

My wife Martha returned to us... four months pregnant...
from another man!

Feb. 16, 1978

Jeffrey Mishlove...dear Jeffrey...many things to talk to you about. Was a great pleasure to talk to you for about two hours plus these past two weeks. And it is wonderful to know...that you are doing the first chapter of the book on PK Man. That book...will be the only one...of its kind. Enclosed is a clipping re a "subway coast-to-coast ride" which, unfortunately is routed through Dallas, Texas. Now, the Dallas-Ft. Worth area is a no-no to the SIs...who have seen me framed, tricked by authorities, twice in that area. I predict that if it goes through Dallas...well, I wouldn't want to be riding on it!

This morning I forgot to tell you probably the only time I ever lost my temper fighting. It was when I fought Moose Muscio, another Navy man who before going into the service had been a professional ring fighter in New York...In Lafayette, Indiana, while I was stationed at Purdue in 1943. The Navy was using me...to bolster the Purdue boxing team...and I did quite well, being outpointed only twice in perhaps eight ring fights...and those two losses were when Purdue sent its team out of town and Jimmy Beers was the coach and I positively know that I was doped before those fights cause Beers was in with gamblers...after one fight Beers put me into a car with a beautiful hooker and told me that she was mine for the night (we were in a town away from Purdue at the time. I didn't accept her, but got out of the car.) Anyway, Moose was a really pro fighter (I was not, I was just tough and very good at boxing, but not pro.) Anyway, I came out in the first round with the boxing stance dad had taught me, and Moose nearly killed me with hooks. Hooks were something new to me at that time...I was used to straight jabs and punches, right crosses and uppercuts...but not wild hooks. But the second round I knew how to take him...just put a hand up and block the hook...then counter punch...then I nearly killed him. For two rounds, the last two, I beat Moose from one end of the ring to the other. I had special motivation because in the second round he butted me under the chin with his head, a pro trick. It split one of my teeth and for once I forgot this was a game as dad had taught me...and lost my temper...and I actually put Moose into the hospital! See, dad had taught me at age 6 never to lose my temper in a fight...because that could get me whipped. To keep cool, no matter what. And that always stayed with me, even into some of my wildest, roughest judo fights. As a pupil of Johnny Osako in Chicago in Kodokwan judo...I was slated to meet a Polish man in a randori (fight) the next Friday. But days before that Johnny was teaching us how to beat someone who had me up against a wall strangling me...and double chop him with karate chops. He picked the Polish man to work with me...I stood against a wall and the Polish guy was supposed to put both hands around my neck and choke. I was supposed to come up with both my arms between his hands, split his hands apart, then in the same movement come down with my two palm edges against both sides of his neck. Instead, the Polish guy crossed me and Johnny, and threw a kick-back into me...which was uncalled for. This threw me into an angle of the wall and sprained my back severely. I picked myself up and told Johnny that I'd break the Polish guy's arm for that in the oncoming match. I went into the randori that Friday against the Polish guy...threw him with a kickback...he retaliated with a circle throw...then I got him with another kickback with a choke hold...and nearly ruined the Polish guy. But one thing was wrong...Johnny told me that I was GROWLING like an animal...and took the match away from me even though I beat the Polish guy...and incidentally, broke his arm. Of course, I used autotyp in my judo matches...and I'd told myself under auto that I'd have the strength of an animal. One jap blackbelte I fought...I tore part of his jacket off with my bare hands in the bout...and he told me afterward he'd never before ever encountered such hand strength. Thanks to autotyp.

Oh, thinking back...if you wonder how Beers drugged me, his best fighter, before every out of town fight he'd make us drink hot tea, have a slice of toast and a boiled egg, then lie down for a brief nap...before the fight. It was the tea. Later, after I figured out why I was winning every fight at Purdue...but had lost two bouts out of town...I challenged the coach, Beers, to get into the ring with me (he was a Golden Gloves champion) and he refused. Scared witless. He actually got into the ring for a moment... then when I went after him he jumped out and took off his gloves and left. He was smart. I'd have racked him up.

Oh, Johnny Osako told me later...after my fight with the Polish guy...that it had been one of the very best judo randoris he'd ever seen. And a detective who worked out with me in Johnny's judo class...Al Valanis... a blackbelt...was the INVENTOR of the modern system of making composite photographs of criminal suspects. He was an artist, and invented the system. I called Henry today...and told him to get back to you, as you suggested. Now, for the proposition I phoned in to you...send somebody ~~xxxxxxx~~ to me with a briefcase with \$25,000 in cash...I will buy a \$12,000 sports car and rent a small U-Haul...and bring out to you all the tremendous files from 1965 to 1970, which you don't have...to xerox...plus do all the experiments you want done, in your letter. Cyclotron, etc. Will spend months there, if necessary, getting it done. This procedure, of course, means nothing to the SIs, whose war will still continue with the U.S. until they and I get the Oregon base. Or...give me that Oregon Caves setup with the hotel and five or six cabins nearby, and the deep cave nearby...plus \$100,000...for one year...seal off the usual tourist trade...and I can demonstrate in that year how the SIs can really HELP the United States (worth billions in dollars! lots more than the money taken from that Oregon Cave set up from tourists.)

Why not send your scientific report to Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin... they might have me on their show and I'd get some eating money.

This morn I got off to you the color photo of Milan Ryzl and myself, plus my personal file. Be sure and let me know if you get it...since the local postmaster is crossing swords ~~xxxxx~~ with me...then return it within two weeks, if you will be so kind, as it is key to my file. Keep the photo, of course. *or copy it & send it back, hopefully.*

If I haven't followed up my phone predict to you in writing re Pres. Carter.. I predict President Carter will not finish his term. He will "blow a fuse" in his mind...and will not be physically able to continue. Mondale, in his footsteps, will be far superior to Carter, as a U.S. president. This is pure precog...has nothing whatever to do with me or the SIs.

Also I predict...that the Russians realize that the backbone of the US fighting power...as it is with US sports...lies with negros in the US... and the Russians will soon open up with a tremendous spy program aimed at turning American negros against US whites...for a revolutionary effect.

Oh yes, if and when I do those experiments that you have outlined...I reserve the right to decline any experiments that I feel could be dangerous to me or detrimental to my mental or physical health. I only really trust two scientists...you and Henry Monteith. Henry might front for these stupid, generals and scientists ridiculing me in this area...but Henry will not tell me a lie, no matter what. He's already demonstrated that. He has my confidence.

Please return the snapshot I sent you two weeks ago of the dope addict and psycho who could turn up at this post office, gunning for me, any day.

I also picked up the thought from someone who received it there where you are..."maybe it would be better if this nut got Owens."

You know that "UFO voice" that came over television in England? Well, it happened after I and the UFOs told George Weiss over there that the UFOs would punish Queen Elizabeth and England.

Incidentally, you recently asked me if I were making PK maps to clobber the US as it is being clobbered, from coast to coast. No, I am not. The SIs are doing it on their own. However, I do not make PK maps anymore. That is obsolete now. The SIs have shown me how to do it, and confine it to, my mind, mentally. This parallels my talk to the scientists in London, England, in 1977. I explained the "how" of that, there, in September '77. The SIs asked me to drop this in: "If there is going to be performance on the part of the UFOs (to help the United States)...there will have to be performance on the part of US humans (to help me, their link to the human race.)"

Am still laughing at that \$500 per month. It's what a lousy secretary makes. I made that in Houston over twenty years ago as a secretary to Nickel Plate Railroad.

Also, I have no energy. I have only the energy to make one, single move. For a man 58 years old, which I am, it wipes you out to have to get all belongings in a house or mobilehome into a U-Haul and to a new location, then unload it and spread it all out in the new place. No thanks. One more time. That will be to the Oregon base!

If "they" want a psychic...who can do, demonstratively, more than any other psychic in the world...then LET "THEM" PAY FOR IT!

The SIs have warned me...not to let anyone, not even a friend, cart off my personal files of documents...but for me to stay right on top of them. But of course, certain hundreds of the documents can be selected, then xeroxd, with me present. Same difference, right?

Thought...stupid ass Billy Carter gets \$5,000 per lecture...and he's booked solid. Why couldn't I get booked around the US for a year, and I'm the only one of its kind, not a Billy Carter...for thousands per lecture...to get the money for my Oregon base? *On second thought forget it, My U.S. hasn't the time!!*

Thought...either I have a precious, priceless value (as is a fact) at \$200,000 for the Oregon base...or I am a worthless nothing at \$500 a month! Once more I reiterate...remember...as I go, so goes the U.S. The SIs have promised this. And...if I am killed, murdered or destroyed before my time to go...the SIs absolutely guarantee and promise to wipe out the United States en toto!

Thought...it isn't exactly that I, as a human, am so far ahead of my time...but the SIs have changed my brain to give me the brain of "future man" as I explained to you in Frisco.

That's it for now. Keep swinging. I am 100% with your dad. Hope he got warned enough in time to forestall something, re health. His photo worried me, Jeffrey. But I am all for his unloading his white elephant, and soon!

Best to you, always.....

Ted Wens (PK Man)

