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 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 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. 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~~ choise 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 humerous, 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...negativ e, 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 gav e 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 doing 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 <u>using</u> 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 <u>these</u> 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 <u>not</u> 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... <u>WILL DECIDE YOUR OWN FATE</u>. As well as mine. And of course, the earth.

God bless you all, and keep you.

Ted Owens (PK Man)

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