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## Stumps from Space

From: [campbell@ufomind.com](mailto:campbell@ufomind.com) (Glenn Campbell, Las Vegas)  
Date: Tue, 16 Sep 1997 11:46:51 -0800

From: DONFEII@aol.com  
Date: Sun, 14 Sep 1997 15:34:03 -0400 (EDT)  
Subject: Re: Stumps from Space

While checking my database for some files on a story I am working on, I discovered this old ParaNet "note" that I received about 7 or years ago. I remember then how amusing this was, especially if true! At anyrate I kept this for some reason, and now maybe this is why! <grin> I do not know if this story is true, and if it isn't it should be. At anyrate, it is for your reading pleasure.

Don Ecker  
UFO Magazine  
[www.ufomagazine.com](http://www.ufomagazine.com)

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Preface:

I've known the author of the following for some time and can verify that the following story is indeed presented as he knows the truth. The town mentioned in the story is Toledo, Oregon. Aside from this, who knows?

-Bob Dodson  
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STUMPS FROM SPACE

By T.G. Browning

Okay, all frivolity aside. This is a true story as far as I know. The people mentioned in here are people I actually know--hell, one of 'em is my father for crying out loud. I can vouch for the fact that they all believed what they told me--that they were all truthful.

Now whether what they saw was real--or what--I won't venture to guess. For all I know, the CIA had hit the town with a heavy dose of hallucinogenic gas.

Anyway, here it is:

The Stumps from Space.

This all occurred back in 1975, while I was still in college at the U of O [University of Oregon]. I came home one weekend and my father related the weeks events to me. It appears that one Tuesday of the week before, several of the kids at my dad's school (he was then principal of the Toledo Jr. High School) had been acting weird all morning. Several of the teachers had remarked up on it and my father felt it was strange enough to call them into his office to find out the problem. He did so. The two boys in question (I think there was a girl also, now that I think of it) all lived near each other out on Pioneer Mountain, east of Toledo [Oregon]. Dad didn't exactly grill them, but did try to probe a bit; they didn't want to say. Since at that age (12 & 13) darn near anything will make a kid act squirrely, my Dad chalked it up to nothing much and let it go at that.

The next one of the kids didn't show for school--the girl as I recall, but the other two didn't seem to be acting out of the ordinary any more so again, Dad didn't do anything.

That Thursday, however, the girl came back and again all three of them (plus a fourth now--who also lived on Pioneer Mountain) were acting almost like they were scared. My Dad had still not decided what to do by the end of the second period, when one of the kids came to him and asked if he could talk to him.

Dad ushered him into his office and sat down while the kid related the following. It seems that Monday night, there were some strange lights on the north side of the mountain, and some strange sounds. The kid claimed he saw a space ship (a saucer--right?) come down out of the sky and land in a field not too far from his house.

At this point the story became rather confused--in any event it appeared that the kid's folks didn't do anything like call the cops or the press or anything--they more or less decided to ignore it. Hoped it would go away, I guess.

Well, that's what it did. The kid said that the other two kids had seen it too, but that it was gone in the morning--leaving only a big burned place in the field--with grass mashed down and whatnot.

They figured that if they told anybody about it, they be tagged as liars or looneys--it didn't matter which--and their folks basically told them they'd wallop the crap out of 'em if they did. So, that was why they hadn't told my Dad the next day.

There hadn't been anything the next day or night any way--he said the girl had actually been sick--but that they came back the next night.

And then he remarked in a rather casual way, that they'd seen space aliens too--little guys in shiny suits that apparently were out collecting things. The kid only hoped they wouldn't collect him--or his pets.

Dad asked him what they had picked up and the kid said mostly plants, though they'd zapped one of the cows and taken the carcass into the ship. It was apparently at that point that his father had decided not to go on over and ask them for rent on the field they were using.

He also said that they were, as of 7:00 AM that morning, still there.

My Dad just looked at him for a bit, and they asked if he was sure. Kid said yep, they were.

Dad called the other kids in one by one and got pretty much the same story--the fourth kid had only seen the ship the night before when the little aliens had waltzed over and taken some of the smaller live stock with them. He had seen them from about 200 feet away and claimed they looked like tree stumps with arms and legs.

My father is a fairly pragmatic man, and used to dealing with kids. He didn't doubt that there was something out of the ordinary going on, but he told me he figured that it was something the kids had gotten wrong somehow. In any event, he decided it needed a bit more investigating, so he called the

local chief of police.

Now, I know the chief of police in Toledo (at that time anyway). He was an old friend of mine (we used to skin dive together) and a more unimaginative man you'd have to search hard to find. Jerry listened politely to my father and then asked what the hell was he supposed to do, go out an arrest 'em? No, Dad answered, just go out and see if everything's okay.

Right. So Jerry, no having a lot better to do right then, decided it wouldn't hurt to go on out and see.

Now a third individual comes into play. The local paper, The Lincoln Leader, had perhaps a staff of three people, one of whom got paid for writing stories--and it so happened that he was in having coffee with the Chief at that time. Jerry asked if he'd like to come and the guy said, "Sure, why not?"

Well, just before the kid left, the kid asked if it would be okay for his sister to pick him up--he was going to spend the rest of the week at her place there in town. He really didn't want to go back and see the aliens any more. Dad said sure, and let him call his sister.

Well about two hours later, the Jerry shows up at the Jr. High and asks to see my Dad--unfortunately, Dad had to go to a meeting and wasn't there, but the school secretary took the message and when my Dad got back, she commented that "Jerry looked kind of shook up." By this time, school was out so Dad decided to stop at City Hall and see just what was up.

Anyway, the police chief and the journalist kept their date with infinity--and trucked on out to Pioneer Mountain, west side. Now if you know the Lincoln county area at all, you know that there aren't what you'd call all that many huge flat spots in the coast range. Mostly it's made up of valleys with rather petulant looking hills surrounding. Rivers and creeks got the meander real bad, if you know what I mean.

In this particular area, there's a shelter valley west of the mountain with about two or three acres of logged off land that is or was at that time anyway, pasturage for the rather soggy critters that pass for cows in the area.

As I said, the police and company (of one) bopped out to the first house (it was the closest) and got out. Right off they could tell that something was not exactly typical Oregon coast--no one inside and all dogs not in evidence. Now usually you'll get inundated with two or three happy but slobbery dogs if you come up on a place around there, but not then. The field that was the mostly likely spot was sheltered from direct view from the driveway so they started up a small access road to see if there really was a saucer there. There was.

Now you have to remember--this is at best second or third hand depending on how you count these things, but I know Jerry. He said he saw a saucer. And there they were, walking tree stumps. Still picking up things here and there, and pointing funny looking objects at rather ordinary looking things here and there. I guess the police chief and the reporter just stood there looking at them for about thirty seconds or so and then approached a little closer till they were about 30 yards away from the nearest one. Maybe a hundred yards away from the "ship".

The reporter at this point suddenly remembered that he was a reporter and unlimbered the camera he had and as he raised it to begin to focus it, one of the "stumps" pointed a thingamajig at him and the camera when "sswhip"..... Crackle.....

Dead camera, fused optics, the whole smear. The reporter never felt a thing. Just sort of stared dumbly at his worthless camera. Now Jerry, though not the swiftest bear in Lincoln county was, nevertheless, no damn fool and he refrained from jumping up and down, screaming, or even pulling his side arm. Knowing Jerry, he might he even have said something mild like, "Ah, Jeazzz."

The stump looked at the two for awhile, sort like he was daring 'em to try something else and then with a piney shrug, went back to what he was doing, which was picking up leaves and twigs and

stuff and stuffing them into a bag. The police chief and the reporter watched a bit more. I guess they decided that nothing else was going to happen, show over and all that, so they turned around and went back to the police car, where they found the father and mother of the school kids looking at them from the now open door of the house. They invited them in for something to drink, and I don't think it was coffee, though it could have been.

The parents explained that it seemed that the best thing they could do was not cause a big fuss and just sort of hang around the house when the stumps were out stumping around. After the one cow got sizzled they hadn't had any problems with 'em, and they never did stay too long, so it seemed sort of polite like to just let 'em look around and leave 'em alone. Safer too. Jerry and the reporter agreed. After a bit, Jerry and the reporter decided to call it a day and go home.

That's it--all of the story. The saucer went away and as far as I know, didn't come back again--though it's quite possible that it did and I just never heard about it. No one disappeared, except the reporter and that was due to him just plain bugging out. Jerry relayed the story to my dad, and left it at that.

One strange thing, though, was that when my dad told the story to a school principal from Siletz, the guy just shrugged as said it was the first time he'd ever heard of the saucer showing up that far south. Generally they landed northwest of Siletz. All during the summer.

Figure that out if you like. Me, I don't try to. Siletz always was kind of weird.

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