

P-809
Encl: Chubb

Dear Melissa;

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12/23/71
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Dear Mr. Nixon,

I am writing
to tell you about my
idea on flying saucers.
You know that when
you shine a searchlight
that it shines far. Well,
maybe when it shines
into the sky it passes
into space, and when it
reached its destiny it
changes into a form and
comes back down to earth,
and we think it is a
flying saucer. Thank you
for listening.

Miss Melissa Reynolds
Age 12
Route 4, Mt. Pelia Rd.
Martin, Tennessee, 38234