

November 12, 1970

Dr. Sprinkle

Dear Otto:

The Si's have just given me some startling information...and I will share it with you.

When I was a schoolboy, my teachers thought that I was dumb. So did my parents. What they didn't know was...I could read the minds of my teachers, and my schoolmates...I could go out in the streets and "smell" the wind, and tell what was going on in different parts of the small town I lived in...and I could read magazines while in the 1st grade, age 6...at the time my first teacher was trying to get the class to identify letters on small cardboard squares! I can remember it all clearly, and I thought everybody could do what I could do. When Lornie, my daughter, was age 6, she could talk with me, with the authority of a professor of psychology in college, about ESP and its branches and all of its nuances...the word psychokinesis was as common to her as the word table salt. She was an expert on the field of hypnosis and could talk to me for hours on the subject, as equal to equal! (I'd been a pro hypnotist for twenty years!) Yet she did poorly in school in the early grades...just squeaked by...and the same in high school.

Now the same thing is occurring...my little boy Beau, age 7, is considered dumb by his teachers. He's restless in class, doesn't follow the teacher, his attention is elsewhere, etc. And I can tell by observing Beau daily...that he is a carbon-copy of me when I was his age!

This puzzled me and I was brooding on the strangeness of it recently...when suddenly the Si's communicated, and gave me the entire answer in a lightning-flash!

The human thinking apparatus is a complicated maze of "wiring" and "patterns of wiring". The Mensas, M's, have a much larger "pattern of wiring" than the normal person, who has a more simplified, smaller pattern of wiring. And of course, the smaller pattern is easier to activate in the early beginning. The larger pattern, more complicated pattern, takes longer, years longer, to activate! The Si's even gave me mental pictures to show me plainly how it works! They showed me a giant blotter, capable of absorbing water. Beside it was a tiny blotter, capable of absorbing water. Both blotters represented human brains...the giant blotter the more highly-evolved brain...the smaller blotter the simple, uncomplicated brain. If water were poured into the center of the small blotter, then the entire blotter would be saturated quickly. I.e., the child's brain is quickly activated (normal child) and the child functions normally, as the teacher expects the child should. But if water is poured into the center of the giant blotter, representing a child's brain that is highly-evolved, and very complicated pattern...then it takes years longer for that blotter to become entirely saturated (activated) to full operating capacity! (Gee, I hope I'm getting this over. It's so easy for me to see in my mind and understand...but getting Si information into English is tough sometimes.)

A similar analogy exists in nature. A newborn colt, or puppy, or kitten...etc., having a simple uncomplicated thinking pattern...quickly gets onto its feet, gets its eyes opened, and copes with its environment. Just like the child with a "small mind", or mind that is simple, normal and uncomplicated gets into action re coping with its environment quickly...and does better in 1st grade than the child with a "large mind" that is complicated, and will be unable to cope with its environment so quickly because the total brain pattern has to have more time to become fully activated!

Now, just as the colt or puppy gets into action fast in its environment...in contrast the human baby takes a long time to get into action to cope with its environment, comparatively. Right? I.e., with newborn colt compared with newborn human baby, so as to 1st grader child with small mind pattern compared with 1st grader child with large mind pattern to be activated fully. You see?

This is tremendously exciting to me, what the Si's have told me. I surely do wish I could show you the mental pictures the Si's have shown me. Because they actually showed me a mind-pattern in a human. It's like pictures I've seen of the cell set-up; you know, the genetic pattern. They also showed me an illness pattern in a human...looks something like a aerial view of a ~~XXX~~ maze ~~XXXX~~ below, or one of those puzzles composed of innumerable squares, some with openings, some with none, where you're supposed to draw a pencil line through to the center. (And they showed me how to draw this illness pattern out of a human. Haven't tried it yet.) It has to be transferred to some lesser form of living thing...like a tree, etc. I know this sounds fantastic...but the PK has wrecked football teams...why shouldn't this information be correct!

All right, switch thought here. In 1965 I went to CIA in Washington D.C. and told them all about Nature. I also told them at that time that ~~XXX~~ Nature said if I did die or were killed...then the U.S. would be destroyed. I'd always thought they meant either they would do it, or would allow our enemies Russia and China destroy the U.S. BUT in light of your most recent ms., what they've meant (and they've since reminded the U.S. govt. agencies time and again of this)...is that if I die or am killed...THEN THERE WILL BE NOBODY TO PROTECT THE U.S. FROM THE PSI WAR JUST BEGINNING WITH RUSSIA AND CHINA! I am, after all, due to their seven years of training, the only human in the world with my psi knowledge and uses of practical application of psi powers to the extent that I can use it. If the U.S. loses that...then the U.S. can be destroyed by ESP attacks from Russia ~~XXX~~ and China, as they grow more advanced in how to use it. As primitive as they are with it, and their knowledge, they are getting results in the U.S!

Before closing, Otto...just for your special interest...I'd like to tell you how I "flew" on two different occasions, and how I learned to read in one day at the age of six.

Correction... "flew" on possibly three occasions.

The first time was when I was five. My grandmother, "Queenie", drove across town to a neighbor's house. It was at dusk. She left me in the yard outside, while she went inside. Alone, suddenly I was drawn up into the air. I passed up over the downstairs window...up over the roof of the house...then the next thing I knew I was coming down again, slowly, until I reached the ground in a sitting position. How long I was up in the air, or what happened up there, I don't know. No memory of it at all. But I rushed into the house, greatly excited, and told Queenie about it...but of course she thought I was imagining it, and told me to run back outside and play!

The second time...was when I was a teenager. I climbed up on top of a ten-foot diving board at the Country Club swimming pool in Bedford, Indiana, and did a swan dive off the high board. But oddly, I didn't come down. I remained in the swan position, arms outstretched, looking down at the people in the pool...and it seemed as if time were frozen! Finally I came down with a splash. BUT THIS TIME SOMEBODY SAW IT AND CONFIRMED IT! Bob Armstrong, a childhood enemy of mine, said to me when I swam to the edge of the pool, "T, what happened up there? Seemed like you were up there forever. Thought you never were coming down! Only he, of the some 20 people around the pool, had seen it and noticed it...BUT HE HAD! It had not been my imagination. This made me greatly excited.

The third time was when I was on the Day Star, a Swedish ship sailing out of Frisco for New Caledonia in 1943. Out in the Pacific I was out on deck, up on a hatch, when suddenly I lifted and moved slowly through the air towards the railing. I could see the amazed faces of sailors below me, looking up at me. I must have traveled about ten feet, when slowly I descended to the deck in front of the rail! I turned and all those guys were staring at me. But just like at the swinging pool...they said nothing. It was almost like they'd all been ~~MMH~~ hypnotized to forget it. Except for Bob Armstrong.

Now for learning to read in one day. When I was 5, almost 6, Queenie (again) drove to Oelitic to her mother's house. Her mother was a famous psychic, worked with a ouija board. Queenie left me outside (again) on the front porch, where I swung in the porch swing. Suddenly there was a beautiful redhaired girl in the swing with me...in her 20's. She asked me if I'd like to read, and produced a book. I said yes, but said I don't know how. She laughed musically and put her arm around me and opened the book and read to me for a bit, then she said, "You can read now. Go up inside the house into the attic where you will find some old magazines. You can read them." I ran into the house up into the attic and there was a stack of old western magazines, dime novels. I picked up one and began to read about this cowboy on the desert, cooking bacon in his frying pan. It was like a whole new world to me. Queenie finally found me up there pouring over the magazines. From that day on I read avidly every magazine I could get my hands on! Then I started school... and the teacher gave me letters on cardboards to learn to identify, the cardboards to put into words. I told her I didn't need to

do all that...because I already could read. She sneered and laughed at me...went to the blackboard and wrote "apple" on it and asked me what that meant. Suddenly, and with no reason, I said "cow" although I knew exactly what the word was. IT WAS AS IF SOMETHING WERE TRYING TO HIDE OR SHIELD MY ADVANCED KNOWLEDGE. So she told me to go outside and stand in the hall, as punishment for lying.

By age 8 I'd read all the books in the Bedford library on hypnotism and voodoo and ESP. Not only that...I put the knowledge to use. The other kid gangs fought each other with rocks. I taught my gang to take match sticks, split the ends, insert playing card fins, insert a needle into the other end...and blow them through copper tubing at the other gangs! Things like that. I used voodoo on my brother Jack once to make him sick...my mother, Carol Owens (who has always hated me and been my vicious enemy from the beginning) will confirm that! She lives at 855 Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. But she remembers. I ~~had~~ used real voodoo techniques on my brother Jack...and he got sick...and my mother came to me and begged me to stop so that Jack would get well! And I was only 7-8 at the time. This in a tiny country town in Indiana where lots of the kids ran barefooted.

By the time I was a teenager I'd read all the books in the large library in Bedford...and was having the librarian send to Indianapolis, the state capitol, for more books! I'd read three full books in an evening.

This just to give you an idea of how that redhaired lady got me off to a running start by teaching me "instant reading." Somehow, it's sort of like when Cayce slept with a book under his pillow and when he woke, knew what was in it. Yet different. But somewhere in there...lies the same magic.

Sincerely,

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Owens
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