

students must live in dormitories, he has his own private apartment. "Now," Karpov says, "I would like my own car." Should he eventually beat Bobby Fischer, the Russians would undoubtedly be happy to give him not only a car, but a chauffeur to drive it as well.

Les Misérables

Philadelphia Eagles coach Ed Khayat is a short-haired, serious-minded Mississippian who enjoys the speeches of General Patton, wears an American-flag lapel pin at all times and betrays not a trace of sarcasm as he proclaims: "Next to my family, my God and my country, I love Philadelphia and football. And I've got both of those in the Eagles." The city's many cynics might quibble with part of his statement. Certainly coach Khayat's



Khayat: For God and Philadelphia

Eagles are an integral part of the Philadelphia scene—a living, if barely breathing, symbol of the town's sporting tradition of defeat and despair. But the fans can be forgiven for arguing that the game as played by the Eagles can't really be defined as football.

Khayat is not alone, of course, in his misery this winter in Philadelphia. Rookie coach Roy Rubin of the National Basketball Association's 76ers is referred to throughout the city simply as Poor Roy. Stumbling along at a rate that brings them roughly one victory each month, the 76ers have been hailed in the local press as "the greatest disaster in sports history." Only six years ago they were NBA champions, but Wilt Chamberlain and his expensive contract were traded away, Billy Cunningham jumped to the rival American Basketball Association—and now only aging Hal Greer remains. It is quite possible that no member of the club would be qualified to start on another NBA team, and one 76er has

suggested, realistically enough, that they save on travel expenses and simply "mail in the losses." In the World Hockey Association, the Philadelphia Blazers are so deep in last place that they may wish that more games would turn out like their home opener—which was canceled when the ice melted.

Despite such formidable competition, however, most Philadelphians reserve a special place of dishonor for the pathetic Eagles, who eked out just two wins and all of 103 points in their first eleven games this season. From top to bottom, the organization is disgruntled and chaotic; when things go badly, the players not only blunder, but—according to coach Khayat—they quit. After the Eagles stood around and watched the New York Giants run past them for 62 points last week, all-pro safety Bill Bradley admitted sadly: "I'm embarrassed."

The embarrassment began early for the Eagles, when promising running back Po James arrived at rookie camp sporting fashionable new high-heeled shoes—and promptly tripped on a curb and sprained his ankle. Last week, league-leading pass catcher Harold Jackson continued the unhappy tradition: he injured his knee by slipping on a slick floor in his Society Hill apartment.

Mutiny: Some Eagles trace their troubles to Khayat's militaristic approach, which includes restrictions on the length of hair. When the rules were initiated, hirsute free spirit Tim Rossovich asked if club owner Leonard Tose would have to comply by trimming his bushy eyebrows. Linebacker Rossovich, who also offended management by holding out this fall, was soon traded away, leaving the Eagle defense even more vulnerable than usual. Now the remaining Eagles are on the verge of open mutiny against both Khayat's old-fashioned ways and general manager Pete Retzlaff's parsimonious policies. The fans themselves have grown so rebellious that Tose has to use decoy limousines to make stealthy getaways from home games before his car can be battered by non-admirers.

Unlike other bad teams who can claim to be building for the future, the Eagles promise to remain just as awful for years to come; they have an uncanny knack for doing almost everything wrong. Even the national anthem presents insurmountable hurdles for them: at one game, they invited an eager fan to sing it and he forgot the lyrics; at another, they waved in a fleet of Hovercraft, only to have one lurch out of control, narrowly missing an unsuspecting member of the Marine Corps color guard. Then there was the time the Eagles erected nets to catch extra-point kicks and avoid injury-producing scrambles for the balls in the stands. But the first time the nets were used, they proved too small and the groundskeepers too slow in yanking them into place. The result was all too predictable to Eagle followers: the final score gave the end zone fans eight footballs, the Eagles nothing.

MONEY GROWS FASTER IN MEXICO

Contact us for information on Mexican investment opportunities. Supervised accounts offer unusual possibilities for capital growth or secure monthly income at rates in excess of what may now be available to you. At no obligation, write: E. C. Latham, President, Mexletter Investment Counsel, Hamburgo 159, Mexico 6, D. F., Mexico.

MEXLETTER

Which new pocket camera really fits your pocket?



The one on the left weighs 9 ounces. The new Minox BL, 2 3/4 ounces. One is small. Minox is ultra-miniature. The difference is plain to see.

Both take great B/W or full-color pictures. Minox prints are 3 x 4 1/4" big! New Minox BL, \$200... and worth every penny of it! This year, gift yourself, clients and friends. At all fine camera counters.

MINOX USA
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377



If Bob Cousy can do it, so can you.

Bob's a Big Brother.

Each week, he spends a little time with a fatherless boy.

America has a million and a half boys who need a man for a friend.

One man. One boy. Man to man. That's Big Brothers.

Call your local Big Brothers agency and spend a little time with one of the boys.

Apollo Lands 'On Target' in Gentle Pacific

From Our Wire Services

ABOARD USS TICONDEROGA. — Apollo 17 came home from the moon Tuesday, splashing down safely in gentle South Pacific seas to end the American program which put 20th century man on the lunar surface.

American astronauts Eugene Cernan, Harrison Schmitt and Ronald Evans returned to earth at 2:25 P. M. EST, ending the last, longest and most scientifically productive of the six Apollo moon landing missions.

Fifty-three minutes later, they were safely aboard this recovery carrier, 400 miles southeast of Samoa.

WELCOMED ABOARD by Navy officials, the astronauts stood on the flag-draped deck and congratulated the Ticonderoga crew for a "fantastic" recovery.

"We think we flew a good mission," said mission commander Cernan. "We think we accomplished something and, by golly, we're proud of it... I thank God that our country has chosen to grow. Nothing is impossible in this world if dedicated people are involved."

After short messages of thanks by Evans, who once served aboard the Ticonderoga as a Navy fighter pilot, and civilian-geologist Schmitt, the astronauts went below decks for physical examinations. A helicopter, piloted by Cmdr. Edward E. Dahill 2d of South Dartmouth, Mass., had plucked the astronauts from a life raft and brought them to the deck of this carrier at 3:18 P. M.

THE FLIGHT was made slowly to allow the spacemen to don orange Ticonderoga overalls and black baseball-style caps with Navy "scrambled eggs" on the bills.

From re-entry to splash-down, the last minutes of the mission went smoothly as it had since its trip began with blastoff from Cape Kennedy, Fla., at 12:33 A. M. Dec. 7.

Cernan and Schmitt spent three days on the moon in what was termed man's "most scientifically sophisticated" exploration.

The spacecraft America was traveling 24,606 miles per

January 2, 1973....TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS...

please contrast...the smoothness of this Apollo 17 flight..."best ever" according to NASA...where all went perfectly...with the Apollo 16 flight where I telephoned Dr. Hymek and Otto Binder in advance of the 16 flight and told them I would louse up the flight and harass the astronauts with all sorts of freak happenings...(to prove that Dr. Rhine's previous telepathic experiment with the astronaut was extremely enemic...compared to what I could do.) And remember...

the wild things that went wrong with that 16 flight thereafter, culminating with an explosion which damaged the space craft even after it returned! Then read again about Apollo 17, which I did not touch with Other Dimensional Force (which, incidentally, is infinitely more powerful than just psi-force!)

Owens
XPKWanX



Apollo Adventure Ends in Perfection

12/20/72
Contrast this flight which I did not touch with PK's against Apollo 16 flight!!

BRAD STEIGER BOOKS IN HARD COVER

CONTACTS

BRAD TELLS ME THAT
HE HAS INCLUDED ME
IN THIS BOOK. SO IF YOU
WANT A COPY, SEND FOR
IT AT "OTHER DIMENSIONS
INC. BOX 15, DECCRAH,
IOWA, 52101. (\$7.95)

104 1/2
Washington
St.

Quene
XPK Man
12/19/72



A MAJOR RELEASE FROM PRENTICE-HALL

This book is an investigation of men and women who claim to be in touch with a higher intelligence. Brad Steiger has on file literally hundreds of individuals who claim to have received messages directly from God--or angels, spacemen, guides or other superhuman entities, but somehow the messages all have an internal consistency. Steiger comes to the inescapable conclusion that the source of these messages is not a deranged subconscious, but an outside intelligence that has been operating throughout history. Packed with never-before published case histories, this book is a detective story on several levels--psychological, religious and philosophical, opening a whole new vista for occult buffs.

THE DIVINE FIRE will be a high powered successor such books as CHARIOTS OF THE GODS and THE PASSOVER PLOT. Steiger presents an indepth study of a fascinating psychological phenomenon--plus actual predictions, warnings and messages from a wide range of revelators. THE DIVINE FIRE contains interviews with prominent clergymen, scientists, and psychics which give the reader a dramatic new viewpoint. "messages from above" and the Jesus Movement. In addition, there are precise and complete instructions how the reader may cultivate the Revelation Experience for himself.

REVELATION: THE DIVINE FIRE IS SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE TO BOOK STORES IN APRIL, 1973.--BUT YOU CAN ORDER NOW FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY--ONLY FROM OTHER DIMENSIONS. ORDER YOUR AUTOGRAPHED COPY \$7.95

(For fast service tell them I referred you)

①

Carrier Returning After Accident

SAN DIEGO, Calif. (AP).—The aircraft carrier Constellation has returned to port after a fighter jet failed to stop on deck and dropped over the side, suspended in air by a cable.

Both pilots escaped safely from the F-4J when the incident occurred Saturday 35 miles out at sea, a Navy spokesman said. The Constellation returned Sunday.

The Navy said it is investigating the incident, which is similar to another accident a month ago that also left a jet hanging over the side of the carrier.

Phila. Inq. 12/12/72

②

Constellation Hit by Blast, Fire; 1 Hurt

SAN DIEGO (AP)—An oxygen explosion and fire hit the carrier Constellation last Saturday at sea, injuring a sailor, the Navy said Tuesday.

Davis S. Neck, 21, of Warren, Mich., was flown to San Diego Naval Hospital and later to Brooke Army Hospital at San Antonio, Tex.

The explosion took place as Neck was working on an Intruder jet plane on the carrier's hangar deck, a Navy spokesman said. Neck suffered second and third-degree burns over 60 per cent of his body. There was no report of shipboard damage from the fire.

The Navy also disclosed that the pilot of an F4J Phantom jet which overshot the landing deck of the same carrier Saturday suffered a broken ankle when he ejected 35 miles off shore. An arresting cable caught the plane, hanging it over the side until it was removed Monday in San Diego.

The pilot, Lt. John R. Brooke of Poway, also lost two teeth. A copilot escaped injury, the Navy said.

The plane was not damaged heavily, the Navy said.

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS....

Here you have not one, but TWO...freak accidents that hit the aircraft carrier Constellation last Saturday...bang bang! (Please append to the file I just sent you, showing you how I gave just such a demonstration as this in 1966.)

As usual...the psi force that I sent forth...caused these accidents.

I am now being castigated in national periodicals...for causing accidents with psi force. However, it is of vital importance...that scientists such as yourself KNOW ABSOLUTELY that a human mind (even if it is the only human mind of its kind now in existence) CAN ACTUALLY DO THESE THINGS.

I wish that I could have a "nice guy" goody-goody image to present to the public...but I cannot, and still prove what I have to prove. In short...I can't demonstrate against football and basketball teams; make and guide hurricanes; harass military forces...with my mind (and document it)...and still win a popularity contest! I'll just have to leave Jeane Dixon as the popularity winner, while I stomp around with my big feet of clay...and my one-of-a-kind mind.

Owens x PK Man x