

# WITH IMPUNITY

by

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Based on a true story.

## Chapter One

A month before the infamous crash at Roswell, New Mexico—even days before the purported appearance of the first UFOs around Mount Rainier—a lingering mystery remains unsolved concerning a UFO sighting over Maury Island in the Pacific Northwest.

Occurring on the blustery solstice day of June 21, 1947, the event was witnessed by Harold Dahl—a burly maritimer, his teenage son, Charles, along with a dog and two other crew members. Since then, shrouded in lore—as well as chicanery, the incident has all but been forgotten, along with the names of two of the other seafarers.

In his spare time and to raise extra cash, Dahl trolled the Puget Sound Harbor in his boat, the *North Queen*, looking for valuable logs that had been lost to forestry operations up and down the coast.

This particular June day, Dahl had decided to travel due west—approximately five miles from Tacoma, to look for drifting, resalable logs. This South Sound region was generally a fruitful area for such searches. Close by was remote Maury Island—connected by an

isthmus to a larger body of land on its north shore. This other rural island was called *Vashon*.

At about 2 pm on June 21st, Dahl and his crew would observe something extraordinary in the grey sky above them—unlike anything any of them had ever witnessed before. The four of them watched in awe while six of what Dahl would later describe as “flying discs” or “doughnuts” moved silently across the sky above them—some 2000 feet in the air.

Later, as the crafts descended, Dahl would estimate that each of them measured about a 100 feet across. He noted a depression or slope in the center—about 25 feet wide—and something resembling a large tinted window on the very bottom. There were portholes of five to six feet surrounding the periphery.

Coincidentally, just a few days later, UFOs similar to Dahl’s doughnuts turned up flying around Mount Rainier. They were spotted by a northwest aviator by the name of Kenneth Arnold. The local pilot called them *flying saucers*. That name stuck and the press would soon mimic the nomenclature.

But it was Dahl’s misadventure off Maury, that would be the *first* totally unexplainable UFO sighting in the Northwest.

On that strange day, the three men and one teenager observed five of the discs circling the sixth—and, quite notably, the sixth one appeared to be in some sort of trouble. The saucers surrounded the single wobbling craft which was rolling and tilting uncontrollably. The troubled ship began to lurch downward—until it leveled out at about 500 feet. The others followed the trajectory—while still staying about 200 feet above the weaving vessel. Dahl and crew watched from the boat in disbelief.

One of the spacecrafts gradually drifted down to dock with the sixth—seemingly to stabilize it. It seemed like an eternity to the men—

but was probably three or four minutes total. As the docking continued, they watched as the troubled disc began to spew out something they later described as a thin, metallic, *newspaper-like* material.

Even stranger, a few seconds later all hell broke loose: something resembling lava—that is, large steaming rocks—began to rain down violently from the craft circling far above them. It fell, pelting the North Queen’s deck and wheelhouse and then steaming into the surrounding waters. Dahl and company bolted for the cabin as the fiery rainstorm continued uninterrupted. Finally the four of them, fearing for their lives, haphazardly beached the boat along Maury Island’s east shore to flee the molten slag.

The Dahl party scattered across the beach to wait out the strange storm. They took shelter among a thick canopy of evergreens along the coastline. And just before leaving the boat, Dahl had managed to grab his camera and take a few pictures.

After docking with the other craft, the wobbling circular doughnut continued to hover at about 500 feet. The saucer, which up until this point had been wildly careening, now seemed to have settled down—so much so that it cautiously elevated upward towards the others. Within seconds, the entire fleet was gone.

With the violent downpour now over, the men slowly emerged from the coastline and took stock. Harold soon discovered his boy’s arm had been badly injured by the falling sky debris—an arm injury that would demand medical attention. Regrettably, too, the family dog had also been hit—and unfortunately killed—by a larger piece of the falling slag.

Still, in disbelief regarding the incident and what they had just witnessed, the men cautiously reboarded the North Queen and began to assess the damage. It was considerable: from the wheelhouse to the deck, the boat had been significantly disfigured. They wrapped

Charles' arm with gauze from the first-aid kit, and then attempted to contact the port.

All they could make out on the radio after the incident was static and a persistent whining.

When transmission failed, they began to examine the hull carefully, and finding no damage, turned over the engine. The *North Queen* appeared to be sea worthy, but it was going to be a *very* long ride back to Tacoma. They carefully checked their coordinates and resumed their path.

Once back at port, Dahl took Charles to the local hospital to have his injured arm treated and re-bandaged.

They had quite a story to tell alright. The men were still deeply shaken. And it was right after this strange encounter that Dahl seemingly hooked up with a peculiar shoreman by the name of *Fred Crisman*.

The official story of Fred Crisman was a very convoluted one. One part trickster, one part industrial spy, history seems to indicate Dahl had known Crisman over the years as a Harbor Patrolman in Tacoma. But only one thing seems to be certain: Crisman was only too happy to mix himself up with the Maury UFO sighting.

In time, Dahl would begin to refer to Crisman as his *superior* and the two would eventually make their way back to the shore of Maury to look for the remaining debris and slag from the UFO.

In the meantime, Harold Dahl would be hearing from a different kind of messenger— a newly minted visitor of infamy. One of the first recorded MIB or *Men In Black* would be making his acquaintance— *and soon*.

On the morning of June 22nd, still recovering from his ordeal at sea, Dahl was approached at his home by a very well-dressed character. Dahl noted, with some interest, this particular visitor arrived driving a brand new dark colored Buick. He initially made the incorrect assumption that the man was an agent there to solicit an insurance deal.

The pale, tight-lipped dresser convinced Dahl that he should join him for breakfast at a local Tacoma diner. Dahl conceded—insisting they drive separate cars.

Once seated together at the restaurant, the man went on to recount all events surrounding the incident that Dahl had witnessed off Maury Island—describing the six saucers, the falling debris, Charles' arm, the dog's death and damage to the North Queen. Dahl was incredulous. How could this man possibly know every detail?

The MIB ignominiously informed Dahl that he had seen something “he ought not to have seen” and that he had better shut up about it or “pay the price”. In no uncertain terms, his peculiar breakfast partner had threatened him. Should he choose to continue talking about the incident with others, the strange man claimed he would regret it.

But the MIB misjudged the burly maritimer. Dahl quickly blew off the meeting with the omniscient agent. In no time at all he was chatting up his experience about the “flying doughnuts” and debris off of Maury at the Port of Tacoma.

It was then that the *real* trouble started for Dahl and his family.

Within hours, the recently salvaged and harvested logs, worth a small fortune, had disappeared from behind the North Queen.

Dahl initially chalked this up to current, tide and poor mooring.

A few days later, something much more alarming transpired. His teenage son simply left after breakfast one morning and then never returned.

By all accounts, fifteen year old Charles Dahl had simply *vanished*.

By all accounts the boy had no obvious reason to run away. With no word Dahl became incredibly distraught.

In a panic, Harold immediately called the local sheriff's office about the disappearance. And some hours later, things took an even stranger turn when Charles was finally discovered bussing tables at a restaurant in *Montana*. (Even then, *officially*, he was found in two different locations in that state.)

Perhaps, in one of the first cases of “missing time”, the boy claimed he had absolutely no memory of how he had disappeared.

Oddly, if he had run away—he didn't remember.

Dahl's wife's, whose health was delicate, was now sick with worry and that was really the last straw. Dahl knew he had better stop talking.

Harold smartened up. He shut up about the entire incident.