

UFO INVESTIGATOR



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EVIDENCE GROWS FOR LIFE IN SPACE Project OZMA May Rise Again

Evidence continues to mount that evolution of life is a common occurrence in outer space. Recent announcements by NASA and other scientists give strong new support to findings released late last year (*UFO Investigator*, December 1970) indicating that chemical precursors of life exist in great abundance throughout the universe.

Dr. Cyril Ponnampereuma, head of the NASA group that made the 1970 findings, announced in June that analysis of a meteorite found in Kentucky in 1950 has revealed the presence of amino acids, "building blocks" of all living organisms. This confirms the findings of scientists at the University of Arizona who also studied the meteorite and found traces of the same acids.

Amino acids had earlier been detected by Ponnampereuma's group in a meteorite that fell in Australia in 1969. Those acids are virtually identical to the ones found in the Kentucky fragment.

Much of the excitement surrounding the discoveries derives from the high degree of assurance that the acids are indigenous to the meteorites rather than earthly contaminants. The type of acids found -- a mixture of "right-handed" and "left-handed" molecular structures -- does not occur naturally on Earth.

Approximately two weeks after Ponnampereuma's announcement, the California Institute of Technology reported discovery of another life-essential compound, hydroxyl, in certain regions of interstellar dust. The disclosure was described as "direct evidence" of chemical evolution in the distant reaches of space.

These announcements come coincidentally at a time when a team of U.S. scientists is looking seriously at the possibility of conducting an intensive search for evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence. Working at NASA's Ames Research Center in California (the same facility where Ponnampereuma conducted his analyses), the team is studying the feasibility of using multiple radio telescopes to listen for signals from other technical civilizations. The team feels that if as many as 10,000 antennas were deployed across an area of 10 or 20 miles, it should be possible to receive radio "leakage" from star systems as far away as 100 light years (600,000,000,000 miles).

Such an undertaking would pick up where the much-discussed Project OZMA left off over ten years ago. OZMA was a study done during the summer of 1960 at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory in Green Bank, West Virginia. For a total of 150 hours, scientists at the Observatory monitored radio emissions from two nearby stars, Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani, hoping to detect signs of intelligent activity. No such discovery was made, but the project laid the basis for more ambitious searches at some future time.

The Ames study is designated Project Cyclops and, as its name suggests, is grandiose in concept. Within 100 light years of Earth, there are some 10,000 stars, many of which are believed to have planetary systems. If even a few of these planets support intelligent life, it should be possible to detect

certain types of radio transmissions from them. The time and cost, however, would be enormous -- probably billions of dollars and several decades of searching. The Ames group will look closely at whether these expenditures would be justified in terms of the results that could likely be expected.

AAAS UFO SYMPOSIUM TO BE PUBLISHED Proceedings Expected Early Next Year

Papers presented at the 1969 "General Symposium on Unidentified Flying Objects" will be published in book form by Cornell University Press early next year. The book will be entitled *The Physics and Psychology of UFOs* and edited by Dr. Thornton Page, space scientist at NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center, and Dr. Carl Sagan, astronomer at Cornell.

The symposium was conducted by the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) in Boston on December 26 and 27, 1969 (*UFO Investigator*, May 1970). Fourteen scientists participated, including Dr. Page and Dr. Sagan.

The book will contain the entire proceedings of the symposium, plus special material submitted by some of the participants. No price or firm publication date has yet been set.

One of the arrangers of the symposium was Dr. Philip Morrison, physics professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Morrison was instrumental in arranging Project Cyclops, the seminar at NASA's Ames Research Center that is currently considering ways to listen for extraterrestrial radio signals (see story in this issue).

NICAP BOARD HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING Three New Governors Voted In

At its annual meeting for 1971, the NICAP Board of Governors elected three new men to Board membership. They are: Mr. Charles P. Miller, Editorial Vice President for the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association; Mr. Harry C. Cooper, former Naval communications specialist; and Brigadier General Robert C. Richardson, retired Air Force officer.

Addition of the three men brings Board membership to ten. A brief biography of each man, and a list of the current Governors, will be published in an upcoming issue of the newsletter.

Other action taken at the meeting includes the election of Mr. Miller to the vacant post of NICAP Vice President, and appointment of NICAP Secretary-Treasurer Stuart Nixon to the newly created position of Executive Director. The Board also accepted, with great regret, the resignation of Rev. Albert H. Baller, one of the original NICAP Governors. Rev. Baller's professional commitments made it impractical for him to continue as an active Board member. The meeting was held May 25, 1971, at the offices of NICAP President John Acuff.

Reporter's Notebook**THE NIGHT THE SAUCERS DIDN'T COME**
Or: The Case of the Missing Scar

There are times when investigation of UFO reports reveals very little about UFOs but a great deal about human beings. These are the moments when it becomes apparent that the incident under investigation no longer matters; that what is happening as the witness submits to questioning and observation is the disclosure of himself as a person, a person not really very different from anybody else. Whereas before he seemed somehow transfixed by his report, he now suddenly loses this aura and stands, as it were, exposed for the first time: an ordinary individual, agreeable perhaps but not remarkable, not with something important to say, not even someone who should be investigated at all.

Such an instance occurred three years ago when NICAP learned that a man from West Virginia was supposedly going to persuade alien beings from another planet to land their spacecraft in the presence of news photographers. An erstwhile manual laborer and salesman in his early fifties, the man had made prior claims to contact with these beings, but had offered only his word as evidence of their existence. This time, he said he was going to give the ultimate proof.

The promised event was set for the evening of February 28, 1968, at a private home in Vienna, Virginia (a suburb of Washington, D.C.). Newsmen were alerted, and a select group of witnesses was assembled at the secluded site. Among those present was a member of NICAP's staff, who took with him three friends: a professional photographer, a journalist, and an astronomer with the U.S. Naval Observatory. He also took a pencil and notebook. The following are his impressions of what happened, published here for the first time.

It was a grim affair. The rough, ruddy skin of the man's face seemed to resist being pushed into the configuration of a smile. It wrinkled like stiff paper the few times he tried to smile. Perhaps he was tired. Perhaps he was disappointed. Perhaps he didn't know what to think. After all, the worst had happened. The space people had failed to appear. He had beseeched them; he had intoned the right incantations; he had made all the appropriate signs. But they were not moved. They wanted to appear, they said, but the risk was too great. That's what they told him, and that's all he could tell those of us who had been waiting with him, hopeful, patient, ready to believe.

The man said he'd been afraid the evening would come to this. There were not supposed to be so many witnesses, so many strangers. The house was noisy with photographers, writers, camera technicians, friends of the newsmen, friends of friends. This was not the original plan at all. The space people had been led to expect a smaller, more composed reception, something more serious. How could the space people know what was in the minds of such a sundry crowd? What secret intentions might exist among us? Maybe it was all a plot, a subterfuge. Maybe some sinister force lay in the woods around the house, bent upon capture of the space people the moment they emerged from their ship.

Yes, that was the explanation. It was a trap. The man said the space people had conferred and agreed. Someone among us was a traitor, a serpent, seeking to strike at the benign beings from another world. Obviously, then, there could be no landing, no revelation, no contact. All was lost. The heavens could bring forth no visitations because mortal man, with his self-centered schemes, had cut himself off from cosmic brotherhood.

The man lowered his eyes from the expanse of sky above us. He was standing on the stone patio at the rear of the house, surrounded by klieg lights, microphones, and people.

Only stars could be seen overhead, but he assured us the space people were there, waiting, wondering if they should descend. He was talking to them--telepathically--and they were there.

His eyes met ours, and he told us the melancholy news.

We looked at each other incredulously. One of us a betrayer? How could it be? We turned to the man in bemused curiosity.

"Is it me?" someone asked. "Is it me?" said another. It was an unwitting Last Supper. "Is it I, Lord?"

The man didn't answer.

The camera crews looked sadly disgusted. They began to dismantle the lights and roll up the microphone wire. The rest of us drifted back into the house, some to the kitchen where bottles of gin and club soda were sitting on the sink, others to the living room where more wires, lights, and paraphernalia were scattered like uprooted weeds on the furniture and floor. There was nothing left to do. The man came into the room and stopped in the middle of the carpet. His face was fatigued, drained of expression. He lit a cigarette. Several old women moved over to him to ask about the cancelled contact. Who would conspire to hurt the space people? Who would want to stalk them like animals?

The man couldn't say. He said he didn't know. He wouldn't even guess. He had no more interest in such riddles. That's what the space people had told him, and that's all he knew.

The women weren't satisfied. What is life like on the planet where the space people come from? Do they have doctors? Do people die? Do people have pets? Yes, said the man, yes to all that. Life there has a lot in common with our own.

Perhaps it was not too late, I suggested. Perhaps the subversive one among us could be exposed and removed. Why should we all suffer for the mischief of someone who probably doesn't belong at the house anyway? It was unreasonable.

The man didn't have a chance to reply. Another man--lean, with hard eyes, who someone later said was a traveling companion--interrupted. No, there was no hope, he said. Even if the infiltrator were ejected, there were others, other parties to the plot. They were probably hiding in the shadows outside the home. We might not be able to see them, but the space people were not so blind. They had detected this hostile presence and were determined not to show themselves. No, there would be no landing tonight. Better that we watched out for our own safety than make futile pleas for the space people to appear.

Our own safety? I said. We were in danger, not just the space people?

Yes, said the first man, still standing on the rug. His wife had joined him now, and a few reporters had found their way from the kitchen to the living room. Yes, we all were in danger, including himself. There was no way to know who the plotters were. Their purposes could be directed beyond the space people to other groups as well. The threat to all of us could be very real.

For the first time that evening, the man was beginning to show emotion. His hands and arms were no longer limp. His voice was no longer exhausted and empty. He lit another cigarette and looked at me. Didn't I know he had already been harmed by these conspirators? Didn't I realize his very life had hung briefly in the balance when they confronted him? It was true, he said. He had been attacked one night by two men who knifed him. He still had the scar on his body to prove it.

I expressed disbelief. Who would want to kill him?

The man put his hand to his stomach and repeated his claim. There was no doubt, he said; his friendship with the space people had made him the target of a mysterious and hateful power. There was some organization, some individual who did not want him to share the wisdom of the space people with those of us on Earth.

Could we see the scar? I asked.

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BLACK DISC SIGHTED IN MASSACHUSETTS

A shiny black "discus" that hovered, gyrated, and flipped over on its side has been reported at a recreational area near Oxford, Massachusetts. The sighting occurred on May 29, 1971, at 4 a.m. EDT, while the four witnesses -- a man and three teenage boys -- were fishing at the edge of a reservoir.

When first seen, the object appeared as a bright blue-white light in the western sky, moving on an erratic course toward the observers. It was spotted by 16-year-old Raymond Beaudry, who called it to the attention of Warren McCarthy. McCarthy, 39-year-old maintenance man for a research organization in Worcester, Mass., pointed it out to his two sons -- Michael, 16, and Mark, 15 -- and all four men began to watch as the light approached. They said it jerked from side to side "like a pendulum," and up and down "like a ball."

As it came closer, the light took on a rectangular shape, and the witnesses were able to see a dark body beneath it. The body was oval, with pointed ends, and seemed to have a highly reflective skin, like metal. The brightness of the light, combined with a lack of illumination from other sources, prevented the men from seeing any structural detail, but they all agreed on the object's general configuration and the curiously shaped light.

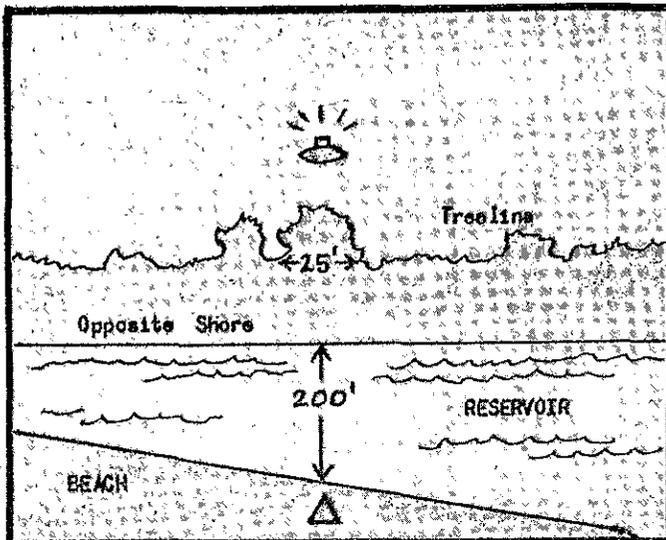
The men were positioned on the opposite side of the reservoir from the apparent position of the object. The distance across the water at that point, as later estimated by NICAP's investigator, is 200 feet. At what appeared to be its nearest point, the object was over the trees across the water, some 250 or 300 feet away.

At approximately that point, the object flipped over on edge, showing its underside to the witnesses. In that attitude, it was circular in shape, "like a pancake," with seven or eight glowing "ports" evenly spaced around the bottom. No flame or smoke could be seen, but the glow from the ports reflected in the water.

Soon after flipping over, the object stopped and began to move back in the direction it came. This time it moved rapidly and was soon lost from sight.

Moments later, a moving light appeared over the tree tops in the same direction the object had disappeared. As it began to come closer, it suddenly speeded up, as though it were going to dive down and hit the beach where the men were standing. It slowed down, however, and came to a stop over the trees on the opposite shore.

Unsure of what the light would do next, the men decided to abandon the site and resume their fishing later in the day. They hurriedly gathered their gear and went to their car, just as the light began to recede in the distance.



Diagram, based on photograph of site, shows witnesses' position (triangle) and apparent location of strange object across water.

"I was scared," McCarthy later told investigators.

NICAP's Massachusetts Subcommittee investigated the sighting and reported no known correlation with conventional activity in the area. The witnesses were interviewed on the day of the incident by a local news reporter, who checked with the police, the Worcester Airport, and the National Weather Service for other possible reports. None had been received.

Continued from opposite page

The question was clearly unexpected. A momentary blush crossed his weathered face. He hesitated. There were people standing around, some women. For a moment, it seemed as if the question was unfair, that it would force him to relive a terrible experience just to satisfy someone's sick curiosity. But he offered no protest. He didn't say anything at all. A reporter suggested we move to another room where it would be more private. A small group of us walked into a nearby bedroom.

The old air of depression had returned to the man. He was tired. He entered the bedroom mechanically. Whether he cared about showing the scar, whether he felt offended by the idea, whether he believed it would serve any purpose, whether he was even aware of what was happening did not show in the wooden features of his face. He had suddenly been caught in a situation he didn't expect. The point of no return had been exceeded, and now this trivial detail, this absurd issue of the scar, had become primary. On the wall of the bedroom was a painting of a nude, but nobody noticed. The flesh we wanted to see was the abdomen of an aging man who would have never been known to any of us had he not made claim to contact with the space people.

As we moved in around him and bent over to get the best possible view, the man opened his coat and pulled the shirt out on one side of his stomach. He said the scar was in the shape of a cross. We strained to see the wound, but no mark was evident. A reporter asked the man to point it out. The man looked down at his bulbous belly with uncertainty. For a second he too couldn't seem to locate the scar. Then he began drawing and redrawing an imaginary cross on his skin where he said the scar was. We pressed in closer to follow his finger.

There was no scar.

The camera crews came hurriedly into the bedroom. Word of what we were doing had reached the other end of the house. Lights were set up furiously and plugged into the wall. People began to fill up the doorway. The cameramen shouted orders to the man about where to stand and what to do. He responded without speaking, raising his shirt higher and turning toward the camera. The fat of his stomach protruded over his belt and sagged down, glaring under the lights like fish in a supermarket showcase. He was oblivious to the now maniacal prodding and poking of his skin. He passively submitted, not even bothering to put his finger on the alleged scar or to give directions on locating it. This made the cameraman mad. He raised his head from the viewfinder and screamed at an assistant holding a light, as though it were his fault there was no scar.

The man stood mute, his hands glued to his chest to hold the shirt, his eyes pale and focused nowhere, or perhaps somewhere far away. The door was crowded with faces, staring but uncomprehending, mesmerized by the bright lights and hectic maneuvers of the technicians. There were no more questions to be asked; no more answers. The expectations that brought us all together had evaporated; the mission had been aborted. Now there was only confusion and a man with a naked stomach.

It was a macabre scene. No space people, no saucers, no signs of celestial intelligence, not even a simple scar. Just a sad man who had become a freak in his own side show for want of anything better to keep the customers from drifting away.



MEMOS
FOR
MEMBERS

PLAN LECTURES EARLY

If your club or organization is considering having someone from NICAP speak on UFOs, please urge them to contact NICAP as soon as possible to make the necessary arrangements. Queries are already coming in about our lecture schedule for the fall season, and there are only a limited number of engagements we can accept. Interested persons may write or call for details on the program we offer.

A SIMPLE WAY TO SAVE MONEY

When we save money, you save money, because it's your dues we're spending. The less money we need for overhead, the more money we have available for research, which is what NICAP is all about. One of the easiest ways to help us keep overhead low is to renew as soon as you receive your first notice. This saves us both the cost of additional notices and the cost of running our computer to find out who didn't renew on the first notice. It also saves you from worrying about renewing and from possibly missing newsletters.

TWO BOOKS OUT OF PRINT

As we anticipated last November (see "Clipboard" for that month), we have exhausted our supply of *UFOs: A New Look*. This means that only three of NICAP's five books on UFOs—*The UFO Evidence*, *The UFO Wave of 1947*, and *Strange Effects from UFOs*—are still available. The other out-of-print book is *Projects Grudge and Blue Book*. If funds become available for reprinting either book, we will advise our members. In the meantime, please do not order them.

TELL IT LIKE IT IS

If there is something you like or don't like about the newsletter, let us know. It's always nice to get compliments, but criticisms are welcome too. Address all comments to the editor. We may not be able to use every suggestion we receive, but we will give them all serious consideration.

NICAP PIN IS NOT A CHARM

A few members have ordered the NICAP Logo Lapel Pin under the mistaken impression it is a charm for a bracelet. We admit this impression is partly the fault of our order form, which states that the pin "can serve as a charm." This is a true statement, but you need to have a jeweler fix the pin with a clasp or chain before you can attach it to a bracelet. A lot of our female members have bought the pin and had this done. We apologize to those of you who may have been misled when you ordered.

NICAP BANK STILL THE SAME

Even though we moved our offices earlier this year, we continue to bank at the same establishment we have always used: Riggs National Bank, Dupont Circle Office, Washington, D.C. 20036. If you live in a foreign country and want to arrange for a payment to NICAP through your own bank or exchange, you may do so directly with Riggs. They will send us the payment per instructions from your agent. Just be sure you advise us that the money is being forwarded in this manner, and state what it is for.

FEEDBACK / Readers write

Dear Editor:

I think I can lend credence to your tentative identification of the Kingston, Tennessee case of February 1 (*UFO Investigator*, April 1971). I was returning on that evening to my duty station at Fort Benning, Georgia, from a visit to Cape Kennedy to witness the January 31 launch of Apollo 14. Somewhere in the vicinity of the southwest Georgia city of Albany, some 250 miles northeast of Eglin AFB, Florida, I saw the strangest cloud I have ever seen. I pulled over to the side of US Highway 82 to assure myself that I was not witnessing an extraterrestrial visitation. Many other motorists had also stopped to view the object.

I have observed these Eglin clouds before, but this was truly the strangest one I have seen. It had a genuinely solid-looking "core" of a bright glowing reddish-orange, surrounded by a glowing misty "halo." I knew that high altitude tests were in progress at Eglin and was fairly certain that this appearance was a product of one of the experiments. After a period of observation, I continued on my trip, driving slowly and monitoring the cloud through my side window. Gradually the central "core" began to fade and dissipate. After about 10 minutes there was only a "normal" orange cloud where the strange object had been.

I can easily understand the uncertainty of the two young ladies in Kingsport, Tennessee, as in the first few moments of its formation the object bore extremely little resemblance to a cloud. It is impossible to describe the appearance of this phenomenon. My greatest regret is that I had expended all of the film in my camera at Cape Kennedy.

I am certain, beyond a doubt, that a cloud-producing missile test did occur on the night in question. I agree with your conclusion that this is the probable cause of the Kingsport sighting. Eglin had been engaged in similar tests in that period.

Sincerely,

Edward J. Green
Fort Benning, Georgia

newsnotes

"STATUS" CRITIQUE PUBLISHED

NICAP consultant Stuart Appelle has published his critique of the recently advanced "status inconsistency theory" on UFOs (*UFO Investigator*, April 1971). The critique appears in the latest issue of *Perceptual and Motor Skills*, a quarterly journal on psychology. In his paper, Appelle questions whether the theory's originator, sociologist Donald Warren, was justified in identifying people who admit to UFO sightings with those who actually make reports. "There is evidence," states Appelle, "that this latter group and the group analyzed by Warren may come from two very different populations." Appelle is currently an instructor in psychology at George Washington University.

UFO FORECAST PROVES FALSE

It is not often that anyone bothers to check up on the prognostications of people claiming the ability to foresee the future. With this in mind, NICAP recently retrieved from its files a prediction made three years ago by prophetess Sybil Leek. Self-styled medium, witch, ghost hunter, and psychic, Miss Leek was interviewed in 1968 by *Playboy* magazine, who asked her what she envisioned for the coming year in the fields of science and space. Part of her answer was that the public would change its mind about UFOs and begin to take them much more seriously. In fact, she said, there would be a dramatic increase in sightings during 1969, resulting in a new government investigation. Here, verbatim, is her prediction:

"In 1969, there'll be a very different attitude toward flying saucers. Most people now either laugh at them or ignore them. But in the early part of the year, events will make a valid case for flying saucers. From March 19 to March 27 of 1969, there'll be many sightings of UFOs around the world—so many, in fact, that the Government will set up a new commission to investigate them."

None of these events occurred. On the contrary, release of the Condon Report in January 1969 contributed to a decline in sighting reports and dampening of public interest in UFOs. NICAP files for the period March 19-27, 1969, show a total of 19 reports: 3 explained, 13 low quality, and 3 above average. This represents a routine level of reports for that year. As to initiating a new UFO investigation in 1969, the U.S. Government did just the opposite; it closed Project Blue Book in December and announced that further study was unwarranted.

Let these erroneous predictions about UFOs be regarded as unrepresentative of Miss Leek's usual performance, it should also be noted that in the same series of prognostications, she predicted that the first men on the moon would be Russians, and the year would be 1970. In actual fact, the first lunar landing was accomplished by American astronauts on July 20, 1969.