. You're too sharp. There was some writing on back of your envelope, so am enclosing it, in case it is important to you. Do you have a transistor radio? If not, I will send you one to replace that one we lost in Washington. Don't worry about Marthy Ann, our little darling. She died to teach you and Lornie an important lesson...not to go off and leave loved ones...to cherish those you love. You won't find many love ~~ones~~ ones in this old world...they come few and long years between. So stay close, and take care of their love. Dad, the Predictor, warned you after you went off and left her the first time...and I had to drive back 100 miles and find her myself with ESP...that ~~you would lose~~ you'd lose her. ^{And so it happened.} You've got to take care of what you love. Or you'll lose it. But...the way to look at it is this...you had lots of real love with Marthy Ann, and lots of happy memories. Nobody or no thing lasts forever...everything finally passes away...so be happy with the love you had. She gave you, and me, all the love her little heart could give. Could we ask for anything more? And we gave it back to her, and she knew it. She didn't want any more than that. I loved her so much that when she got sick in coast town I was afraid to go near her, or look at her, for fear we would lose her. Funny reaction. Always remember...if you lose somebody you love...don't mourn...but be happy you had their love, and the memories of them. For that is all that really counts.

Listen, son, there is a venereal disease epidemic hitting the States. That means, simply...that you can catch horrible disease from any high school girl, or girl...unless you are very careful. Two ways you can catch it...by kissing, or by having sex with them. Wearing rubber prophylactics won't even save you, if they are infected. So, please be careful, for your own sake. And warn Lornie. Get Pat to enlighten you further, although you could probably enlighten her, and me. It's too important a subject to be bashful or backward about discussing. Am sending some of our recent pictures for you and Lornie. Be sure and show them to Lornie, too...they are for both of you. Listen, I want an 8x10 pic of you, and a wallet size. And I will pay, don't argue. Get it done, and let me know the bill. That's an order.

Love,

Your buddy,

Dad

Friday, May 19, 1967m

Mr. Jim Moseley
Saucer News
303 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Jim:

I guess this is the correct place to write, since it was on your stationery. Or should I send your correspondence to Ft. Lee?

Anyway, thanks for your card. Will be good to see Saucer News about the middle of June. Will it go on news stands, too?

Am asking the Si's to deal NY another power blackout, or show their exraft there in a striking way...or do something big and mysterious...before June 22...in NY, to help boost interest in the Convention.

Am sure you will get powerful results. Something exciting and unusual. Should affect power and electricity, when it happens.

Just one thought, however. I hope there is no misunderstanding on their part. Recently there have been a couple...dozens of tornados instead of the hurricane I asked for, was one. I hope they don't misunderstand this, and demolish New York,...instead of putting on a demonstration.

Ted Owens (P E Man)

Owens
⚡

May 19, 1967

Mr. James E. Webb
N.A.S.A.

Dear Mr. Webb:

I refer you to my letter of May 21, 1966, in which I carefully explained...that there would be only failures and catastrophes at Cape Kennedy without the friendship of the UFO intelligences...whom I represent, as an agent.

Following that, of course, there has been a horrendous string of lost rockets (Biosatellite, etc etc.) and the astronaut tragedy...and the even worse following catastrophe of both public and Administration wrath toward NASA.

A pity that I am not taken seriously.

F R Man (Owens)
1114 Spruce St., No. 33
Phila., Pa.

Owens
⚡

Monday, May 22, 1967

Mr. Jim Huseley
Saucer News

Dear Jim:

I quote the following from the New York Times yesterday, May 21, 1967:

"ST. ALBANS BLACKED OUT." "St. Albans section of Queens was blacked out for nearly an hour and a half last night in the area bounded by Linden Boulevard, 114th Road and 196th and 202nd Streets."

Since I had written you a few days before that, stating that I would ask the Si's to black out New York...it is most interesting that this seems to be a beginning. Remember that...the approach or nearness of their intelligences and/or craft will stop or block most power operations...such as electric, magnetic, electro-magnetic, etc. All the books say it is because of the power from the Si craft, that cars, etc., are stalled with dead batteries and dead radios. But my Si's have explained it to me differently...the Si's exert a force over the area near and around them, to silence all power sources...so that messages cannot be relayed to other points for help, or to attack them. I.e., if your car is on the road at night, and a Si is near... it will stop your car and stop your radio, holding you helpless to signal for help against them. Attack them.

P E Man (Owens)

May 26, 1967

George Clark
Central Intelligence Agency

Dear George:

This is confirming phone call of today, as follows:

Si's state that Israel...and our accompanying problem with Israel...has only one hope. That of Si help. And they offer to give their help at once, to save Israel and bring about peace there.

The U.S. Govt. must secure my family, and send me to Israel just as fast as can be done.

~~XX~~

I am betting, or willing to bet, my life, on the Si's...against Russian brains and weapons in the hands of Egypt, Syria, etc etc.

What's the U.S. got to lose to try it?

P K Mann (Owens)

May 24, 1967

Ida Lewis
103 School Street
Morton, Pa. 19070

Lewis
Rish

Dear Ida:

If you will look at my 1967 Predictions, you will see that it is beginning to come to pass.

I mention "the blackest year for America"...and even now, this is beginning to take place, and will.

Either Russia and China, or both, have amply stockpiled Egypt and its cronies with tremendous weapons with which to obliterate Israel. True, Israel has the best military force...but it will be like fighting a tiger with a fly-swatter, when Israel takes on Egypt and its cronies...with their new weapons.

Nothing whatever will stop Egypt and its cronies from crushing Israel now. They have been told by Russia and/or China that they will be backed up against the U.S., if it steps in.

I predict, therefore, the complete wiping out and obliteration of Israel (such as I like and admire Israel, which has nothing to do with my prediction.)

Just as I have predicted the wiping out, and obliteration, of all U.S. peoples in Viet Nam.

Now the S.I.'s have a special message: They have told me to pass on the word to the U.S. Govt. that they will demonstrate their control over peoples minds by seeing to the complete and utter humiliation of President Johnson and fellow Democrats at the polls in 1968...if the U.S. survives to get to that point, which is in grave doubt at this time. They will defeat the present Administration leaders with every weapon at their command, the S.I.'s will.

P K Mann (Owner)
1114 Spruce St., No. 33
Phila., Pa.

Monday, May 29, 1967

President Johnson

The Si's told me not to write you any more letters...but I want to confirm a prediction I made...so I might as well add some vital information the Si's gave me this afternoon to send to CIA.

First, the prediction...see my letter to you of April 5, 1967: (I am talking about "kamikaze" techniques which are going to be adopted by the Viet Cong..." ... to overrun those points with mass suicidal attacks of commandos to silence all communications."

The part of my prediction that is yet to come to pass...is the suicidal attacks with planes and ships. But let's get back to the confirmation.

In tonight's paper, Phila. Bulletin, UPI, May 29, Saigon: "Merine Lt. Gen. Lewis Walt...three star General, recently assigned to Washington, said the Communists had resorted to suicidal attack against the Allies."

Now, today the Si's gave me the following information: Russia has just formulated a new philosophy. They have decided that the U.S. is now weaker than it has been in a long long time, due to confusion in the Administration...conflict between the peoples and the Administration...conflict between the U.S. and foreign countries, etc. They judge the rest of the world is finding the U.S. a villain. And they have discovered if we haven't the brains and the power to settle the hash of N. Vietnam by now, we never will. Plus the fact they have been preparing for nuclear war for years in a reality way (unlike us) by vast underground shelters...and by sneaking agents into our key cities with A-bombs and bacteriological weapons...Trojan horse technique. The A-bombs and bacteriological weapons all to be set into action on a signal from Russia. After all our key cities are stricken, they'll offer to what is left...to come pick up the poor people and put them to work in Russia as slaves. Mind you, not a missile has been fired. If we do lob missiles onto Russia, they will have struck first...their key people will be scattered out in satellite countries...and most of their people will be in underground shelters. Ours won't be, when their missiles come.

And now, with some new weapons they have, which we do not have, plus the above, they are ready...after all these years. It is no longer a Mexican stand-off, because they are prepared and ready to strike.

The Si's thought our U.S. Govt. ought to know this.

P K Men (Owens)
1114 Spruce St., No. 33
Phila., Pa.

May 29, 1967

Mr. Tim Beckley
I. N. Service, Searchlight

Dear Tim:

Just a note to point out that in my letter to you of January 18, 1967, I said: "Today called them (Roland Swank) and warned of a large earthquake to occur within days, or several weeks at the most, on the West Coast. Will be 6 or above on the Richter scale. A very damaging one. The Si's told me about it today...they will make it happen."

The earthquake hit Denver, Colorado, on April 10...later than I had thought. There ~~was~~ widespread reports of damage up to points 120 miles away. were

The earthquake was so severe it knocked the needle off a seismograph at Regis College in Denver.

This was the worst earthquake in history to hit Denver...since it was rated at 5.5 on the Richter scale of 10, and previously the worst quake to hit Denver had been 4.3 on Nov. 21, 1965...so nobody could say, well, this was just another quake.

Ted Owens (P K Man)
The Sotas
1114 Spruce St., No. 33
Phila., Pa.

Monday, May 29, 1967

Lornie Rick

Mr. George Clark
Central Intelligence Agency, Wash.D.C.

Dear George:

Was glancing over my files last night...and find that I gave the U.S. Govt. rather accurate warning of the barrel situation the U.S. now finds itself over on the Egypt-Israel problem.

(1) In my letter to you of April 15, 1966: "They (the Si's) are getting set to focus their strange wrath now upon the U.S. Govt., or symbols thereof (Note: Israel is an ally). And the U.S. Govt. can consider itself warned in advance...I pick up a thread of something they might have in mind...foreign countries and peoples rising up against us en masses...actively...to the point of a catastrophe...as has never been done before in the history of the United States, and dangerously so...."

That was a pretty good call, George, although it did take a year to develop.

But not long ago...Nov. 2, 1966, in my letter to Roland Swank, Organization of Scientific Research, I said: "The Si's warn that dead ahead in the near future...the U.S. Govt. is going to be stricken with a dilemma, a quandary, to beat all quandaries. The U.S. will be faced with a unique problem suddenly thrust upon it...and the decision that is made by Johnson and Co. will decide the fate of the U.S., ultimately." "...this happening will be BIG. Something tremendously important."

Now, of course, it is clear that the threat of Israel being attacked and wiped out, with all other ramifications...is what the above two references pertained to. I had thought it might have been a decision Pres. Johnson made to bomb the Hanoi area...but now I realize this sudden, unexpected twist in the Middle East, which could poleax the U.S. if it develops the way it is going...was what the Si's were warning about.

H. Owens (P K Man)