

1987:

CIGARETTE-SHAPED UFO
IN FIELD / MULTI-WITNESSEDMark Rodeghier

From: "Robert Mitchell" <robmitche@ca.astound.net>
 To: "Peter Davenport" <director@ufocenter.com>; "John Schuessler" <mufonhq@aol.com>; "Colm Kelleher" <nids@anv.net>; "Roger Pinson" <pinson@nidsci.org>; "Mark Rodeghier" <markrod@xsite.net>
 Sent: Friday, June 18, 2004 3:57 PM
 Subject: UFO Sighting Report

name = Doug Smith
 street address = 806 Mill St.
 city = Lee's Summit
 state = MO.
 zip = 64081
 country =
 age = 30 - 39
 daytime phone = 816.524.3420
 evening phone = Same
 email = smith.doug@sbcglobal.net
 date = June or July
 time = Midnight(ish)
 location = Y Hwy, between Tightwad and Windsor Missouri.
 description = It was the summer of 1987. This was the year I graduated High School. I do not recall the exact date. This takes place in Missouri, about an hour and a half South East of Kansas City (+/-). Whiteman Air Force Base, now the home of the B-2 bomber, was at the time a missile base. It is about 30 to 45 minutes away from where this happened. To this day there are countless old missile silos scattered throughout this countryside, though they have been dismantled as far as I know.

A friend of mine, as well as one of my uncles decided to go to a place outside of our hometown of Windsor, known as "Windsor Crossing". Windsor Crossing is about fifteen minutes from Windsor, at the edge of Truman Lake, which in reality is the outer edge of the Ozarks. It is a much larger drink of water than what the word "lake" implies. At Windsor Crossing is a campground, as well as a dock to put boats out onto the lake, and a "beach". Our plan for the evening was to go to the beach and go for a late night swim. Given the humid summers that Missouri experiences, this seemed like a great idea at the time. My two companions rode along with me, and I parked my car away from the beach as it was forbidden (dare I say "Illegal") to go swimming

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IN FIRST MOUNTAIN DISTRICT

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there after dark-for our own safety of course.

After our swim, all three of us went up onto the beach and lay down on the sand. The night was cool as I remember it. The sky was clear and dark blue, punctured by the pinhole-sized stars that littered the night too numerous to count. It was a very beautiful evening.

As the three of us laid there on that beach talking, the conversation ultimately resolved itself to silence. Several moments passed. Then as always seems to be the case, when it is a beautiful night, the stars out, etc, somebody has to speak up about space, parallel universes, and things of that ilk. Anyway, Charles was the one guilty of breaking the silence with "Wouldn't it be cool if we saw a UFO?"

This was immediately greeted with a reprimand by none other than myself. I sat up in the sand and forcefully declared that no such thing existed, and that it was downright stupid for him to even bring it up. It was a beautiful, clear summer night. That was the reality of the moment. It seemed ridiculous to contaminate such a nice midnight swim with silly speculations of another race from outer space.

Charles snorted something under his breath that vaguely resembled an apology. After several minutes, we all towed the sand off of ourselves, got dressed and made way to my Toyota Celica (1978 GT. Moon roof. Damn fine car. And I don't like Japanese cars.)

Windsor crossing is on Y highway between Windsor and a little speck of a town called "Tightwad". Tightwad is only two minutes up the road past Windsor Crossing. This is significant as my girlfriend all during high school lived there. This meant that I spent a great deal of time on that highway, naturally. So I was very familiar with all the details of that road. Where all the houses were. Where all of the lights were.

And where lights should not be.

As we were moving down Y towards Windsor, we came to the only stop on that highway. A stop sign at a 4-way in the middle of nowhere. We passed it. As our conversation continued (to this day I have no recollection what it was about), I noticed way out in the distance what looked like an amber light over a field (there are lots of fields in Missouri.). It did not register with me as I was immersed in a conversation of so much importance that I cannot recollect what in the heck it was about. So I filed the light waaaaay in the back of my mental Rolodex.

Our conversation continued.

As we drew closer to the light, at this point it was still about a mile or so

away, it demanded my attention again. It had suddenly dawned on me that there was no house in that area, save for one farm on the other side of Y highway. It could not be a lamppost; I would have seen it from all of my excursions to my girlfriend's house in Tightwad. Cows of course, have no need for a lamppost out in the middle of a field.

The light now had my attention.

I interrupted the conversation between my uncle and Charles and drew their attention to the light.

As best I can remember, from that point on we were silent till we drew closer to the light. I pulled my car over to the right side of the road and all three of us got out to take a look at what was over the field.

This is what happened to the best of my recollection:

An amber light hung suspended over the field not quite two stories high. To give you an idea of what the light looked like to me, imagine looking at a streetlight through a foggy windshield. It had streaks that came out from the main source, but not sharply, they were not long streaks, just stationary. The light made no sound. Behind it was a single row of trees. I will describe the setting to give you an idea of the distance as best as I can recall it. Y highway is a lone country road out in the middle of nowhere. It is mostly used by the few that live down that road, and the summer traffic going to the lake. At well past midnight, we were the only ones on this road. This small road has no streetlights. So it is dark, save for the house light in the distance, or the occasional traffic lights.

From where we were parked at the side of this two-way road, you could walk across it, cross a ditch and come to a fence. You could easily climb the four or five foot fence, take about thirty steps past it, and you would be beneath this thing. You could throw a rock and easily hit it.

The three of us stood there and said nothing. We just looked at this light. It made no sound. It moved not an inch. It just hung there. An amber light with soft streaks emanating from it.

This is the part that I struggle to understand, much less explain to others: I do not know how this happened, nor do I recall seeing it happen at all. One second I/we were looking at this light floating over a field, and the next thing I know is that the light is no longer there, but what rested in it's place was what we all know as that familiar cigar shape. Its outline could easily be made out against the clear blue night sky, punctured with millions of stars.

This cigar shape seemed to me to be about the length of two or three full-sized cars. Around it was blocks of colors. Green, yellow and blue. These colors did

not move. The cigar shape did not move.

At this point, I tried to gather information about what I was seeing.

It was near a row of tall trees, yet the leaves on the trees rustled only when a soft summer breeze passed. It made no sound. Not a hum that I could hear. Nothing. I could make out the blades of grass in the moonlight. They rustled not a bit.

I looked over at my uncle, and he was silent. I looked over at my friend, and he was silent too. My attention turned back to the cigar shape that hovered silently, effortlessly, over this field.

I have no idea of how long we stood there and looked at it. I was not scared, quite to the contrary, I felt very peaceful. If I felt anything, it was the urge to run across the road, jump the fence, and run up and try to touch it. But I did not. As the tree of us stood there, I recall us saying things to one another, yet I cannot remember what it was.

After several minutes, the cigar shape slowly rose up, over the treetops and lowered itself behind them, as if it was trying to hide from us! It was only one row of trees, so we could still easily make out the lights on its side, as well as the cigar shape. After what seemed like a short amount of time there, it again lifted up over the trees and went away from us. We jumped into my Celica (Damn fine car.), and sped down the highway following it. Ultimately, it stopped over a field. We parked the car on a curve that ran along side a hill that looked down on this field. At this point I was convinced that what we were seeing was indeed not a helicopter, or some kind of airplane. From beneath this (what I will now call a-) UFO shone a bright, concentrated white light. The light's edges softened outward from its center. This light swept over the field in patterns I did not recognize or find any logic to. It looked very random to me. After a few moments of this, at the blink of an eye, it was very high up in the sky and way out in the distance (and without even the slightest sound). Those lights around it now seemed to be rotating around it.

Eventually, it was over the horizon. It would dip below the tree line, and then would pop back up again. It did this a couple of more times before it disappeared, never to be seen by us again.

The conversation back to Windsor was dominated naturally, by what the three of us had become witnesses to. I dropped off my Uncle and my friend, but did not go home. Instead, I found myself driving around my hometown of 3,000 people just trying to process what was going around in my head. I eventually came to the parking lot of a grocery I worked at during high school and came across one of my co-workers there. I pulled up to his car. His window was

rolled down and I could see his face. It was an expressionless mask, his eyes were hollow, and his skin as white as a sheet of paper. The first thing out of my mouth was—"Darrel, you won't believe what I just saw!" Darrel interrupted me and said, "I know what you just saw. It was a UFO." His voice trembled, and there was very much a tone of concern to it. He had tried but failed to hide his fright.

While we were on that hill on Y highway watching this thing bounce above and below the horizon... as it turns out, it was over another small town that is called Calhoun. Darrel's girlfriend lived there. According to him, he and his girlfriend were sitting on the porch of her house, which has an awning over it, when he said he felt what amounted to a low rumble. A strong low hum. This caught my interest, as I did not hear any noise whatsoever from the UFO when I saw it.

The two of them sat there and from over her house this thing gently sailed over. They watched this, every bit of it as it stopped over her front yard, right in front of them. Then it went up high, above the tree line, and then back down, and then back up. According to Darrel, it did this a few times before it ultimately shot up into the air and disappeared. This seems to match what we had witnessed on that highway, watching this thing go above the horizon, within our view, and then dip below our view a few times before ultimately disappearing. The UFO was described to me by Darrel as being saucer shaped, and metallic silver. This was all I could get out of him. He was visibly shaken and went home. I rode around town for several more minutes and did not see him again.

I went home and looked at the clock and saw that it was about 3 am. I do not believe I lost any time as I can honestly believe that the incidents, including the time I spent driving aimlessly around town, realistically could have burned a couple of hours.

The next time I ran into Darrel, he was able to chat about it briefly, but he made it obvious that he wanted to put the whole experience behind him. In a small farming community, you could be the laughingstock of the whole town if you went around proclaiming to have seen a UFO.

Well there you go. All 2,173 words of it.

I never believed in anything if I could not reach out and touch it. This rule especially applied to UFO's. My companions and I were not drunk, nor where

we on any kind of drugs. We were just three guys on our way home from a swim. That night, fifteen years ago, I saw something that I know with every fiber of my existence, answered my question of "Is there life out there?" Well I am now here to tell you that I believe that there is. And now that I have thought about it for years, and finally shared it with you. I am now saddled with an even bigger question:

Why are they here?

distance = Around 30 yrds, +/-

covered = Maybe a large iced tea glass

duration = Around an hour or so.

conditions = Clear summer night, faint intermitent breeze.

under clouds = cloudless

physical traces = A couple days later a friend (he was not present at the sighting) and myself went back to where I saw the UFO and inspected the ground. We had no experience in what to look for, but we found nothing that stood out to us on the ground or surrounding areas.

power out = The only machine nearby was my car, and it operated normally. There was a house nearby, but by the time we got out of the car I was completely engrossed in the UFO. This means that I did not stop to look and see if the light on the pole in front of the house was affected. I have no reason to believe it was.

Now I wish I would have stopped by that house and asked the family that lived there if they noticed anything odd around that time.

effects = I felt no effects from what we were seeing, my companions mentioned nothing. As I recall, I looked at both of them briefly during the happening, and like me they were (as best as I can describe it-) mesmerized by what we were seeing.

anything else = During the sighting, I felt an overwhelming sense of calm. I felt no fear whatsoever. However, during the sighting and ever since, the words escape me to describe how bad I wish I would have jumped that fence, went to that thing, and tried to make contact with it. There are always sightings in the Windsor Missouri area. And it isn't the B-2 bomber. All of us know that airplane like the back of our hands. We see it every day, and quite often at night. Besides, does the B-2 hover? OF course not. My hometown isn't the type of place that lends itself to silly hysteria. Windsor is a no-nonsense farming community. It's in your best interest NOT to talk about it (otherwise face the laughs and ridicule of the community). But still, there are several reports. A friend of mine from Windsor mailed me a site that shows several from the Windsor area. Will send it to you if you are interested.