— June 11, 1972 Jerry Pilot

By JERRY MASHEK

RAPID CITY, S.D. (AP) — The horror of the flood that had torn life out of the Black Hills didn't really strike me until dawn Saturday.

It started about 8 p.m. Friday with a call from Journal photographer Don Polovich. He had heard reports of high water along Rimrock Highway in the Hisega area west of Rapid City.

It began as sort of a lark. I knew it was raining hard, but no one had prepared us for the wild night—and morning—ahead. There didn't seem to be any real danger.

The water from Rapid Creek was running across the road in some places on the way up, but our two pickups made it through in good shape. But it was starting to look more serious.

As we headed toward Hisega, the rain really hit. We pulled onto the shoulder and watched in amazement as a small stream spilling from the hillside turned into a 4-foot-wide torrent.

We turned back at this point, but were halted along with a number of other vehicles by a 3-foot wall of water spilling across the highway.

We were stuck, but it seemed the water would subside in a couple of hours. Then we heard that at least one bridge was out and it would be days before traffic was moving normally again. We decided to walk back to town, shooting pictures on the way.

Rapid Creek, 40 feet to our right, normally is clear and placid. But now it sounded like a freight train passing in the night. It must have been 150-feet wide in some places.

We could hear people trapped in houses on the other side of the creek calling plaintively, rather than desperately, for help.

It was pitch black, rain was falling sheets and all we could do was listen to the pleas.

How many people were swept to their deaths in that area alone, I'll never know.

About dawn we decided we'd hike toward Rapid City about three miles east. The carnage was unbelievable as we picked our way down a major Black Hills highway.

Gigantic blocks of asphalt and concrete as large as the walls of a house were strewn across the roadbed. Boulders lay haphazard and bridge structures were ripped and dangling. The smell of a world ripped apart hung in the air.

It was like nothing I've ever smelled before and hope to God I never do again.

Mud was everywhere. Once-beautiful homes had been obliterated. Articles from a shattered world lay scattered everywhere. Here a shoe, there a table top, beside us a crushed toy.

As we slogged down the highway we came to the Cleghorn Springs fish hatchery on the outskirts of the city. The rearing ponds were under water, the offices were smashed and we could see where the creek had come out of its banks.

Here and there little knots of people stared blankly at their homes — or where their homes had been. Rapid City contractor Owen Emmet gave us a short lift to where his home had been. It was still there, but it was smashed and mangled. His wife wondered aloud whether their dog was all right.

Several survivors were perched on roofs and the only sounds were the soft squish of tires on mud, the occasional bark of a dog and faint, meaningless greetings of "Morning."

Near once-beautiful Canyon Lake Park the smell of propane gas escaping from ruptured tanks was almost overpowering.

Canyon Lake was gone. Rapid Creek rushed through a sea of mud, automobiles and home furnishings. It looked as though some insane giant had taken the palm of his hand and slapped it into the lakebed, emptying it. The dam at the lower end of the lake had literally been ripped from its stone anchors.

The park was like a desolate moonscape. Giant trees were uprooted. Picnic tables, playground equipment, and the articles of everyday life cluttered the land. The beautifully manicured grass had huge gouges torn from it.

A body lay in a jumble of wreckage. We hurried past.

And the horror of life torn apart was the only thing on my mind.

I didn't want to see any more.

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS....(1) another case of water attacking again! (See previous letter from me re the dam, at Man, bursting!)
(2) Last week I aimed the Si's brand new psi force technique, "The Deadly Triangle", at the Cleveland, Ohio, area...whilst waiting for my xerox copies to be returned from Norfolk, to be sent out to you. Now, this South Dakota flood, "once in a hundred years" occurrence...would be the natural phenomena resulting from the Triangle attack...IF IT HAD HAPPENED AT CLEVELAND!
Of course...I did not want any deaths or injuries

But I tell you in all seriousness...my mind has become powerful enough to have brought this flood about. I know this for a fact...but it may take you a while to realize it, as fact. The question in my mind is: since I directed the Triangle mentally at Cleveland, without consulting a map...could there have been a natural human error on my part, geographically? (Geography is one of my poorest subjects.)

Owens
& PK Mant

PS...many of you can refer back to my files of years past...and dig out a letter I sent to you... where I had PK'd Florida...and an airplane crashed weirdly (believe it was an astronaut)...and the newspaper clipping said "It seemed as if a giant hand had pushed the plane straight down into the ground."
Then, when I PK'd Nevada...another weird plane crash involving a nuclear scientist...and again the news clipping said "it seemed as if a giant hand had slammed the plane down into the lake."
Now read the clipping here, and the reference once again to a "giant hand."

June 1, 1972

TO MY SIX SCIENTISTS....

aside and apart...from psi-force phenomena...thought you would be interested in this.

on Jan. 21, 1972, I wrote J. Edgar Hoover, FBI...sending copy of the attached letter, which is self-explanatory. Note: I recommended that the dummy stack of $100 bills (or whatever amount) be time-set to go off in three minutes.

While in Cleveland last week, May 19, 1972...I found this item below in the newspaper.

The dummy stack of bills idea had been used...along with the three-minute timing suggestion.

I had never heard from the FBI in answer to my letter.

But it is interesting, yes?

Owens
ESP & PK Man

5/19/72

Tear Jerker

KENNETH CAIN coolly grabbed a bundle of five-dollar bills from the counter at the Trust Company of Georgia's Bibb County branch, stuffed it down his trousers and ran off. Then he found the bills were too hot to handle. Three minutes later, when Cain was in a cafe ordering a meal, tear gas started pouring down his trouser legs. The bundle of bills was booby trapped to go off when tampered with.

Other people in the cafe stampeded for the street, coughing and sputtering. A passing policeman dashed in, ripped off Cain's smoking trousers, wrapped him in a table cloth and took him into custody. All the stolen money was recovered.

January 21, 1972

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover
Federal Bureau of Investigation

Dear Mr. Hoover:

My 9 year old boy and ~~KEES~~ I were "brainstorming" on how banks could foil bank robberies, and came up with the following plan:

Tellers of banks would be given, by the FBI, ten stacks of counterfeit $100 bills. (Just on top and bottom. Say 20 bills to a stack; the center bills could be blank green, but the stack would be sealed so that the robber wouldn't have time to break the seal and check the stack. It is assumed anyway, that the robber would be in an abnormal state of mind...watching for guards, cameras, etc., hence would simply sweep the counterfeit stacks into a briefcase, or bag.)

Then: (1) One of the stacks of bills would contain a signaling device in the center, a dummy stack...and the teller would simply slide a button forward on the stack to activate it. From that moment on...the robber could be tracked inside the city with special equipment to coordinate the signals on the signaling device, thus locating the robber/s very easily.

Or (2) one of the dummy stacks could have a timing device, again by a button slid forward by the teller...with an explosive inside it. The robber would scoop the stacks of 100's into a bag...run out to his car...and three minutes later the car would have a powerful explosive charge inside it go off.

I made inquiry of Mr. Lusk of the Virginia National Bank in Cape Charles, Virginia, as to what he thought of the explosive device...and he said that it could possibly be a danger to have in the bank. That, of course, would be up to the FBI to evaluate.

But I believe that the idea of the dummy stacks of 100's, with the signaling device, might work admirably. The robber/s would be watching the tellers...on guard against their pushing floor pedals, buttons, etc., but the psychology of this plan is...they would not suspect the very money they were stealing!

Sincerely,

Ted Owens (PK Man)
Box 48, Cape Charles, Virginia 23310

My idea...works again!!

ginian-Pilot, Thursday, June 8, 1972

dow to Make a Bandit Cry

FLINT, Mich. (AP)—A tear-gas bomb stuffed into a robber's sack along with $1,100 is credited with bringing about his capture only a bit more than 3½ minutes after a lone bandit fled from a West Side branch of Genesee Merchants Bank & Trust Co.

The man, not immediately identified by police, was run down by a plant security guard after he abandoned the tear-gas fog that enveloped the interior of his getaway car six blocks from the bank.



Teller Judy Yonan, 24, said a man walked up to her window and demanded money. She said she gave him $1,100 in a bag into which she also slipped the tear-gas bomb, set to go off in 3½ minutes.

Grabbing the bag, the robber fled, jumped into a car, and sped off. Six blocks later Judy's bomb exploded.

Clarence Beuerle, a retired Michigan State Police sergeant, suspected that something was wrong and gave chase. He soon overhauled the near-blinded man, who had abandoned the car.

SCIENTISTS: As you can see from this file...my idea has been put into action... and thus far (at least as has been published) it has quickly, easily and safely... solved two bank robberies... both within the three-minute time span I recommended to the FBI.