April 19, 1974 TO THE SCIENTISTS.....

Again, this is not a letter based on fact or documentation. Rather, it is intelligence based upon my own experience and knowledge.

At this late date...I saw some pictures of humanoids (as described by witnesses who had seen them emerging from "flying saucers"). They had wide cheekbones, large eyes, sharply pointed faces, with pointed chins.

Now, while in Las Vegas, and winning heavily at roulette for a client...I noticed a tiny man seated at an empty table about 20 feet away. His eyes were glued on me, and what I was doing. And he had precisely, absolutely the same face as the pictures in the magazine of the "UFO occupants." He had gray hair; was neatly dressed in a suit, but with shirt collar open; his head was smaller proportionately than it should have been, seemed to me, compared with his body; he had wide cheek bones, large eyes, and his face came to a peculiar point, and he had a sharply pointed chin. He held a notepad and, as he watched me intently, he made notes on the notepad.

Several hours later I was at the Greyhound Bus station, waiting an hour for my bus. I noticed that the little man with the pointed face, the same man, was standing beside the door leading outside to the buses, and was watching every move that I made.
Bear in mind...the night before, Las Vegas thugs had tried to get me... had doped my drink...then had tried to fast-talk me into taking their taxi. Now, another man was also watching me, but close-by...he would keep running over to a nearby public phone and make calls, then return to his position. I assumed that the two were working together, as Vegas hoods, making sure that I was leaving town. (Remember that the one big fear Vegas hoods who own casinos have...is a major psychic coming to town and cleaning up.) When my bus was ready to go, I picked up my bag and walked through the door out to my bus. The little man with the pointed chin had moved out ahead of me, and stood alone near the bus...eyes still glued on me. He watched me get onto the bus, I took a seat and looked out, and he still stood there beside the bus, looking toward me in my seat. Now, I am convinced that the little man with the pointed face and chin...was not a Las Vegas hood at all, since he was a twin for these UFO occupant pictures...but a SI, possibly there to protect me from the Vegas hoods.

Years ago in Philadelphia, a strange lady called Zelda asked me to meet her after office hours at a certain bar. I went there and we sat and chatted. She was a member of an organization studying psychic phenomena, so this was not an unusual thing. Suddenly the waiter brought half a dozen drinks to our table...said a dark-skinned man at the bar had bought them for us. Then he walked over to our table and sat down. I was stunned. He wasn't negro, yet he was dusky skinned. Zelda seemed to know him...and they talked with great rapidity...so fast I couldn't even follow what they were saying... and although the conversation I could make out seemed a normal pattern, albeit at high speed, I thought it must have been a code of some sort at the time. Then I got my big shock...the man had six fingers on each hand! His voice was musical...like a person from Jamaica...and he wanted to take me to a nearby "gymnasium". I politely declined, left and went home.

Ted Owens.

Owens