Niku IIII Funding Well Underway

On Monday, October 9, the TIGHAR Executive Committee (Ric and Pat) spent the day in Washington, D.C. successfully negotiating a media rights agreement which secures the basic funding for the Niku III expedition.

There is still plenty of money left to raise to do all we’d like to do; but the agreement provides sufficient funding to cover the ship charter, airfare, and operating expenses for the preparation and execution of the expedition.

Just what kind of media coverage will result has not been determined and, as with all exclusive media agreements, we have given up some degree of control over how our story is told to the public. TIGHAR has relinquished no control over the way we conduct the investigation or the expedition or how we service the TIGHAR membership—we are free to keep the membership informed of our progress, and involve you all in our research.

Never before have we had this much of a head start on funding an expedition. With a goal of $500,000 for the three year period (2000 through 2002 inclusive) we are 73% of the way there only six months into the fund drive. If you’d like to help with the other 27%, please fill in the donation slip enclosed with this newsletter. We’ll have a Niku IIII T-shirt and some other things available soon. If you’d like to donate online, just go to our website, www.tighar.org, and click through to the Earhart Project; it’s simple and secure. You can keep track of our progress there, and also keep up with the latest research and planning.

“This is Amelia Earhart…”

TIGHAR has just received what appears to be a real-time transcription of what were believed at the time to be post-loss radio transmissions from Amelia Earhart. We have made no judgement at this time about the possible authenticity of the transmissions, but are working with the text to fully analyze the content, the context, and the physical materials in an effort to verify or dismiss this most interesting development.

A 15 year old girl, “Betty,” was living in St. Petersburg, Florida in the summer of 1937. One afternoon in July—the exact date is not known—at about 4:30 p.m. Betty was sitting on the floor in front of her family’s radio console. She liked to listen to music and kept a notebook in which she jotted the words to her favorite songs, made notes of current movies and drew pencil sketches of glamorous people. She also liked to listen to the short wave. Her father had