4/15/71 Dr Sprinkle



Lawrence Maddry

NORFOLK'S RESIDENT Evil Eye Fleagle has zonked the World Championship Baltimore Colts into an old gray nightmare and wants a $100,000 check to remove the hex and put 'em back where they used to be.

Ted Owens, Norfolk's resident psychic and the most interesting badeye proponent of mind over matter since Sophie Tucker winked and hung up her garters, is at it again.

His explanation is as follows: "On Feb. 21 I first wrote the Colts saying I intended to attack the world champions of pro football with my mind, so that they would have key injuries in the coming season to key players, losing games they shouldn't lose, to stop them from repeating as champions."

Colts Need Luckiest Horseshoes

The Colts defeated the Dallas Cowboys 16-13 in the Jan. 17 Super Bowl in Miami. After Owens' letter to the Colts, a series of letters was exchanged with the Colts' management.

Learning of Owens' reputation as a wizard of the withering look (his ability to communicate with space people, create storms, and predict the future has been chronicled in a series of articles by Otto Binder in Saga magazine), the Colts' leadership was wintering in Miami with sweltering palms.

It resulted in a letter from Baltimore Colts President Carroll Rosenbloom, written in apparent desperation to Owens March 4.

Rosenbloom wrote: "For the life of me, I can't understand what the Colts have done to warrant a place on your list of losers for the 1971 season.

"Please believe me when I request that you remove us from your list of losers. If you will please advise me as to a course of action which we could follow to have us removed from this category, I will do whatever I can to comply. I note with great interest your record of accomplishments and trust you will intervene with the space intelligences on our behalf."

ROSENBLOOM CONCLUDED by requesting a meeting with the Baugh of the badlook who claims to have slung more misfortune with his eyeballs than Slinging Sammy did at TCU.

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Owens said the Colts' answers to his letters were "unsatisfactory" since he demanded $100,000, which has not been forthcoming.

"I need the money," Owens explained, "to finance a home away from sordid commercial interests and pay for a European trip where I intend to study the research of an Asian friend who developed a method of dropping birds from trees by the sound waves from his whistle."

"I think I can improve on his system and get greatest distance and velocity with a tuning fork," he added.

Owens has been frustrated by the Colts' apparent lack of interest in his $100,000 proposition. "I could sit in the stands and destroy the Colts opponents play by play if they would cooperate," he explained. "They could even use me theatrically if they prefer . . . with a canopy over my head or something denoting the presence of a resident psychic."

Frustrated by the Colts' indifference, Owens has been systematically destroying the team, he says, with intense concentration.

"For about 10 seconds in February I took a sheet of paper and made a square with the word 'Colts' inside it and mentally imposed special other dimensional effects including red and black units." It was, he said, pretty much like setting the clock on a time bomb.

Meanwhile, for whatever reason, the Colts have been falling apart like a Nixon speech.

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On April 7, the Colts' star quarterback, Johnny Unitas, considered the g r e a t e s t quarterback ever, mysteriously injured his right foot while playing paddleball.

HE WAS RUSHED to the hospital by Baltimore Colts halfback Tom Matte, who later came down with a case of bleeding ulcers while on a business trip to Havre de Grace, Md. Both are now ensconced in Baltimore's Union Memorial Hospital. Five other key Colts players are also on the injured list.

Since the Unitas-Matte injuries, Colts' President Rosenbloom has gone into hiding.

"I have nothing against the Colts per se," Owens explained, "It's simply that I need the money,"

Owens, a former professional knife-thrower and one-time secretary to Dr. J B. Rhine, the nation's leading expert in parapsychology, has claimed similar feats to a skeptical public.

His most incredible verified sports performance occurred years ago when Philadelphia Daily News columnist Stan Hockman was a doubter.

Hockman wrote in a piece for the Daily News in which he challenged Owens to prove that he could do what he claimed, during a game involving the Philadelphia Eagles.

Owens told the columnist that space intelligence would assist him in getting Philadelphia Eagles fullback Tom Woodeshick out of the game. Owens said he would do it by mentally superimposing clumps of hair, like wigs, on the backs of the players. Hockman reported that shortly after the remark, Woodeshick was ejected from the game for fighting.

The Norfolk Evil Eye has since become more sophisticated and will probably experiment with his tuning fork on the Colts until his conditions are met.

"They simply don't understand the kind of hair-raising power that's in my possession," Owens said.

He thumped the shiny metal fork with his finger, producing a curious hum. "Why," he said, "I could put sounds in their ears, so they couldn't hear the signals."



Virginian-Pilot Photo by S. H. Ringo

Owens uses a tuning fork to whammy a Colts poster.