

September 23, 1976

Dr. Max Fogel
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A POWER BLACKOUT IN LONDON AUG. 21
(SEE NEWSCLIPS IN FILE... IT'S MY FIRST DAY
THERE.) REMEMBER THE POWER BLACKOUTS
UP AND DOWN THE WEST COAST
IN MY "CALIF. MIRACLE"; ALSO
WHEN I CONTROLLED FRANCE,
CHICAGO AND CLEVELAND,
SAME POWER BLACKOUTS.
Quinn

This Report is late, due to various reasons. I have to think that this Report is a very valuable one, to you scientists who have been following my work...and can take note of the "patterns" that form, in my paranormal work.

MY
In this Report are familiar patterns...my rain-making; a plane being struck by lightning, under mysterious circumstances (remember the plane being struck by lightning which flew just ahead of my plane, at Kennedy Airport, as I was returning from Egypt? See your file.)

Of course, what I am referring to above deals with the invitation that I received some time ago by Peter Maddock to lecture at the Parascience Conference in London, England, on August 28 just past. It seems that once a year scientists from many countries who are involved in, or interested in, parapsychology and paranormal phenomena, attend a three-day Conference in London and listen to each other lecture on this field of interest. I am a layman...but evidently they felt that my background and experience could conceivably have some significant value to this gathering of scientists.

This was true, of course, but even more important...just days before going to Europe my UFO contact communicated...guided my mind to some key files...and instructed me in carrying a special message to these scientists in London.

The special message: As you are well aware, a devastating drought has struck pretty much of this globe. The key files referred to above are my August 10, 1972; June 18, 1973, and July 29, 1974 letters to my Scientists, re World Drought...how it would be caused by the SIs...and the part that I would play in it. (You will find xerox copies of these key files in this Report.) In short, any Government of any country wishing to have its drought alleviated...would approach me formally...requesting assistance...then finance my going to that country for a length of time, until my work is done to end the drought in that country (aided by UFO help.)

Now, England was deep in such a drought...and I was approached some months ago by a Ms. Stebbing, who referred to a Dr. John Taylor. This was not according to the rules (Ms. Stebbing requested my aid in alleviating England's drought) because it was not a formal approach...by the government of England...and no mention was made of bringing me over there to get the job done. However, then I was invited to the Parascience Conference. I set up communications with my UFO connection, the SIs, to bring rains to England...and waited for a formal letter from Dr. Taylor, lining himself up with the project. No such letter came at all. Furthermore, not being in England I was unable to get daily weather reports, maps, etc., in order to intelligently follow the project. I took the problem to the SIs...and they solved it in their usual ingenious way. They intensified the English drought, so that it was written up then in Newsweek, Time, etc., and carried by American newspapers...from which I could obtain proper documentation. At the beginning of the Project

Timing

England I set 90 days for the time framework to end the drought in England. But this was all thrown off when no formal letter arrived from any authority in England...for proper documentation of the Project...also further thrown off when the newspapers that I requested from Ms. Stebbing were not forthcoming. At any rate...there was rainfall in England within the 90-day framework...matter of fact, London was flooded...see the newsclips in this Report. and the SIs have brought significant rainfall recently to England. I have worked daily, telepathing my PK map instructions to SI Control, and will continue to do so until England is again on balance with regard to water supplies. Dr. Taylor argues that, well, it has to rain sometime. Uh huh. Well, not necessarily, it doesn't. It did not rain for years and years in Africa and India. And if I wanted to return nastiness for nastiness...the SIs and I could very easily reverse the rain situation we've been working up...and hand England blistering drought for a long, long time yet. But the SIs were given "a voice" before scientists in England...something they had been wanting to come about...therefore it is my wish that the SIs give England all of the water that it needs. *Am certain that the SIs will honor my wish.*

Back to reporting on this London Lecture. Just before leaving my wife had to go into hospital, suddenly...which would leave my two young children unattended. So I had to desperately seek someone responsible to look after them. Also, unexpectedly, our huge German Shepherd went crazy and had to be shotgunned to death in our backyard by the local authorities. It was a most unsettling manner in which to begin such a journey to London, to say the least.

Would you please, as you read this Report, set the accompanying File beside it, and flip the pages slowly of the File in order to more intelligently understand this Report? Thank you.

Upon arriving in London I took a taxi from Heathrow Airport to my destination, Finsbury Hall (off Goswell Road onto Bastwyck Street). I asked the driver of the vehicle if it had rained recently in London (the night sky was clear) and the driver laughed heartily and said no, there hadn't been any for quite a long while. I determined then and there to use my PK methods to cause rain each day while I'd be in London...as a sort of "PK Man signature" to my lecture there. Peter Maddock greeted me at Finsbury Hall (late in the evening, Thursday night) and showed me to my quarters. He mentioned that Cox would be coming to lecture at the Conference. I told him that Cox and I were enemies of the first water...and that if Cox and his group (of Durham, North Carolina) caused me any trouble while I was there...that England, as the host country, would pay dearly for it. (Remember this, for it is quite important.) Before retiring...I used my other-dimensional-effects techniques on the sky, for luckily my room had huge windows affording me a terrific wide view of the sky.

Friday morning, August 27, 1976, I arose...worked on the sky again...then went downstairs for the continental breakfast available to lodgers. They had excellent food, served in a huge cafeteria. After breakfast I sauntered forth into the tiny, winding streets, looking for City University, which is only blocks away from Finsbury Hall. But after looking for half an hour...still couldn't find the place. Finally, I found it...went inside to the lecture Auditorium, where Peter Maddock stood. He pinned a Speaker's Badge on my jacket, and waved me inside. The auditorium was superior to almost anything of its kind I'd ever seen. The audience sat upon rows of

long, curving benches...the whole put together in a half-moon effect, close to and above the speaker's dais on the stage below. And behind the speaker a long, huge blackboard. Available to the speaker were all sorts of microphones and electrical equipment, including one ingenious apparatus which could flash a page of the speaker's speech onto a huge movie screen for the audience to read.

The first speaker was Dr. John Taylor. (Copies of his letters are in this File.) I listened to his material, and disagreed upon many points. One point, for instance: he kept making the assumption that a "subject" utilizes psychic power from within himself to bend a spoon. My own belief is that a strong psychic can tap, or ~~summon~~ summon, "X power" from another source entirely than that of himself...in order to achieve a psychic happening. Why not? If telepathy, PK, etc., can work independently of the human body and mind, why could not "X power" work independently of the human body and mind...and be drawn to the psychic for usage when tapped or summoned...providing, of course, that the psychic has discovered the "key" for this tapping or summoning. I cannot, myself, create miraculous phenomena. I have learned the "key" to summoning "X power" from UFO, to get the job done. And other points that Dr. Taylor made, I disagreed upon.

The next speaker was Peter Maddock. He covered the blackboard with diagrams of mechanisms of the brain...dendrites, synapses, etc., and delivered a brilliant, it seemed to me, paper on the workings of the brain. (Peter is an exact lookalike for an old friend of mine in the Navy, in years past...Mickey, The Wild Irishman...who had been a pro boxer, a champ. Mickey had coached me in my corner during my numerous ring fights in New Caledonia. Peter even dressed like Mickey (when Mickey was out of uniform) in that Peter wore a sort of sweatshirt and jacket, over a pair of ordinary trousers...with a string strung across his chest. Peter explained that he carried a large bunch of keys...kept misplacing them...so put them on a long cord which stretched from his trouser pocket up across his chest, resembling a bandolier of cartridges. Peter, like other scientists who stepped upon the dais to lecture, shunned formal attire...preferring to place the emphasis of what they had to say, and think about...rather than upon how they looked; their image. I liked that.

Following Peter's lecture, I decided that I'd had enough of blackboard formulas and physics...not my field, really...so I left the building and caught a taxi into downtown London. Walked along Fleet Street, and enjoyed observing the London people and their ways. Picked up a few rare cigars...straight from Havana, Cuba...you can't get them in the U.S. Later took a taxi to the Soho district where Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club is located. It was a bit early to get into the Club...so, wanting a bowl of hot soup, I went into restaurant after restaurant...but they all politely ushered me out...no, they would not serve just a bowl of soup. You see, there are French, Italian, German, Chinese, etc., restaurants in Soho...all rather expensive and formal. Finally, after a half-dozen tries in vain...I went into Choy's Chinese Restaurant and ordered a meal of chop suey. First they brought the bowl of hot soup, which I quickly polished off. Then they brought the chop suey...but I asked for my bill. The waiter's eyes grew wide and he asked what was wrong? I told him not a thing...fine food. He went and got the manager, who came over and asked if everything was all right. I said sure, perfect...that I had wanted a

AND SOME KIND OF FORCE SEEMED TO BE
PUSHING ME OUT OF THE PLACE...

bowl of hot soup and had obtained it. I paid my bill and walked out, leaving them both standing, staring after me in bewilderment.

As I approached the Jazz Club I saw a man in front of it leaning up against a car. He looked up, saw me approaching, straightened up and walked into the Club just ahead of me. After having made many trips overseas and having observed agents before, many times...I concluded immediately that this man had to be a British Agent. (Not so unlikely, seeing that I'd written Queen Elizabeth prior to going to London...in an effort to get some kind of authority for my English drought project as per the SI instructions on the enclosed xerox letters...and had told her I'd be in London for this lecture series.)

I went inside the Club and took a table. I was the first person in the place. No sign of the other man. Then he brushed past me and took the table next to mine. Empty tables all over the Club, and he chooses the one next to my own. Ha. They could have selected a better agent. He was about my age, perhaps a bit younger. Had a beard and mustache exactly like my own. Wore an old, red and white checked flannel shirt, open at the neck (quite out of place at this Club, which is a most sophisticated nightspot); and to top it off he was smoking a pipe, with his pouch and reamer on the table at his elbow.

I laughed and called to the agent...who turned his head...I said, "Why not join me here at my table? You might as well." He nodded, smiled, picked up his pipe pouch and reamer and came over to my table and sat down. He gave me a weak, I thought, cover story...said he'd been a jazz guitarist, long ago...was doing television shows now for a PR firm which he owned.

The jazz group then came on stage, and I began laughing. The drummer was funny. Have you ever seen the funny Bugs Bunny cartoon of the sheep dog protecting his flock, which has hair completely covering his eyes...yet he always clobbers the marauding coyote? This drummer, a young lad, had long hair in back; also in front...thick hair covering his eyes entirely clear down to his nose! There was no way...no way...that he could see his drums to play them! The band began to play...and it soon became apparent that the drummer was a young genius...and the backbone of the group. He did solo after solo...marvelous drumming. Yet, he couldn't see a thing. He was doing it all blindfolded, you might say. Once in a while his hair would flip high and one could see his eyes tightly closed, whilst he was drumming at high speed. I was fascinated. When the group quit the set to make way for the second group, I asked the waiter to go backstage and invite the drummer to our table for a drink. The drummer emerged, arm in arm with a lovely young red-headed girl...his newlywed wife, Cindy, as it turned out. They joined us. His name is Rick Parnell, son of the famed English drummer, Jack Parnell. And yes...he verified that he drummed solely by feel...with eyes closed. Later, as I left the club, someone picked my inside shirt pocket and stole a hundred pounds in notes. It had rained all day, off and on...so the day hadn't been a total loss. Before retiring I PK'd the sky. In the morning, Saturday, it would be my turn to lecture. I communicated with SI control and asked it to be with me then. Little did I suspect

that all hell was going to break loose!

In the morning, Saturday, August 28, 1976, (be following this, now, with the enclosed fire newsclips!) went down and had a fine breakfast. Took all of my gear over to University...PK'ing the sky on the way over...and set it all up inside the Lecture Hall. I made a humorous sight, drawing my totebag along behind me...like a dog on a leash. You see, I had about 30-40 pounds of documents with me, but could not carry them...doctor says I mustn't lift over ten pounds due to the operation. So I'd taken a canvas tote bag, cut four holes in the bottom...taken a pair of roller skates and stripped the shoe top from the frames and wheels, then put the frames and wheels through the holes in the bottom of the bag. I'd laid in a rigid cardboard bottom on top of the skates, and put the heavy files on top of all that...tied a rope to the handle...and presto...it rolled along behind me, on airplanes, everywhere, and into the Lecture Auditorium. Ha ha ha. As I was arranging key files on the dais, Peter Maddock came up and explained to me that, due to some new, unexpected speakers, I wouldn't be able to give the full 90 minutes that he had okayed by letter. But, he assured, I'd be able to give the other half of my lecture sometime in the afternoon. He pointed out that never in the history of the Parascience Conferences had any scientist ever addressed the audience more than one time...as I would be doing. Then I pointed out to him...that actually I was addressing them one time...but that he, Peter, was cutting it in half. He coughed, looked a bit unhappy...and walked away. I could see Cox, my enemy, seated over at one side of the stage with Ted Bastin...and I figured that the "gaff was in"...an old circus term meaning that the fix was in. Against me. By this time the auditorium was jammed. I turned on my recorder and put it in front of me. Put my Cuban cigar down, carefully. I was introduced by a big, tall man. And finally, after coming so long a way...sweating out the funds to get here...overcoming numerous other rough obstacles...I was able to begin my lecture.*

(The complete, 90-minute tape of my lecture I hope to obtain from either Peter or Jeffrey Mishlove a bit later to copy and send to you scientists.)

As I spoke, looking up into a sea of faces, it seemed to me that my mind was different...was going into a different gear. My thoughts came like flashes of lightning...I spoke extemporaneously...I had the sensation of not being myself at all, but as if something had taken over and was doing my thinking and talking for me. I spoke in most complicated continuity. That is...I would begin a main point; branch off into an explanatory note; into another explanatory; then weave back into the main point, to make the point complete. And as I spoke, I felt a sort of force-field (the only word for it) build up around me. (I wasn't the only one who sensed this... because on Sunday after my final lecture...then a bit later...Ted Bastin walked up to me and said, "Owens, I had the bad luck to follow your lecture... somehow I couldn't seem to get through to the audience with my lecture... when I followed you it was like walking into a Black Hole..." (at least that's how I remember what he said, so he noticed it, too.) When I had finished, many scientists asked me questions from the audience... calling out their names and the country they represented (you'll hear this on tape, of course)...and my answers to them were like quick flashes of lightning. Instant answers, encapsulated in layers. What should have been difficult questions from them...seemed like child's play to me, to answer. Finally I left the stage for Mark Stenhoff, a physicist, to follow me.

* I told the scientists that yesterday's and today's rains were my rains, marked by power failure (see 37) same as Chi & (38, 39) California demons

and lecture. Now...A POWERFUL FORCE SEEMED TO DRIVE ME OUT OF THE AUDITORIUM AT THIS TIME...as if I were a cork being expelled from a champagne bottle! Instead of taking a seat and listening to Stenhoff and others...I went out of the Auditorium into the lounge. Peter Maddock came rushing out and urged me to go back in and stay for awhile. But I could not. Then, to my utter amazement, huge amounts of people left the auditorium (and Stenhoff) and formed lines to where I sat in the lounge, to speak to me. Dr. Dierkens, from Brussels, Belgium; Dr. Illobrand Von Ludwiger, physicist from West Germany; Zbigniew Wolkowski, ~~XXXXX~~ Doctor of Sciences from Paris, France; Dr. Walter A. Frank, anthropologist from West Germany...and many others. I sat there for a long time, answering the questions of these scientists. Finally lunchtime came and they departed to the dining room.

And meanwhile the rain was pouring down outside; lightning cracking. Peter Maddock then walked up...and proposed that I give my second lecture that night, not in the Auditorium, but in a tiny bar at Finsbury Hall (where ad hoc meetings were held by the scientists after hours.) I bristled at this suggestion...and told him flatly that that idea did not appeal to me at all...that it was not the proper forum, as far as I was concerned, to present my material. He said oh well, all right, then, that he'd get back to me. At this time a man appeared at my elbow, smiling. Said his name was George, and that he'd heard my lecture. Well dressed, black mustache, with a fine sense of humor...I instinctively liked George. (And it was well that I did, as it turned out...after this mad-hatter Saturday was over!) I will not give George's last name...because of a most peculiar happening the next day, Sunday...and would not want to cause him any inconvenience. At any rate, we became fast friends.

Now, this has no importance...but is worth mentioning just as a matter of funniness. We were joined by another man named Tony...allegedly in jazz...and the three of us, unfettered by scientists and their high level of thinking...joked and had some laughs...and George kept asking "why?" about everything. Finally I told Tony that we should nickname George "Why" and just call him that. At this point a man I had previously spotted as a British agent...supposedly selling books on paranormal phenomena at a long table just outside the door of the lecture auditorium...who now had his back to us and was standing at least 50 feet away...suddenly turned and walked over to George, Tony and I and held out a book which carried the title, "Why". Then, with no change of expression the man turned and walked back across the lounge to his table of books. (Later, when I slipped into the auditorium to hear my enemy, Cox, give his lecture...this same "book salesman" followed me in, took a seat directly in front of me...and if I ever moved my arm or head he would slide his eyes around and check me out with ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ peripheral vision. Quite obviously he had been assigned to me to see that I did not commit violence upon the person of Cox. Ha! After a few minutes of listening to Cox, and understanding my man (I'd never seen him...only traded insulting letters with him)...I left the auditorium.

A young chap walked up, covered with camera and recording equipment...and requested an interview with me. Jeffrey Mishlove, from San Francisco. Said they had a radio program, "New Dimensions, and would like to tape an interview and play it on the radio there. He also was going to give a lecture on Sunday afternoon. Getting his doctorate in parapsych on the West Coast. Showed me a book that he had authored...and I was stunned after looking through it. A masterful piece of writing!

Then he informed me that he also worked with Dr. Targ and Dr. Putoff, and that he'd heard them talk about me and my work. He took us into another segment of the lounge and locked the glass doors...hooked up all of his equipment, and we began taping. But in a few moments Peter Maddock began beating on the door...Jeffrey let him in...Peter said Ted, you can come to the auditorium now and have all the time that you want...to lecture. A scientist cancelled out, leaving an opening. So Jeffrey unhooked all of his equipment and we three went rapidly back into the Auditorium...I took out all of my files once more, and prepared to give the other half of my lecture.*

And now...the fun starts!

I'm five or ten minutes into the lecture when a face suddenly appears at my left shoulder...it's Ted Bastin...he says Ted, you'll bash me when I tell you this...but can you finish in five minutes? ~~XX~~ I looked at him much as in the same manner P.G. Wodehouse's Jeeves would look at Bertie Wooster wearin'g a green tie with a nude on it. I reckon that it must be one of the hardest looks that I've ever given a human being. The crowd heard this over the sensitive mikes. All right, I said, shrugging my shoulders in resignation...and began gathering up my files and papers. I was positive now that Cox had arranged to push me out of the program. (I not only thought that: Jeffrey said to me later on, Ted, it seems obvious that someone is trying to block you from speaking.) (FOLLOW ALL THE REST OF THE ACTION CLOSELY NOW...BECAUSE YOU WILL SEE HOW CLOSELY AND THOROUGHLY THE SIS MONITOR WHAT I DO AND TAKE ACTION!)

Suddenly, with no warning, there was a ~~xx~~ growing swell of sound from the audience around us...it swelled up from murmurs to a roaring noise of shouting. Most of the audience was standing, shaking their fists at the stage, and yelling...no, no, let him continue...we want to hear this man...no, no...

The entire auditorium was in complete bedlam.

Peter Maddock left Cox's side, over to the left of the stage...and joined Bastin up at the dais. They conferred...their brows wrinkled with shock, evidently, at this turn of events. I know that I was shocked, completely and utterly. I knew that the audience wanted to hear my presentation (I'd asked for a show of hands from them previously...and I think that a full 2/3 of them ~~xxxx~~ put their hands up at the time)...but I didn't realize my presentation was going over that powerfully. Neither, it seemed, did Maddock or Bastin. I finished putting my files up, then walked to the mike and said through the uproar, ladies and gentlemen...please...the management must arrange their programs as best they can...it's all right. But the audience was still throwing fits and the place was still in chaos. Peter walked over to me and said Ted, can you give the other half of your lecture tomorrow, Sunday? I promise you a full 40 minutes without interruption. I said surely, and walked out of the auditorium...again it seemed like a powerful pressure forcing me out.

But I was angry about the whole thing. I get angry very slowly. Someone can insult me on Monday and about Friday I begin to seeth about it. As I go ~~xxxx~~ out I can hear Maddock explaining to the audience over the mike that I'll be back in the morning to conclude the presentation.

* WHILE I AM PREPARING TO LECTURE, JEFFREY MISHLOVE, ANOTHER SCIENTIST-LECTURER, GOES TO THE MIKES ONSTAGE AND TELLS THE PACKED AUDITORIUM THAT HE WOULD FIND MY LECTURES HARD TO BELIEVE EXCEPT THAT HE WORKS WITH DR. TARG AND DR. PUTOFF AT STANFORD RESEARCH INSTITUTE AND THEY HAD DISCUSSED ME AND MY WORK IN FRONT OF MISHLOVE - THAT THEY TOOK ME AND MY WORK QUITE SERIOUSLY! THUS MISHLOVE (SEE HIS ARTICLE IN FILE) VERIFIED MY CREDIBILITY!!

* U.K. Radio taped
an interview with
me.

Meanwhile the beautiful rain is falling outside...seen through the windows, splashing. George and Tony follow me out, along with other scientists and a small mob of people, lining up again to ask me questions. * A lovely blonde girl, accompanied by her assistant, a photographer, come up to me and request a taped interview for a Swedish magazine. They have come from Sweden to cover this Conference. She is Eva, and her assistant is Kurt. George is asking me to have dinner at his home with him and his sister...so I suggest to George that we invite Eva and Kurt along...and they can join us in dinner and get their interview also. He says sure; fine...so off we go in George's car to his home in Hampstead. His house is next to the house of Peter Cook, the famous English actor. It is a beautiful area...full of trees...perfect for artists and actors. Sort of a small Beverly Hills with gorgeous English countryside. George's ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ house is a dandy; garage below; living room and kitchen on the second floor; bedrooms on the third floor. Kurt first wants to take photographs of me, outside, before we go in...and does so. Should be humorous photos...of me pulling my totebag on its leash, Scotch hat jammed on my head; cigar stuck in my mouth... *Linda* Once inside we meet George's sister, and a big, muscled man from Israel. Eva set up her taping machinery...and began the interview. After that was finished George told us all to follow him out of the house...and we walked up the hill through small winding streets to a cute restaurant. George picked a table in front of a small bandstand. The place was filled with young people, expensively dressed...all good looking specimens. The place had character; was delightful...quite unlike most other English places I'd dined in. George ordered for us, because he knew the food... which was vegetarian. When the meal was served Eva took one bite and pushed her plate back away from her with a disgusted look on her face. Kurt didn't eat his, either. I made it halfway through mine. George, it seemed, was amused by it all. But I think almost everything amused George. Anyway, a silence had descended upon our table...so I asked George to show Eva a pocket watch he'd shown me earlier...an antique which, when you press the top, flips open to reveal a watch face...but also a man fondling a girl. Even this didn't snap Eva out of it. Thankfully two musicians appeared and took their places on the stand behind us...a clarinet and a sax, I believe...or was it a clarinet and guitar? Anyway, these two were real pros...and played New Orleans jazz and swing just the way it's done down on Bourbon Street in the Vieux Carre'. Suddenly several fellows came in with a sack; took out little drums and sticks, and began to accompany the band. The man on the bongo drum was so bad that I nudged him, gestured for his drum, which he handed over readily...and I jammed then with the rest. It was great fun and we must have gone on for an hour. Then the place closed and Eva and Kurt took a cab back to their hotel...and I took a cab back to Finsbury Hall.

Sunday morning...I ~~pk~~ PKd the sky, then went downstairs for breakfast. It had come to me during the night what to do. I would just leave. To hell with it. Because I didn't like the things that had happened to me. First I took a walk and got the morning London papers and scanned them, prior to snipping out my rain ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ newsclips. But there was more than rain in the papers. I whistled, hardly believing my eyes. (See your file now, on this.) Saturday, the day before, while I was being hassled...an airplane had been hit by lightning over England

Also...a giant English helicopter had crashed in England.

Also...the Ambassador of England drowned in Israel.

And I grasped in a flash...that the SIS had been displeased and had thus registered their disapproval!

I walked back to Finsbury Hall and bumped into Peter Maddock. I simply leveled with him...told him that I was leaving and going back to the States...because things had gone so cockeyed. He looked at me incredulously and said that the mixup was due to programming difficulties and nothing else...and that "if you don't show up this morning, Ted, that crowd at the Auditorium will have your head!" *

Reassured, I went back into Finsbury Hall, got all my gear, and laboriously pulled the totebag all the way over to the University. The University was locked up tight. *David*

Strangely...and I was the only person there...Cox himself walks past me and up to the doors, tries them, finds them locked...and walks off. Well, I pulled the totebag all the way back to Finsbury Hall...checked out...instructed the hotel clerk to call me a taxi to go to Heathrow Airport...which he did. So I wait for the taxi...., *say*

when suddenly a car swings up to the entrance and George hops out, with a girl in tow, named Beebee, or Bebe, as in BB gun. He rushes up to me with a grin and asks where I'm going. Home, I tell him. But, he says, the University Auditorium is packed with people waiting for you to come and speak. George, I tell him, I wouldn't pull this totebag back over to that University for all the tea in China...and besides, I've made up my mind. I'm taking a plane out right away. Oh, come on, he says; grabbing my arm...Bebe and I are going to drive you over there. You are going to give the second half of your lecture. Now come on!" So I tell the clerk to cancel the cab, and get into George's car, and off we go to the University. In the rain...because it was coming down, lightly, off and on.

We get to University and the three of us go up to the Auditorium...and find that another speaker is on...because I hadn't ~~showed~~ up. That did it. Fer-git it, George...I told him...let's us just go have some lunch, then I'll catch my plane home. I don't want to go back into the Auditorium. This whole thing has been painful, because my lecture has been all broken up. He says Ted, you just don't understand...these people want to hear you and what you have to say! Okay, okay, I say. So we take the equipment and files into the Auditorium and get it all set. Peter Maddock comes in and says Ted, I guarantee you that you are allotted 40 minutes this morning and no one is going to interrupt you and everything is okay. Now you just go ahead.

I noticed Cox sitting up in the audience, to take in my lecture. Hmph. I went ahead and gave the second half of my presentation, without interruption. As I walked out of the auditorium the audience roared their applause. It surprised me, and I turned and gave them a salute, going out. Again I couldn't force myself to stay inside the Auditorium and take in other lectures. A force...was just forcing me out. Peter followed me out and asked me to listen to some other lectures, but I shook my head. Jeffrey Mishlove made me a present of a stunning pin he'd been wearing...a rainbow with a UFO on the top of it. I was delighted. George had given me his address, and said to come on out to his house that afternoon...that he was having open house for some friends...sounded like fun, so I called a taxi and went out to George's place.

* LET ME ADD HERE THAT PETER MADDOCK WAS
T ALL TIMES FAIR AND HONEST WITH ME. HE IS QUITE A
GENTLEMAN!

it to George's ^{like} what happened yesterday!

Upon arriving there...I got out of the taxi with my gear and blew a blast on my Scotch whistle, to notify George of my arrival. He popped out of his house, a big grin on his face...and handed me a gold whistle which he said his mother had given him. It is an antique. Very old. (I wear it now around my neck.) (Also wear Jeffrey's Rainbow UFO around my neck. Probably always will.)

George helped me get my gear up into his house...brought out a cold beer... then men began to arrive. George had a strikingly beautiful blonde girl from New Zealand, named Penny...as his guest. But most of the people who began to drop in were men. Just one other pretty girl came in, as I recall...no, wait...two. Must have been eight or ten men. All these people looked, well, different. Above normal intelligence, all of them. Wealthy looking. Some of them looked like judo or karate experts.

Then I got a shock which really upset me.

The night before at dinner George had mentioned marijuana...and I had told him how I hated, despised, and loathed drugs and dope pushers. Suddenly I see George seated across the table from me with cans full of brown plants...and he has a cigarette rolling machine...and with a big grin is making cigarettes. He lights one and holds it out to me. I quickly grasp that, for the first time in my life I am face to face with dope. I'd never actually seen any. I tell George no...and point to my Cuban cigar. He smiles, and hands it off to Penny, who begins to puff it, holding it with two fingers, in an odd manner. Well, here I am torn by two emotions. I owe George...for talking me into going back and finishing my lecture. Because I got the SI message over, and the lecture ended on a positive, high note.

On the other hand...I hate dope, and people who use it. But I couldn't hate George. I liked the guy.

Anyway, I dissolved the conflict quickly by asking George to call me a taxi, and when it came, went out to Heathrow Airport...where a plane was leaving for the States in, believe it or not, ten minutes. And I had no English money to buy the ticket. Somehow, I'll never know how, the PanAm man got my ticket ready...got me the proper money...got my baggage checked through...and had an assistant rush me through customs and all that stuff...and made the plane.

It had rained all afternoon, in London.

And that's it.

The three days...seemed to me, afterward, like a hundred years.

My other trips...to Scotland, England, Egypt, France...which took weeks...seemed like a few days afterward.

And something had knocked all of the energy out of me. I was drained dry. It has taken me almost a month to get my energy back.

But now the scientific world...and through them, I hope, the rest of the world...knows about the SI World Drought~~XX~~ Plan...

Ted Owens (PK Man)

Box 32, Cape Charles, Virginia 23310

Owens

ADDED NOTE RE PREVIOUS PAGE:

AT GEORGE'S "OPEN HOUSE" WHERE A GROUP OF STRANGE MEN AND TWO WOMEN ENTERED, TO JOIN GEORGE AND HIS GIRL PENNY AND MYSELF (WELL, I HAD MET ONE MAN, URIEL FROM ISRAEL, PREVIOUSLY)... AND I WAS SURPRISED BY GEORGE PRODUCING MARIJUANA AND PASSING IT AROUND... REGARDLESS, I GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT SOME, OR ALL, OF THIS GROUP WERE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE AGENTS. WHY? BECAUSE I WAS DEFINITELY RECEIVING TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION FROM HUMAN MINDS IN THAT APARTMENT! (SI TELEPATHING IS

QUITE DIFFERENT.) NOW, I AM TUNED TO OTHER-DIMENSIONAL ENTITY TELEPATHING, AND AM NOT TUNED TO THE HUMAN. BUT IN THIS EXPERIMENT (WHICH I'M SURE IT WAS) THE TELEPATH SENDER WANTED ME TO PICK UP AN OBJECT IN THE ROOM... A POCKET WATCH WHICH LAY OUT IN PLAIN SIGHT, I BELIEVE. ALSO THE SENDER WAS OFFERING ME SOMETHING QUITE VALUABLE IF I COULD RECEIVE THE THOUGHT AND OPENLY SPEAK ABOUT IT. MIND YOU, ALL OF THIS WAS TELEPATHIC... THE GROUP (ABOUT TEN PEOPLE) MERELY SMOKED AND CHATTED INNOCENTLY. BUT DOPE AND I ARE NATURAL ENEMIES AND I GOT OUT OF THERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. HAD DOPE NOT BEEN PRODUCED I WOULD HAVE SPOKEN UP AND PLAYED THEIR "TELEPATHY GAME" WITH THEM.

swene

the robbers off...a diversionary tactic...from discovering the real treasure of the Sphinx and the key pyramids and temples...the depository of ancient wisdom and knowledge pertaining to other-dimensional, and other, powers....

But the only way...that these ancient "libraries" of wisdom and knowledge can be entered and studied...is for an alien, or one with half an alien brain...to utilize OD power to activate CERTAIN areas of CERTAIN pyramids or temples! Once the alien does this...he is given the wisdom and knowledge in an encapsulated form...which will unfold itself as time goes by...and as that alien, or half-alien, is strong enough, mentally, to withstand it, and wise enough not to misuse it.

Now, in those ancient days...the people understandably were not up to comprehending OD power...or even telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, and so on...so the High Priests (each one personally trained by the SIs) explained to the masses that the key pyramids and temples were guarded by a "curse" that would destroy intruders. Actually, PyrCre...this giant, living entity, was the "curse"...over-all. If you have a thought within the Giza area...PyrCre knows that thought. If anyone robbed the key places...PyrCre made a "walking accident" out of them, until they destroyed themselves in time.

PyrCre...is the deadliest entity...that our human brain...could ever possibly imagine. Talk about your "engine of destruction".... so as I began my approach to the pyramids, PyrCre appeared, and instructed me HOW to approach...without drawing destruction upon myself.

As a tiny, small example...PyrCre appeared to me on the plane as I returned to Kennedy Airport...and the plane ahead of our plane was struck by a bolt of lightning and exploded all over Kennedy airport (see the Egyptian file.)

PyrCre also granted to me...the power of approaching It...and perhaps...getting its powers to help me...to help the human race...in certain problems around the world. Of course, I already have SI powers...can approach them, too, instantly, for this purpose. So that now...I have two of the most unbelievable powers known to this earth (or unknown to this earth) at my beckoning. And because they both have accepted me...I am dear to them both. If anything should happen to me, untoward...then God help all.

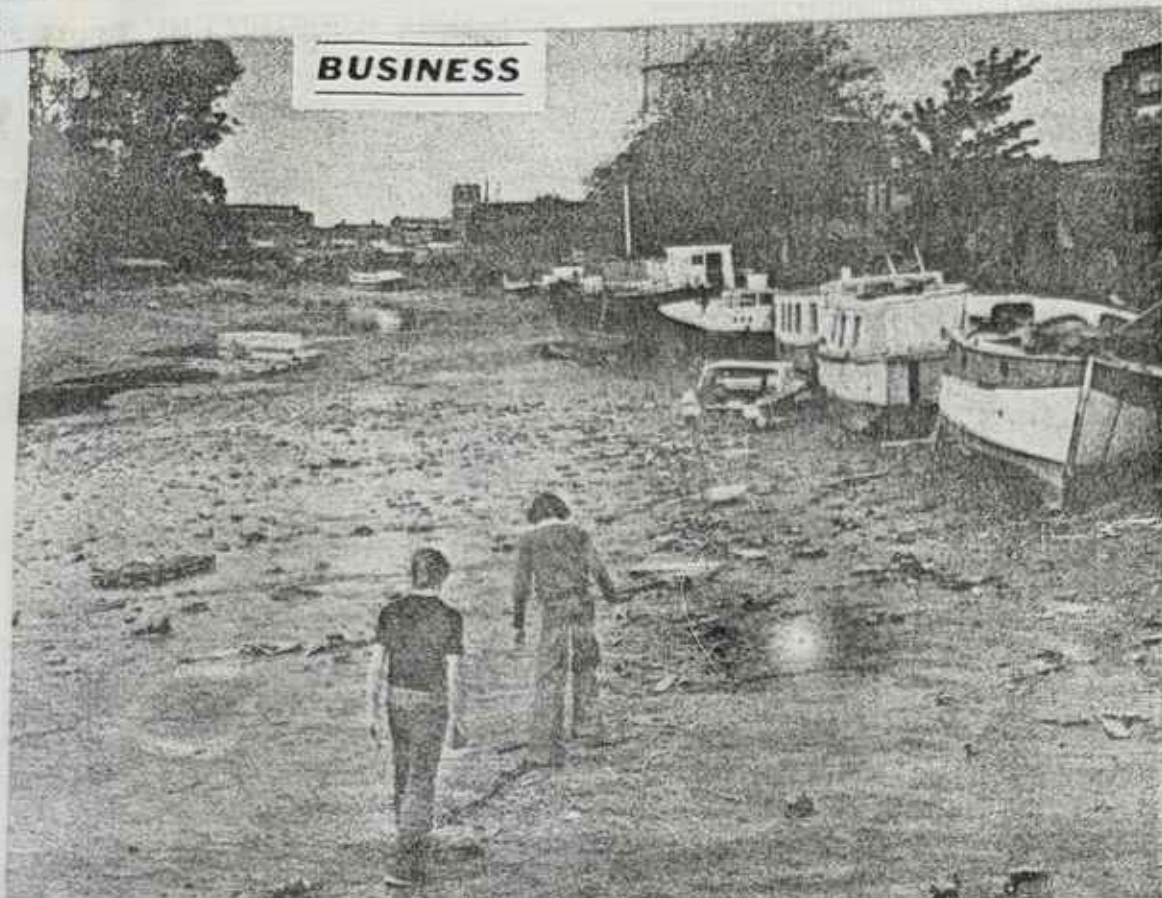
Every action...has its opposite, and equal reaction...isn't that so? And so I find it now. The "dark" powers of earth have zeroed in on me desperately...because I am using SI powers and PyrCre Pyramid powers constructively...and the Dark powers find themselves being crowded. I am without funds...and money has come to a screeching halt ~~WIKI~~ to me. Am selling personal possessions just to get by, my wife and family. My right arm has been shattered in a way that made Mayo Clinic surgeons ask me with amazement how it could have been done so. But ~~WIKI~~ the SIs "brought me up" right. They made me a judo man; a ring fighter; a man who will not quit. And that's how it stands.

Right now...it's me and the SIs and PyrCre Pyramid powers...against the Dark powers. It will make...a very good Superbowl. The main weakness in this terrific tussle...is my physical body, which can be so easily destroyed...and the SIs and PyrCre are very angry with the U.S. Government for not protecting me. Key political figures are surrounded by armed Secret Service men...yet these key political figures would not know a miracle if they fell over one. And miracles are my business...have been for years.

Ted Owens (PK Man)

Owens

BUSINESS



Minneapolis Tribune

The trickling Thames, wilted corn in Minnesota: Drought speckles the U.S. and plagues Europe

UPI

A World Praying for Rain

No one knows what's causing it or when it will end, but a serious drought is plaguing parts of the U.S. and blighting nearly all of Western Europe. The inflationary effect and disruption of trade promise to be considerable—and beyond that, the dry spell underscores a major dilemma: an apparent shifting of the world's weather patterns that threatens increasingly erratic harvests at a time when food supplies are shrinking.

On a world scale, the drought is no worse—and perhaps less severe—than in some recent years. But it is hitting in unexpected places. In northern California alone, 200,000 acres of parched timber have been ravaged by fire, the grapes are starting to wilt and the town of Bolinas tried to shut out visitors because of a water shortage. In Britain, rainfall is at its lowest since records were first kept in 1727, and the Thames upstream from London has dwindled to a muddy trickle. In Germany, the Rhine is receding 2 inches a day and barge traffic on the Elbe has come to a sludgy stall. And in Paris, which had sizzled in dry, 90-degree weather for six weeks before some relief came at the weekend, a banner headline in France Soir said it all: WE JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE.

If it doesn't rain hard soon, Europe faces food shortages and skyrocketing food prices by winter. France stands to lose \$6 billion worth of crops, including fully 40 per cent of its summer corn and spring wheat. In Germany, the chairman of the Bundestag's agricultural committee warned of a "catastrophe" should "the heat wave hold for another fourteen days." Hessian farmers have written off 30 per cent of their summer crops and

have had to slaughter thousands of cattle for want of adequate grain. To make matters worse, the drought seems to be spreading east to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and East Germany. And Australia, Brazil, Argentina and Mexico are also abnormally dry. "On a global basis, we're going to see very significant drops in food production this year," says James McQuigg, director of the Center for Climatic and Environmental Assessment (CCEA) in Columbia, Mo.

No Famine: Fortunately, there's little danger that the shortfalls will lead to an increase in worldwide famine. The years-long drought in Africa's Sahel region has broken convincingly; the summer monsoon, though light, arrived on time in India, and key parts of the Soviet Union are getting more rain than ever.

Most important, the U.S. has largely escaped the effects of the drought. California has been hit hard, but since most farming there is done on irrigated land, crop losses are not yet catastrophic. The worst damage is now occurring in the

Dakotas and in Minnesota, where 60 out of 87 counties have been declared emergency areas by the Federal government. "This has been the driest spring since I started farming in 1934," says Robert Stegmaier, who runs a 1,200-acre crop and dairy farm 25 miles south of Minneapolis. But while local damage is severe, national food production turns largely on what happens in the major grain-producing states—and rain there has been plentiful enough for the Agriculture Department to predict record corn and near-record wheat crops. "The corn belt in general has no problems," reports Augustine Yao, chief research meteorologist at the CCEA.

Nervous Market: The U.S. could offset much of the multibillion-dollar crop damage around the world by exporting more of its abundant crops. That would delight farmers, who still resent the Ford Administration for restricting exports last year. But it would scare consumers who remember the rising prices that followed the grain sale to the Soviet Union in 1972. Earlier this month, when Cargill, Inc., announced a \$240 million soybean sale to the Soviet Union, commodity futures prices immediately jumped on the Chicago Board of Trade. "The market is nervous," says Frederick Uhlmann, vice president of commodities at Drexel Burnham & Co. in Chicago.

In any market, nervousness reflects uncertainty—and there are few things as uncertain as the weather. "We just can't confidently predict long-range trends in climate," says Murray Mitchell, a climatologist at the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) in Washington. Mitchell and



Alan Copeland

Bolinas, Calif.: How dry we are

July 19, 1976

20

August 10, 1972

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS...

This incredible "attack" ~~XXX~~ on earth...by sun-storms...an "unexpected series of solar phenomena that a scientist at Boulder, Colo., said was sort of like getting snow in Atlanta in July"...WAS CAUSED BY ME.

Here's how it happened; as I was driving back from Cleveland, Ohio, some months ago, I was furious over how things had turned out. My best friend, George Delaven, had dropped about three thousand dollars on the Ohio trip... because the Ohio people had been mainly hostile and unfriendly. George and I even had to walk off of one radio show...because of the radio host's nastiness. * All right...as I drove back, the Si's communicated with me...and told me to use the same four giant UFO's at the corner of the earth ~~XXXXX~~ that I use to cause earthquakes, and to make insects etc. go wild on earth...they told me to use the "Emmy-Emma" UFO group to deflect the sun's rays onto earth... aimed at Cleveland, Ohio! So I followed their instructions, along with the Triangle technique. What followed...was first Hurricane Agnes...which nearly drowned out the East Coast (it reached for Cleveland, but only got as far as Pittsburgh.) Then...a searing blast of heat that attacked the entire East Coast...INCLUDING CLEVELAND-AKRON. In Cleveland sidewalks buckled from the heat...people went crazy, did crazy things...fires started all over (I have all of this documented, and will send it to you as soon as I can afford the huge xeroxing job it will take.)

But the point I am making is...THEN FOLLOWED THIS ONE-OF-A-KIND "snow in July" attack from the sun onto the earth!

The Si technique...had me picture the four giant UFO's in my mind...each one deflecting, like a mirror, the sun's rays down onto the earth, converging on Cleveland, Ohio.

What then followed...was an unprecedented, unheard of, attack by the sun on the earth!

Cause and effect...the pattern that has persistently followed all through my demonstrations. My mental cause...then the effect following, shown, observed, physically, for actual proof!

I told several people BEFORE the sun attacked earth...what I was doing to attack earth with sun's rays...and will send you a xerox'd signed statement to that effect as soon as I can get one and can afford to get it xerox'd.

If any of you want a further demonstration of this attack from the sun...I will be glad to repeat it for you. (A little rough on the earth, but perhaps worth it...from a scientific standpoint.)

I may do it anyway...to satisfy my own knowledge. Then I may experiment with the moon. If any of you want in on this, let me know.

Owens

XPK!! (an)

*Pete Franklin
Radio Show

17

Si World Drought Plan

June 18, 1973

SPECIAL TO MY SEVEN SCIENTISTS....

Will be a week or so until you get this...because have to paste it up, then send out of town for xeroxing, etc.

Please add this to the Drought file I recently sent you. It is additional material.

Recall: I told you months and months ago that the Si's had set in motion... activated...the Demonstration to end all Demonstrations. They would bring about a great World Drought. Then, after all of the countries of the world were in desperate, dire need of water...they would allow me to specify to them...where to put water all over the world. If I tell them Africa (and notify you in writing)... then they will bring great rains to Africa and fill up the rivers, wells and streams once again. If I say Italy...they'll do the same thing for Italy. In this way...they will be demonstrating their reality...their power to control the natural resources of our earth...their link with this human, me...AND THEY WILL BE TEACHING THE HUMAN RACE A LESSON IT BADLY NEEDS TO LEARN...NOT TO POLLUTE AND WASTE THE EARTH'S WATER.

Now, an ingenious plan like that...I couldn't ever think up. As perhaps you can well realize.

I mention this...because I feel very deeply for the people over the earth who will suffer because of being deprived of water...and the animals, too. This is not something I myself would "wish" on the Earth...but because the Si's think it is so important in the infinite plan of things...they have my okay on it. And cooperation on it.

The 290 miracles I have accomplished prior to THIS one...are insignificant in comparison to this World Drought Demonstration.

You are about to be a witness...to control of the weather...on a world-wide scale!

The reason that my psychic work is so hard and difficult to understand...is because I work other-dimensionally...with that half of my brain that the Si's changed, modified, to link my brain with/into their dimension. And being other-dimensional...the physical laws of that other dimension do not apply to or agree with the physical laws in this dimension. But they will bring about cause and effect with our physical laws, nonetheless.

Why modify half of my human brain? BECAUSE IN THIS WAY I CAN "TRANSLATE" THE S.I. OTHER-DIMENSIONAL EFFECTS INTO THIS DIMENSION! I.e., today a translator explained in English, over the radio, what the Russian Premier was saying in Russian...so the English-speaking people in the U.S. could understand and the verbal content of the Premier's speech would have meaning in this country. Do you see the analogy?

My special SI brain can translate physical laws from THEIR dimension...into our own physical laws...so that THEIR cause and effects can be understood in our OWN cause and effect language.

And I am the only human being in the world able to do this sort of thing.

Ted Owens (PK Man)

Owens

(13)

July 29, 1974

TO MY SCIENTIST-OBSERVERS

Perhaps you had quite a chuckle, a year or so ago, when I informed you that the SI's...UFO entities that I work for and with...were going to create a world-drought as one, big, definitive experiment...and then let their human representative, myself, PK Man, call the shots...i.e., name each area, each drought-stricken area, to get relief...over the globe (and in the U.S.)...thus proving once and for all that I am indeed the SI's single human link with the human race, and that they have the powers to do such a thing.

Attached is a newsclip from this morning's newspaper...indicating the "merciless, searing" drought prevalent in the U.S. today. I do not think...anyone is laughing now, at what I said some time ago. If they are, they are idiots, and you can quote me on that.

Texas...will be especially punished...for its treatment of me not long ago (re the radio station and its backers; unfortunately, that is the way the SI's work...they expect me to be well-received and well-treated AS THEIR OWN REPRESENTATIVE (much like a U.S. ambassador would be treated abroad) when I travel about. If I am tricked and/or badly treated, then God help that geographical area, state or country. (Disc-people need have no worries.)

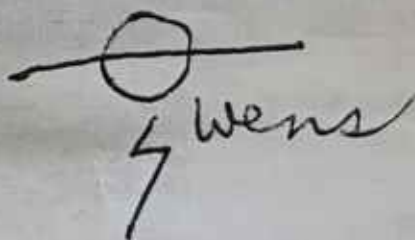
France...will be especially demonstrated upon (rather than punished) with white-hot drought combined with violent storms, lightning attacks, hurricane approaches, powerful winds, power blackouts, etc....not by the SI's (who are chewing up Texas) but by myself, to demonstrate what I can do "with half a brain"...the SI half.

Referring to the attached newsclip...of course I could bring rain and storms at will...to any of the stricken areas. But according to the terms of the SI Definitive Miracle (world drought) which they outlined some time ago, through me to you...I will not do so.

If you think...that my powers, through the UFO's, do not amount to a "5th world power"...wait, wait, until water practically vanishes and the earth is scorched...then let me see all the governments of the world replace that water, and save that earth, with their vast sums of money and great military establishments. Only I...will be able to replace the water...and repair the earth. Through the infinite powers of the UFO's, of course.

If any one of you...gave a poor reference to Dr. Poher...think about the above. You were doing a great disservice not only to Dr. Poher, but to France...and the entire world...in blocking the progress of the UFO plan to help this earth.

Sincerely,

Wens

* or Barrat

JUST AS EVERYONE LAUGHED
WHEN I PREDICTED IN BOOKS AND
NEWSPAPERS IN 1971 AND 1972
THAT PRESIDENT NIXON
WOULD BE FORCED OUT
OF OFFICE. THOSE
PEOPLE
ARE
NOT
LAUGHING
NOW!

1974
DROUGHT

NAT'L ENQUIRER

SEP. 7, 1976

By BOB PRATT

A strange cigar-shaped object with multicolored lights astounded veteran policemen in northern California and Nevada as it streaked across the night skies at speeds beyond the reach of America's fastest supersonic jet.

More than a dozen police officers from six agencies tracked the eerie UFO as it put on an awesome, three-hour aerobatic act over a 2,000-square mile area from Lincoln and Chico, Calif., to Reno, Nev.

Patrolman William Sykes of Lincoln, Calif., reported the UFO flew faster than the 2,100-mph SR-71 reconnaissance jets — the Free World's fastest planes — which often fly out of nearby Beale Air Force Base, north of Lincoln.

"I've never seen them fly as fast as this thing did," marveled Sykes, 32.

A woman in Chico, Calif., was the first to report spotting the mystery object, at 2:10 a.m. on January 28. Later, Chico Patrolman Joseph Whitcomb called dispatcher Chris Lowen and said he saw it, too.

At 2:30 a.m., the California Highway Patrol reported that a weird object was soaring overhead, toward Truckee. Nevada County (Calif.) Sheriff's Deputies Steve Bobbitt and Sgt. Leroy Brombacker dashed outside and saw it — a cigar-shaped object with red and green lights.

"We watched it for 30 minutes," Sgt. Brombacker, 41, said. "I was in the Navy on an aircraft carrier and I've seen all kinds of night operations. But I've never seen anything like it before."

Bobbitt, 31, a six-year police veteran and a former door gunner on a helicopter in Vietnam, said he saw two objects — a big one with red and blue lights and a small one, all red, higher up and to the north.

"When the big one moved



MAP SHOWS locations in Nevada and California where UFO was sighted in an approximately rectangular area (see inset).

off, we looked for the red one — and it was gone, too!" he said. "It appeared to be a companion of some kind."

The next report came from Patrolman Sykes in Lincoln, at 3 a.m. He said he watched the UFO for five minutes, zipping eastward toward Reno.

Shortly afterward, two California Highway patrolmen, Dale Tuel and Norm Chavez, sighted an object with bluish-green lights near Auburn, Calif., 15 miles east of Lincoln. They watched it, astonished, for 20 minutes.

"It would move up and down and then sideways, like one of those bouncing balls in a sing-along movie," said Chavez, obviously still amazed.

Undersheriff Vince Swinney of Washoe County, Nev., said there were numerous sightings in the Reno area between 2:24 and 4:53 a.m. Simultaneous sightings far to the west in California indicate the likelihood that more than one UFO was being observed by police and other residents.

"Seven officers from our department viewed an object

at one time or another," Swinney told The ENQUIRER.

"At one point, one object was seen by officers from two police agencies who were at three different positions. They were able to triangulate the thing — directly over Slide Mountain, southwest of Reno."

Sgt. Robert Hopkins of the Butte County (Calif.) Sheriff's Office, reported that an object "much too brilliant to be a star" hovered over the tree line near his home in Magalia, Calif., 20 miles northeast of Chico, at about 3 a.m.

Hopkins' wife said she watched not one, but three brightly lighted objects in the sky that morning, for three hours. "Then we heard an airplane coming from the direction of Beale Air Force Base — and the three objects shot straight up into the sky and vanished!" Mrs. Hopkins said.

An Air Force official at Beale AFB said: "All we know about the sightings is what we read in the newspapers."

Ted Remember this was announced in Jan on the radio -- but this is the 1st printed article on this UFO happening - millie

SCIENTISTS... You

CAN ADD THIS IMPORTANT UFO PHENOMENA TO MY "CALIFORNIA MIRACLE" FILE SINCE IT HAPPENED AT THAT TIME AND IS JUST NOW COMING TO LIGHT. MY UFO CONNECTION WAS PUTTING

THEIR "SIGNATURE" ON MY DEMONSTRATION.

Owens

PS... DO YOU RECALL WHEN I SPENT SOME TIME IN CHICO? WAS GIVEN A CAR AND FINANCIAL HELP BY FRIENDS IN CHICO!! (SEE NEXT SHEET).

THIS WAS SI WAY OF SAYING I

NEED A NEW CAR NOW AND MORE

FINANCIAL HELP!

Owens

10/8/76

SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES, Sgt. Leroy Brombacker (left) and Steve Bobbitt of Nevada County (Calif.) watched UFO.

Chico Visit

1974

Ted Owens

Famed Psychic Visits Here

By CATHY STOTT
(Enterprise-Record Intern)

One of the "world's greatest psychics" who predicts that the nation will be plagued by a drought this year is visiting in Chico. Ted Owens, who hails from Virginia and has been the subject of numerous national magazine articles as well as appearing on national television, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Al Bailey, owners of Chico MotorLodge, 725 Broadway.

Accalimed as one of the "world's greatest psychics" in the April 1971 issue of Saga Magazine, Owens says he

doesn't just predict, he claims to have the power to cause "miracles" to happen.

He says his mind had control of professional basketball and football teams in recent years and that he caused injuries to key players to keep certain teams out of the Super Bowl.

In June 1967, Owens said, he notified the U.S. hurricane center that three simultaneous hurricanes would occur. Just after that, hurricanes Beulah, Chloe and Doris were active on the same weekend.

In 1972, Owens told a team of scientists and other authorities that the country would experience terrible floods because humans had been polluting lakes, rivers and streams for too long. Many damaging floods occurred.

Owens, who has been written about in many issues of Saga, Sports Illustrated, in two books, "Revelation, The Divine Power" and "Occult America" and many newspapers, explained that he gets his power from the Bermuda Triangle, off

the Florida coast where many U.S. aircraft and ships have been reported missing. Owens pointed out that Dr. Jonathan Wright, National Aeronautics and Space Administration physicist has stated there is a UFO base in this area on an island in the Bahamas.

"I have worked for and with them (UFOs) for 10 years," Owens said.

Owens, who claims an IQ of 153 — genius level — is a member of Mensa, an international organization of people with IQs above 148. Only 2 per cent of the world's population belongs to Mensa, he said. To become a member, one must apply and go through extensive tests and analysis by teams of scientists.

Owens has been analyzed over and over again by scientists in this country because of his 200 documented predictions and "paranormal phenomena."

Owens has been a jazz drummer, lecturer, hypnotist — the list of vocations approaches 50. He has appeared on a CBS television special and has

recently been approached by Hollywood producers about a movie of his life, he said.

Owens now trains people to become what he calls "super brains." He teaches individuals how to have instant access to 50 to 80 per cent of their brain power whereas most people have a much more limited usage. He gives them the "tools to solve any problem they are confronted with." He stated he is going to train some people while in Chico.

Owens has a wife, Martha, and an 8-year-old son.

ST Chronicle.. Wed. Sept. 29, 1976

Truckin' in the Rain

By Peter H. ...

During the heaviest part of yesterday's rain, a truck-and-trailer jackknifed on the Nimitz Freeway near Washington street in Oakland, slowing westbound traffic for more than two hours. The rig was finally removed by a crane. The rain, which came from a low pressure system 200 miles offshore, dropped .39 inches of rain on

the city before moving south. One unusual result of the storm was a double rainbow, visible from many locations about 6:30 p.m., in between spurts of heavy rainfall. The National Weather Service predicted rain today in southern California and the possibility of showers in the Bay Area.

SCIENTISTS ... NOTE THE DOUBLE RAINBOW REFERRED TO ABOVE. THE SI'S WERE TALKING TO YOU WITH THAT DOUBLE RAINBOW. AS THIS OCCURRED I WAS WEARING A RAINBOW PIN WITH UFO ON IT. JEFFREY MISHLOVE GAVE IT TO ME IN LONDON AUGUST 29, WHERE I WAS MAKING IT RAIN AT THE TIME. (JEFFREY WORKS WITH DRS. TARG AND PUTOFF.) I TOLD JEFFREY AT THAT TIME ... HOW I TELEPATH TO A RAINBOW UFO DAILY. (HAVE BEEN DOING THIS FOR YEARS.) TO MAKE SURE YOU GOT THEIR "MESSAGE" THAT THEY ARE WORKING WITH ME THEY PRODUCED A DOUBLE RAINBOW!

Swens

PS... I WEAR JEFFREY'S
UFO/RAINBOW PIN
AT ALL TIMES.

ALSO...



the Rainbows UFO!! *Mullie*

UFO SIGHTING?

No less than a dozen policemen in Hastings, Fla., conducted an intensive search recently for what was described as "a multi-colored unidentified flying object about the size of three football fields." The Flagler County sheriff's office said: "Some of the deputies actually saw it but then we lost it." Other witnesses testified they saw the massive ("three stories high") object apparently landing in a heavily wooded area and claimed it flashed rainbow colors. The Federal Aviation Administration reported it knew of no planes in that general area and could offer no opinion of what the object might be. SAGA MAG

Number 126

The BART Train that

S.F. Chronicle
By Charles Petit April 24, 1976

Wanted to Run Away

A BART train that twice tried to drive off the end of the Fremont line — in the same spot a train fell into a parking lot in 1972 — has the system's engineers baffled.

The incident happened February 26, and was made public at the BART directors meeting Thursday. The total failure of the BART staff to explain what happened prompted the directors to authorize up to \$30,000 to hire an outside consultant for an "objective evaluation."

The train "just did not seem to obey the commands it was given. We can't figure it out," said Krishna Hari yesterday, who is the transit district director of systems engineering.

According to BART officials and records, the February 26 train was making its second run of the morning as it pulled into the end-of-the-line Fremont station at 7:23 a.m.

It worked perfectly at first, going in stages down to 27 miles per hour, then 18, as it neared the designated stopping place on the platform.

But then when it was supposed to stop, with the sandbank at the end of the line about 700 feet (one length of the five-car train) away, it accelerated.

Train operator Andrew Torrez stabbed the emergency stop button immediately, halting the train about 110 feet down the platform

from the correct spot.

He let the passengers out and, with the train empty, shut the doors. Unbidden, the train — whose next proper move would have been to head back north with a new driver at the other end — lurched south again. Torrez again hit the stop button, shut the train down, and called BART operations.

It was decided to take the train out of service, but the five-car train, the other end's A car in control, first made a trip back to Daly City, and then back as far as Hayward where it was shunted onto the Hayward yard.

"We told the operator to be careful on the way back, when the troublesome A car was in front, but

there were no more problems," Hari said.

Operators of other trains entering Fremont were also told to keep an eye on their gauges, but no more difficulties were found.

The train that gave them trouble has been taken back to Fremont during non-transit hours. Transit system engineers have tried every trick they know to get it to repeat the error, to no avail. The car has remained out of service ever since.

Hari doubted that the train would have gone off the end of the line even if operator Torrez hadn't pushed the stop button to override automatic equipment.

Since the October 2, 1972 crash, control equipment has been extensively

modified, Hari said, including the addition of a circuit designed to detect Fremont runaways and stop them before they go off the end of the line.

The reason for the apparently near-replay of the 1972 incident "couldn't have been the same as the first time. The system that broke down in 1972 has been changed," Hari said.

Hari added that it is not even completely clear whether the train's lead car made the error, or station control equipment gave it the wrong computerized instructions.

Until the problem is resolved, the wayward A car, number 126, will remain out of service, Hari said.

SCIENTISTS! REMEMBER IN MY "CHICAGO MIRACLE" FILE TO YOU... "MYSTERIOUS SIGNALS" MADE CITY BUSES RUN WILD? SAME THING HERE? TO INCLUDE IN MY CALIFORNIA WORK. ALSO IN THIS (LONDON) FILE WHILE I WAS USING MY POWERS ON THE LONDON AREA... THE SUBWAY

SYSTEM CONKED AND EXPERTS WERE BAFFLED BY THAT!! (SEE NEWSCLIP IN THIS FILE ON IT.)

B... ODD. BUSES, TRAIN AND SUBWAYS!

Wenz

S.F. EXAMINER

Storm rocks the Bay Area —flood alert

10/1/76

A fierce storm moved through the Bay Area today, bringing buckets of rain, flash flood warnings, rumbling thunder and lightning strikes too close for comfort.

The National Weather Service issued flash flood warnings for San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara, Marin, Alameda, Contra Costa, Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Merced, Stanislaus and San Joaquin counties.

The storm would last several hours, the weather service said, and "persons in low lying areas near streams or in canyons where flooding is likely to occur should move immediately to higher ground or places of safety."

As the storm eased in late morning, the weather service removed all counties but Alameda, Contra Costa and the western part of San Joaquin from the "flash flood warning" alert.

In the other areas a flash flood watch remained in effect, the weather service said.

"Persons in the watch area should be on the alert to take immediate action should a warning be issued for that area or if heavy rain is observed," said the service.

—See Back Page, Col. 1

Storm rocks the Bay Area —flood alert

—From Page 1

The heavy rains, which struck The City at about 8:30 a.m., slowed commute traffic to a crawl and brought minor flooding to such critical arteries as the Bay Bridge and its approaches.

Just before 9 a.m. a lightning bolt ripped apart a tall redwood tree on the Burlingame High School campus, flinging chunks of wood to the ground. A student walking nearby escaped injury.

Another bolt struck a power transformer in San Leandro shortly after 8 a.m., knocking out power in much of that community. The police department there was without telephones and power to communicate with patrols for 45 minutes.

A lightning strike on a power line furnishing electricity to radio station KCBS's transmitter in Marin County knocked the station off the air from 10:03 to 10:39 a.m.

The California Highway Patrol reported water about an inch deep on the Bay Bridge on both levels this morning.

There was flooding in the tunnel eastbound on Yerba Buena Island and traffic there was slowed to 15 m.p.h. the CHP said.

The San Francisco Fire Department Rescue Squad was called to the tunnel to extricate a motorist trapped in his vehicle after a three car collision.

The patrol slowed westbound traffic on the cantilevered (east of the island) section of the bridge to 5 m.p.h. as the water rose.

High-wind warnings were issued for Interstate 80 between San Francisco and Sacramento.

Winds atop Mt. Tamalpais in Marin were recorded at 40 m.p.h.

The storm began moving north from the Salinas Valley area during early morning hours. At the height of the downpour over the Los Banos area, a half-inch of rain fell in a half hour.

Farther north, San Carlos police reported the ceiling of a building in the industrial area partly collapsed under the deluge.

More than 30 fires touched off by lightning last night burned today in Lake and Mendocino counties, according to the California Division of Forestry.

Forecasters predicted the thunderstorms will continue off and on in Northern California through tomorrow.

And the state's agricultural industry warned today that this early and heavy rain is going to cost

the consumer at the supermarket checkout line.

Lettuce is going up 10 to 20 cents a head, and raisins, melons and late peaches will also cost more, according to California shippers.

The problem is muddy fields caused by the rare downpour of an inch or more that make crop-picking difficult.

A market news service in Sacramento reported that the shipper's price for lettuce in California had risen from \$6 to \$13 per case in the past few days.

That meant a head of lettuce that cost 45 cents a week ago cost 59 cents yesterday in a Bay Area supermarket chain.

The same head will cost 69 cents or more in a few days, the service predicted.

Rot and mold caused by the rain in the Central Valley is expected to reduce the important raisin crop by more than half — from 250,000 to 100,000 tons — "if we're lucky," one grower said.

The storms and muggy weather prevent the raisins from drying.

Yesterday's storm, punctuated by lightning and thunder, amounted to .08 inch in San Francisco, .25 in San Jose, .07 in Eureka, .11 at Moffett Field, .10 at Oakland and .37 at Paso Robles. It was dry, for a change, at Fresno and Salinas.

Satellite photo at 9:15 a.m. shows hurricane over state.

LIZA

SCIENTISTS... THE SI'S AND
I PUTTING WATER
BACK INTO CALIFORNIA...
AS PER MY PROMISE TO DO SO.

Owens

San Francisco Examiner

☆☆R

777-2424

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1976

Daily 2

Killer typhoon slams through Baja villages

High winds;
floods sweep
along coast

Examiner News Services

MEXICO CITY — Typhoon Liza slammed into the west coast of Mexico with 130 mile-an-hour winds early today. Officials said at least 30 persons were killed and many others were feared dead.

The U.S. National Weather Service said the hurricane also was threatening Mexican west coast states and possibly the southwestern United States.

22 San Francisco Chronicle
Tues., Sept. 21, 1976 ★

The Weather

Summary

9 P.M. SEPTEMBER 20

Showers and thundershowers popped up over the Southern California mountains and deserts plus the Sierra Nevada as moist subtropical air spread into the state from Mexico. Some variable high clouds also spread into northern and central state with extensive low clouds and fog along the coast. In response to the limited sunshine and marine air spreading inland temperatures remained mild over California. The states high was 93 degrees at Needles with other desert highs near 90. Coastal highs ranged from 60 at Crescent City to 78 at Long Beach, while inland readings were in the 70s in the mountains to the 80s in the valleys.

Carbon copy weather and temperatures are expected today and Wednesday with the exception of the southern deserts and mountains where sunny skies are forecast to return.

promote 9/30/76

Rain Heads Back Toward Bay Area

The low pressure area that dumped .33 inches of rain here, then moved south and caused flash floods yesterday, is due back with more wetness today, the National Weather Service reported.

"The low was expected to head east," a weatherman said, "but it has started backing and is gradually coming north to us, bringing showers Thursday and Friday.

"Then maybe Saturday we expect it to head east. Unless it sticks around or heads some other direction."

As of yesterday he was predicting the chances were 3 in 10 showers would hit the Bay Area today.

The showers that fell here were minimal. But yesterday as the low-pressure area scudded south it caused flash floods.

Closer to home, the weatherman said, the Salinas Valley was pelted with heavy rainfall and in Santa Clara county Morgan Hill got 1.53 inches of rain in 24 hours and The Pinnacles National Park outside Hollister was hit with 2.58 inches of rain in 18 hours.

Explosion rips LA aqueduct gate

LONE PINE (UPI) — An explosion ripped through a section of the Los Angeles aqueduct early today, destroying a gate and gatehouse and releasing water from the canal which runs from the Owens Valley to Los Angeles.

The Inyo County sheriff's office said the explosion occurred between 1 a.m. and 1:30 a.m. at the Alabama Gate five miles north of this eastern California city which is 200 miles north of Los Angeles.

"The gates and the gatehouse were damaged and water is being lost from the aqueduct," Sheriff Floyd O. Barton said.

Barton said the type of explosive used and the extent of the damages were not known.

Investigators from the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, local, state and federal agencies were investigating the explosion which occurred near the Alabama Hills, a scenic area west and north of Lone Pine and the location of many Hollywood movies.

In addition to the DWP and the sheriff's office, the investigating agencies included the state fire marshal's arson and bomb investigation unit, the federal Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms unit from Bakersfield and the China Lake Naval Weapons Center explosive detail.

The aqueduct is operated by the Department of Water and Power and supplies a major portion of the water used by Los Angeles.

SI'S "TALKING" AGAIN?
RECALL OFFICER OWEN OF
DR. FOGEL'S AFFIDAT, AND
MRS. OWENS IN MY BOOK
RE BIG-FOOT APPEARANCE!

Owens

SCIENTISTS... IF YOU WILL READ
CHAPTER ON ME IN WARREN SMITH'S
"PREDICTIONS FOR 1976" BOOK, YOU
WILL SEE THAT I PREDICTED
OUTBREAK OF MYSTERIOUS
ILLNESSES (PULSA) IN
U.S. (SWINE FLU,
PHILA.
DISEASE)
Owens

Va. Pilot Disease 'Narrows' To Toxins

PHILADELPHIA (AP) — Doctors said Friday they are concentrating their search for the cause of "legionnaire's disease" on toxins—or poisons. But they conceded that the list of toxins was almost endless and repeated that they may never know what killed the 25 people who died in the mysterious outbreak.

Doctors here and at the federal Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta said, meanwhile, that the outbreak appears to be tapering off.

State Health Secretary Leonard Bachman said that although the death toll was officially increased by two Friday, there have been no new cases of the disease reported since Tuesday. "I do believe the guarded optimism we are showing is appropriate," he said. The two added to the death toll died earlier in the week, but had been listed as having suffered other diseases.

Dr. David Sencer, director of the Atlanta disease control center, agreed. "The epidemic has peaked and is on its way out," he said at a news conference at the center.

The doctors moved closer to knowing what the disease is not: it is not any type of flu. It is not caused by bacteria or fungus. It probably is not caused by virus.

Sencer and Bachman also emphasized that no secondary infections have been found, meaning the disease is not contagious. It has been limited to persons connected with a state American Legion convention here last month.

An estimated 10,000 attended the convention, and doctors now say 108 persons contracted the disease. A few remain in critical condition.

Researchers at the CDC and a state laboratory in Philadelphia have hunted nonstop for the cause of the disease since it was diagnosed Monday.

Sencer said that the CDC was now concentrating on toxins, which could appear in such common items as plastics, paper, soap, cigarettes, food, water, or just about anything the conventioners came in contact with.

Although Bachman said a "slower-grow-
(See Illnesses, Page A4)

Loud, Flashy Storm Hits Bay Area

A black thunderhead towering 40,000 feet high and spitting forks of lightning along a 50-mile front rolled across the San Francisco Bay Area yesterday morning.

There is a good chance of more showers today and Sunday, the Weather Service reported.

Despite the high wind gusts, intermittent torrents of rain and electrical fireworks, the storm caused relatively minor damage.

Scattered power failures, frightened cats, horses and dogs, a redwood tree felled by a lightning bolt in Burlingame, and some flooding on the Bay Bridge were among

Back Page Col. 5

REMEMBER...
LIGHTNING IS MY
SIGNATURE!!



S.F. Chronicle - Sat Oct 2, 1976

LIGHTNING

From Page 1

the more spectacular effects of the brief disturbance.

The storm, which formed and started moving north about 5 a.m. in the King City area, hit the San Francisco International Airport at 8:13 a.m. and doused it with .34 of an inch of rain.

San Francisco and Oakland were next to catch it, San Francisco getting .38 of an inch of rain and Oakland .57 of an inch.

The storm crashed into Marin with full fury, knocking out the Radio Station KCBS transmitter in Novato for half an hour and dumping .70 of an inch of rain on Mill Valley.

Although the National Weather Service issued a series of urgent flash flood warnings to Bay Area counties, including San Francisco, no flash floods materialized. The warnings were canceled by 1 p.m.

Commute traffic on the Bay Bridge between 8:15 a.m. and 9 a.m. was slowed, first by flooding in the eastbound lanes of the Yerba Buena Island tunnel and then by flooding in the westbound lanes just east of the tunnel.

The storm also spread east into the western part of San Joaquin county. Interstate 5 near Los Banos was briefly blocked by rain and mud slides, as were Highway 146 near Hollister and State Route 33 near Mendota.

In Mendota, some 500 families were asked to leave their homes yesterday as flood waters from the hills west of town advanced on a hastily constructed dike. However many residents chose to stay to protect their homes with sand bags.

Pacific Gas and Electric Co. crews were kept hopping throughout the Bay Area, as lightning bolts streaked into scattered power lines and transformers.

One thousand San Francisco homes were blacked out at 9:50 a.m.

S. F. Rainfall

(In inches)

Storm to date	.89
Season to date	1.67
Normal to date	.22
To date last year	.23
Seasonal normal	20.66

(Season July 1 to June 30)

when lightning hit power lines at the corner of Washington and Webster streets.

Five minutes later another lightning bolt hit a PG&E transformer in the Bayview district and blacked out 2500 homes in the vicinity of Third and Wallace streets.

About 15,000 homes in the Concord-Antioch-Martinez area were blacked out at 9:15 a.m., and a substation serving the Standard Oil Company refinery near Richmond was discombobulated by a lightning bolt at 9:20 a.m.

In the Oakland hills, 4300 PG&E customers suffered two ten-minute blackouts in the space of an hour. The San Leandro police station lost power and had to rely on Oakland police to broadcast emergency calls.

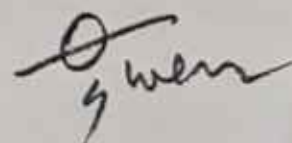
There were other brief power failures in the cities of Sonoma, Vallejo, Crockett, Pinole and in the areas south of Napa and north of Vallejo.

A power substation at Soledad was struck by lightning at 5:45 a.m., blacking out the Soledad state prison for more than two hours.

A 50-foot redwood tree was the target of another lightning bolt in the yard of Burlingame High School. One student skipped safely out of the way as the huge tree crashed.

Police on the Peninsula reported that the fury of the storm caused dogs to howl and leap into the cars of strangers for safety.

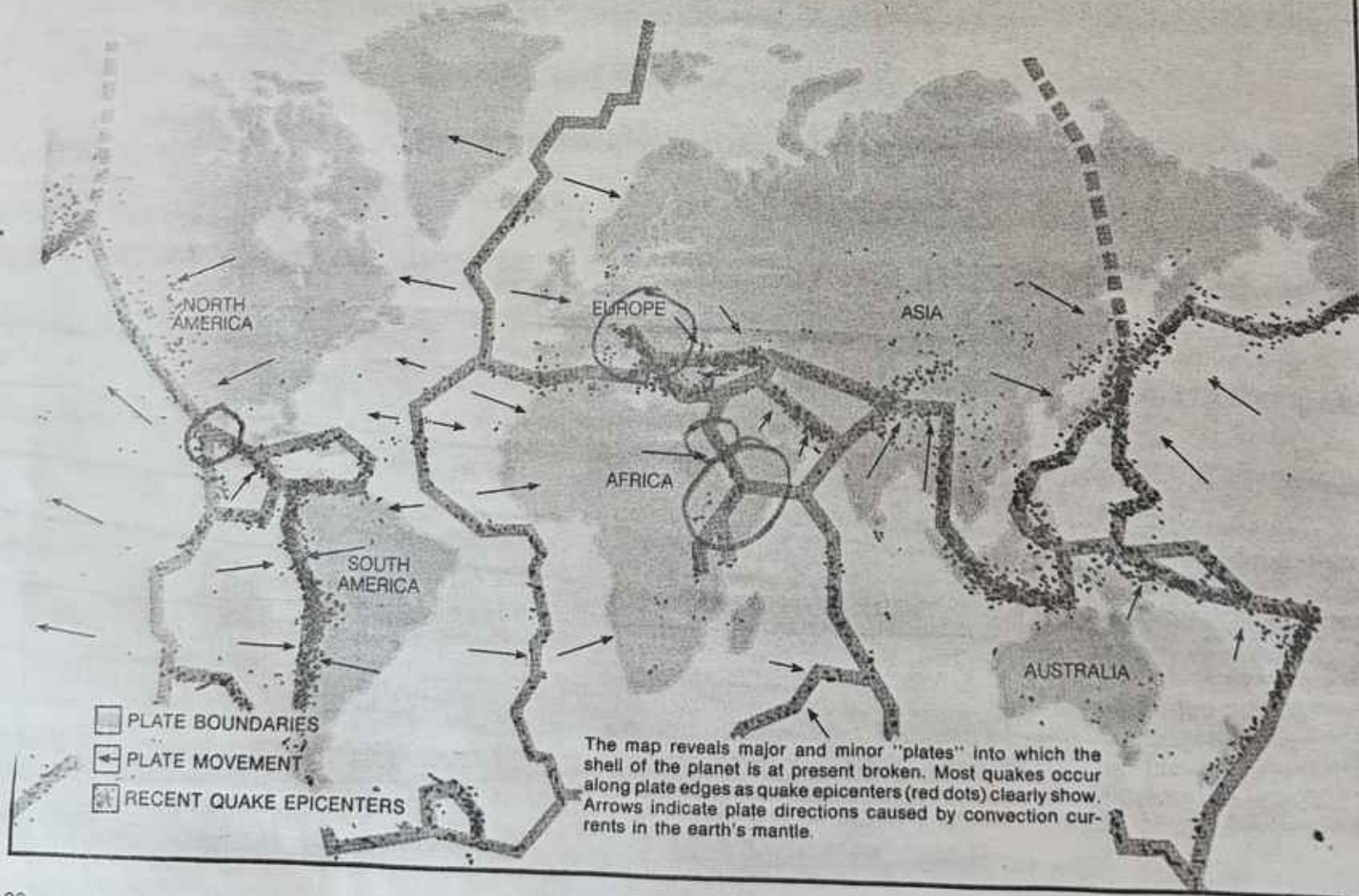
WFO'S IN THE AREA ALSO
HAVE THIS EFFECT
ON DOGS!!



Ref
 Have you
 noticed --- that
 every place the
 "L.S." send you
 is either on or
 near a fault
 line?

millie
 Check this map,
 please

WORLDWIDE EARTHQUAKE BELTS



Map by Ron Lepeska

Rich D!!
OK



OREGON

GWYN DBF

Charles Smith
P.O. Box - 379
Sheneden Beach
Oregon - 97368

DEAR MR OWENS

about 2 months ago my wife MERRY ordered
a S.I. DISC for her mother who lives in Portland
Oregon her address is - 4400 N.E. Broadway
APT. 504 - PORTLAND OREGON - 97213 - as of this
date SEP. 12 she has NOT received it. We have
ordered several DISC's in the past and always
received them promptly. These DISC's mean a lot
to all of us we have all had many wonderful
experiences since we received our first disc about
six or seven years ago. MOM lost hers about
two months ago, and she has been quite upset
about it.
We would appreciate it very much if you
would look into this for us.

OUR love to you and your family
Charles and MERRY SMITH

Scientists

FROM THE DESK OF

Mr. Ted Owens (PK MAN)

Box 48

Cape Charles, Virginia

Oct. 7, 1974
Warren Smith...

PS...and coming up in the near future...many many wars all over the world...little countries and big countries.

1975-76: Hunt, Hughes, Getty, Onassis!! Owens

THIS WAS
ACCURATE!

In the near future...many of the world's richest men...will pass away... either by old age, accidents, or whatever. (The Rich Gang...caused by UFO's.)

A catastrophic earthquake...will strike the West Coast...within 180 days. 6 or above on the Richter scale...affecting heavily populated areas.

The Rich Gang...is using Kissinger...as their personal agent...to set up advantageous deals for them internationally (enabling foreign interests to buy into huge U.S. holdings, now going on...thus weakening the U.S. structure.)

There will be a full revolution (revolution) in the United States...in approximately one year from now.

The United States will have a full-blown depression, worse than '29...in approximately one year from now.

Owens

Note: I've missed on the three of
timing of these But
predictions. They will happen!
Owens
10/8/76

COPY

June 25, 1976

Mr. Warren Smith...dear Warren...it would make me happy if you would mention in Predict 77 that I have been invited to go to London, England, and speak before some of the world's leading scientists there at a gathering of famous scientists having a three-day conference.

Another point you might like to mention...the SIs communicated with me last night and gave me some startling information! As you may be aware, some years ago in my writings I told that the SIs had given the human race the idea for television...so that they, the SIs, could beam helpful and constructive intelligence through the TV shows showing on sets, on a subliminal level. They could also monitor the humans watching the TV shows (some of them ACTUALLY APPEARED ON OUR TV SCREEN ONE DAY WHILE MY BOY BEAU AND I WERE WATCHING...and it was frightening! We were watching a comedy...when suddenly the picture changed in a flash...and we were staring at a number of creatures...with long black faces...not humanoid faces, definitely...just staring at us and watching us. Then the picture changed back to the TV comedy. I turned off the set and asked Beau if he had seen anything. He described exactly what I had seen...so we both witnessed it.) Also, another reason the SIs wanted humans to have TV... was so that they could monitor the interests of humans, and emotions of humans. BUT...they told me last night...that the MOST IMPORTANT REASON for their giving humans the idea of TV...WAS TO PREPARE HUMANS FOR WHAT WAS TO COME! First let me explain this: years ago when I was working in the field of hypnotism, some of my pupils were slated to have an operation. So prior to the operation I would place my pupil under light-waking hypnosis then lead them slowly through the steps of the operation...in their mind... as they would encounter it...then wake them. Then, when their operation came up...they did not fear it; did not build up tension against it; and everything went smoothly. And that is precisely what the SIs have done with the human race...to prepare the human race for its forthcoming "operation"...so that all will go smoothly. The picture is this: the population of the world is too large. There isn't enough food to feed the human race at this point. But in a relatively short period of time the population will have greatly increased...and the food supply for the human race will have shrunk proportionately. Nature works in only one way. It will propel the human race into a war, or wars, which will greatly decimate the numbers of human beings on earth. So the SIs...who work hand in hand with what we call "nature"...have done a very kind thing for humans. They gave us the television invention...and as you know, daily we watch ump teen people get killed, and die, on our television screens. Let me ask the reader...since TV was invented, and y.ou've watched it...how many people do you think you've seen get killed or die on TV? How many "death incidents"? I am sure that you've seen it happen hundreds of thousands of times...

Now, before television...death was almost a complete stranger to the human race. That is, unless loved ones passed away...we seldom encountered the idea, or the spectacle of death...unless it would be from an occasional movie. Now, however, after years and years of watching death incidents on TV, death has become a familiar idea to us. Death just doesn't seem so awful anymore, after watching our favorite TV stars get arrows through their chests and bullets through their heads. In short...the human race has become brainwashed...through the medium of television...to be able to accept Death...when it comes, as it must come... in a massive "operation" on the human race, by Nature itself...in whatever way Nature causes it to happen.

Ted Owens (PK Man)

Owens

July 12, 1976

COPY

Mr. Warren Smith...dear Warren...following our long distance chat...

will you please...send me Zebra address...so that I can order a copy of "UFO Trek"?

You ask re PyrCre. If you know about PyrCre...then you must have received my Egyptian Report! PyrCre is described in depth...in that report. However, if you did not get that report, please let me know...and I will send you my own file copy to xerox for yourself. Warren...it is very very very very very important...that you keep all files that I send you...because some day it will become known that I am the greatest psychic who has ever walked the face of this earth, with the exception of Jesus himself. I certainly equate with Moses...and have by now far surpassed Moses, though I haven't parted the Red Sea yet. But you have to keep track of my files...and each miracle that I do...to know about all of this.

PyrCre...is an Entity that locked onto me...whilst I was in the Egyptian pyramids. The SIs had created PyrCre...in ages past...to guard all of the KEY pyramids and temples (as differentiated from just any pyramid or temple.) The key pyramids are those which contain great treasures of wisdom and knowledge to be passed on only to those who can come and unlock them...using other-dimensional powers. I am one of those, since my brain is half-alien, and half-other-dimensional. I had no knowledge of the existence of PyrCre whatever. I simply went into the pyramids to activate them, after ages, as I had been instructed to do by the SIs. But while at my work...PyrCre appeared before me...and instructed me with regard to improving my techniques...warning me how to work without being attacked by his own powers...and what exact, minute parts of that pyramid or temple to work on...to bring about certain results. It...is fearsome...and that is putting it mildly. Huge blazing eyes...it could only be viewed from the shoulders up. On the shoulders and head were iridescent feathers. Had ears like an owl. It looked into my eyes close up...and in an instant I knew that it knew...all that I had been, or would ever be. PyrCre (short for Pyramid Creature, not its real name...it will not allow that to be divulged to anyone except the person that got me to Egypt, Millie) appeared several times within the secret passageways of the pyramids, to me...once on the boat I lived on, on the bank of the Nile river...and once on the airplane I was returning on to the United States. Each time...it was rather a traumatic experience for me. It is an other-dimensional creature...and only a top psychic would be able to see, or sense it, because it is beyond the range of the ordinary human senses. Ages ago...the SIs...in their wisdom...set up the pyramids, around the world...power stations, if you will, capable of doing many things...with their key station in England...the "switchboard"...Stonehenge. Activate Stonehenge (as I have just done) and you activate the key pyramids all around the world, and set certain forces in motion (other-dimensional.) (And other-dimensional power is power that makes any other known power in our world, on earth, look like a child's baby rattle...or ABC blocks.) There, ages past, PyrCre was created...a living entity for all time...forever to guard the key pyramids and temples in Egypt...not from robbers seeking gold and silver and treasure (because that was deliberately left to throw