

VALÉRIE L. COLLINS  
159 SW Florence, Unit I-45  
Gresham, Oregon 97080  
HM 503 666-8081  
WK 503 872-2832

---

March 11, 1997

Citizens Against UFO Secrecy  
3518 Martha Custis Drive  
Alexandria, VA 22302


Gentlemen:

I submitted the attached material to the television program Sightings, and since they are awaiting word on the cancellation of their program, they referred me to you. I feel that the attached UFO sighting information contains some interesting details that should end up in the reports somewhere.

We sat within 200 feet of the craft for more than 6 minutes, noting in great detail all visible aspects of the craft. The particulars of that sighting are attached.

If you have further questions, try my work phone first, or leave word and I will get back to you. Thanks.

Sincerely,

  
Valerie L. Collins

Valérie Collins  
159 SW Florence Ave., I-45  
Gresham, Or 97080  
503 872-2832-Wk  
503 666-8081

## REPORT OF UFO SIGHTING

GRESHAM, OREGON - MAY 14, 1988

The time of the sighting was 9:45pm. The circumstances were as follows. My friend, Tom Smyth, and I had dined out in Vancouver, Washington, driven back along the Columbia River and crossed over into Oregon on I-205. It was a clear, moonless night. The music from the car radio was soothing and I had laid my head back on the seat and closed my eyes. Tom exited from I-205 and swung the car onto 84N, going east toward Gresham. Six or seven minutes later we topped the rise on the freeway at 181st, and as we began the ascent on the other side, Tom spotted wavering lights rotating to the left of and about 60 feet above the freeway. I heard him gasp, "What in hell is that?"

My eyes flew open and I looked up in the direction he was pointing. There, just slightly in front and about 20' above the car was what at first appeared to be flickering letters turning counter-clockwise, and I started to comment that it must be a helicopter with an advertising sign, but before I could complete the sentence my mind had seen the flaws in that scenario and the object had moved about 30' ahead of us. The heat waves that had caused the shimmering effect when we were beneath the craft were

now ahead of us, and we could see the object more from the side. What we were looking at was a classic UFO, some 45' across (we later figured) with a dozen lighted windows followed by a dozen dark windows as these windows rotated counter-clockwise with the craft about once every 26 seconds. The windows were located on the outside rim of the saucer part.

The saucer seemed to lead us, then stopped across the freeway on the far side of a stand of fir trees. It floated about 10 feet below the top of the trees. When it came into a hovering position, we pulled off the side of the road, turned off the lights, and sat and watched it. We were now on the right-hand side of the freeway - facing east, and the saucer was hovering just across the four lane highway, and near the top of the trees. This put our view approximately 200' from the UFO.

Cars and trucks occasionally passed us, unaware of the phenomenon. "Why aren't they stopping? Why don't they see it?" I cried. (To me, this will remain one of the most mysterious parts of the sighting.) We could not take our eyes off of it. I suggested we make verbal notes of every detail to transcribe later, and we were soon making statements, such as, "I count 12 windows before the dark ones appear. It's hard to count as it turns, but - there - see, there are 12 at one time!" Or, "The part that doesn't turn - that conning tower, is as tall as it is wide." The details that I will relate came from these verbal notations and notes I made as we drove to my home afterward - which was about 5 minutes from our parking place on the freeway.

When we had first seen the craft and it was directly overhead, there was a faint noise similar to a helicopter. Now looking at it, we could hear nothing. The craft floated in

exactly one spot with no up/down or side to side variance. It was round in girth, flat on the bottom, with large rectangular windows about 4' by 5' on the outside rim. There was space - guessing 4 to 6 inches - between each window. The light in the windows was a brilliant white, yet emitted no beam outside the craft. The light was so bright we could see nothing inside.

The object itself was a dull non-reflective black. Had it not been for the fact that the object was back-lit by the lights of Kruger's Truck Stop about 3/4 of a mile away, the dull black portion, against a moonless night sky, would have made the object invisible. As it was, it was in clear silhouette.

The object had what I termed a "conning tower." As tall as it was wide - some 15' in width and height, this portion did not turn with the outer portion. It was stationary. This was easily ascertainable by the fact that on the left side, a pole at least 6" in diameter projected upward - around 3 feet. Two red ball lights were on the flat top of the conning tower. We could see one slightly offset to the left behind the one in front. These lights appeared to be about the size of a basketball, and did not blink.

The conning tower appeared to be almost 1/3 of the entire width of the vehicle.

During this time, Tom and I had discussed his getting a camera out of the trunk. I couldn't imagine that a normal camera could take such a picture at night. Certainly, it would have blurred. But I now regret that we didn't try. I was also not anxious to have him out the open. We had been forced to conclude that we were watching a vehicle from outer space. If it was manned, it was manned by beings alien to us. While we did not

feel threatened, we had a strong feeling we were not only being observed, but being considered for some reason.

We continued watching for at least 5 to 6 minutes. Suddenly the craft began to move upward and toward the southeast. It was headed directly for a large passenger plane beginning its landing approach over Gresham - for its decent into the Portland Municipal Airport. Within 3 seconds, the UFO had risen the approximately 3,000 feet to the plane, circled around the far side behind the tail, and come to rest just under the left wing where it floated in exact position as if held by an invisible thread. We were able then to compare its size: It was about 2/3 of the length of the wing. During the time it flew under the wing, the airliner seemed to be fully lit and shiny silver - which I'll mention later. About two minutes later, the UFO seemed to tire of that game, and flew back down in a northeasterly direction - coming out just beyond the Wood Village exit. By then, maneuvering to keep the vehicle in sight, we were just entering the off ramp. As we came to the top, the UFO was speeding along the freeway toward Troutdale, about 20 feet above the freeway lights at a speed that must have been 2 or 3 hundred miles an hour. I say that because in the minute it took us to reach the top of the ramp, it was disappearing in the distance.

At this point we returned home. I made a few notes on the way and more when we arrived. We discussed the encounter briefly, and Tom left. It was not until the following Thursday that the event seemed to come back full force and we both realized that we should take some steps toward reporting the event. We began by calling the Troutdale airport. They had no reports of a sighting. Portland Airport - same. We were given a

phone number in Washington State to call. It was answered by a bored voice who took down the details and hung up. Two months later we heard of a UFO club (PUFON) at Mr. Hood Community College and attended a meeting hoping that someone aboard the plane had been a witness. Although there was one report of UFO's hovering over a house near that date - it was of a type where the windows were on the conning tower portion. Not our type at all. We came to a blank wall. We could find no bona fide agency to report to.

Both Tom and I had been skeptics of UFO's and those who reported such incidents, and our emotions were mixed. During those first few days we had to adjust to facts we had hither-to found unbelievable. To accept that we are not alone in this world, that we are being visited by aliens and alien craft, is a difficult transition. It took us from Saturday until Thursday. We could not, however, deny what we had so clearly seen. Nor could we believe that for some unexplainable reason we had both experienced eight minutes of total insanity. We have, as Americans, been brainwashed since birth, lied to by our government, convinced that UFO's don't exist, told that 99% of all sightings are weather balloons, and embarrassed publicly. So, it was with some shock and great humility that we felt it necessary to share our experience. Our friends were...polite. Our families were politely amused and astonished that two upstanding grandparents (Tom was 68 and I was 58) could even think of such a thing. Tom was a retired lithographer, and I was a retired ballroom teacher turned secretary who was soon to get a full FBI clearance in order to join the US Dept. of Justice. Our

friends and relatives knew we weren't liars or weirdos, but it was hard to believe something they had not seen themselves.

After that, we watched the skies and we knew what to look for. Not only did we never see anything close to the UFO, we never saw an airliner on its landing approach over Gresham - at night - that shone silver. We must assume that the UFO by some means had lit up the side of the plane. One has to believe that the pilot of that plane saw something, but our nation does not provide a viable atmosphere where a pilot can feel secure if he makes such a report. I wondered if the passengers had reported it, but had no way to find out.

I guess if I had one wish about that night, it would be that the pilot would step forward and describe what he saw.

In the end, we were left with three very bothersome questions: Why are we being observed? Do they all come from the same place? (The variety of UFOs seems unending.) And where are they staying now? Surely they don't commute to home base every night. Doesn't that last thought scare you just a little bit? Wouldn't we all feel better if our government would stop sweeping this under the rug, and begin a search for WHERE ARE EARTH ARE THEY STAYING?

We did find some humor in this, however, and that was the thought of an adventuresome alien visiting his neighborhood used UFO lot. "I'd like an Eon '72 Model, a six seater Jupiter convertible with a built-in beam 'em up light, pink and green tail lights, chrome fog jets, operating theatre and some of those neon rings on the under carriage in red and blue. Blinkers, too. Let's have some blinkers. And could you throw in some of those silver suits....."

##