



Lawrence Maddry

TED OWENS, the 50-year-old Norfolkian who talks to space people and predicts the future, has evened the score with me.

We've been acquaintances for some time. The problem is that Owens is becoming famous. Recently Saga magazine ran a series about his incredible feats—predicting President Kennedy's assassination, putting the whammy on football teams, talking to space creatures in flying saucers—which mentioned one of my interviews with Owens.

Since then, his followers have been sending me letters (one fellow said he'd been sending messages to Owens mentally and wasn't getting through). I forward the letters to our local czar of the bizarre.

This was okay.

A Crystal Ball Bowls A Strike

What got my dander up was the phone call I got at 4 in the morning from a Boston radio broadcaster whose name and station escape me.

Remember, I was awakened at 4 in the morning and was standing by the phone in my pajamas. The conversation went about like this:

Voice on phone: Hello there. Is this Lawrence Maddry, the columnist on the Virginia Beach Virginian-Pilot?

Me: I guess so.

Voice: Well, this is Bob Johnson on The Nighthawk Show from WRBJ in Boston. We've been reading in Saga magazine about the incredible Ted Owens. We're on the air now and my listeners would like for me to phone Owens. Can you give me his number? (Beeping noises on phone.)

Me: I don't know his number. It isn't listed.

Voice: Well, could you tell us what he's doing now?

Me: I hope he's asleep. Look here, I don't know how you people do things up there in Boston, but in the South we don't phone people at 4 in the morning.

Voice: Right you are. I'll have to agree with you there, Mr. Madrix. I was wondering if you could tell my listeners something about the fantastic Ted Owens.

THERE FOLLOWED a nasty little exchange which must have been heard by thousands of late night radio listeners in Boston. I recall hanging up in the middle of the conversation.

Since then I have made a conscious effort to steer clear of Owens without antagonizing him. At my age, it's too late to acquire an enemy who



THERE FOLLOWED a nasty little exchange which must have been heard by thousands of late night radio listeners in Boston. I recall hanging up in the middle of the conversation.

Since then I have made a conscious effort to steer clear of Owens without antagonizing him. At my age, it's too late to acquire an enemy who claims the ability to crash a Boeing 747 merely by thinking about it.

Owens evened the score Wednesday morning when, in opening the mail, I found his gift, a copy of "What The Seers Predict for 1971" by Brad Steiger and Warren Smith.

The paperback book, published by Lancer in September, has a photograph of a green eyeball on the cover and purports to contain the predictions by "America's greatest psychics" for what may be the most fateful years of our lives.



Owens

Lo and behold, Ted Owens is among the contributors.

For newspaper purposes, we found Owens' generalized predictions less impressive than some of the others. For instance, he notes that "our military will become confused . . ." We refuse to believe that. Is nothing sacred? That's what talking to flying saucers will do for a fellow.

Owens did have the Christian charity to include his mailing address in his article, and we pass it along: Box 3134 CHS, Norfolk, Va. 23514.

ONE OF THE MOST interesting prognosticators in the book is Dr. Ernesto A. Montgomery of Los Angeles, credited with amazing feats of extrasensory perception.

These are among Dr. Montgomery's predictions for 1971: Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton will separate in November and reconcile shortly thereafter . . . Tiny Tim and his wife Miss Vicky will be divorced. Miss Vicky will sue for alimony . . . Princess Grace of Monaco and Prince Ranier will separate. She will remain an occupant of the palace but will not share a bedroom with the prince.

Now, there a psychic who knows what he's talking about. The military will become confused—indeed. Something really should be done with that Owens fellow. He's getting out of hand.