

March 5, 1971.....TO ALL CONTACTS

Well, folks, that's all she wrote. I mean...yesterday the court reporter I've worked for, for several years...called and told me she's quitting here and going to Georgia. That means she takes this IBM Selectric typewriter that I'm typing with, with her...takes my phone out (she put it in; paid \$60 deposit)...and cuts off my money supply. Just like that.

So I thought I'd better write you one last letter, at least...and tell you what has transpired. Of course...if any of you could loan me a thousand or two, which would get me out of all this mess...or could fix me up with a used IBM Selectric (about \$200)...or could ~~me~~ send me \$60 loan to keep the phone...I could stay in business as I have these past couple of years. Otherwise I'll have to drop my pattern of contacting contacts...no other choice.

There's a slight ray of hope. A Texas multimillionaire called and a half-hour discussion took place. There's a possibility he might hire me, and his money would give me the base I need...to carry on, not at 1/10th of my power and ability, as I have been working...but at 10/10ths of my power and ability. Because all of my time will be my own. I asked him for the same salary a top athlete gets...less than that of Joe Namath, Wilt Chamberlain...but still substantial.

(Be sure and get a copy of April Saga...Otto has saved all the biggest thoughts...for that article. And you'll learn a lot you didn't know. For positive sure.)

Here's what's happened to PK Man this last month: About four weeks ago I got ill. Didn't know what it was. Didn't make much ~~diff~~ difference, because I was stone broke. The sickness slowed me down, and I didn't get much typing out. Finally, half-delirious, I went to Dr. Brock at Medical Towers in Norfolk (after receiving a letter from out of the blue from a disc-holder with some money in it...from Florida...he said the disc had upped his stock interests) had some x-rays taken...and was told I had a severe case of ~~pneumonia~~ pneumonia. He told me to turn in to the nearest hospital for several weeks. I laughed, fingering the few bucks in my pocket...and asked him what was the alternative choice. He said go home and lie down for several weeks. And he told me to go get some prescriptions filled. I did, at the tune of \$20. He cost me \$10. The x-rays costs me \$15. Well, I went home...notified this court reporter of my set-back...and fell into bed, with a high temperature. A week later, with money running out, I climbed out of bed and began typing again...in an effort to put something together to sustain the family. Rent, \$90, was coming up; had electrical bill for \$61; phone bill for \$10...and all I could do was look at the bills and laugh hysterically. I made \$23 that week. Yesterday the court reporter called me and said she'd had a fight with her boss...and she had resigned and was going to Georgia. That ends my job, ends the typewriter, ends the phone, ends my money supply...and leaves me only with pneumonia, and a wife who will have her baby any day now. I tell you...if it wasn't so serious...I'd have to laugh...

But now...let's think, deeply, about what I'm going to tell you next. Getting away from my own personal, petty human difficulties.

Last week the Si's contacted me...right in the middle of my pain and delirium with pneumonia...and told me quite plainly and clearly...that it would be my human choice...that would allow the present mankind to proceed, or that would allow present mankind to be "erased" and a new equation be placed on the Si's blackboard for intelligence inhabiting our earth. If I choose...present mankind...then the Si's will try to get the earth and Nature back into balance again, and work with present mankind to get it straightened out; wars stopped, etc. If my ~~xxx~~ choice is to put a new equation on earth...then the Si's will allow Nature to wipe out mankind, as it is now trying to do, slowly but surely, day by day. (Air pollution, water pollution, seafood pollution, and so on.) This was an odd thing for the Si's to tell me...just at the point where I was deathly sick with pneumonia...making no money...broke (and I hadn't learned my job was gone yet, even). I mean...these human adversities just could possibly color a human's decisions, you see? I feel that the Si's are being utterly honest with me...they will do just as I instruct them, this once. (I have never instructed the Si's; they always instruct me...this is the first and only time they've given me this kind of decision to make.)

All right. Keep the above in mind now. This morning I called a drugstore and read them the prescription from my doctor for penicillin...and told them to bring me over 14 capsules (\$15); I'd just gotten a small loan from a buddy, so I could. Had to do without last week, cause didn't have any money. Well, the drugstore called back and said Dr. Brock would not okay it...unless I CAME BACK TO HIM AND HAD MORE X-RAYS TAKEN! Let's see...\$10 for Dr. Brock; \$15 for x-rays; \$15 for the medicine...ha ha ha! It was to laugh. I had to pony up \$25 to the doctor, just to be able to pay my \$15 for the medicine. I thought this was very humorous, and called the doctor about it. He remained adamant. So...I go without any medicine now. As I write this, my chest is aching with pain. The doctor said over the phone that most people get over pneumonia in two weeks. Sure. When they are in the hospital and being tended to. I was home in bed for one week, then had to climb out and work...because I'm no doctor and make no doctor's money. I had to go downtown and get my all-important mail...by bus. Two-hour trip, while I had severe pneumonia. We have no car. We have no help. Martha is pregnant and can hardly do anything...the baby is due any day.

It would be so easy at this point to make the fast decision for the Si's... I could say it in strong language, but I won't...negative, you know. But... on top of all the tough things that are happening...Martha gets some baby things from Evelyn in Miami; a few cute things from Olga in San Antonio; I get some bucks from a buddy to help out...and most of all, I remember vividly something that happened a few years ago which no humans would have happen. I took my family all around the United States in a broken car and no money, because the Si's told me to. What I learned...was that churches are hypocritical nothings, in the main (there must be exceptions...but we found none)...but THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE REAL ANGELS, scattered here and there...hard to find...but one runs across them, and discovers them. We did. Never would...if I hadn't taken that trip. Here's how it worked; we'd pull into a town (hundreds of times, now) broke, no money, no gas... and I'd go to a church and ask to work for enough money to feed my wife and three kids for one meal, and perhaps a little gas to go on with. NOT ONE CHURCH GAVE ME WORK, OR HELPED US. But we'd accidentally run onto a person...who would give us some food, and perhaps some gas. I went to this huge million-dollar church in Houston, for instance, and asked for some work.

This was back in '63, '64, but I can remember it like it was yesterday. Well, the minister said no, he had no work. I turned and left...but outside the church a woman drove up, a member of the church, back from a picnic... came over to our dusty, dirty car and asked what we were doing...I told her what had just occurred...she took out about 200 hotdogs and like number of buns, left over from the picnic, and gave them to us, along with \$20 for gas. She, in effect, was practicing the religion that the million-dollar church she belonged to...was mouthing on Sunday. We had this same thing occur, in various ways, all over the country. One Sunday we drove up to a church in the driving rain...out of gas, money, and food...and I went to the door as the minister was shaking hands with his congregation leaving the church. I asked him for some work to do, any kind of work...to get a little food and gas. He turned me down flat. Didn't have any, he said, and closed the door, leaving me out in the rain. I pushed the car down a ways to a filling station...traded a transistor radio to the owner for a little gas...then he set us all up to a hot meal, and gave us a whole tank full of gas to go on with. Wouldn't take the transistor. This was just another incident.

I remember all these little things. People...here and there...who have been filled with godly, spiritual thought...when it counted. Not mouthing platitudes and going nothing for their fellow man. I ran into this good work again in Virginia Beach, when we arrived there, broke. Of course, the Si's were bringing this all about...they were using me and mine as a test-tube experiment...to find out about humans. It puts me in mind of Lot, and Sodom and Gomorrah...when Lot kept insisting to "the Lord" (Si's) that there were really some good people around. The "Lord" said okay, find me some...and maybe I'll spare these cities. It didn't work then; but I think now, it might.

You see...I'm the only human these particular intelligences can communicate with, both ways, two ways. And these particular intelligences have already demonstrated their powers...formidable powers that certainly could eliminate mankind as it now exists...if these intelligences deem it relevant and material. They evidently think, or say they think, that I am capable of making the momentous decision...of whether humans on the face of this earth...shall keep on living...or be wiped out, and some other thing be tried. (With living things that will not slaughter each other en masse; pollute the air, the water, the food; and so forth.)

You probably do not believe what I am telling you. ABOUT this horrible decision I have to make. AND THE SI'S KNOW I'LL BE HONEST ABOUT IT. I won't pull my punches just to save my own skin, and my family. And they know it. They've trained me...to think on an international, whole-world basis...through the years. (Remember all my demonstrations involving foreign countries.)

So...this being the last letter, evidently, that I'll be able to send you... it is important that you know what is going on. The question in my mind is: why did they wait to tell me that it's my choice...when I had pneumonia, and everything is collapsing around me, so to speak? They knew this had to color my decision. (It won't...because I'm aware that it might.) MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, CONTACTS...WHAT I AM TELLING YOU... WILL DECIDE YOUR OWN FATE. As well as mine. And of course, the earth.

God bless you all, and keep you.

Ted Owens (PK Man)

Owens

March 8, 1971

Drs. Fogel, Hynek and Sprinkle ✓

Gentlemen:

IN the newspapers this morning...there was an article about a terrible drought in Texas...Aspertown area. The ranchers are hiring a rainmaker there who tries to make it rain with heated briquets. Ha ha ha,

I wrote them this morning, and offered to sell them my services. If they should miraculously comply...and hire me, here is what I'm going to do.

First, I'll bring copious amounts of rain to Texas, and particularly that particular area.
Then I'll carry the equation further...I'll get all of the ranchers together, and ask them what they need...for better crops, better living, etc.
Then by activating certain psi-force mechanisms...I'll also supply all of their needs.
Finally, I'll double and/or triple their crop production for them, by using psi-force.

All I can do is tell you what I'm going to do...and that's all I ever could do, gentlemen. Then when it happens...you know, rather have, the answer.

If they hire me...then I will keep you fully informed...on every detail of my action. Which psi-force mechanisms I'm using, and why; everything. I'll fully document it, and you'll have complete copies.

If they don't hire me...well, it wouldn't be a surprise. No one has ever, yet. And it's a shame.

Sincerely,

Ted Owens (PK Man)
Box 3134 CHS
Norfolk, Virginia 23514

Owens
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March 14, 1971 Sunday TO ALL CONTACTS

The court reporter, although packing up and leaving town...has not yet come by and gotten her IBM Selectric typewriter...so I'll be able to get one or more Contact letters out, before she does.

You remember...not long ago I wrote you...that I was sending out PK to guard and protect helpless animals, birds, etc.? That this PK would attack those who killed ~~the~~ the helpless animals, birds, etc., and that the animals birds, etc., thus were protected ~~with~~ with a much more powerful force than a gun? And I asked Otto Binder, if he could, to get this word out to the world? He hasn't been able to. But here's what happened.

March 14, 1971...Virginian Pilot...Grindstone, Que. (UPI) "The seals were reported spread out over a trail of scattered ice packs 100 miles long Saturday....The 60-foot Candian sealer Carmen was crushed by the shifting ice Friday and Sank in the gulf with 900 pelts aboard."

Wonderful. Marvelous. Just as I ~~stold~~ told you would happen...the PK which has been issued all over the world (omniscient and omnipresent) is beginning to attack the humans...who are killing animals and other living things, who do not need them in order to eat. (And listen...these humans killing these baby seals...do not need them to eat. They're killing them...for fur coats for fat, ~~XXXX~~ lazy American women. And God help the ones...that are killing these baby seals. I don't give a damn...about their excuse that it is their way of making a living. From now on...it had better not be, or they won't have a living. They won't live.

Today on TV I watched "American Sportsman" which should be called "American Butcher." Bing Crosby, Phil Harris, Andy Griffith, etc., well-heeled Americans shooting and slaughtering yea-many deer, birds, etc. Uh-huh. Well, these gents, who are perfectly able to get th eir meat for their table at their nearby grocery store...will be punished severely for killing and hurting these innocent deer and birds. Just as I told you they would~~x~~, not long ago. The PK is out.

I have no mercy...with my PK attacks...for those who have no mercy...on the living things God has made. Years ago I used to say to my family, "oh, if the poor animals...deer, squirrel, rabbits, and all...could only shoot back at the dam fat wealthy humans who are going out and killing them!" Now I've got deadly PK to send forth...to help the animals. Or at least...even the score for the animals.

Okay. Enough of that. Now...some of you might remember...the letter I sent to President Johnson...some years ago. I told him that I was going to end the 6-year drought on the East Coast...but that if the government did not acknowledge it when I did, and cooperate with me and the Si's, then I'd return the drought, ~~MM~~ many-fold, to the U.S., as a punishment. All right. I ended the drought (as Otto Binder described it in Saga) but the government has never acknowledged it, or cooperated with me or the Si's. So.....

From this day on...I am activating drought conditions over the U.S., particularly the western half of the U.S., which will be far worse than the 6-year drought of some years ago! Ranchers in Texas recently said that the rainy season is coming on now out there...uh huh. Well, maybe. We'll see. Let's see if it does, and how the summer goes. I say drought!

Perhaps you wonder why I am getting so rough. It's because there is so little time left...and unless I get subsidized...I won't be able to help the U.S., or the world...with my considerable powers. So I'll have to create a terrible drought...in order to be paid a sum to get rid of the drought. An amount, I might add, not as great as that paid any good athlete going into any of the pro athletic teams.

Some people do not like or approve of my negative use of PK. Well, I do not like or approve of many of the negative things people are doing, either. And until the human practices are halted...Nature is never going to get back into balance with Earth.

Note: Cy Berlowitz, formerly associate editor of Saga Magazine (who wrote and asked me for a disk)...has just had the following good fortune: "Dear Ted, Just a quick note to let you know that I'll be gone from SAGA by the end of this week. I've landed a job at TRUE Magazine at more money than SAGA could dream of paying. Must be the PK disk, huh?..." Cy Berlowitz, True Magazine 67 W. 44th St., New York, New York. Just another of the thousands who have been helped by the charged disk.

Several days ago, Thursday, March 11, 1971, I took my wife, Martha, to Norfolk General Hospital. At that time...all the power went out in that portion of the city of Norfolk. The newspapers said "VEPCO hunts for cause of blackout"...Norfolk...3/12/71...Employees of the Virginia Electric and Power Co. today were seeking the cause for a shortage in a line which resulted in a power blackout for approximately 5,000 customers in the Ghent and Edgewater areas....E. C. Baker Jr., Norfolk manager for VEPCO, said Norfolk General Hospital was affected but immediately went to its emergency electrical supply system..."

Re my "grid" put over the U.S., Wed., March 10, 1971..."Louisiana Raked By High Winds"...AP...High winds whipped across the flatlands of south Louisiana late Tuesday and early today with scores of persons reported injured and homes and house trailers damaged from the Texas border to New Orleans...Winds up to 100 miles per ~~MMMM~~ hour were reported..."

(My big earthquake in LA, and my 100 tornadoes, have not been enough. Will have to keep on perservering.)

What am I perservering for? Why...for ten years I've been trying to get myself, the "missing link"...together with the Si's in Europe (as per previous writeups) in order to save this present civilization. To date I haven't been able to, because no one would help me to (takes money, and lots of it.) So I'll keep putting the pressure on pro football teams, and the rest of the country, and the govt., until some one finally does...or our country is destroyed.

How's the Vegas PK coming? Well, I see Jack Entratter, pioneer hotelman behind all of Vegas, just passed away at 57. Then Sammy Davis Jr. and others marched up and down Casino strip in Vegas. Davis said "Black people and poor whites need my help." (Welfare militants). Then "Casino Plot Charged"...story about Mafia captains who were caught owning a Vegas casino...just came out. And a newsclip from Bob Gray in Berkley, stating that Internal Revenue Service are about to swoop down on Vegas and hit the Casinos and figure out why they aren't getting more money.

why am I getting so rough with my PK powers? Because if I don't ~~xxxxxxx~~ force someone or some govt. agency to back me...then I won't be able to save present civilization as it is. Simple as that.

Oh...today the Phila. 76'rs played the Atlanta Hawks...and I had it on TV. So I sharpened up my PK-on-sports-ability by holding back the red-hot, streaking 76'rs...and making them lose to the Hawks. As many of you know...I'm holding down every sports team in Philly, football, basketball, baseball and hockey...with PK. First time I've been able to get at the 76'rs on TV, from Norfolk, this season.

Three or four of you...have sent me small loans. Enough to buy me three weeks of time. It took me three months to find my former job here. But at least...I've got a fighting chance now. You handful have my gratitude. Pay you back as soon as possible.

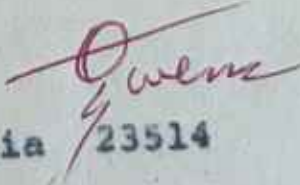
I have two chances...to be able to do for the world...what needs to be done. Two millionaires in different parts of the country are thinking about possibly hiring my services. If they do...then I'll drop all other PK enterprises and projects...and concentrate on working for them to accomplish what they want...and to save the country, and perhaps civilization as it is. (I have to have 9/10ths of my energy and brainpower to do it...and only these men can turn me loose, with their financial backing, to do it.)

I know you-all are hard up, just like I am. If any of you can spare \$75 to help me buy a thousand new red discs to help and heal people with...send it in. I'm all out of discs. Pay you back later.

A gentleman named Kralik...stockbroker...has an idea to try and help me with my work. He recently saved me, when I had pneumonia. He told me to send in my Contact list...so he could try to write everybody to set up a trust fund of some sort, to help me carry on. I wrote him and told him...it wouldn't work...you-all ~~xxxxxx~~ aren't that kind of list. (He asked me for my "list of admirers"...ha ha ha.) Well, you aren't admirers. Some of you are lawyers, some are scientists, and so forth. You are merely observing and witnessing. But...because he's trying to help me...and no one much else is (in the BIG way) I'll give him the list, and leave it to the Si's to see that it's used properly. After all, I can use all of the help I can get. And if he's sincere (and I've no reason to believe he isn't) then...thank God for Kralik.

Best to you all.....

Ted Owens (PK Man)
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March 23, 1971...TO ALL CONTACTS

Do Sprinkle

(attention: govt. agencies and scientists!)

all right...this message is VITAL. The Si's communicated with me today and told me to pass on the following (and SOMEBODY had better LISTEN and get it out to the PEOPLE): (1) Again they warn that ALL ANIMALS IN THE WORLD now are armed! (Keep in mind that big seal-boat which the ice just sank after baby seals were killed). The rule is: any hunter or human who kills an animal, and does not need it for food directly...will be tracked down and destroyed himself by the PK guarding that animal. The omniscient Omnipotent PK can rightly judge. (2) POLLUTION OF THE WATERS OF THE WORLD. The Si's give mankind just 90 days...to pass this word on around the world...before they begin their own PK action. Humans will no longer be ALLOWED to foul up the rivers, streams, lakes and oceans. The Si's give humans just 90 more days to quit fouling the waters of the earth...THEN THEY WILL TURN ALL THE WATERS OF THE EARTH AGAINST ALL HUMANS...AGAINST MANKIND...AND IT WILL BE AN ALL-OUT WAR. And they remind us that we get the air we breathe from the seas and the oceans. The choice is ours to make. (3) The Si's have made a concrete decision. Remember, I managed to persuade the Si's to allow the Apollo 12 and 13 astronauts to return back to earth. The Si's had intended at that time to teach mankind a lesson by destroying the astronauts...but in deference to their only human link, myself, they softened. No more. Their warning today is loud and clear. They are now making the space around the earth, orbital space, deadly to humans. From now on any humans passing through the orbital zone or going into orbit...will be attacked by the same PK which the ancient Egyptians used to place in their tombs to attack those who opened the seal on the tombs. It is a guarantee of a tragic, violent death. If the next Apollo shot goes up...it does so after having been fairly warned by the Si's in this Contact letter. The Si's tell mankind to forget the moon...the Si's are trying to get the earth back into good condition. "Business as usual" people and politicians and the military will not like this at all. But the Si's say it is the only way. And they'll be hard about it. This applies to Americans, Russians, whatever. They say: GET YOUR EARTH BACK INTO GOOD CONDITION BEFORE YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT OUTER SPACE...then after we get our earth back into balance with Nature...the Si's will allow us to make the outer space gambit. (Interesting: the Si's told me that the oceans and seas have a deep intelligence which we humans are not aware of...because of the limitations of our senses that cannot comprehend or understand.)

Incidentally, see my '71 prediction letter of Jan. 14. Billy Graham has just had his operation...and Sinatra has just retired permanently (to spend all his time with family, and with "a persistent pain in his right hand." (Cancer?)) I have many more things to tell you...but will have to wait until I am able, financially, to do so. Am awaiting to hear from a deal now...that could make it so...and make it possible for me to team with the Si's and Nature to make the earth and mankind healthy and at peace.

In closing...the Si's, in a goodwill gesture toward our govt., warn that militants will next use rockets and mortars in a surprise attack on our White House and other key buildings around it..Viet Cong style. It will be a "symbolic" attack, like the bomb that was planted in one of the buildings a short while ago.

*PS Am putting fire
and drought on the U.S.*

Ted Owens (PK MEN)

Owens
⚡

Ted Owens - Pk. Man
Box 3134 CHS
Norfolk, Va. 23514

March 31, 1971

**And I am a member of Mensa!*

TO ALL CONTACTS

The Si's...are pouring information into my mind!
After getting your new letter ready today, enclosed (dated April 2, according to Si instructions)...they contacted me mentally...and told me the following:

They said...for me to somehow try to become president of the U.S:
To write to Senators, key people...and get it done!

I was incredulous, naturally...for many reasons. One is that I am not the type. I would not want to be President.
Another reason...I hate politics...know nothing about it. At Duke, when the Dean told me to take Political Science I attended one class...then quit and refused. I couldn't care less how many seats who has what.
Another reason...I know that the Si's desest and despise politicians.

But then they argued with me: there would be no problem of trying to arrange a liason between them, the Si's, and our govt. I could set it up, as President!
Also, with the other-dimensional powers they have given me (which I've used and documented, remember) I would make the greatest President in history...far surpassing Lincoln (my personal favorite).
They pointed out also...that my link with them...would give our country extra power for good, to re bring about the many many changes necessary for this country to "get well" and get back to real values.
They pointed out...that my link with them...would help this country not only cope with, but change, the countries who are now our enemies.
They pointed out...that with all of my vast experience with people (I've learned 50 professions...all kinds of people in those professions) I would make a wonderful President, understanding all races, creeds, colors. (Because I've mingled with them all). *

And above all...they promised to put all of their fantastic powers...into helping the U.S. become a wonderful, truly great country...based on valid, true values...instead of what now exists!

In this way, they told me, ~~xx~~ if I were President of the U.S., then they could actually use the entire U.S. as a safe base...to make friends with us and guide us...instead of trying to get a small protected base at Cape Kennedy, as they have been trying to do!

That's it! Know anybody who would want to run me for President?
I'll tell you one thing...after listening to what the Si's say...and thinking about it...I believe that I could advance the United States at least 500 years during my brief tenure in public office in Washington. Knowing what I know...knowing who I know (Si's)...and doing what I do.
Think of it! If I were President, and there was a hurricane heading for Florida...I could steer it away myself! Not pay a billion afterwards in disaster funds. Came a terrible drought in the country...I could end it myself...not pay a billion out of public taxes afterwards to aid the poor farmers. I could give the rain!

Oh, before I close. Enclosed is news...the greatest break-through in UFO news. Govt. admits to finding UFO base...saw UFO's at arm's length range...states unequivocally now that they are real! First such admission. Backs up Otto Under's articles. *Twine (PK) Man*