

Remarkable!!

He wore my dress... when giant man saw it, he went away!

December 7, 1972

From: Kenneth L. Gregerson
Forest Garden Nursery
Rt. #1 Box 148-B
Granite Falls, Washington 98252

To: Gray Barker
Saucerian Press, Inc.
Box 2228
Clarksburg, West Virginia 26301

Info: Washington State Highway Patrol —
Criminal Assault Division
Olympia, Washington

*I censored their copy.
Please note!!*

Dated

(Sept. 20, 1970)

Dear Gray Barker,

The following notes will comprise a classic description of the M.I.B.'s (Men In Black) - as described in your most recent edition of the book by the same name.

2:15am Sunday morning Sept., 3, 1972. My wife Harriet and I were awakened by a car starting and stopping repeatedly and squealing it's tires

My wife did a very strange thing (unusual) - by opening the door of the house and yelling at the cars' occupants to "get the hell out of here and go make noise someplace else". We could not see into the car on the highway because of the distance to the highway and numerous trees between the house and highway.

A girl had been walking by the side of the highway. (Blond) She had either just gotten out of the car or had walked from town about two miles away. The men in the car were trying to get her back into the car by talking to ^{her} ~~her~~. She said "all you want to do in f---". A very large man got out of the car at this point and tried to wrestle the girl. She had said half sobbingly "leave me alone". I had by this time gotten a lantern-spot light and turned the beam onto the man and girl, (young woman). I said "hey - what the hell are you doing to that woman?" The ^{man} ~~man~~ screamed at me to "turn that G.D. light out of my eyes"! At this juncture the two women had tried to get everyone into the car to leave. The huge man kept walking around the car saying "this is a public f--king highway - I will make all the noise I want".

I told my wife "go call the cops". I heard the other man say, "he called you a c--ksucker". The huge man trotted part way up the driveway and asked "did you call me a ce-ksucker?" Since neither my wife nor I had been talking to the people, I ~~said nothing~~ said nothing. The huge man started to go back to the car. The other man said two times more "he called you a c--ksucker"

I told my wife to call the State Highway Patrol.

The Huge man came up the driveway yelling at me ~~that~~ that he would "beat in my f--king head". I told my wife again to call the Highway Patrol as I picked up a chair to wield against the Huge man. He had to walk under a very bright Utility Company mercury-night light. When I was about 6-8 feet from my perch rail the huge man was about 35 feet from the porch steps. I was fascinated to see the Huge man lean forward with one outstretched hand slightly ahead of the other. He was actually stalking me. By the time I had moved about 5-6 feet to the porch steps(landing) the Huge ~~man~~ man had made a quick break to cross at least 25 feet. I barely had enough time to lift the chair over the porch steps to get a half-swing at his head as he came up the steps to get me. As I raised the chair - the second man had just come into view under the night light. In the space of time it took me to lift the chair and swing - the second man had also crossed 35 feet of space -- stood on the bottom steps, locked both hands firmly on the stair rails, and broke the fall backwards of the Huge man who I pushed over backwards as he tried to keep the chair from hitting him in the head. The second man leaned inwardly and held the Huge man until the Huge man could get his balance and came tearing at me a second time with his long arms outstretched. (The only feeling I had, was that of being attacked by a large snake).

I had stepped backward about a half foot and stood by a porch upwright which the Huge man had to come around to grab me. I locked the left hand firmly-with thumb over his Adams-apple and all four other fingers firmly on the neck bones. I grabbed into the chest and drove the man up against the outer rail of the porch steps. Whatever look was in my eyes frightened the Huge man. His own eyes grew wide with fright. He shook himself and stood back from me about a foot and a half, saying nothing for a few seconds.

The other man came to top of stairs and laid both hands on my right arm - tugging at it, and letting out a sound more like a cress between a dog's snarl and low growl. I had a good look at the second man who was about 6'1", very slender, full olive complexion, straight dark hair parted on left side (hair about two and half inches long). He had egged the Huge man into the fight.

The Huge man looked slightly down on me, while I stood on the perch and he on the porch stair landing which is a measured 7 1/2 inches lower than the porch. Since I am 5'11"+ - it is safe to say the Huge man who is blond with crew cut straight hair - stands at least 6'7" and weighs easily at 300 lbs. plus.

The huge man began again to scream at me using every combination of four letter words; but he made no further effort to grab at me, even though I stood about one and a half feet from him with both my hands resting on the porch gate.

After about 3-5 minutes of carrying-on the two men turned and went down the stairs. The Huge blond man went down the driveway. The tall thin man (who was dressed in solid black with a white shirt only) stopped and turned to face me. He looked intently at Ted Owens disc beneath my undershirt. He seemed to recognize what was suspended from my neck. He sneered at me and then walked away.

On that same night a State Trooper had been beaten by a large man named John Von Hof. I thought it was the same person until I looked at a road-map to discover that Shelton, Washington is too far away from Granite falls; for the same person to have been both places that night. (I have checked with a State Trooper since; he seemed to feel it was the same man in both places).

My wife oddly enough never made her phone call until after the Huge man had finished attacking me. (I could hear her phone call). The dog never barked! Another oddity is the fact that no car came or went on highway, all the while the man in black was in the vicinity. (About a half-hours' time). It is unusual because the taverns close at 2am and usually, many cars are moving for about 45 minutes.

two weeks later to the night - ~~that~~ ^{the} State Highway Patrol found a young woman who had been sexually assaulted, beaten and strangled - lying in the highway, in the vicinity of the approach to Whidby Island. She had Red hair and Green eyes. I wonder if there might be a connection since I have light brownish hair and green eyes. The large man (or the man in black) might have taken my insult out on some girl.

I was standing barefoot in my underwear when I slammed the man into the porch rail. (My right shoulder is still quite sore 3 months later)

On the evening of Sept. 4th the same car came by the house quite fast - hitting the brakes and making the tires squeal (signature) with no appreciable drop in car speed - or engine pitch ??? I heard the sounds distinctly. (Does he have an accomplice in Granite Falls?) It still seems to me the powder-blue and grey-blue auto is equipped with some kind of automatic equipment in the gears and transmission.

Another oddity is the fact that the blond girl who the Huge man had been wrestling; came into the yard under the night light and half chidingly said "he was trying to keep me from being raped".

"Dec- July"
P.O. Box 33
Honolulu
Hawaii
96714

CAPT. H. F. WEBSTER USN (RET.)
137 LAKE AVE. W.
KIRKLAND
WASHINGTON 98033

Send auto-f
Thank 25
Answer card
P for daughter
update

Results

Book

Car phenomena!!
(like my own!)

11 Dec 1972

Dear Mr. Owens.

Received your Church of Sota brochure with its
news of you and your activities. I still have
my disc and carry it at all times. With it it seems
to me, I can see dangers before they occur
and have averted several car accidents because
I knew the other driver was going to create
a situation which would envelope me. On one
occasion, a car approached me at night and
gradually started heading for me head on
my side of the road. I veered off as far as I could
without going off the road and prayed he would
miss me. He did and how I don't know!

The car seemed to pass thru us. I fully expected
to hear a blinding crash. The other car stopped
further down the road and I turned around
and drove to the stopped car. The man admitted
he had fallen asleep and was hazy about the
accident he had almost caused. All I can say

is it was a true miracle beyond ~~comprehension~~
comprehension and without any disc I am
sure I would be in another world.

I wonder if you would send me another disc
which I would like to give to my daughter.

I haven't seen any more of your articles recently.

Do you expect to publish any new books?

I am enclosing a check for \$25 to help in the
continuance of your fine work.

Keep me posted on your progress, if you
can, and I do hope if I am ever in your area
I can say "hello".

Write me at P.O. Box 33, Hanalei, Hawaii
96714 from Dec 14 to July 73.

Best wishes and success
in your P.K. work and your
Church of Sota.

Capt. H.F. Nelson

Dec. 19, 1972

Captain H. F. Webster, USN
P. O. Box 33
Haumlei, Hawaii 96714

Dear Captain Webster:

First let me thank you, sir...for your most generous help in my work here. It was very kind and thoughtful of you to think of it...and believe me I really needed it. Thank you, again.

Now, your car phenomena...where the car passed through your own car (and remembering that you are one of the Si "disc-people" -- is exactly what happened to me, long years ago! Did you read about that? I think it was mentioned in one of the *Saga* magazine articles. Anyway...I was driving up a steep mountain road, a deep chasm dropoff on my right, and solid cliff rock on my left. About halfway up the high mountain (and it was dark, about 10 at night) I spotted a small narrow road cut into the rock on my left, and I decided suddenly to turn left into the tiny road then back out and retrace my path down the mountain. I could see straight up the long road ahead...and there was no car, or lights, coming. So it was safe to make the turn. Slowly and carefully I turned left into the narrow aperture... then slowly and carefully backed out again. At this point I had the entire road covered...my rear wheels not far from the edge of the cliff. Then...I shall never forget what happened! From nowhere, literally...a car was coming down upon me from above at great speed...its headlights flooding my rearview mirror! (This was an impossibility...for I had checked the road up ahead before making the turn, which only took seconds.) Well, I thought, I'd better protect my head...so I wrapped my arms around my head and braced for the terrible crash I knew was coming. But there was no crash! Amazed, I lowered my arms and saw the car speeding on down the mountainside! It had to pass through my own car! No other way, since my car covered the narrow mountain road completely, in my half-completed turnaround. Shaking like a leaf I completed my turn and drove down the mountainside. If you can imagine something like that happening...something that is a complete and utter impossibility as far as our physical laws are concerned! Well, I guess you can imagine it, since it has just happened to you yourself!

Another one of my "disc people" just had fifteen tons fall on him. He wrote me, "Thank God for my Si disc!" So it does seem as though...my disc people have special angels looking over them!

I'm teaching just a relative few...pupils...now, the incredible autohypnosis system which the UFO intelligences taught to me years ago. Enclosed is a sheet shortly describing same. Thought some time you might be interested in learning it. Merry Christmas and happy new years to you, my friend.....

Owens
XPK Man

students must live in dormitories, he has his own private apartment. "Now," Karpov says, "I would like my own car." Should he eventually beat Bobby Fischer, the Russians would undoubtedly be happy to give him not only a car, but a chauffeur to drive it as well.

Les Misérables

Philadelphia Eagles coach Ed Khayat is a short-haired, serious-minded Mississippian who enjoys the speeches of General Patton, wears an American-flag lapel pin at all times and betrays not a trace of sarcasm as he proclaims: "Next to my family, my God and my country, I love Philadelphia and football. And I've got both of those in the Eagles." The city's many cynics might quibble with part of his statement. Certainly coach Khayat's



Khayat: For God and Philadelphia

Eagles are an integral part of the Philadelphia scene—a living, if barely breathing, symbol of the town's sporting tradition of defeat and despair. But the fans can be forgiven for arguing that the game as played by the Eagles can't really be defined as football.

Khayat is not alone, of course, in his misery this winter in Philadelphia. Rookie coach Roy Rubin of the National Basketball Association's 76ers is referred to throughout the city simply as Poor Roy. Stumbling along at a rate that brings them roughly one victory each month, the 76ers have been hailed in the local press as "the greatest disaster in sports history." Only six years ago they were NBA champions, but Wilt Chamberlain and his expensive contract were traded away, Billy Cunningham jumped to the rival American Basketball Association—and now only aging Hal Greer remains. It is quite possible that no member of the club would be qualified to start on another NBA team, and one 76er has

suggested, realistically enough, that they save on travel expenses and simply "mail in the losses." In the World Hockey Association, the Philadelphia Blazers are so deep in last place that they may wish that more games would turn out like their home opener—which was canceled when the ice melted.

Despite such formidable competition, however, most Philadelphians reserve a special place of dishonor for the pathetic Eagles, who eked out just two wins and all of 103 points in their first eleven games this season. From top to bottom, the organization is disgruntled and chaotic; when things go badly, the players not only blunder, but—according to coach Khayat—they quit. After the Eagles stood around and watched the New York Giants run past them for 62 points last week, all-pro safety Bill Bradley admitted sadly: "I'm embarrassed."

The embarrassment began early for the Eagles, when promising running back Po James arrived at rookie camp sporting fashionable new high-heeled shoes—and promptly tripped on a curb and sprained his ankle. Last week, league-leading pass catcher Harold Jackson continued the unhappy tradition: he injured his knee by slipping on a slick floor in his Society Hill apartment.

Mutiny: Some Eagles trace their troubles to Khayat's militaristic approach, which includes restrictions on the length of hair. When the rules were initiated, hirsute free spirit Tim Rossovich asked if club owner Leonard Tose would have to comply by trimming his bushy eyebrows. Linebacker Rossovich, who also offended management by holding out this fall, was soon traded away, leaving the Eagle defense even more vulnerable than usual. Now the remaining Eagles are on the verge of open mutiny against both Khayat's old-fashioned ways and general manager Pete Retzlaff's parsimonious policies. The fans themselves have grown so rebellious that Tose has to use decoy limousines to make stealthy getaways from home games before his car can be battered by non-admirers.

Unlike other bad teams who can claim to be building for the future, the Eagles promise to remain just as awful for years to come; they have an uncanny knack for doing almost everything wrong. Even the national anthem presents insurmountable hurdles for them: at one game, they invited an eager fan to sing it and he forgot the lyrics; at another, they waved in a fleet of Hovercraft, only to have one lurch out of control, narrowly missing an unsuspecting member of the Marine Corps color guard. Then there was the time the Eagles erected nets to catch extra-point kicks and avoid injury-producing scrambles for the balls in the stands. But the first time the nets were used, they proved too small and the groundskeepers too slow in yanking them into place. The result was all too predictable to Eagle followers: the final score gave the end zone fans eight footballs, the Eagles nothing.

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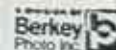
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Apollo Lands

'On Target' in Gentle Pacific

From Our Wire Services

ABOARD USS TICONDEROGA. — Apollo 17 came home from the moon Tuesday, splashing down safely in gentle South Pacific seas to end the American program which put 20th century man on the lunar surface.

American astronauts Eugene Cernan, Harrison Schmitt and Ronald Evans returned to earth at 2:25 P. M. EST, ending the last, longest and most scientifically productive of the six Apollo moon landing missions.

Fifty-three minutes later, they were safely aboard this recovery carrier, 400 miles southeast of Samoa.

WELCOMED ABOARD by Navy officials, the astronauts stood on the flag-draped deck and congratulated the Ticonderoga crew for a "fantastic" recovery.

"We think we flew a good mission," said mission commander Cernan. "We think we accomplished something and, by golly, we're proud of it ... I thank God that our country has chosen to grow. Nothing is impossible in this world if dedicated people are involved."

After short messages of thanks by Evans, who once served aboard the Ticonderoga as a Navy fighter pilot, and civilian-geologist Schmitt, the astronauts went below decks for physical examinations. A helicopter, piloted by Cmdr. Edward E. Dahill 2d of South Dartmouth, Mass., had plucked the astronauts from a life raft and brought them to the deck of this carrier at 3:18 P. M.

THE FLIGHT was made slowly to allow the spacemen to don orange Ticonderoga overalls and black baseball-style caps with Navy "scrambled eggs" on the bills.

From re-entry to splash-down, the last minutes of the mission went smoothly as it had since its trip began with blastoff from Cape Kennedy, Fla., at 12:33 A. M. Dec. 7.

Cernan and Schmitt spent three days on the moon in what was termed man's "most scientifically sophisticated" exploration.

The spacecraft America was traveling 24,606 miles per

January 2, 1973....TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS...

please contrast...the smoothness of this Apollo 17 flight..."best ever" according to NASA...where all went perfectly...with the Apollo 16 flight where I telephoned Dr. Hynek and Otto Zander in advance of the 16 flight and told them I would louse up the flight and harass the astronauts with all sorts of freak happenings... (to prove that Dr. Rhine's previous telepathic experiment with the astronaut was extremely anemic...compared to what I could do.) And remember...

the wild things that went wrong with that 16 flight thereafter, culminating with an explosion which damaged the space craft even after it returned! Then read again about Apollo 17, which I did not touch with Other Dimensional Force (which, incidentally, is infinitely more powerful than just psi-force!)

Owens
XPKW

12/20/72
Can't get this flight which I did not have with PK, against the Apollo flight 17!!



Apollo Adventure

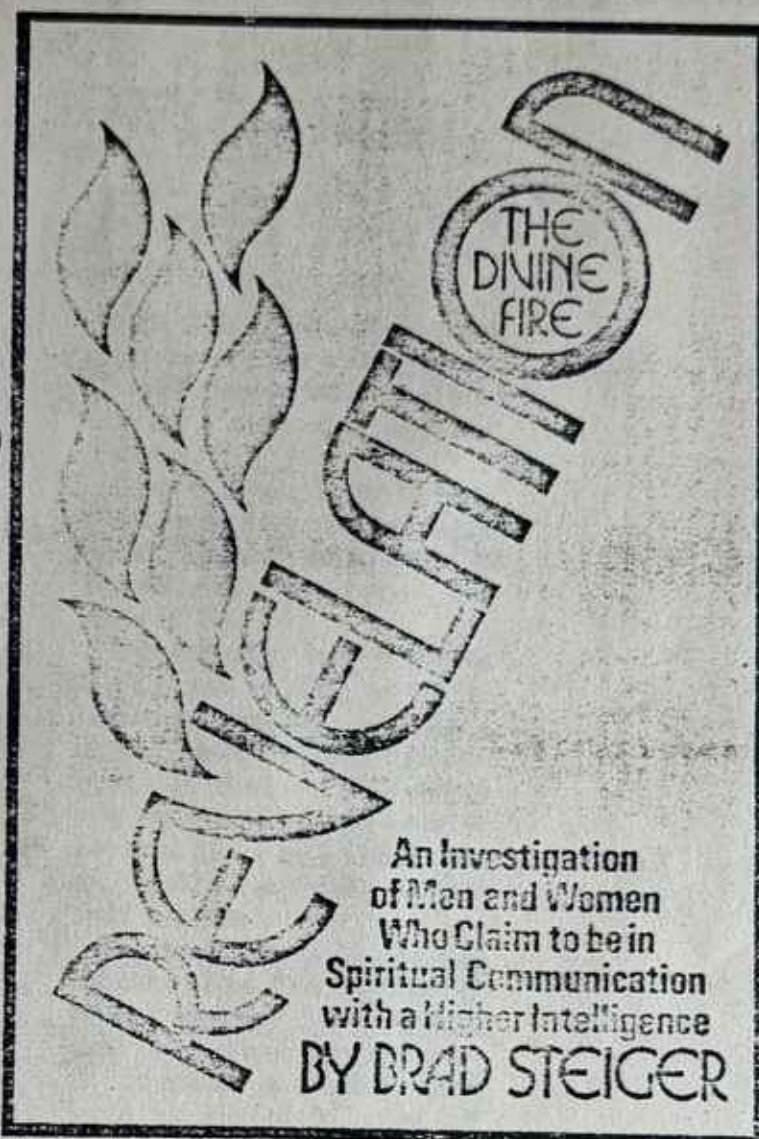
Ends in Perfection

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104 1/2
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Swene
XPK Man
12/19/72



A MAJOR RELEASE FROM PRENTICE-HALL

This book is an investigation of men and women who claim to be in touch with a higher intelligence. Brad Steiger has on file literally hundreds of individuals who claim to have received messages directly from God--or angels, spacemen, guides or other superhuman entities, but somehow the messages all have an internal consistency. Steiger comes to the inescapable conclusion that the source of these messages is not a deranged subconscious, but an outside intelligence that has been operating throughout history. Packed with never-before published case histories, this book is a detective story on several levels--psychological, religious and philosophical, opening a whole new vista for occult buffs.

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(For fast service tell them I referred you)

①

Carrier Returning After Accident

SAN DIEGO, Calif. (AP).—The aircraft carrier Constellation has returned to port after a fighter jet failed to stop on deck and dropped over the side, suspended in air by a cable.

Both pilots escaped safely from the F-4J when the incident occurred Saturday 35 miles out at sea, a Navy spokesman said. The Constellation returned Sunday.

The Navy said it is investigating the incident, which is similar to another accident a month ago that also left a jet hanging over the side of the carrier.

Phil. Inq. 12/12/72

②

Dec 13, '72

Constellation Hit by Blast, Fire; 1 Hurt

SAN DIEGO (AP)—An oxygen explosion and fire hit the carrier Constellation last Saturday at sea, injuring a sailor, the Navy said Tuesday.

Davis S. Neck, 21, of Warren, Mich., was flown to San Diego Naval Hospital and later to Brooke Army Hospital at San Antonio, Tex.

The explosion took place as Neck was working on an Intruder jet plane on the carrier's hangar deck, a Navy spokesman said. Neck suffered second and third-degree burns over 60 per cent of his body. There was no report of shipboard damage from the fire.

The Navy also disclosed that the pilot of an F4J Phantom jet which overshot the landing deck of the same carrier Saturday suffered a broken ankle when he ejected 35 miles off shore. An arresting cable caught the plane, hanging it over the side until it was removed Monday in San Diego.

The pilot, Lt. John R. Brooke of Poway, also lost two teeth. A copilot escaped injury, the Navy said.

The plane was not damaged heavily, the Navy said.

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS....

Here you have not one, but TWO...freak accidents that hit the aircraft carrier Constellation last Saturday...bang bang! (Please append to the file I just sent you, showing you how I gave just such a demonstration as this in 1966.)

As usual...the psi force that I sent forth...caused these accidents.

I am now being castigated in national periodicals...for causing accidents with psi force. However, it is of vital importance...that scientists such as yourself KNOW ABSOLUTELY that a human mind (even if it is the only human mind of its kind now in existence) CAN ACTUALLY DO THESE THINGS.

I wish that I could have a "nice guy" goody-goody image to present to the public...but I cannot, and still prove what I have to prove. In short...I can't demonstrate against football and basketball teams; make and guide hurricanes; harass military forces...with my mind (and document it)...and still win a popularity contest! I'll just have to leave Jeane Dixon as the popularity winner, while I stomp around with my big feet of clay...and my one-of-a-kind mind.

Quinn x PK Man x


DEAR TED

Results
(Book) my auto-hyp
profil
(Si system)

- SATURDAY

Bill +
Elyn Tache,
Mt. Shasta,
Calif.

WISHING you AND your FAMILY A VERY
MERRY CHRISTMAS — AND A HAPPY AND
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.



ENCLOSED you WILL FIND AN ARTICLE
FROM THE L.A. TIMES OF SOME WEEKS AGO - ALSO
THE ADDRESS OF A SOCIETY YOU MIGHT WISH
TO WRITE TO.

WE JUST GOT TO MT. SHASTA AND RECEIVED
OUR MAIL - WHICH INCLUDED THE TAPE, YOUR
LETTER AND BOOK + PHOTOSTATED MATERIAL - all
MUCH APPRECIATED -

→ WE HAVE BEEN USING OUR AUTO HYP TO
GREAT RESULTS - THERE IS DEFINITELY A CHANGE
ALSO - WE ARE TRYING TO ROUND UP A
GROUP OF PEOPLE you COULD TEACH your
AUTO-HYP METHOD TO — OR EVEN BETTER,

But, I spent only a short afternoon with Mr Matthews and that's too bad, because I know I could learn quite a lot more from him!

A few months ago, you told me, if you remember, that I might experience my first sighting before the end of the year! Well, a few weeks ago, that is, I am certain, exactly what happened. It was about 2:00 P.M. when I saw, in a beautifully clear, blue sky, such as we have in Alberta, an oblong shape (a little bit like a fat cigar!) * object, which seemed to stay still, about 600-800' high and 1 mile from me. Then it receded in the distance and disappeared within 3-5 minutes. The same after-noon, about 4:00 P.M. as I walked through the same spot (from which a good vantage view about the city can be obtained) here it was again! After a few seconds, it started to move, fairly slowly in a 315-grad fashion and disappeared in the distance.

* whitish-phosphorescent

Also, I have been practicing auto-hypn steadily. I have had some undeniably good results, in particular lately. Some-how I realize that I am still in an experimental stage. I mean that it seems that I have to try and see what I can achieve with the mechanism. At any rate, I realize more and more that it's a tremendous tool. I ordered a synthesizer from Schneider. Hopefully it will be here next January.