

January 2, 1973

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS...

Important Notes

The Si's communicated with me last week...and told me that I AM NOT USING PSI FORCE. That is, what is described as "psi-force" in "Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain."

They explained that I am using an entirely different force, or power...then is known anywhere on Earth. What I am using, they told me...is OTHER-DIMENSIONAL FORCE! Furthermore...what it is, and the description of how it works...CANNOT BE EXPLAINED IN ANY EARTH LANGUAGE...they told me. There are no WORDS for it! They explained...that when they modified my human brain...they made my brain like a radio set that can pick up other-dimensional power (from their own dimension) that no other human brain can pick up. (Imagine, if you will...that all peoples on the Earth had only AM-FM radio. But I alone had a special radio set that could pick up other frequencies, such as short wave, etc.)

My brain is able to tune in on, then reflect...various other-dimensional powers onto our weather patterns (explaining why I have controlled lightning strikes, controlled hurricanes, controlled drought, etc.) and other areas of interest...to bring about cause-and-effect results!

And because...the what and why of it...would be so alien to my own human brain (in the understanding of it) they had to lead me gently into it...blocking out a lot of it...just feeding me the best instructions on how to use the little information they gave me...and enlightening me gradually, as they ascertained I could adjust to the new knowledge. Since it is all in the abstract, really...this was all that they could do! (And this is the process still going on.)

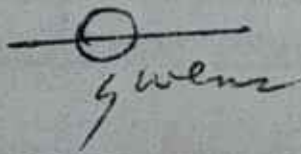
Another thing I want to tell you is...how my miracles are being repressed and shut from the public view!

Let me briefly review one of the best miracles I have ever done...control of the government radar installation.

Bill Richards, FAA radar expert and controller of the huge FAA radar installation just outside Cape Charles...took me to that radar installation at night...and I produced 25-50 UFO's on the radar screen! Even more...I produced multiple strobes (spokes) all around the screen after telling him I would try to do so! Even more...in doing that I used the Chesapeake Bay Bridge on the radar screen as a "bullseye" for my PK attack, to produce the strobes. After the experiment I told him jokingly I hoped that in producing those strobes I wouldn't cause the Chesapeake Bay Bridge to be wrecked! Also I told him that it hadn't occurred to me...but I had unwittingly loosed "psi-force" in the Chesapeake Bay area covered by the radar's reach...and to watch for airplanes down, ship accidents, freak things happening, etc. Following this radar demonstration, several days later, planes began to crash...one right after the other...four huge planes in five days...then more. Also the aircraft carrier Forrestal caught fire. Then...THE CHESAPEAKE BAY BRIDGE WAS WRECKED! By a runaway giant barge. (Neither the sailor charged with the carrier fire or the runaway barge...was to blame. The "psi-force" "used" them as tools!)

All right. So much for that. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (And remember that Bill signed a notarized statement right after the experiment, that it was all true!)

Well, after the Bay Bridge was wrecked...Bill came over to my house and told me that he was in big trouble. Seems that his superior in the FAA had called him in...and let him know that he could lose his job (and home and everything)...if further word of my radar demonstration got out! So there it is...if I go on radio or TV how can I describe ~~XXX~~ my ONLY miracle done with government experts present, and performed on scientific government instruments? Without getting Bill fired? Dirty pool, right?


G. W. Lewis

January 22, 1973

TO MY SIM SCIENTISTS....

The Si's communicated with me last night...and told me to pass on this message to the human race...from them.

Since no government takes me seriously...and just a few scientists are even interested...they deem it necessary to give a demonstration of their powers, further...in order to prove that they are real...and that I am indeed a living link with them, as no other human being is.

This last year was called "The Year of the Flood" (a special television show to that effect, outlining the many floods and heavy rainfall...which I had in fact predicted in Brad Steiger's book, "What The Seers Predict For 1972" a year ahead of time.)

All right. Ahead is NOT the year(s) of the flood. But the REVERSE.

The Si's are going to produce world-wide drought, intense heat, and LACK of rainfall and water.

Otto Hinder once asked me, "Ted, which plague are we in now?" The above is it.

Owens
/ x PK Man X

2710 Graham Street,
Grand Prairie, Texas 75050.

January 11, 1973.

Mr. Ted Owens,
PK Man,
P. O. Box 48,
Cape Charles, Virginia 23310.

Dear Ted:

The early part of Christmas evening, Monday, December 25, 1972, could have proved to be more saddening than it was, had not it been for our true and great friend TED OWENS, whose belief in the power of the Almighty has unfolded many miracles.

In commentaries pertaining to the kind and famous TED OWENS, reference is often made to "PK Men," the interpretation of which applies to "earthly psychokinesis for Ted has been allowed to tap a reservoir of powers called the ODE forces. ODE stands for 'Other Dimensional Effects.'"

The foregoing facts have been quoted from the April 1971 issue of SAGA by Otto O. Binder, a brilliant and enlightening summary of how Mr. Owens came into possession of his fantastic powers, and why the Saucer Intelligences chose him to be the Agent for their vital missions to Earth.

Authority has not been given to me by "Saga"; however, on page 4 of the magazine in the lower left-hand corner, there is a statement relative to permission being granted to communications to quote from the issue. Should it be necessary for me to have authority to cite passages, compliance will be made.

Because of icy weather conditions (Thursday, January 11, 1973) making it impossible to drive this morning, it was necessary for us to remain at home. The leisure time has afforded an opportunity to begin this letter-report.

Incidentally, from daylight, the sky has been overcast and the fields, trees, shrubs, and ground are clothed in snow, making the outdoors a winter wonderland. It must have been destined that today be the day to make preparation to record what is an undeniable MIRACLE.

Shortly after dawn, I glanced out the windows, especially on the north and east, and to amazement, many American Robins, possibly 100, were ensconced in the snow-laden area. The other birds that had been a part of the haven throughout the months, such as the Cardinals, the Blue Jays, the Mockingbirds, the English Sparrows were riotous because of the other birds on the wing.

To this point, at approximately 2:00 p.m., the sun has remained obscure except for the few moments much earlier when the American Robins were chirpingly seeking a repast. Through the smoke-grey clouds, the sun appeared partially and the color emitted was shimmering gold, with evident tones of the Robin-Red Breast.

All these facts dovetail.

The courageous Negro postman who brings our mail to the box outside the gate was so dismayed when learning that Rita had been injured. A day or so later, in the box was an unstamped envelope addressed to "Miss Kennedy." The card bore a picture of a Robin standing on a beautiful nest sheltering four blue eggs. In the background was an array of apple blossoms. The inside gave a message:

"Best wishes for a
speedy recovery!"

Then following:

"From your Postman
Don Worthington"

(NOTE: Ted, the named gentleman is the one who frequently delivers your treasured correspondence.)

The reverse of the card carried the following data:

"Robin

"With his head thrown back, the herald of Spring joyously carols her advent. Robins follow the edge of Spring in their migratory flight northward, often advancing as much as 40 miles a day. They have been known to breed as far north as the tree limit in Canada and Alaska. The breast is brick red; head black; grey back; yellow bill; and streaked whitish throat. Their diet consists of earthworms, insects and fruit."

I have just looked out--no sign of our bird visitors; perhaps, they are completing another lap of the journey.

Now, to resume the true facts of the night of December 25, 1972. Maria and I were absent from home for over an hour. Upon our return, a knock at the entrance in the rear did not bring Rita. Somehow, there was apprehension; finally, after a brief period, she answered the door. It was easily detected that she had been injured. Her entire right side was affected by a fall on the irregularly-placed brick walk, which was a few inches above ground level.

After knowing that the injuries were not of a nature that would correct themselves, a period of rationalization proved that it would be poor judgment to endeavor to communicate with an orthopaedic specialist then.

The following morning, Tuesday, December 26, 1972, Rita arose courageously. She made no complaints, but the right arm was frighteningly swollen and bruised as well as other areas.

Quickly, it was determined that medical aid was imperative.

Through the grace of God, I recalled the name of the doctor who, at one time, treated our deceased sister Margaret. I communicated with his office and the assistant stated that when he was located, I would receive a call; at about 9:30 a.m., the nurse called and asked for details. An appointment was arranged for 1:00 p.m. The schedule was kept. Rita was later taken to an examination room, and shortly, Dr. A. O. Loiselle enters. We had not met until that day, December 26, 1972. When he viewed Rita's arm and body, he commented that "This is what you call black and blue."

Upon determining the diagnostic course to pursue, he carefully examined the arm which Rita could not raise. He lifted it and rotated it cautiously. Other phases of the examination were made; then Dr. Loiselle gave orders for X ray, including the complete pelvic region.

Soon, the Radiologist called for Rita. After a reasonable length of time, she was assigned to the waiting room, after which the doctor called for her. We entered the area where he was seated before the photographs obtained.

Dr. Loiselle told Rita that he did not understand how she stood the pain when he elevated the arm. The necessity of prompt attention was evident. He stated that her case was an emergency, and that she would have to enter the hospital immediately with an operation the following morning, which would have been Wednesday, December 27, 1972.

This report was so saddening, and after glancing out the window, I turned and said: "Doctor, is there some other way?" He stated that there was no other way to get her well. He then telephoned St. Paul Hospital, making arrangements for immediate entrance. Also, the proper one in the Operating Room was called; he gave instructions and spoke of having pins, etc., in readiness.

Naturally, we were stunned, and after the doctor gave Maria instructions on the safest and quickest route to the hospital, we were on our way.

Rita, after a delay upon our arrival, was placed in a wheel chair and was assigned to Room 221. Our stay that afternoon and early evening was one of anguish of mind.

Ted, since we are "disc people," the answer came to us that you be informed of the facts and the promise was sealed with a kiss on Rita's cheek.

Upon reaching home, the call was placed, and in a brief span, you answered. To hear your voice imparted strength. I informed you who I was and you exchanged greetings of the Season. I recall crying when mentioning Rita's serious injury. You asked for details, which were reasonably complete. You told us not to worry and that Rita would be all right.

(NOTE: 3:51 p.m., January 11, 1973--At this moment, the sun broke through and is shining in the window.)

Returning to our conversation: You said that you were sending an Angel for Rita who would remain with her throughout the night and for the rest of her life. You said you would put the Rainbow Rays, the Healing Lights, around her. Did you speak of forming a link to mental help? In excitement, my interpretation may have gone awry. Ted, you stressed that when Rita was in the operating room that the DISCS be held in our right hands.

The morning of Wednesday, December 27, 1972, Maria and I arrived at Room 221 at around 8:50 a.m. I inquired of Rita if I might put some lotion on her face; this thought was a welcomed one because her complexion felt parched from the scrubbing that had been given. At the time a nurse came in and inquiry was made if Rita could have lotion on her face. The nurse said "Absolutely not; she is not to have makeup to go to surgery." She was then given an

3
injection in her left upper arm, and we were informed that she was due in the operating room within 30 minutes. Shortly, thereafter, the nurse returns with apology. It was stated that she was assigned to the operating room at once. An attendant and other personnel appeared, and she was placed on the conveyor with effort. As she was wheeled from the room, we placed a kiss on her forehead; soon, she was out of sight.

In the waiting room, a number of anxious individuals were patiently awaiting the appearance of the various surgeons who would give a current report to family members. The aura of apprehension prevailed, and had not the power which you were sending to us continued to encompass our realm, we may have engaged in consoling words to others. The DISCS, though, which were being comfortably held, kept us in strengthening obedience and our minds were not receptive to negativity.

After a prolonged period, a doctor, after surgery, came to see a waiting member of someone. The doctor, coincidentally, was the one who so capably handled Maria's case at the Emergency Section of St. Paul Hospital during the Holiday Season several years ago. From a floral arrangement, the finger had been pricked and blood poisoning was setting in. As that doctor turned to walk away, I commented that that was Dr. Morris. I quickly departed and called to him. He turned, and after immediate identification and a brief account of the case which he had handled for us, recognition was evident in his kindly face.

As I stood there, Rita's surgeon, Dr. A. O. Loiselle comes through a door. To relieve the situation, he made an apropos remark; then I promptly explained why I was in conversation with another doctor.

Dr. Loiselle steps to the side of the corridor and very triumphantly said: "With the first attempt, the shoulder went into place and I did not have to operate." I emphatically stated, "Doctor, that was a miracle." He smilingly acquiesced.

During the time, Rita was in the Recovery Room, I placed a call to you and gave the magnificent report to Martha, your wife; that night I communicated with you and gratefully told you of the miracle which you performed through all the powers you possess as PK Man and the Agent for Saucer Intelligence. To you, we bow in homage.

After Rita's release from St. Paul Hospital on the afternoon of Saturday, December 30, 1972, she returned to the Clinic in accordance with instructions from the doctor on Tuesday, January 2, 1973. After further examination and X ray, Dr. Loiselle stated that he was never so shocked in his life when he saw her first pictures prior to being ordered to the hospital for surgery. He remarked that from the new examinations, the shoulder was in perfect place and holding.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 9, 1973, Dr. Loiselle made additional X rays and even though the extensive bruised areas remained, another very favorable report was given.

Another appointment is set for Tuesday, January 23, 1973, at which time Dr. Loiselle will remove bandaging which has kept the arm immovable, but with the use of the right hand. Prior to leaving the doctor's office on January 9, 1973, Rita asked the doctor if he would record on a memorandum sheet just what happened. I quote from the notation:

"Fracture Surgical
neck right
humerus"

Should it be necessary to further verify the foregoing account, there are in our possession itemized statements which, among other necessities, preparations were made for transfusion service; and as requested in consultation by Dr. Loiselle: "For the personal welfare of his patients, your surgeon has requested the services of a physician specialized in anesthesia whose name is Franz W. Matos, M. D."

To the best of my knowledge and belief the above and foregoing instrument is a true and correct statement of the facts.

Your devoted friend,

Rita P. Kennedy
Maria J. Kennedy
(ACKNOWLEDGEMENT ATTACHED)

James L. Kennedy

Mr. Ted Owens
% Saga Magazine

Amazing!!

Answer.

Vancouver Jan. 27/73

Book

Dear Mr. Ted Owens

On August 30, 1971 at 11:30 A.M. I was working on the deck of a ship loading lumber. I was knocked from the deck of the ship by a 4 ton load of lumber. The load of lumber struck me with such force that I landed on the dock rail 20 feet away and 20 feet down, then I bounced off the rail and struck the side of the ship, I bounced off the ship and landed another 20 feet down onto a log, I then fell off the log into the water and drowned, 15 minutes later my foreman jumped into the water, located me under the dock, pulled me out and restored my breathing.

All my ribs were broken, my ribs punctured my lungs, liver, kidneys and spleen, my neck was broken, my collar bone and shoulder blade were broken, all the bones in my left hand were broken. I was only 5 days in a hospital bed, on the 6 days I walked up and down 6 flights of stairs in the hospital. I had a very bad head injuries that destroyed all feeling of pain. I never had any feeling of pain during my accident or after. I still have no pain. I need your help in communicating with U.F.O. Space intelligence. I have to find out why I was brought back from the dead and I would like to know why I am suffering no pain, I have always been a bad boy, bad boy and very puzzled.

(My age is 60)

Sincerely yours.

Joe J. Beisig

Joe J. Beisig
876 GRANVILLE ST.
VANCOUVER 2, B.C.

Waterfront Return to boss cited

Joe Beisig
Longshore foreman Kenneth Lamirand, 40, was awarded the Workmen's Compensation Board's \$1,000 silver bravery award Friday for his rescue of a drowning fellow worker last August.

While working aboard a freighter, he jumped 10 feet from a stack of lumber to the ship's railing and then plunged into the water to rescue Joseph Beisig of North Vancouver.

Beisig had been knocked from the deck by a sling load of lumber.

Lamirand, of 3013 Douglas, Burnaby, located Beisig floating under the dock, pulled him on to a fender log and restored his breathing.

Beisig was treated in hospital for head and chest injuries and is now a patient at the WCB rehabilitation clinic.

Labor Minister James Chahol presented the award at a Bayshore Inn dinner.

P.S. This clipping is of my accident.
The men who saved my life got
a \$1,000 reward and 2 medals.

L.J.B.

January 2, 1973

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS...

If you have been following my experiment...to control the weather all over the U.S. to warmth for the winter...I refer you back to my letter of Oct. 25, 1972:

"...and arrange for one (or two) on the far side of the earth) to reflect the sun's rays onto THIS side of the earth, these rays to then be reflected downward onto OUR side of the earth by the one or two huge UFO's on THIS side."

Now, please note the above wording that I used...and then note what has happened to the weather. On the East Coast area where I live IT HAS BEEN LIKE JUNE CLEAR UP UNTIL NOW, AND IS STILL WARM. (See newsclips).

Now note that wording above that I used...THIS side of the earth...OUR side...etc. Evidently the UFO's misunderstood my communication and symbolic instructions, and hit the EAST COAST WITH HEAT! This left the West Coast cold, as usual.

(Of course, I also used the power of my own mind, too).

And I think the northern part of the East Coast was cold, but have no access to weather records so am guessing about that. But this area...WHERE I LIVE...has been exactly like summer!

THERE IS NO DOUBT WHATSOEVER IN MY MIND...THAT THE SI'S AND I BROUGHT THIS TO PASS. I am still, however, trying to apply heat to the rest of the U.S. What this will cause...is a lot of rain, probably...because my "heat attack" hitting ice and snow on the ground and in the air...will melt it. Already...I am afraid my attempt to "heat the United States with psi-force and UFO power"...has hurt the U.S. farmers. (See newsclip).

Ted Owens (PK Man)

* except for
two days of
cold.

Owens

12/20/72

My psi-force
control to keep
spring weather
here, is working!
It's been spring
weather clear to
Dec. 20 (excl.
day).

Where Did Winter Go?

Suffolkians, grown accustomed to subfreezing temperatures and gray skies for several days, walked outside Tuesday into warm sunshine and a thermometer reading of 56 degrees that held a hint of spring. Shoppers found their heavy coats uncomfortable but easier to wear than to carry.

Virginian-Pilot Photo by Nita Sizer

Jan. 3, 1973

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS....

I trust that you have read, and studied closely, this entire 1966-67 file page by page. It tells you a lot.
You will remember my most clean-cut demonstration...when I performed the Norfolk "Multiple Miracle" a few years ago?
Well, you will see the very familiar pattern of it...but enlarged many times...throughout this file.
You will see lightning attacks...my sign and my symbol. (Remember Cleveland?)
You will see a gradual build-up of storms and rain...where there was no rain for years!
You will see how ingeniously it was all...all done.
Then...when you have finished studying it...you will begin to see...the absolutely terrifying scope that my powers have.
Remember...all this was called in advance by me, not only in writing to President Johnson...but over two different radio shows in Philadelphia...and in writing to many contacts at that time (scientists, lawyers, etc.)

This has cost me a small fortune...to xerox and pay for folders, postage, etc., therefore if anyone at all out there...wants to send me five or ten...to help in all of this...please do. I need it.

But doing it this way...was the ONLY way...

It is rather strange that at this point...a new twist has come into my proof, documented proof. This is the second time...I have called on 1966 documentation...to prove a recent demonstration!
How clever, how very very clever...the Si's are! No human brain could have ever devised a more clever way to prove these other-dimensional powers which I have, over the years! Do you not agree? (In a way...time has been distorted...in an abstract sense...if you understand what I mean.)

Owens
⚡ x PK Man X

15,
January 15, 1973

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS...

Yesterday I controlled the Super Bowl Game.
Last week...I sent telegrams to George Allen, coach of the Washington Redskins, and to Don Shula, coach of the Miami Dolphins..."Would you like to hire my powers for the Super Bowl?" But I received no answer from either of them. At that time the newspapers stated that Las Vegas gamblers had Washington the favorite...varying from 1 to 3 points, ahead of the Miami team.

All right, yesterday morning the local newspaper, Virginian-Pilot, sports editor, George McClelland, predicted that Washington would beat the Miami team 24-10.

The Virginian-Pilot
Sports and Business

Section

E

Super Sunday VII, Jan. 14, 1973



Center Ring-Redskin Victory

The Dolphins are a splendid, well-prepared team. Their coach came out points ahead of Allen in jousting with the media.

"I've changed since my first Super Bowl," Shula admitted to a writer he remembered from his year as an assistant on Dick Voris' staff at Virginia. "I'm not as short with the same old questions. I understand the problems you fellows face and I can see you try and understand mine."

More than that Shula has been witty and helpful, hinting even that the down to watch for fireworks today is first, that something must be done to unhinge Redskin confidence on defense.

Allen has used the press, manipulated it as he manipulates all things in his pursuit of the main chance—the big game.

He has turned his players against the writers as he did during the regular season. His line is that everyone is against the Redskins, that they stand like Horatius at the Bridge, against an army of Etruscans.

In player matchups the Redskins have an edge, particularly the Washington offense versus the Miami defense. Brown is the ground advantage for Washington. Kilmer is riding a hot streak at quarterback.

Washington figures to move the football doing the things it does best. Shula may have to gamble to make headway.

Finally the intense Allen makes a difference.

He has convinced the little boy in his old men that they can't lose this game.

The Dolphins have doubts, bred of experience.

They have been there and lost.

The prediction is Washington, 24-10.



2 - SUPER BOWL VII

So...Washington had been picked by both the Las Vegas gamblers, and George McClelland, sports editor here (and a very smart cookie)...to be the winner.

It was an hour before game time...when I made my decision to control this game.

I have two very dear friends...George Delavan and Evelyn Goodman...and I decided to make them a present of the game itself. (A Super Bowl makes the perfect gift for the person who has everything...right?)

I called George long distance, from Norfolk to Des Plaines, Illinois (he lives at 109 Ashland Ave.) and explained that I would give him the Washington Redskins, served up on a platter with an apple in their collective mouth...and Miami the winner. I told him I would make Washington make turnovers...which should give Miami the game.

Next I called Evelyn Goodman, 6245 SW 117th Terrace, Miami, Florida...but she was not at home so I left the message for her with her husband, Berney Goodman (a ~~con~~ ^{prominent} Miami architect...that I was going to help the Miami team win for her and her family...as a personal gift from me to them. That I would create Redskin turnovers. (Here let me explain that when I give a large demonstration such as this...I NEED two different witnesses to it...a sort of cross-reference. For instance, when I controlled the Apollo 16 flight, I called Dr. Hynek and Otto Binder both...to explain that I would do so, and how I would do it. I.e., when two or more people are witnesses to a miracle...you'd better believe...it is a miracle.)

Then I settled down to the control of the game itself...using ODF (other dimensional force)...and it worked beautifully. If you saw the game...then you KNOW it was not the REGULAR Washington Redskin team you were watching! Also...the same freak plays...tipped plays...were in evidence just like they were in that other famous game I controlled, Super Bowl, between the Colts and the Cowboys.

You will note here...that the Redskins had an easy touchdown opportunity...but the goalpost "accidentally" deflected the ball!

In closing...the "PK" or "ODF" attack cannot win a ball game by itself...the team it is helping must cash in...on scoring situations set up by my incredible powers. Miami has a fine team, a top team...and did just that. In effect, the Redskins were facing, not just one opponent...but two opponents...the Dolphins, and PK Men with the most amazing powers in the history of the world!

Owens
+ PK Man

To Whom It May Concern:

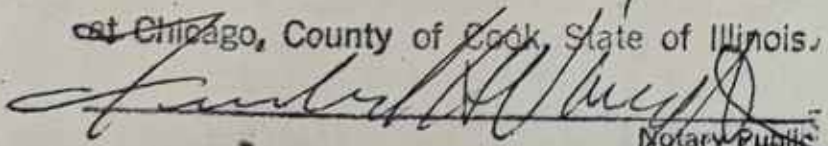
Yesterday, Sunday, January 14, 1973, Ted Owens called me long distance at 2:30 p. m. just minutes before the beginning of the Super Bowl VII game.

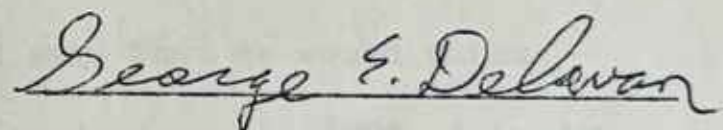
Ted Owens told me that he would use his abilities in psychokinesis (PK) to hold back the Washington Redskins from scoring thus giving the Miami Dolphins a decided advantage.

In fact, the Washington Redskins were completely scoreless until the fourth quarter. The Dolphins won 14-7 against Washington.

I swear that this is a true and accurate statement of facts as I know them.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 16 Day of January 1973
at Chicago, County of Cook, State of Illinois.


Notary Public



George E. Delavan

109 Ashland ave.

Des Plaines, Ill., 60016

6245 S. W. 117th Terrace

Miami, Florida 33156

January 14, 1973

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that Ted Owens did call us before the Super Bowl game commenced between the Miami Dolphins and the Washington Redskins, and said that he would cause the Dolphins to win the game today, January 14, 1973, in order to make us happy.

Indeed, it is now past history ----- the Dolphins did win the Super Bowl game, 14 - 7.

Sincerely,

Evelyn Goodman

Evelyn Goodman

*Sworn to and subscribed
before me this 15th day
of January A.D. 1973-*

Mary Freeman

NOTARY PUBLIC STATE OF FLORIDA AT LARGE
MY COMMISSION EXPIRES MARCH 16, 1973
BONDED THRU FRED W. DIESTELHORST

1/15/73
The Redskins had a glittering opportunity to slice a 14-point deficit in half.

With six minutes left the Redskins had moved to the Miami 10 with a resolute drive reminiscent of the offense which had brought them to this game.

In a second and six situation, Billy Kilmer, the 32-year-old Redskin quarterback who had twice been intercepted, dropped back and fired a pass toward Jerry Smith in the rear of the end zone.

"It was," Smith said softly afterward, "a touchdown. It had to be. All I had to do was catch it. That makes it 14-7 and the next touchdown ties it."

The Washington tight end shook his head.

The ball never reached him, of course. In mid-flight it caught a piece of the goalpost and was deflected.

"It just barely hit the bar," Smith said.

Sammy Baugh said much the same thing the last time the Redskins were in a title game — in Cleveland against the Rams in 1945. That pass, though, Baugh threw from his end zone. Striking an upright, the ball fell into the end zone for a safety in a game Washington lost, 15-14.

The interruption this time was less dramatic, just as disastrous to a team that was badly outplayed.

Nixon Sadly Praises

1/15/73

KEY BISCAYNE, Fla. (AP) — President Nixon watched with dismay Sunday as his favorite football team, the Washington Redskins, lost to Miami, 14-7, in what he called "one of the best Super Bowl games ever."

"That was a fine game," Nixon said, in comments relayed by deputy press secretary Neal Ball, "... because there was suspense right up to the end."

"The people of Washington and the people of Miami can both be proud of their teams," Nixon said. "They played well."

Aides said they expected Nixon would telephone the coaches of the rival teams on Monday.

The chief executive watched the game on television with his close friend and neighbor C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo, a Key Biscayne banker.

The two drove to Rebozo's second home on this island 50 miles south of Miami to watch the game.

While the game was in progress, aides said Nixon and Rebozo ate a seafood dinner. After the game, Nixon left for his Key Biscayne home.

January 22, 1973

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS....

The Si's communicated with me last night...and told me to pass on this message to the human race...from them.

Since no government takes me seriously...and just a few scientists are even interested...they deem it necessary to give a demonstration of their powers, further...in order to prove that they are real...and that I am indeed a living link with them, as no other human being is.

This last year was called "The Year of the Flood" (a special television show to that effect, outlining the many floods and heavy rainfall...which I had in fact predicted in Brad Steiger's book, "What The Seers Predict For 1972" a year ahead of time.)

All right. Ahead is NOT the year(s) of the flood. But the REVERSE.

The Si's are going to produce world-wide drought, intense heat, and LACK of rainfall and water.

Otto Rinder once asked me, "Ted, which plague are we in now?" The above is it.

Owens
x PK Man X