To friend George Fixing
from Ted Owens

May 8, 1975

Special Report to Millie...
(and scientists)

The trip to
Europe, Millie...was success beyond your or my expectations.
Not only was my brain worked on by the SI's...as far as they could take it without damaging me...b ut I saw the Loch Ness monster on two different occasions... documented my bringing out UFO's in Scotland...activated Stonehenge for the SI's... and made a shocking discovery about Stonehenge that nob ody else knows, or ev er will.

Am enclosing tape recordings that I made on the trip...live, on the spot, recordings... up inside old haunted castles in the wee small hours of the night...owls hooting... on haunted hillsides...it is all there. I EVEN GOT THE UFO SOUND ON TAPE!

Thanks to you, Millie...it was all made possible. (And to George Delav an, for keeping the home fires burning.)

To go back in time. ..in 1965 I discovered in Arizona that I had discovered a psi method of controlling weather. Drove to Washington, D.C., with the family, and got together with CIA and NASA...but they refused to do what the SI's wanted...get me to an old, haunted, isolated castle in Europe. So it took ten years...and your magnificent help...to get done what the SI's wanted.

After I went to Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota...and got my torn stomach muscles repaired (which you financed)....I returned home and recuperated, making some trips to New York to pick up necessary equipment for the Europe trip.

Finally was ready, and flew to New York. They told me at the airport there that they were holding the plane for me...that I was late...and rushed me, not through, but PAST, Customs. At the time this did not register on me...but later it worried me a lot, in Europe...thinking of the return trip...because I had not declared all my equipment and stuff. (Thank God...they rushed me back the same way, so all was well, and my worries were for naught.)

Arrived in London, and without leav ing the aipport caught a plane for Inverness, Scotland. There, got a room at the Caledonian Hotel. I hadn't the faintest idea of where I was going, or what to do. But I work that way on purpose...leaving it up to the SI's to clue me in (which they do with unerring accuracy, always.) There I treaded water for several days, trying to figure out the lay of the land... how to talk to the Scottish people (no small task) etc. Finally lined up a taxi driver named Ronald Petrie, to driv e me way out of town late at night and drop me off at an isolated location on the banks of Loch Ness (where the famed monster resides, allegedly...and not allegedly...it does.) He'd return in an hour or two, and pick me up...was the arrangement. I carried my camera, tape recorder, flashlight (although I didn't use one at all...gave my position away...had it just for some emergency.) Wore special warm clothing purchased in New York just for this trip. Carried lots of other stuff...but these were the main items.

The first night out there...Ron dropped me off in the pitchblack darkness, and drove off. At midnight, there is no traffic on that one, lonely road...outside Inverness. So...I was all alone in the b lackness. I felt my way toward Loch Ness, and found a 40 foot cliff impeding my progress. So I simply jumped down towards a tree growing out of the cliff, and fell the res of the way. Hitting the bottom, felt blood running down my right leg. But...I was down on the beach, the edge, of the

famous Loch Ness, at least. It was freezing cold. I telepathed to the SI's just where I was...also to the Loch Ness creature (which I figure is an other-dimensional entity b elonging to the SI's.) Soon a UFO appeared in the sky... darting about, as they do...straight ahead and up over me. Then one by one, three "flying sword UFO's...read Arthur Shuttlewood's book for their description) appeared out over the water, or on the far shore, whichev er...hard to determine. Then...heard a splash...and this long neck emerged from the water, with a small, football-shaped head, on top of it...and it stared at me for about five minutes. Then it vanished...after the shock of seeing it wore off and I finally began to grab for my camera (no flash) to try to get a moonlight shot of it.
Finally came time to get up to the top of the cliff and over to the road to rendezvous with Ron. I slung ev erything around me...and climbed up, laboriously, holding on to tree roots, anything. Made it. Ron drove up, lights off, and we returned to Inverness, to my hotel.

(Should back up here...and tell you that before taking off for Europe...a flying saucer actually appeared on our TV set at home...completely unlike any color usually on the screen...accompanied by all sorts of odd electrical malfunctions there at home. Also...when I first arrived at Inverness...detectives were busily watching me at the hotel. I could spot them quite easily...and this happened during the course of the entire adventure.)

Next day I bought some rope, then when midnight came and Ron dropped me off out in the wilds...I tied the rope carefully to a tree at the top of the high cliff... lowered myself over the edge...and fell down the rest of the way. Actually, it was funny. Like a Marx Bros. comedy. The night before I'd gotten fiv e deep gashes on my right leg. But this fall...just some light scratches on my left leg. Telepathed to the UFO's, and to Nessie. The same four UFO's appeared again...one high in the sky, darting about..and the other three out over the water. This night an owl hooted over to my right for a while...then hooted from directly behind me...then hooted from the far shore. That owl certainly did get around, unless there was a gang of owls, taking turns hooting. And something was scaring the daylights out of the birds across from me on the far shore...they were squawking like mad. Finally I went to the rope, and managed to climb b ack up the cliff, holding onto the rope. Ron met me, and back we went. Both nights, icy cold...cold wind cutting right through clothing.(Might add that this night telepathed to "sword UFO's" to let me alone...and they went out, changed to red glow.
Next day accidentally viewed a TV daytime program called "Tomorrow People" by BBC. Amazingly, it's a show about a few people...who can telepath to UFO's for info and intelligence and help...and who hav e brains of Future Man, like myself! They might as well have studied my work and past..and done a TV series on it!
(Should add...after second night on Loch Ness...felt awful; drained; turned inside out.)
Well, I figured I'd done enough at this location...so lined up a plane for Edinburgh the next day. But...I strolled into a small shop and saw a small pamphlet...which told about an old, haunted castle called Urquhart Castle on Loch ness. I cancelled the plane, and hired Ron to drive me to Drumnadrochit, a distance away...and put up at the Glenurquhart Lodge there in that small, country village on the near-v icinity of Urquehart Castle.
Well, I lined up a new driver at Drum. Peter Wilson; retired sergeant-major of the British Army. Not a taxi driver at all. Owns an expensive gift shop there. Forget how I met him, but it was accidental...if anything at all on this trip could b e termed accidental. Peter had been all over the world in the British Army... tough, tough sergeant-major. He rolled up at the lodge at 11:30, and we drove way out to Urquehart Castle. It's a huge, isolated ruins of a castle...right on the very edge of Loch Ness...and I found out later...is where the Monster has b een seen the most!

He let me out...and I slipped like a shadow through the gate at the top of the road (no light ev er, remember)...and tippy-toed down the long, long path towards the castle...through another gate....then left on a path along the base of the hill below the castle, left far over to the drawbridge...then up into the shadowsxxxxxxxxxxxx of the castle...through the empty rooms and door arches...up to the top, to a parapet which I'd marked earlier in the day when Peter and I had made a daylight, trial run out to the Castle.
(Might add here...the gates that I had come through...had huge padlocks on them... but someone had obligingly left the padlocks open. I figured that I had the blessings of someone in high officialdom on this. The Castle is a national treasure...kept intact by the Dept. of Environment. Later, In England...I did not get this cooperation by the High Ones...as you will know.)
This was a Thursday night...and I telepathed to the SI's, and to the Monster... from the parapet of the Castle overlooking the Loch. This, incidentally...was the Pluperfect Place for me...as far as the SI's were concerned. Moonlight flooding down on my lonely figure atop this isolated old castle, with the spooky Loch b elow. I could sense it. That the SI's were pleased that I was there. Anyway, soon a UFO danced up just overhead in the sky...darting all about...beautiful. And a column of white light shot down from the sky also...no planes or copters up there. Everything quiet...strange, eerie stillness throughout. The UFO was hypnotic, and I got a headache just from watching it...and nauseated. Finally when the time came I made my way out of the darkness of the castle, up the hill, and through the gate, where Peter was waiting in his car with no lights. I told him to wait a minute, and played the tape recorder relating the UFO sighting and all. Forgot to add... that up at the castle I'd developed a bad ache in my b ack, along with the splitting headache and nausea.)

Next day Ron Petrie phoned from Inverness and said that many people had seen the UFO over the area...called police, etc...and a story had appeared in the newspaper abo ut it. I asked him to driv e out with copies of the paper, so that I could document it. All day long...the people at the lodge asked me if I felt all right... said that I "looked different." In the afternoon some friends took me down into the v illage to watch a shinty game. Fascinating. Came night time and I had to call Peter and cancel our rendezvous. Something had "clicked off" in my brain, and I couldn't stand the strain of it this night.

On Saturday night...midnight at the old castle...another UFO danced up over the castle. Very spooky night...b right moonlight...like one of those TV werewolf movies. Got an excruciating pain at the base of my neck. Tape recorder malfunctioning. Also ran out of tape. I know that the SI's are working on me, night by night...either from a distance, or close by, invisibly. I can sense, also, that I am under surveillance at the castle. B y whom or what, I do not know.

Sunday Ron drove to Drum. and got me and took me b ack to Inverness, to his home. There I transferred my small tapes to his large cassette recorder...and rented his recorder from him, to continue with...since my small Norelco 95 was malfunctioning.

All this time...the day by day routine is horrible. I have no company; no companionship; nothing to do...from early morn until almost midnight at night, when I go to work. There is no diversion whatsoev er. Just a glass of b eer at the pub, and watch the people hav ing fun amongst themselves.

Monday...had a strange thing happen. W.nt into the pub of the lodge to hav e a beer...nothing else to do...in the afternoon...and some big, rough character begins to curse and berate the sweet barmaid, Margaret (Ricky's girlfriend.)

I tried to use psychology to talk him smoothly...and quiet him down. We three were alone in the pub, with the exception of a salesman over at the side of the room. Well, this character then zeroes in on me...and begins to try to b ack me into a corner. I could read his mind quite easily...he had a glass of whisky in his hand, and was preparing to slosh it into my eyes...so I got my hands up in a judo posture. He put down the drink and set himself to throw a sneak punch...so I turned with my left side toward him, to giv e him a small target; also so that I could clobb er his neck with a left hand, edge of the hand. Seeing this move, he cannily changed posture and set himself for a kick with his heavy b ooted foot. Before he could launch the kick...I pivoted around him, out of the corner, to the center of the bar...where I had plenty of room to maneuver. Just then who comes in...but Peter Wilson! Peter positions himself between me and this fractious character. I go over to the salesman, at a tab le, and leav e my camera...then put my watches into my pockets, and ring. Meanwhile the character is still shouting vile curses at the barmaid. I go back to the bar...and flat tell the rat to either shut his vile mouth...or take me on. He starts for me and I get ready (just fresh from a double hernia operation, rememb er...ha) when Peter steps in, spins this mug around....and holds him. Then the manager comes into the pub and tells the character to leavve...which he does, promptly. But in all this...it rang as clear as a lead dime. First, I'd seen this character half an hour before he even went into the pub...out in the lodge office. He'd had a full pint of whisky then. In the pub, he still had that same pint...and it stayed full. When he went out, it was with the same full pint. In the bar, he'd had just one small glass of whisky...and he hadn't drunk that, either. This doesn't follow the pattern of a drinker...or a drunk. Also...while he was maneuvering around me...his eyes were clear...and his moves were smart. Remember, I'm an old ring fighter; a judo fighter; and once a nightclub bouncer. I know what I know. This entire situation seemed set up for my benefit....so that British intelligence could find out...how much control I had...if I would resort to quick violence...resort to weapons, or try to handle matters with my hands. Well, if so, they found out...I am very, very controlled...use vi olence only as a very last resort...and my hands are my first line of defense, even fresh after an operation.

(Insert at this point...May 9, 1975...last night I awoke at 4:03 AM by the illuminated clock at bedside...and heard a voice talking to me from the foot of my bed...an unemotional, flat, mechanical voice...instructing me to do something. I listened to it for about five minutes, then inexplicably dropped off to sleep... it must have told me not to remember...because this morning I could not remember what that voice had been telling me. B ut...the v oice was quite, quite real....)

Night again, alone, at the isolated, haunted castle Urquehart. Very dark and very cold. I moved through the ruins like a shadow among the shadows...up through the arches, up onto my parapet lookout overlooking Loch Ness. The sky was covered with thick b lack clouds. Pitch black darkness all ab o ut. I telepathed to the SI's, and to the Monster. Soon an amazing thing happened. A circle opened right over me, in the sky. In this circle, the stars and sky were quite clear...but everywhere else in the sky, as far as the eye could see...thick b lack clouds covered the sky! It seemed like a miracle. Finally the circle of clear sky closed up, and the entire sky once again was all overcast with black clouds. I checked the time on my Pulsar watch at 21 after midnight. Then doublechecked a few seconds later...and it read 28 after 12! I realized that somehow...seven minutes of time had vanished...during which time I had no recollection! (Thi s was like the Dallas incident, years ago, when I was with my daughter, Lornie, an d a UFO came down to our car...seemed like a minute...but after it had v anished...we'd lost an hour of time!)

I then made my way out of the old castle through the darkness...way up the hill to where Peter waited in his blacked out car...and told him about the missing seven minutes. When I returned to the lodge and went to my room...my neck ached excruciatingly again...at the base, back, of the neck. (Other nights, I might add, I'd felt like I was drugged, after the castle sessions.) But tonight I was clear, and felt all right...except for the pain at the back of the neck. Summed up...I'd had no visual sighting this night...just seven minutes of time vanished.

Next night...moved up through the blackness into the castle...up to the parapet. Snowing heav ily. Visibility zilch...nothing. Peasoup fog. Then a bright UFO light flickered up overhead, through the blackness. I was protecting Ron's recorder with my body and coat, from the snow. Must have been zero or b elow. Freezing cold. Telepathed to the SI's, and to Monster. Walked in circles, around and around in the snow, and the blackness, to keep warm, and to keep a keen watch. My ears began to freeze up, so I pulled a ski mask over my entire head...leaving only eye and mouth openings. Completely socked in by fog and snow, and a thick white mist enveloping me. Couldn't even see Loch Ness, 100 feet away. Real spooky. Time seemed ~~distorted~~ distorted up on top of the castle...not like earth time at all... an hour up there seemed like 15 minutes to me...but when I'd get back to Peter he said it seemed like two hours to him. And I had no recollection of time passing at all. Well, I kept circling, watching for SI's, and/or thugs coming at me out of the darkness. Then I saw something moving around in the square of space...an old crumbled room...next to me. It was white...a white blur, 3 or 4 feet wide. The thing moved around...and I drew my knife and went into the enclosure after it. But there was nothing in there. Whatever it was, had v anished. But I'd seen it quite plainly. People in the village had said they wouldn't go to Urquehart Castle after dark for love or money...because a ghost had been seen up inside it many times. Perhaps this was the ghost. Then...that same circle cleared in the sky right over me...with dark sky everywhere else as far as the eye could see. This made the second night in a row...a huge, giant circle had opened up right over me. Next I heard a huge splash in the water near me. Then I saw a UFO right up over me. I knew, for sure, they were working my brain over! Again I got the strong feeling of being watched and ob serv ed. I checked my Pulsar at 12:20; then again a few seconds later, and it read 12:29! I had lost more time; time had v anished on me! Finally I made my way out of the dark castle, and back to the road, where Peter awaited me in his darkened car...and told him ab out the missing time, again. What was striking...was that the missing time was at about the same minute each night...12:20 to 12:28, and 12:20 to 12:29.

Next day three reporters conv erged on me at the lodge...b ecause of my work, and because of the UFO reported in the local paper. They checked my credentials, then took me to the castle for some photos.
At this point...I was terribly bored, and homesick. No companionship...nothing. Just sitting around for hours all day, waiting for the night. And it was my little bo y Teddy's birthday...so I called him long distance.
At night...vibes were horrible; terrible. And everything was going wrong. The lodge phones were not availab le. The public phone...I could call out, but the party at the other end couldn't hear my voice. The lodge office was closed, and couldn't get at that phone...so I was snookered, as to communication out. Then the gardener (who doubled as a pro hunter) was replaced that day by another man... and he chose to take it out on me...in the pool room he kept calling out loudly... "run the American b ack where he came from!" Of course, I was the only American there, in this tiny place. But by that time I'd made many friends...and they shut up the ex-gardener. Then the SI's communicated with me and warned me not to go out to the castle any more without an armed guard...because after the newspaper story (which pinpointed where I was going, and when) had made it too dangerous to me.

To add to all of this...I didn't seem like myself at all. More like another personality, or person. This had never happened before...and I mused whether the SI work on my brain...had caused it. When Peter arrived for rendezvous...I told him we'd better cancel...but he offered to go along as the guard...carrying a huge club. So, we went together. This was the first...and only...time anyone at all accompanied me on any of my night work. We moved up into the dark castle to the parapet. There was a full moon...but visibility was bad; there was a dark overcast. Howev er, with another person present...there was no SI contact! It was the difference between hot and cold; white and black. The feeling was entirely different; no good. The second person present seemed to cancel out everything.

Next night Peter assured me that it would be okay to go alone up into the dark castle, so I believed him and went on up by myself into the darkness. There was a full moon. The night was clear and beautiful. The castle was all alight with bright moonlight. I telepathed. (Oh, before I forget...that afternoon the wife of the supermarket owner in Drum. had informed me that she had personally watch the UFO maneuv er in the sky, the previous Thursday...and I secured a statement from her...which you will get.) As I turned slowly in a circle, watching the skies, the Loch Ness waters, and the shadows nearby...suddenly I saw a huge black mass break through the water out ahead of me! Must have been ab o u t 50 feet in length. (Later, back in Inverness, I got a booklet on the Monster...and there was a photo in the booklet...showing this very same picture...this same black mass up out of the water, allegedly the Monster.)
There had been no such black mass coming up out of the water on any other night; at least where I'd had visibility.
At this point I realized that my location...this spot that I came to ev ery night... was zerod in by the SI's...for programming my brain, or for invisible approach. And...the castle by now...seemed like a second home. It fascinates me, holds me, attracts me. The castle actually has some kind of occult hold on me, on my mind. And it is the location...where the most people hav e seen the Loch Ness Monster, for whatever that is worth.
To show you how close Loch Ness is...I just flicked my cigar b utt out into the water.
At this point my feet were numb with cold...and the fingers inside my sheeplined gloves...were numb with cold.
I decided not to watch the time...to heck with it...if time was going to vanish, then it would just vanish. I stamped my feet to get some feeling back into them. It was odd that it was so cold...because the night was clear, and shouldn't have been cold.
Tonight there was no owl hoot. ..last night the owl had been hooting (like it had way back the first two nights on the Loch bank, down the cliff) but tonight, nothing. I missed it. It was kind of company. The birds on the far side of the Loch were squawking like blazes...something over there getting them upset. Finally I called it a night and made my way out of the castle, back up to the road to where Peter waited in his darkened car.

The next night...was a dilly! To pass the time, I decided to shoot some pool with the villagers in the lodge pool room (contained one single tab le...and the v ill agers all assembled there every evening to drink beer and shoot pool). Lovey's wife (he was a wrestler) came up and asked me to be her partner. So I was, for one game. Then she went over and asked Malcolm to be her partner. (Malcolm, some nights earlier...I had beaten at 8ball...and he'd calmly walked past me, then swifly kicked all the glass out of the door! He'd been in the famed Scots Guard...but had been released (I believe for mental instab il ity.) This night...he ignored her, and played with another partner...and she became infuriated with Malcolm rejecting her...picked up a bottle...went up behind him and smashed it over his head!

He turned around, with a surprised look on his face...grabbed her b y her right arm...and flipped her onto the floor, flat onto her back. Then her husband, Lovey, the wrestler, came hurrying over. At this point there were about twenty people in the room...and they began to get out, quickly. Lovey and Malcolm came to grips...and began throwing each other around the room; smashing each other's heads into the walls! banging each other's heads down onto the floor; kneeing each other; etc etc. Meanwhile, I stood there with my cue in my hand...it had b een my shot. Everyone else had fled from the room, except Peter...the habitual character and drunk...who'd gone to sleep sitting in a chair against the wall, and not ev en the sound of the b attling had wakened him. Malcolm picked up a heavy chair, threw it across the room right into Lovey. Then he picked up the cue ball off the table and threw it at b vey...the b all richocheted around the walls and came to rest, funnily enough...right in poor Peter's lap! Still Peter didn't wake up. They began throwing beer mugs at each other. Beer mugs broke and glass flew all around my head. Chairs flew through the air. Anything went. Both Malcolm and Lovey were in tatters...b loody tatters...both bleeding like stuck pigs. Then I got an idea. But b efore I could put it into motion...Lovey's wife began to sneak up on Malsom, who had Lovey down on the floor, fingers intertwined in Lovey's hair, smashing his head down onto the floor. She had a huge glass beer mug in her hand, and was prepared to smash Malsoolm over the head with it, from behind. I used a judo handgrab and took it away from her. Fair was fair, I figured. Then I yelled at the two..."someone called the police, you guy's had better get out of here!" Malcolm got up off of Lovey. Lovey called him chicken for quitting the fight, but Malcolm wanted no part of police. Malcolm went out the door, then stuck his head b ack inside and yelled at Lovey..."bu t I still say your wife is a bum!" At which point Lovey threw two heavy beer mugs through the glass door at Malcolm. I was still standing there, pool cue in hand, fascinated. Lovey staggered ov er to the pool table...blood pouring down from innumerable cuts...his clothes in strips and tatters...and said, "Whose shot?" "Your shot," I said...so he picked up a cue, and we finished the game.

The room was a complete shambles...you couldn't take a step without walking into broken glass...everything b roken and smashed.

And Peter was still leaning against the wall, in his chair, sound asleep.

Then Peter Wilson drove up...and we left for the castle. Terrible night. Thick fog. No moonlight at all. Pitch b lack. Could see nothing. And to add to the lack of visibility...a thick white fog up on top of the castle parapet.

When I telepathed to the SI's and the Monster...I could easily sense that there was more than one Loch Ness Monster. There's a bu nch!

For the first time...as I stood in the utter blackness, alone, in the isolated crumbly castle after midnight...I understood something. If any intelligence agencies of any country...wanted to eliminate me because of my link-up with the UFO's...this Scotland situation had been, and still was, pluperfect! I was alone, in the darkness, on the brink of the Loch. Completely and utterly vulnerable to the Dirty Tricks Department of any agency.

Also I realized why the SI's had been concerned...there were several characters in Drum. who'd cut my throat for the equipment on my b ack...which would keep them in living expenses for a year or two.

I understood another thing...the SI's were remodifying my brain in steps! Quite ingenious of them. If they did it all at once, it would probab ly ruin me. So... they were doing it piece by piece, place by place...to giv e my mind time to recuperate, between treatments. And...they would leav e it up to me...to judge when my mind, brain, had had enough. And I realized at this point...that they had worked on my brain extensiv ely.

The Wednesday before...I had b een upset; hostile; a different personality than my normal self. Peter Wilson knew it. Too much work by the SI's on me? That's why they hav e slacked off, since that time.

Then I got a terrible backache, up on the parapet. But had no weight on my back to cause

it.
Then a bright "sword UFO" appeared out ov er the water, opposite me.
And my back kept hurting...at the base of my spine, in the small of my b ack.
Finally time was up...and packed up the equipment...made way out of the dark castle up the hill to Peter's car.

Then I ~~[illegible]~~ hired Ron Petrie to drive me to Edinburgh in his taxi.
Got a room at the George Hotel.
Bought a new cassette recorder to replace my pocket one that had broken down.
Very dull city...ugh. Nice people; but so very very dull. Nothing to do there.
No way to relax. But I stayed several days anyway. To relax. What I had been going through...brain modification...had wiped out my energy.

Flew to London. At the airport...didn't know whether to take a taxi into London, and cast about for some means of finding Salisbury, or what.
The SI's communicated...and told me what to do. So I made inquiry...took a bus to Reading; then a train to Salisbu ry. Was being watched constantly, by two man teams, I might add. Not imagination, or paranoid thinking. Just a fact. At the Hotel George back in Edinburgh this same man had lurked across the street, watching me come out and checking me back in. Then he'd surprised me...by popping up across the street just outside the front door of the hotel, and accosting me..."What kind of cigar is that you are smoking?" We exchanged cigar chitchat...but I realized that he was peering into my eyes and checking my voice...prob ably to try and evaluate my stability. British intelligence is not stupid...and they'd most likely been with me in Scotland...American intelligence, you can bet your bottom dollar...wanted to know what I was doing, and how I was doing it...and they'd work with British Intelligence, too.

Might drop a note at this point...on the tremendous, overwhelming expense of this entire trip. Beginning with my operation at Mayo...where I'd expected to spend a week...then b een held there for a month! Then extensive preparation for the European trip...getting tools and equipment and clothes. And the trip itself.... spending a hundred or two hundred dollars on taxi's, hotels, meals, etc., ev ery time I turned around! It could have only b een done...with open=ended funds... which Millie had laid out for all this. (And knowing that my friend George Delavan was covering rent, food, etc., back at home.)

Drat it...they lost my luggage carrier on the plane coming to London. Hav e to get another in Salisbury. Made a mental note to be careful in England...because in Scotland things are more controlled...papers full of crime and skullduggery in England.

Secured a room at the White Hart Hotel in Salisbury. Got lucky and quickly found a taxi driver, who agreed to the unusual night hours of taking me out to haunty places. Eric Romaine. Heavy set, pipe smoking gent. Met him at the railroad station, matter of fact...he drove me into town and helped me find a hotel. Said he might have a connection who would help sneak me into Stonehenge. He also knew of an old castle, ab andoned, isolated...Old Sarum Castle. In my room, waiting for the magic hour of 11:30, and rendezvous with Eric...I unexplainably fell asleep at 9:20. Woke up some time later, feeling exhausted. Eric arrived on time. We drove out into the black countryside. Cold, icy rain falling. Freezing cold. Eric said he couldn't arrange the Stonehenge deal...so he (and his wife in the b ack seat...no doubt there because she wondered why, at that hour, Eric would be out) drov e me out to Old Sarum Castle, isolated in the country. We got out of the taxi...and found out that the castle was surrounded by a very high fence...only access by way of a drawbridge, which had a gate topped with sharp spikes, and secured by a huge padlock.

So I dismissed Eric and his wife...watched the taxi with darkened lights turn and leave the location...then I picked up my equipment and moved over to the right of the castle...up onto a hill into a clump of trees. An icy wind was blowing. Two UFO's appeared, after my telepathing. Visibility was zilch; but the UFO's fluttering about were perfectly clear. One "sword UFO" came right at me, at my location. It changed from a white star thing to a dull orange glow (like those had done at the Loch Ness locations). The other one, higher up, did the same thing. Then switched b ack on to bright again. Then a third UFO appeared, and they arranged themselves into a perfect triangle formation...two up above, and one low for the point of the triangle. Then even more UFOs appeared. It seemed they were putting on quite a show. Changing color; jumping ab out. The night itself was pitchblack; icy cold; cold rain pouring down; sky murky. Was keeping my new recorder carefully covered, from the rain.
Came time to leave, I was numb with cold...the SI's comm'd and led me ov er to the castle drawbridge and told me how to enter into the castle the next night! They wanted me there. Eric drove up in his darkened car, then...I got in...and told him of the SI plan...and he agreed to cooperate with the plan.

Might add here...that all these taxi rides were costing me 15-$20 a shot...and I was taking several a day...scouting out the ground, going here and there. Same with Ron and Peter Wilson in Scotland. And others.
Also should add...that the SI's do a tremendous job of leading me to my targets. Tonight, for instance, Eric's wife handed me a book written b y Arthur Shuttlewood... about a place called Warminster..and certain hills on which UFO's had appeared. From this book, which I would read...I was guided unerringly to Warminster and to the right places there...and the right people. But...suppose she hadn't shown me the book?
This sort of thing was happening on the entire trip. Just this kind of "luck" found me Urquehart Castle and Drumnadrochit.

Found the perfect suitcase to take the place of my lost luggage carrier...the thing has a built in handle, and built in wheels.

Next day...extreme loneliness hit me with a dull thud, again. Depressed me quite a bit.
Night...Eric came by...we went out to Old Sarum Castle. He had a thick blanket; a short stepladder. In the darkness we snuck up to the spiked gate...put up the ladder...I wadded the blanket on top of the spikes, swung my butt up onto the blanket...pulled the ladder up with me...and leaped off onto the other side. Eric got the blanket and took it with him to the taxi, as he left. I left the ladder where it was...and moved through the darkness into the castle grounds... not knowing where I was going inside there. I felt my way through the dark rooms and dark grounds...up and up...and finally found a high parapet on top of the castle. Icy cold up there...couldn't see four feet in front of me, visibility so poor. Not like Urquehart...up there I could check out my immediate surroundings for intruders...not here...all spread out...anybody could come at me from any direction and I wouldn't be able to see them. The cold wind soon began to cut through my pants like a knife. Then the sky cleared, and I could see in every direction out over the countryside. A gale wind was blowing...had to hold the hat onto my head to keep it from blowing off. Cold, biting, icy winds. I tried to light a cigar...and after ten successive matches blew out...I gave it up. I'd goofed in another way, also...had worn soft, felt booties...so that I could pad around inside the castle without being heard by anybody. Yes, but without shoes inside them. And in no time...my feet were freezing off. I heard a rustling noise over to my left...so I knew for sure that I was not alone up there. It made me uneasy to think of how I had to depend on taxi drivers...like Ron, Peter, Eric...b ecause if any of them failed to show up later...I'd be found frozen in the

morning!
I thought back...to earlier in the evening...when Eric and I had been driving out toward the castle...and we'd passed a girl hitchhiking on the lonely country road. I'd said, "Eric, make a U-turn and go back and pick up that girl. We'll give her a lift before she freezes." "It wasn't a girl," he'd said, "it was a man." (We each saw a different thing.) But he made a U-turn, went back, and the human had vanished completely. Eric and I had both been mystified.
Well, at 1 I made my way back down again through the old, dark castle...and out to the locked gate. Eric was there in the dark. I put up the ladder and went up it. Eric handed me the blanket, and we rev ersed the process to get me down onto the other side. We went tippy-toing back to his darkened car, deposited the ladder and blanket inside the car...and just then a police car swung up the road and parked about 20 feet away! Now, we are talking about after 1 at night...out in the dark countryside...no lights and no people! I said to Eric, what the blazes, Eric? The police car didn't come ov er and investigate us...just sat there for a few minutes, then started up and left. We switched on our lights and drove back into town...and found the police car silently waiting for us, half-way, on the road. I didn't like this turn of events at all!

Next day I engaged Eric to driv e me way out to Stonehenge, to scout it out in the daytime. Soon as I got there, I realized what Stonehenge was all about. It was a mechanism...a machine. A psychotronic machine (see "Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain" book by Ostranger, on psychotronic form.)
And the key to Stonehenge...so ingeniously planned for in the ages past b y the UFO entities...had to be an alien brain set inside it, to activate it!
Its power was so intense...that it could not be trusted to a human b rain to activate it. Only an alien, UFO b rain...with their peculiar laws and compassionate philosophy...could be trusted to turn on all of that power. (Same thing with the pyramids in Egypt, Mexico, etc. They were designed to be turned on, activ ated, by an alien brain inside same...just like the battery inside an electric watch...and for the same reason.)
Now...and this is very important...while activating Stonehenge, several times... I discovered a tremendous secret about Stonehenge...certainly not known to any other humans. Over and above what I have already told you. Stonehenge...has <u>many</u> functions!

It came to my mind...that the SI's primary reason to bring me to Europe...might be to activate Stonehenge for them! Secondary reason, the remodifying of my brain (which they did, right enough.) The SI's are most dev ious...as I have found in the past. Fair as fair, but...devious. Like the time they guided me to Cleveland to "make some food and rent money giving lectures." Uh huh. Turned out...what they really wanted to do...was demonstrate how they could control the entire city of Clev eland...letting me document it for them! Same thing with the country of France...and my small hassle with Dr. Poher there.

~~Xxxxxx~~ Discovered ~~222~~ twenty pounds (20) missing from my billclip, during the daytime. No way...it could have become lost. Was in left trouser pocket underneath my heavy leather coat. But, you say...perhaps a pickpocket? Not so...the clip itself is of 18K gold...worth $500-$600 at today's gold prices...have had it for years...and no self-respecting pickpocket would take $50 in bills and leave the $500 clip in my pocket! I think it was the SI's...for whatever reason. Because all along the way...things disappeared from my pockets, fingers, belt. But they appeared later, in a different place. This 20 pounds never did reappear.

On the way out to Stonehenge, about 3:30 in the afternoon, in April...sunny day...

I explained to Eric, a most intelligent man...how I dreaded going out to Stonehenge on this sunny afternoon...with tourists standing around, gawking and taking photos...while I mentally concentrate on activating the structure-mechanism. Well, as we drove along...the sunshine turned to light snow. By the time we got to Stonehenge galeforce winds were b l owing and there was a full blizzard. One could hardly see six feet ahead. I made my way out into Stonehenge...whilst the tourists there were running out of Stonehenge...and I was left alone to do my work! A miracle if you ev er saw one!
Just as fast as I had used all of the mental "triggers" the SI's had giv en me, to activ ate Stonehenge...they comm'd and told me to get out, fast! (I believe this is the first time they have ever done such a thing.) So I did. Left immediately. My impression was...that in activ ating Stonehenge, according to SI instructions...I released so much power there...that the SI's were fearful that I could be damaged (since I am not a full SI...but a "half-b r eed"...half SI, half human.

The rest of the day, lonesomeness pounded at me...like waves on the beach. Hav ing no one to talk to, or who cares...or to do anything with...gets to you. Just a hotel room. One of the worst experiences...all of this lonesomeness on this European trip...that I have ev er gone through. I contacted the SI's and requested that they finish their remodifying of my brain in Warminster...but they comm'd back ... could my brain withstand that? They requested...that I go to Stonehenge this night...break in...activate it...break out...then go to Old Sarum Castle and repeat the entire process.

(Oh...before I forget...last night...I had the windows of my hotel room closed... and they steamed over. During the night I heard weird noises...and at bedtime I found pawprints all over the windows. Considering I was on the second floor... a sheer drop down...brick wall...nothing could get to my windows...this was quite puzzling. Except I remembered the time on the Arizona desert...sleeping out in the open in our car...and we'd wakened in the morning and Beau had said he'd seen a "monster face" at my window during the night. Then I'd gotten out of the car and found pawprints and clawmarks in a peculiar stain...all over the car... and something had ripped our back tire, so that it was flat.)

Eric picked me up at 11:30. We drove out to Stonehenge, while I told him what the UFO's wanted me to do. I used the thick blanket up on top of the spikes on the gate...and went over. Now, this is out in the country. Ev erythin g dark and pitchblack. No one out there. Stonehenge just a black, dark bunch of rock shadows far ov er to my left...across a field. Occasionally a car would pass... then I would fling myself flat, to av oid the lights from the car picking up my silhouette in the field. Finally, after getting ov er several smaller fences... I reached the famous rocks of Stonehenge. I slipped in amongst them...quiet as a mouse in the darkness...found my spot between the two rocks, where I'd b e en in the afternoon...and commenced using the "triggers" the SI's had giv en me. But in about 3-5 minutes a light flickered amongst the giant rocks...and I knew I'd been set up. Because lights from the road, far away, wouldn't reach inside Stonehenge. I fell flat between the two rocks, hoping whoever it was would take a quick look and go away. But no...the powerful beam moved straight ov er to where I was and shown down at me, where I lay inside the rocks. They knew...just where I'd be! I slowly rose...saw a policeman...and thought oh boy, I've had it now! He told me that I'd have to leave, and not come back. That's all he said. He didn't ask me who I was...what I was doing there...or anything. THEN HE TURNED AND WALKED AHEAD OF ME...HIS B ACK TO ME...ALL THE LONG WAY B ACK TO THE ROAD TO ERIC'S CAR! Now, I'd just broken into a national monument...and you know, and I know, that ordinary police procedure calls for the cop to have me show identification...

give a reason for being there, at that hour of the night...and of course no policeman in his right mind would turn his back on some mysterious breaker--and-enterer...and walk out ahead of him! UNLESS, THAT IS...THE COP KNOWS WHO THE INTERLOPER IS...AND KNOWS THAT THE INTERLOPER IS HARMLESS...W ULDN'T HURT HIM! And this...had to be it. He knew who I was...knew where I'd be standing... knew I wouldn't harm him.

Well...I skipped the castle, naturally. The cops had almost gotten us there the night before...and I figured that now they'd zerod in on me...I'd be a dead-duck if I tried the up-over-the-spikes routine now out at the castle. So...b ack to the hotel...and I raved and ranted in my hotel room for hours, I was so furious and frustrated...because I'd come a long way, and gone to a lot of trouble and wear and tear...to get this thing done for the UFO's...only to be blocked and frustrated at it.

In Scotland...I was not b l ocked. The castle gates were left unlocked for me. And I got results. UFO's appeared, and were seen by others, as well as myself. But now, in England...fooey. The authorities were smoothly blocking my moves.

Then I found that my favorite hunting knife was missing from my belt. I'd had it on me...at Stonehenge. Had it for 20 years, and was my fav orite (I hav e a collection.) I determined to go back to Stonehenge at early morn...before tourists got there...and find it!

Early morn...called Eric...went out to Stonehenge before it opened to the public. Was first in line at the ticket window. A voice said "You back again?" I laughed and said sure...and b uying a ticket, just like anybody else. It was the same policeman, and he emerged from behind a twoway window. I told him I'd lost something the night before. So he took me b ack into Stonehenge...it wasn't there...but I found it out in the field. The policeman walked me b ack to Eric's car, then left. I told Eric...I am going to wait half an hour, then go and buy a ticket, go b ack inside Stonehenge, and activ ate it in the daytime again...as long as I can't get in at night. And that's exactly what I did. And this is when...I found out a fantastic secret ab out Stonehenge!

During the day...the SI's comm'd and instructed me to skip that night...just rest. Was having supper at a quaint eating place...when an amusing thing happened. A tall, gray-haired man...and an American, judging from his voic e...stood about six feet away, talking to another man. We were probab ly the only two Americans in Salisbury, England, at the time. I called to him and asked him where he was from. Virginia, he said. (I live in Virginia.) Oh boy, I thought...now I'll hav e som eb ody to talk to! So, to kid him a bit and warm things up...I said, oh yes? Tourista! Gringo, go home!" and grinned, thinking he'd come over and join me at my tab le. Instead he got furious, turned his back on me, and walked out of the room. I laughed for half an hour...at the irony of it.

Next move...I took a train to Warminster, England. And the very first thing that happened...was most funny! I asked the driv er, Peter, if he could do a very special job for me (meaning my night-routine at haunted castles and hills.) I told him I would like to hire him to pick me up at ab out midnight to do something special. He studied me for a minute...said, I've got just the man for you. Name of Ricky. And he drov e me out to some houses; went in, and brought out a tough looking mug. We three went to a nearby pug, where Peter left us by ourselves. This Ricky took me over to a corner table...and proceeded to let me know how v aluable he was...as a fence, handling diamonds! Explained how he'd worked in African diamond mines. I laughed and told him that I wasn't in

the diamond trade...especially smuggling diamonds (which ev idently was his line)...and he quickly got up and departed. I left the place and Peter was waiting outside. I went with him to the Beeline Taxi office and made arrangements with the manager for a night driv er to pick me up at 11:30 PM. Then the driver helped me find a room at the Farmer's Hotel. (I'd made prior arrangements, b y long distance phone, from Salisbury to Warminster, to stay at another hotel...but the driver told me it was a bad place...to stay at the Farmer's Hotel. So I did.) This hotel...had a ghost, I found out later...had been seen many times...and played tricks on people. The hotel was hundreds of years old.
Took a walk into downtown Warminster, and winced. Really mean, tough-looking people here. Gangs of motorcycle riders...clad in b lack leather...hung all ov er with swastika pins and the like.
I was awfully lonesome..but couldn't eve n find somebo dy to talk to. The people there, I discovered...hated Americans. Just like they do in France.

Night, and the taxi driver picked me in front of the hotel. The cold was intense...freezing. I told him to drive me out to Cradle Hill, to an isolated location. He drove far, far out...on a country road which would lead to a deadend...but before we got there, another car pulled in front of our car. My driver was astounded. What? he said. Nobody comes out here this time of night...into this isolated country location. At the deadend, the other car made a U-turn, swung around us (and I caught a clear look at the man seated on the righthand side, front...he had a peculiar black beard...a most unusual design)...then the car drove a small way down the road, parked, and switched off lights. I ignored it, and got out. My driver drove off.

I climbed over the gate at the deadend, and found three different roads, leading off in different directions. I decided to take the one going up to the top of the hill...where I could see a b lack outline of trees in the darkness. The driver had said that the hill was b arren. The hill was very steep, and I huffed and puffed my way up it, until I'd gotten 2/3 of the way up. Then I could see the outline of a building in amongst the trees. Was it a house? If so...the house might have a vicious dog...or someone might think I was a robber, and begin blasting away with a shotgun...so I stayed where I was, 2/3 of the way up on the hill...on the lonely road...and telepathed to the SI's. A UFO quickly appeared...flashing orange, red and yellow colors. I talked into the tape recorder and pointed out...its color difference from the silv ery stars. And as soon as I had done so...the UFO color changed to silver! Just as if it knew what I was saying in the recorder, and made a color correction. This reminded me of b ch Ness...when I had telepathed to the sword UFO's to let me alone that night...and they had immediately turned off...from their brilliant white color to a small, orange glow. Then my tape went bad, of all things...and I could no longer communicate into the recorder.
Over to my right...was a huge black cloud...with swirling fog inside it...cov ering the dimension of a football field. Everywhere else the night was as clear as a bell...so this black cloud stood out like a sore thumb. Finally, as I left my location to go back down the hill...THE B LACK CLOUD FOLLOWED ALONG BESIDE ME! The driver was there; I got in; we drove down off the lonely road...and durned if that same other car didn't pull in behind us from somewhere and begin to follow us. The driver admitted that we were being followed. The other car followed us to my hotel, where I got out, cussing, and went to bed.

Speaking of cussing...when you hear the tapes that I made...please forgiv e my unusual language. Unusual for me...that is. Ordinarily "durn" and "heck" are the extent of my strong language. But night by night exposure to the SI's and

their powers...seemed to bring pressure on my mind...that caused me to revert to my old Navy language of 194145, long years ago. I found myself cussing like a trooper, as they say...when blocked, frustrated, etc.
I apologize for it...when you hear it...but cannot change it...from the standpoint of experimentation and ob servation...since it happened, and is a part of all that happened.

Next day I hired the taxi driver to take me out to Cradle Hill...and I walked way up it to check out that "house"...but discovered that it was a peculiar, sealed up building...LIKE a barn, but not a b arn. Beside it...lay the ruins of an old house. I left, and walked back down the hill to the driver, who had waited. He warned me not to go to Starr Hill, because the xmy army was holding secret maneuvers there. As we passed one hill...I liked it...Copheap, off Elm...and made a mental note to return there some night.

Back in town...I determined to find this Arthur Shuttlewood...and secure some of his books for Millie, George...and was directed to the owner of Payne's Drugstore, who presumably knew Arthur.(And this shows...how the SI's were following me and guiding me.) As I stood inside the drugstore, talking to the owner...the owner said, why, there is Arthur's son now...he just walked in!
I went over to the lad, about twenty years old...and gave him a mesage for his dad...relativ e to a meeting together.

(forgot to mention...the night before I'd had a precog dream...dreamed of an elderly woman...who had dark, black spots on her left leg. This day...an elderly woman was my waitress at the hotel...Peggy...had the same face as the woman in my dream. I asked her if she had any dark spots...birthmarks or whatev er...on her left leg. She said, why yes...lifted her long skirt...and showed a b unch of dark bruises on her left leg. Said she'd fallen over a bed.

The taxi picked me up about 11:30 PM...and out we went again onto the deadend road at Cradle Hill. The night was very dark, and very quiet and still. As we reached the end of the deadend country road...there ahead of us was the "other" car...of the night before...waiting, with lights off. Oh, was I mad! I didn't know who there were...seemed to be three of them in the car...but I had waited all day long to get out here and meet, alone, with the SI!s...and these men were blocking me! I could return to the hotel, and play it safe... or...and I decided that it would be "or". I told the taxi driver to take off... and stood there in the blackness of the night, at the locked gate...studying the other car...and cussing (as you'll discover on the tapes!) After a long while the car door opened, and a man got out...and began to slowly approach me.
I warned him, and I surely meant it...not to come any closer...and he stopped dead in his tracks. "Aren't you interested in why we are here?" he asked.
"Not at all," I told him. "I'm here to do something very important...and it does not concern you." He stood there for about five minutes, it seemed, in the darkness before me...then slowly turned and went back to the car, and got back in. The car sat there for a while longer, then switched on its lights and drove off, back down the hill, out of sight. That left me alone, in the darkness and the moonlight, and I breathed a sigh of relief. I'd been ready to take on all three of them...if I had to. I climbed over the gate, and started up the road to the top, where I'd scouted during the day...but the SI's comm'd and said no, not to go there. So instead, I took the next road...and followed it in the darkness. Soon a bunch of trees caught my eye over to the right (where the dark cloud was)...and I cut over across the field into the trees...and found that the trees were on the edge of a cliff. It was a dandy location, and I settled down

for a good get-together with my UFO friends. Nobody could come at me, without my discovering them...pitchblack darkness or not...because with the cliff at my back, I could spot anything moving through the darkness toward me from the front...
It was icy cold there, inside that clump of trees. I'd walked right inside that peculiar black cloud with the swirling mist inside it. I telepathed to the SI's. Later, as it came time to leave the location...I walked out of the clump of trees...when I suddenly heard these strange, weird, eerie sounds coming from the trees I'd just vacated. (I was approx. 100-200 feet away, I reckon.)
I turned to see what on earth could have made those sounds...sort of a cross between a screeching eagle and an animal...and just as I turned...a flaming ball of fire shot down out of the sky...right down in front of me...to the position I'd just vacated! It was a lovely, gorgeous, beautiful sight! In short, a UFO...type I'd nev er before seen, and I've seen many...had come right down to where I was! And if it hadn't "called to me" I wouldn't have seen it!
(You actually <u>have</u> that UFO sound on your tape!)
Went down and met my taxi. Thank goodness there was no sign of the other car.

Next day I made a startling discovery. My eyebrows had turned gray! Now, the hair on top of my head has been gray for a long while...but my eyebrows hav e been a deep red color. Not a silver hair among them. Suddenly, today, they are 2/3 gray! I shave looking into the mirror each day...and these had not b een evident before. I wondered if the black cloud I'd walked into...and the flaming UFO the night before, which had "called" to me...could have turned my eyeb rows gray!

In early evening, Arthur Shuttlewood, the famous author, came ov er to the hotel and spent an hour with me. In our chat, we discovered that his life...and my life... contained many of the same elements (as he points out in his new book, where he's doing a chapter ab out me ("Invisible Worlds"). (Also, oddly enough, all of the many twists and turns of Edgar Cayce's life juxtapose perfectly with those of my own life! For whatever it's worth, I just mention it in passing....)

Now, this ghoulish-looking man had been following me for days...when I'd go into the dining room to eat...he'd go in to eat; and sit and stare at me. When I'd go into the TV room, he'd go in...and sit and stare at me. Well, this night, before the taxi driver arriv ed...the wife of the hotel owner came running upstairs and begged me to b e careful. "This man who's been following you," she said, "looks dangerous...and he's downstairs now"(this at almost midnight, when nobody, but nob ody, usually stirred in the hotel but me.)"He's been acting very suspicious this evening," she continued, "so my son and I have been watching him. He's downstairs now, at the foot of the stairs, pretending to be making a phone call. Except he's never dialed the phone. My son and I have been watching him. He's just standing there, waiting for you to come down. So do be careful tonight."
I assured her that I was always careful...and thanked her...and went down the stairs. Yes, there was this creep...standing over against the wall, in the shadows, watching me...holding the phone to his ear. I went to the front door and looked out. The creep called over to me..."You waiting for a taxi?" "Yes," I answered back, "but how did you know?" He didn't answer that. My taxi arrived, and I went out and got in. (Next morning the owner's wife told me that the creep had gone out right after I left...and hadn't returned to the hotel all night.) When we drove up the long, dark country road to the deadend dropoff for me, the taxi driver turned to me and said, "You know something? You've got more nerve than I've got." And he looked out into the spooky blackness and shuddered. I got out, and he drove off. I studied the layout around me carefully...to see if anything, or anyone, moved in the shadows or along the ground...but ev erything seemed all right.

It was icy cold, and a powerful wind was blowing...blowing so strong you could hear it on the tape recorder. Pitch black dark...very spooky. I walked through the darkness up the second road...then as soon as I could make out the clump of trees to my right I wheeled and ran over into them, out of sight completely from the road...or any other place, for that matter. I lay down on my right side under the tree...my back to the cliff...in the pitchb lack darkness...and telepathed to the SI's. In my prone position...I had the big advantage of being able to see low... that is, if I stood up, it was so dark I could see almost nothing...except the sky. But down flat on the ground...I could see the rise of the hill where'd I'd come up outlined against the sky...so that if anyone tried to trail me up the hill, I had an excellent chance to spot them.

Suddenly there was a UFO right up over me. Then a second UFO flashed over me. Then two more UFO's flashed right over me. It was incredible to me...they were so numerous...so wondrous to see. Next an airplane flew onto the scene...no doubt from the Warminster Army Base, to check out all those UFO's. (I got this on tape.) Finally a last, beautiful UFO fluttered over me...flashing on and off, silent, darting about in sudden, quick movements which only a UFO can do. I realized with a sort of shock that five (5) UFO's had been directly up over me, this night!
At time to leave my stand...I walked down the dark hill to the deadend gate, and climbed over. But no taxi. So...I decided to just keep on walking down the pitchblack dark hill road. Am glad that I did...because in a few minutes, to my left...I saw something moving...stopped, and observed it. It was a baby sheep. So cute and darling. Standing to my left, just beside the road...chewing grass in the night darkness. Close b y to it, was a second bab y sheep...just as cute. I watched them for a while, then continued walking down the road. Finally the lights of the taxi shown in the distance, as it came driv ing up the country hill road... and when he reached me, walking down, he apologized for being late. Actually... in all the many, many nights I went out to haunted castles and haunted hills to rendezvous with the UFO's...and the flock of taxi drivers who'd taken me out then returned to get me, later on...this was the first, and only, time a driver had goofed. Quite remarkable, I think.
When I got back to my hotel, I made a strange discovery. There were five red dots on the palm of my left hand...and they burned like they were afire.
Then I made another startling discovery...my "cross" ring had vanished off my left hand. Of my several rings, this one was my favorite...because it had tremendous sentimental value (actually, it was given to me, in a way, by the UFO's themselves)... so, I was horrified.

Next morning, early bright, I called the taxi and went out to Cradle Hill, to my "stand" from the night before. As I searched around in the grass for the ring...a car pulled up close to me, on the lonely road (I'd left the taxi driver waiting, far down the hill) and uniformed military officers got out of the car. I thought...oh oh... now what? But they studiously avoided looking at me, although they were quite close by...and sort of walked around in the field near me. I left, went back down the hill to the taxi, went back into town...went to the local newspaper and put a reward offer for the ring in the classified section...then went to the cab office and told the manager I'd give a reward to any taxi drivers who might run across the ring.
Then I returned to my hotel, and had supper. When I reached into my pants pocket for my billfold...there was my fav orite "cross" ring in the pocket. No way. My pockets are jammed up with objects...scissors, knives of all sizes and shapes, documents, pens and pencils, and so on into the night. And I know where each object is at all times. The materials are all skillfully, intelligently organized. I can instantly reach into any pocket and take out any object I want. The ring simply could not have jumped from the little finger of my left hand...into my pants pocket. Impossible. But...I was delighted to be able to say hello to it again!

That eveningI told the taxi driver to take me to Cradle Hill again...but he surprised me by saying, "I thought that you said you wanted to go to Starr Hill some evening. Why not go there tonight?" Previous to this, no taxi driver had opened his mouth to suggest that I go anywhere...unless I asked him first. So... this unsolicited idea-suggestion came as a surprise. So I told him...okay. He drove us far out into the country, up a winding road, onto a hill...and he said okay, here we are. Just then the SI's comm'd...and instructed me to leave this place alone...and to go to the odd-looking, pointy hill called Copheap, off Elm St. I so instructed the taxi driver...who turned the taxi around in the darkness then drove all the way back to the Cradle Hill area...let me off on the dark road at the bottom of Copheap. I walked across a long, dark field toward the b lack buik of the hill...then laboriously climbed up the stepp hill in the blackness of the night. Lots of trees and logs...some of which I tripped and fell over, since I never used a light. Up, up onto the top of the hill. It was very very cold. Below and over to the side were the lights of the town. The top of the hill where I stood, slowly circling...was inky black...thick with trees and bushes. It was an ab so lutely fine SI rendezvous spot...except that, oddly, I sensed intelligence down underneath my feet...and wondered if, perhaps, the army had a secret layout built inside this hill. There's one in West Germany like that...I know because an ex-intelligence man confided in me.

Might add here that, while climbing up the hill...two flare-like lights shot up over the hill...but I suspect that they were army devices. Didn't seem like UFO phenomena to me.

After a long while...and after telepathing to the SI's...my head began to ache and throb. Something told me...I'd reached the absorption point...the point of no return...from the forces of SI--remodification. So I quickly packed up the equipment and started climbing down the dark, steep hill. As I did so...a sword UFO appeared...brilliant white light with radiating spokes...at ground level, not up in the air...and it followed my descent, followed my every move, as I moved across the dark field toward the road. It seemed like an eye watching me, and following my movement...I waved a hand to it in friendly greeting. While crossing the darkness of the long field...I heard a human cough over to my left, twice... would estimate 50-100 feet distance...so quite obviously I was under human surveillance. The taxi met me at the road, and I returned to the hotel. Now... I felt awful...my head ached; my body ached; and just deep down...I felt terrible. The feeling is indescribable. The SI's must have really unloaded on me, up there on the hill, their powers for remodification. At this point I knew for a certainty that under no circumstances must I expose myself further to SI remodification... b ecause most certainly it would result in damage to me. They do not hav e limited, human bodies...they have other-dimensional life forces; other physical laws govern them...so it must be up to me to say "enough" when I've had enough. And I hav e.

The next day a newspaper reporter came to the hotel for an interview for a local paper. Also, the SI's comm'd...and instructed me...warned me, in fact...not to proceed further in meeting with them. That remodification had been, in fact, accomplished by them. They told me to rest as much as possible...that it would take time, earth-time, for the other-dimensional forces they had planted in my brain to grow and become effective for use. How long, I asked them back...but there was no reply on hhat. I inquired re the purpose of the remodification... and received encapsulated intelligence...that the hundreds of miracles which I had accomplished heretofore, with my halfx alien brain, were as nothing compared to the miracles that I will be ab le to accomplish in the future...with this remodification process. And...my SI brain will be used to help the human race in a most peculiar manner. They want me to become a sort of "world fireman"...

dashing off to one country after another...using other-dimensional powers in a constructive, creative manner...to "put out world-fires"; i.e., catastrophic events harming the human race yet not helping Nature...I'd use the analogy of the control of useless pain, wherein a person is tortured and racked by, say, cancer pain...so that the pain is controlled by drugs, hypnosis, etc. Because Nature uses pain as a most useful mechanism, ordinarily...but there are situations in which pain has no use at all...and therefore must be controlled or eliminated by cutting nerves, using drugs, etc.
Well...a geographical area in the world could be beset by "useless pain" in the same manner, causing woe to the humans in that area. A hurricane, say, headed for Miami, Florida...would serve no useful purpose to Nature, but would cause humans "pain" as it spun towards the large cities. A terrible drought in Africa or India...would be considered "useless pain" to the humans in that area.
A volcano blowing its top and spewing its lava down toward populated cities or towns...would be an emergency to be controlled by myself and the SI's. And so on.
Well, I have documented the control of hurricanes, droughts, and volcano control... already, in the past...by myself and the SI's. But ahead in time...I will be able to do it more easily and quickly...and on a far more powerful scale...at least that's what they indicate to me.
And of course...there are many many more world-situations which could conceivably occur as an emergency situation for the humans in various world areas...for me to go to, and control.
For some reason unbeknownst to me...the SI's wish my physical presence, around the globe, at the location of the miracle to be brought about. I've pointed out to them that I have no monies...and it would take a fortune to do this sort of thing for them. And that's where it stands with regard to my buying airplane tickets, supplies, etc., to go packing off to India, Egypt, Africa, etc., to help there in those places. They gave me no answer on it. But I cannot conceive that they would go to all of the trouble that they have gone to...to get me to Europe to redo my brain...only to let the infinitely-intelligent plan fall through because of ~~xx~~ lack of human monies to carry it out.

Arthur Shuttlewood came over to the hotel...presented me with a carboncopy of his new book, "Invisible Worlds"...which contains a chapter on me and my work, and my meeting with him.
I packed up and took a taxi to the train station. There a man dressed in black, wearing black gloves, paced all around me, watching me. Got onto the train...and the same man in black kept walking b ack and forth outside my compartment, glancing in at me. Went to eat in the diner...and he came in, took a table, and watched me. He had the strange mustache-beard that the man in the "other" car had had, which kept following me up to Cradle Hill then back to my hotel. Could easily have been the same man.
Forgot to mention...had a deep cut on my thigh this morning, with red edges around it. About two inches long, puffed and swollen. There was no way...I could have gotten this cut on my thigh during the night...and didn't hav e it before.
Arrived in London, and took a taxi to the Waldorf Hotel (not to be confused at all with the Waldorf-Astoria in New York!) Room rates reasonable. Was worn out and exhausted...from the SI work, I suppose...so just took it easy the rest of the day. Next morning was astonished to discover that I'd slept through...not to morning, excuse me...but 3PM in the afternoon! I couldn't believe my watch! When I awoke, it seemed like my usual 9 AM wakening. But 3 PM in the afternoon? Unbelievable, to me. Further, My eyes were red...and there was a redness of my upper chest and neck... when I touched it, it turned white, like sunburn does. Except I hadn't been under any sun! What happened last night? Also my brain was groggy and fuzzy. My reflexes were cockeyed...slow. I felt weak. When I went outside to walk...I found myself

walking aimlessly, without purpose or direction...quite unlike me. I felt all muddled up inside, and confused. Almost got hit by cars half a dozen times. My timing was bad, and could not judge how to cross streets...I kept zigging when I should have been jagging. In short...I was not myself; not Ted Owens...sure-footed, fast moving, fast reflexes, knowing usually where I was going and what I was doing.
Was almost as if there were another intelligence inside of me...sharing me, you might say...and it had not yet adjusted to my bodily reflexes and mental processes. Would take some time for it to adjust to my unit; my mechanism (body and mind).
But...if this disorganized state of affairs would be due to a post-reaction to the work the SI's did on me...then I'd just have to wait to get over it. I remembered the first time the SI's had modified my brain...in Mexico...and it took years to get over it. I'd become disorganized and confused, and wandered for some years...quite unlike my natural self...until my mind had cleared.
I remembered the policeman in that famous case...the UFO named Floyd...and the cop had shot at it. Afterward he went haywire...quit his police job...left his wife and kids...and went wandering off to California, where he dropped from sight.
Close exposure to SI work...can have this effect on a human mechanism. And I had just been over-exposed to a great deal of close exposure to many many UFO's!
The shock of the UFO work on me, I concluded, was just hitting me.

I spent days making copies of my original tapes; fearful that something might happen to my originals before I got back...wanting a spare set. And as I made the copies, playing the originals over...I got headaches and dropped off to sleep several times in midday. I hoped that in some way I was not being re-exposed to the SI powers.

The next day...I was my old self again. Sharp and clear; thinking decisive and logical. Timing perfect.

Now a phrase kept creeping into my mind...and I realized that a scrap of material was penetrating into my conscious mind, in spite of the fact that the SI's had undoubtedly given me posthypnotic amnesia: "The hill is the only reality...your life is an illusion." If the SI's had given me this sort of powerful hypnotic suggestion, while they "had" me...then it would explain my positive love for Urquehart Castle, and the various haunted places I went to at night. My craving to go back, night after night, into the black darkness...without any fear whatsoever. Cautious apprehension with regard to human thugs, yes...but absolutely no fear of the darkness or the UFO entities that I knew were out there.
Also a face kept coming to me in my dreams...and during waking. The face of an alien female. Tiny face; metallic (not human skin)...but her eyes were the main thing. Like silver metal...with just a small dark dot in the center. Not like our eye-pupil whatsoever. Cute, sexy little face she had. I reckoned that somehow my mind was recalling a few bits and pieces of what had happened; what I'd seen, etc. Her face was moonshaped; had an elfin expression.
The thought came to me...that if the SI's "boosted" the power in my right lobe, and modified its mechanism...then it would naturally take time for the left lobe, the human half of my brain...to adjust and get into a balance...with the right lobe.

A few more fascinating things to mention. While at Mayo Clinic a young lady called me long distance from Beaufort, North Carolina. (Still do not know how she got my phone number at my hotel in Rochester, Minnesota.) Anyway, while we were chatting... suddenly she said something which had nothing whatever to do with our conversation.

She said, out of the blue..."Do you like to go fishing?" We'd been talking about her recent visit to my home in Virginia..and I couldn't see any connection whatsoever to what we were talking about. I blinked, at a loss for words...then gave her some kind of answer. She didn't explain the strange sentence interjected into our conversation.
Then I met a young lady there at Mayo Clinic...a registered nurse...who volunteered to come up to the hotel and keep me company, so that I wouldn't be lonesome. She'd sit, knitting, and we'd chat. She discov ered during our conv ersations that I was planning to move from our Virginia home...and actually volunteered to fly to Virginia and help me...because my bi lateral hernia operation would make it difficult for me to move without help from some quarter. After I left Mayo she did, in fact, fly to Virginia, and helped my family pack things...she cooked for us...she gav e priceless help, where help was needed. As I drove her to her return airplane she said to me..."Ted, do you like to go fishing?" I was dumfounded. That same sentence...spoken out of context with any conversation we were having. The thought occurred to me...had I been programmed somewhere along the way by US Govt. agents and given this posthyp trigger? The way it was done... would simply exclude coincidence.
But...it happened again. During the few days in London while I was making tape copies, and trying to relax...I went out to dinner in Soho. Afterward, before returning to the hotel...was walking down the street...about 47th and Frith, I think it was...and a strikingly beautiful young blonde womanin a mink coat walked toward me, a smile on her face...and stopped briefly beside me...looking up into my eyes and smiling. It was an open invitation, and instantly I recalled having read of the London street prostitutes...yet she didn't seem like a pro hustler at all. I smiled back at her, then proceeded on walking. But I glanced back...and saw two men accost her (they'd witnessed her brief pause with me)... and to my surprise she turned up her nose at them...wouldn't speak or look at them... and she walked quickly up the street and turned the corner, out of sight. A while later, after I'd idly gawked into windows up and down different streets...I dropped into a pub to have a b eer before returning to the hotel. Was standing at the bar, sipping the lager...when who ~~m~~ pops up in front of me but this same pretty girl, smiling into my face. She said, "I've a place inside. Are you interested?" Another invitation. "Come on," she said, "I like you. I really do. DO YOU LIKE TO GO FISHING?"
I politely disengaged myself from her and returned to the hotel. But was shaken b y this exact, third use of that what must be a key sentence.

Well, finally got onto a Jumbo jet back to New York...when the last, astonishing thing happened. I was back in the third section of the plane. Movies were to play in all three sections. Our movie started...then the sound went haywire. The air hostess went to everyone and offered to refund their money. I asked if the other two movies had gone haywire. No, she said...they are fine. I asked her if it was usual for the sound to go crazy during one of these airborne movies. No, she said...it was the first time in all the years she'd been working the planes... and she added that the flight engineer couldn't understand it. I told her about my brain...which causes things like that to happen constantly at my home in Virginia... and showed her a few books and mags re my work.
Then my favorite cigar lighter vanished from my top pocket. No way it could have gotten lost. Lighted a cigar; put the lighter inside my pocket carefully...and it was gone! Hostesses came over and searched me, my bag, under the seats...nothing. After I got off the plane a man came running into Customs after me...said the lighter had turned up...and he gave it to me. That made 20 pounds; my knife; my ring; and now my lighter...vanishing.
Luckily I got through Customs without getting racked up for not declaring stuff in New York before starting. Closing now. Millie, the SI's and I are forever in your debt for that European work. And George, the same, for keeping me going at home. Ted.